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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CLIX

JUNE, 1929—NOVEMBER, 1929



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CONCETTA, COAL CARRIER OF CAPRI

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Harpers *Magazine*

THE DANGERS OF OBEDIENCE

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Professor of Political Science, University of London

STATIONARY societies, Sir Henry Maine has said, are distinguished from progressive by the degree to which they are bound down by traditional codes of behavior. The savage dare not break the cake of custom; and cases have been known in which the quite accidental infringement of some sacred taboo has been followed by the death from terror of the hapless offender. Western civilization, however, owes its main triumphs to its habit of experimenting with taboos. It owes its discoveries to men who, in some special realm, have been deliberately skeptical about its orthodoxies. The preservation of avenues through which originality may flow is the condition upon which our well-being depends. For a variety of causes, of which the application of science to the conquest of nature is the most important, has made ours an ever-changing environment. We have constantly to adapt ourselves to novelty. Our habits are invaded by novelty which compels their adjustment to a new

perspective. To keep an open mind, to be dubious about whatever tradition may insist upon as absolute, to insist that our private experience is of importance in determining social values—these are qualities upon which the prospect of a full life depends. Once men suspect the value of originality they suppress it; and the consequence of suppression is the stationary society, with its dull uniformity, in which all sense of individuality is lost.

Yet there is a growing habit among us of looking with doubt upon those who desert the beaten track. Babbitt is king; and we live increasingly a life in which conventional uniformities of conduct can be deserted only with danger. There are ideas everyone is expected to hold. There are books everyone is expected to praise. There are ways of life which correspond to every grade of income. At one level, the gramophone is a necessary index to respectability. At another, we demand a drawing-room in which unwanted visitors may be

received at stated intervals. At another level still a motor car is essential if we are to win the respect of our neighbors. No poor man but will be condemned for reckless extravagance if he collects books or pictures. No millionaire but will be charged with avarice unless he buys Rembrandts or endows universities.

To deviate from the norm is to risk the mark of Cain. It is disloyalty to clan or creed, to state or class. An Englishman must not doubt the necessity of British naval supremacy. A Frenchman must assert that the occupation of the Rhineland is the clue to European well-being. An American has no right to skepticism about the Constitution or the Monroe Doctrine. Obedience, indeed, to certain expected canons of behavior has become the condition of material well-being. Universities search for safe professors. Banks desire governors who admit no doubts upon the gold standard. Churches are distressed by priests who show less interest in efficient administration than in Christianity. Divergence from the beaten track has become permissible only to those whose genius can no longer be denied; and, even then, we less welcome the divergence than accept it as the price of a divine madness. We are the slaves of custom, and we have begun to hug our chains.

For unwonted opinion or behavior is dangerous. It shocks men out of their accustomed grooves. It leads to the examination of basic principle, and that, in its turn, to the sense that contemporary institutions are not inevitable or final institutions. It is felt, accordingly, that the lines of conformity must be rigorously drawn; to depart from them is to outrage the conscience of our fellows. Lawyers were horrified when Mr. Roosevelt demanded the recall of judges, though nothing is more necessary than a remaking of the legal system. Baptists were enraged when children heard of Darwinism; though it showed a sorry confidence in the rightness of their own creed to fear that the timid suggestions of a school-teacher might

jeopardize its safety. Italian Fascists will not tolerate skepticism about Mussolini; and Bolsheviks will not permit deviation from the orthodoxy of Karl Marx. Broadly speaking, it is necessary for the business man to insist that socialism is the inevitable creed of the unsuccessful; and most Catholics condemn birth-control passionately without even an examination of its possibilities. We live in such terror of the new or the unexpected that to welcome them is regarded as proof of original sin.

We demand from men that they should follow the herd; we suspect them if they express doubts of the tradition. We choose as governors available men; which means that we deliberately prefer those who have not displayed a skepticism of convention. No English statesman could continue to lead his party if he announced a doubt of the virtues of monarchical government. No American candidate for the presidency could, without certainty of defeat, explain that he disliked the presidential system. A bishop who proposed experiment with Judge Lindsey's heresies could not long remain within the folds of his Church. It is, of course, true that in realms where no social consequence seems likely to follow from a new outlook it is permitted as an amiable weakness; but let it once touch a vested interest and penalties immediately follow. American Protestantism is horrified at the Bolshevik persecution of religion; but no small part of its adherents display the same frame of mind when they conclude that Mr. Smith's Catholicism ought to debar him from the presidency. The demand seems to grow that people shall not diverge from certain accepted habits. There is constant assimilation to the type bred by the acceptance of those habits. And the greater the assimilation, the more monstrous do deviations from the type become. The punishments, accordingly, that they involve, at the point where they imply social significance, seem definitely to increase in severity.

Sacco and Vanzetti were punished not

for the murder they denied, but for the anarchism they professed. We have replaced the medieval intolerance of religious by intolerance of political and economic creeds. The state has become in sober fact Leviathan; and millions of men and women accept its decisions without scrutiny as obliging them merely because of the source from which they emanate. Our danger, indeed, is that the conventional is becoming the infallible. We do not experiment with ourselves. We check our impulses at their birth lest they involve us in departures from the norm. We preach incessantly that we are not responsible for the acts of governments which live by our consent. Lynching in the South, a massacre at Amritsar, the martyrdom of Mooney, the hapless fate of those whom the new-fangled European dictatorships destroy—these move us comparatively little, and, at best, to a passing verbal protest. An acceptance of injustice to others is the price we pay, and are prepared to pay, for our own safety. We have an inner sense that, were we to protest, the tale of tragedy might be told also of ourselves; and we repress instinctive sympathy with those who suffer because our neighbors do likewise. Yet silence is acquiescence; and a failure to protest against injustice only makes us the less vigilant against invasion of our freedom.

II

For freedom means self-expression, and the secret of freedom is courage. No man ever remains free who acquiesces in what he knows to be wrong. His business as a citizen is to act upon the instructed judgment of his conscience. He may be mistaken; but he ought ceaselessly to be aware that the act he opposes is, after all, no more than the opinion of men who, like himself, are also fallible. The business of government is to satisfy the rational desires of citizens or, at the least, to make possible such satisfaction; and nothing is more likely

to prevent the fulfilment of its purpose than silent acquiescence in the prohibition of such desires. Whenever men are silent in the face of a refusal to hear the burden of their experience it is always assumed by powerful interests that they are, in fact, silent because they have nothing to say. Not only does the habit of acquiescence transform the citizen into an inert recipient of orders whom it is difficult to rouse from lethargy; it also persuades a government that it has only to show a bold front to secure acceptance of any commands it chooses to impose. Before attitudes such as these liberty has no chance of survival; for the eternal vigilance which is its necessary price is then wanting.

We cannot, in matters of social constitution, too often insist that there is no finality about our present arrangements. Most of the principles we cherish as fundamental have seemed immoral or monstrous at some time or place. Property, marriage, religion, education, our views upon each of these have changed often enough in the course of history, and they will change again. The business of us who have experience of their operation is to report the burden of that experience; there can be no wise legislation except upon the basis of the widest induction it is open to us to make. For the laws under which we live are someone's induction. They represent a response to someone's interpretation of social needs. If what they do contradicts our experience and our needs, it is simple folly to assume their necessary wisdom and take it for granted that we are wrong. For not only does all new truth somewhere begin in a minority of one; the courage of one man who insists upon social inadequacy heartens others to make articulate their burden of experience as well. It stimulates the sleeping sense of civic obligation. It leads to a sense in those who have been content with passivity, that active-minded obligation may, even though it involve discomfort, not necessarily be dishonorable. Those are always most truly

citizens who insist upon bringing back our rulers to a realization of the conditions upon which their power is held.

This, let it be added, is more than ever necessary in the great state. The scale of life to-day is so vast that individual experience is lost unless it is clamantly articulate about its wants. It is, moreover, a world in which the supporters of conventional morality are anxious at all costs to legislate against the diversities of which they disapprove. These they view as sin; and they seek to clothe the old Calvinist dictatorship in new terminology in order to enjoy the luxury of suppression. The books we are to read, the plays we are to see, the pictures to be exhibited, all these must be molded in the pattern of which they approve. Taboos built on their clamant expression of what they desire never cease to proliferate. And every time they are successful, their appetite grows for power. Mr. Comstock began in a humble way; but he ended by sweeping a continent into his vision. Sir William Joynson-Hicks now pronounces with confidence his judgment upon every subject from the proper closing hours of night clubs to the governmental limits within which the Anglican Church may live a life of its own. Their impudence is the measure of our futility. Their self-expression is purchased by the suppression of ours.

That, indeed, is the invariable nature of power. The law of its being is to hate the process of rational examination. It will not, unless it must, brook criticism of its pronouncements. It assumes the coincidence of its private will with the public good. And it evokes everywhere imitation. Mussolini takes a leaf out of Lenin's book. Italian acquiescence in the suppression of freedom persuades Spain to similar action. The European continent to-day is scattered with petty tyrannies each one of which has built itself upon the citizen's conviction that he has no alternative save helplessly to obey the commands he receives. All over the world little groups of active-

minded men run to the state to urge that some particular convention be made binding upon us all, or to prohibit some particular experiment which, a generation from now, may well become a normal habit of everyday life. And the world runs to meet its chains because the citizen is too afraid to venture out of the little private corner in which he is buried. He does not seem to know that the power to insist upon his freedom lies in his own hands. He is powerless because he is unconscious of his power.

So great is the decline of liberty, by reason of this acquiescence, that the citizen to-day is notable who protests against injustice. He is not only notable, but even bizarre; we tend to wonder that he has so little to do that he must interfere in public concerns. When Professor Chafee ventured to defend the rights of Americans to freedom of speech there were Harvard alumni anxious for his removal from the university. When Professor Frankfurter expressed his doubts about the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti powerful interests were not slow to whisper that he must have received a price for his forthrightness. We expect the statesman, the millionaire, the soldier to announce what organization of life is to be imposed; but when the ordinary citizen speaks we are either amazed at his courage or indignant at his intrusion. Yet, after all it is the ordinary citizen who is most likely to be affected by the imposition of other men's experience. The government of to-day defines with increasing precision the contours of the life he may lead. Unless he is prepared to announce his judgment upon their decision, to concert with others some corporate insistence upon his views, the life permitted him may well become one long frustration of his personal desires.

Nor must we forget the unnecessary pain that results from our unwillingness to engage in public adventure. The indifference of American citizens has meant that Mooney has languished in jail for sixteen years; the indifference of

English citizens has meant eighteen grim years of imprisonment for that Oscar Slater whom the Scottish Courts have recently pronounced not guilty of the crime for which he suffered. An unwillingness on our part to confront with frankness the issues of sex means innumerable unhappy lives that might otherwise have been fruitful. Our acquiescence in an eighteenth-century view of freedom of contract enables the American courts to deprive of essential leisure thousands of working men who might, otherwise, share in the gain as well as in the toil of living. Our refusal to believe that foreign affairs are our business not less than that of the men who sit in Washington and Westminster may well send the next generation, as it sent the last, to die on the battlefield. Yet, civilization means, above all, an unwillingness to inflict unnecessary pain. Within the ambit of that definition, those of us who heedlessly accept the commands of authority cannot yet claim to be civilized men.

III

It is said that the individual is powerless; it is merely to embrace one inadequacy for another to seek to pit himself against the state. But that is an exaggeration of the power of authority which it is urgent to deny at the outset. Luther pitted himself against the serried majesty of Rome, and, whatever the price he had to pay, at least he found a larger freedom outside. Francis Place, almost alone, won for English workingmen the right to combine for self-protection against a hostile government and an indifferent House of Commons. Samuel Plimsoll, by a persistent refusal to be silent, won for sailors a protection against maritime disaster which is perhaps their most valuable safeguard. William Lloyd Garrison may have been stoned by Boston mobs, and the good and great may have been shocked by his intransigence; but he lit a flame in the hearts of thousands who later made

possible the victory of emancipation. The very nature, indeed, of social organization may give us assurance that our protest need never be single. The injustice we lament, the command we deny, others experience also as lamentable or unjustified. They wait, often enough, for a lead; and when we refuse to act by some inner fear of failure, we leave them to accept defeat. And, by so leaving them, we reinforce the authority of those whose exercise of it appears to us unjust. Our lack of courage makes the next effort of protest more difficult to undertake.

We should, moreover, remember that one thing authority fears to encounter is the insistent conscience of its opponents. Modern governments are doubtless more powerful than at any period in the history of the world; but they are still dependent for that power on their willingness to obey the decent opinion of their subjects. President Masaryk showed in Czechoslovakia what a persistent determination to be free can effect. Arthur Griffiths and Michael Collins showed plainly enough that there is a limit to the coercion a government may employ against men who are conscious of fighting for a great destiny. The women suffragists in England fought for eight years against a government deaf to the power of rational argument; and their willingness to pay the penalties of illegal conduct rather than acquiesce in their exclusion from effective citizenship was the major factor in the victory of their cause. Those who refused obedience to the Military Service Acts were able, in the last war, to exemplify the powerlessness of the state. Convinced of the iniquity of war, they claimed the right to be absolved from direct contact with it; and it is important that both in England and America the Quakers should have received express exemption from that contact. That is the tacit admission that where the state conflicts with another group there are occasions when the state will find it wise to forego the claim of paramountcy.

And, here again, the real fact involved is that of consent. No state can act in the face of considerable opposition from its citizens, if the latter are deeply and conscientiously moved by the issue in dispute. No American government can hope to enforce Prohibition merely by multiplying the agencies of pressure and penalization; it will succeed only as men are convinced that its objective is worthy of their allegiance. No state will venture in practice to transcend the consciences it encounters in any vital sphere. Acts of authority are always limited by their power to command the moral support of thinking men.

It is important to remember that governments are not always successful, simply because it is urgent to recollect that they are not always right. There is, that is to say, not only no certainty that they will succeed; there is even no certainty that they ought to succeed. The only ground for obedience to the state is where its purpose is morally superior to that of its opponents. The only ground upon which the citizen can give or be asked to give his support for the state is upon the conviction that what it is aiming at is, in each particular action, good. We should not support a given state because the ideal state is patterned upon Utopia. We should not even support a given state because its intentions are sincere. A catalogue of the actions of states undertaken from the highest possible motives could easily be made a list of errors now regarded as monstrous. No sincerity of purpose ever excludes the possibility of conduct for which no excuse can seriously be made. Calvin was completely sincere when he burned Servetus. The Inquisition served the highest motives when it imprisoned Galileo. George III was unquestionably sincere in his opposition to the American colonies and to Catholic Emancipation. In politics, at any rate, it is not only necessary to will what is right, but also to know what it is right to will. It is a nice question whether more harm than good has not

been done by governments who have been left unopposed because it has been conjectured that they were doing their best. The most passionate conviction of rightness is never a proof that we are not mistaken.

Nor can it be truly said that governments are usually right because they command the service of experts, while the common man has but a limited knowledge at his command. For it is in the first place essential to realize that, however expert may be the basis of the decision, this does not compensate for an inability to convince the common man of its validity. To override the judgment of the hostile and the doubtful is, in the end, to convince them that the labor of thought is not worth the effort. And it must be remembered that all experts are in matters of social action liable to the gravest defects. They are specialists in a particular theme; and because they are expert therein, they tend to overestimate its importance. No general can ever be entrusted with the function of delimiting strategic frontiers; no admiral could safely be left to draw up a naval program. An expert, moreover, always tends to underestimate the importance of converting people to his point of view. He is so convinced that his principle is right that he rarely considers the price which may have to be paid for its administration, the possibility that its principle might well be lost in the strain of applying it. Only the need to consider the necessity of consent prevents an expert from becoming a tyrant. We wisely leave amateur politicians to control the expert that the latter may learn the limits of public patience.

It is said, again, that to ask the citizen to become a pioneer is to ask him to embark upon adventures doomed, almost inevitably, to fail. A man, it is argued, who can school himself into acquiescence with things as they are will have, on the whole, a not unhappy life; but one who seeks to protest against injustice, or to work for the acceptance of

truths rejected by the powers that be, embarks upon a voyage where he can be certain that his ship will be wrecked. The authority of existing interests is so strong that it is folly to rebel against their compulsion. The price of rebellion is martyrdom, and not even martyrdom has any assurance of ultimate reward. Social problems, we are told, must be seen in reasonable proportion. We have our own happiness to achieve; we are not, in any case, our brother's keeper. What profit does a man have who sets himself up for Athanasius? It is rare that his powers are equal to his self-appointed task. He will earn only bitterness and disappointment from effort of which the world is careless or hostile. Those whom he loves will, only too often, pay the price of his sacrifice to his conscience. His spiritual urgency will, to the generality, seem no more than a special form of egotism or stubbornness. Humanity, in history, has always crucified its pioneers.

The plea for inertia is always a powerful one. It enables us to plow our little furrow without an impending sense of contingent disaster. It saves us from the grim need to revise habits it is always dangerous to examine and, sometimes, fatal to destroy. Yet it can be said with certainty that the price of inertia is always, in the long run, the loss of a civic sense in the multitude. Men who insist that some particular injustice is not their responsibility sooner or later become unable to resent any injustice. Tyranny depends upon nothing so much as the lethargy of a people. Autocracy is born above all of the experience that it need not expect active resentment against injustice. This is the inner truth of Thoreau's famous sentence that "under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison." For unless he is insistently protestant, his acquiescence in the injustice is assumed. His silence makes him in fact the jailer; and the powers that be rely on him because they know that the inert

acceptance he has displayed in the past is a proof that his conscience is dead. The bad employer, the savage justice, the corrupt statesman, these exercise their authority only because they have not been challenged in the past. Let that challenge once be made forthrightly and, where one man has been bold, a thousand are prepared to follow him. And where a thousand are prepared to follow, those whose profession is the doing of wrong think twice before they act. A people attentive to the confines within which power must act have alone the prospect of freedom. The unjust only prevail because they are never guilty of inertia.

IV

It is objected that this is a doctrine of anarchy. If men are to disobey because they disbelieve, there is, it is said, an end of social peace; and in a period of violence it is never justice that triumphs. To argue, therefore, that a man must act upon the dictates of his conscience, to insist that there are times when the law may be rightly disregarded, is to attack the foundations of public well-being. We must approach the state in fear and trembling. We must remember that its habits, its traditions, its purposes are born of the inherited wisdom of the past. Who are we, it is said, with what Burke called "our little stock of reason," to pit our judgment against the immense induction for which it stands?

The argument has the appearance of power; but, in fact, it is wholly void of substance. The present conditions are not just merely because they are the present conditions; they are just to the degree that justice is inherent in them. An American would not condemn Washington for 1776; few Frenchmen would doubt the justice of 1789; fewer Englishmen would deny the common sense of 1688. But Washington and all other revolutionaries have had, at some moment, to make the decision to disobey;

and the decision has involved the judgment that their view of the future must be pitted against that for which traditional authority has declared. Obviously enough, we must make our protest proportionate to the event. We need not march out with machine guns because the income-tax inspector has assessed us wrongly. But if the state to which we are reduced is that of the French peasant in 1789, or the Russian peasant in 1917, it is difficult to see why the wisdom of our ancestors should be dignified by the name of wisdom. Social peace need not be invaded for minutiae; but social peace may well be purchased at too high a price. Order may be disturbed; but there are kinds of order which are closely akin to death.

Government is necessary enough in all conscience; but there must be limits to its empire. It is not enough within a social system to proclaim the supreme desirability of peace until we are satisfied with the purposes for which peace is made. And because the individual is so small, the power of government so vast, we may be certain enough that, in general, organized disobedience is always the price of injustice. Men do not revolt until wrong has driven them to revolt. They are not the prey of agitators unless they have so suffered that the agitator's message transcends for them all other considerations. The danger of anarchy, in a word, is born only when a body of men has come to feel that some wrong imposed upon them has become unendurable.

It is futile, moreover, to argue that there is no longer unendurable wrong. The supreme instance may clothe itself in the humblest garb. It may appear, as with Dreyfus, in the garb of an army officer falsely accused of espionage; or, as with Francisco Ferrer, in the person of a humble school teacher falsely condemned for treason. Our business when we meet such wrong is to challenge it lest authority be victorious over justice. For the price of our freedom is an

ultimate courage to resist. We owe no state or church a blind or unreasoning obedience. We owe it only the utmost insight of which our judgment is capable. No state is ever securely founded save in the consciences of its citizens. No state, indeed, has ever a better safeguard against error than respect for those consciences. To treat them as trivial, to regard activity built upon them as moral wrong, is to injure itself far more than it can be injured by them. To know that they have quality of spirit enough to insist upon the lesson inherent for them in their experience of life is already some justification of its effort. To suppress that spirit is to deny its own purpose. Thereby it lends itself not to the enlargement of personality, but to its suppression. That, after all, is the ultimate crime in the historic record.

For no government can, in the long run, ever find an adequate substitute for the individual exercise of active minds. However wide the ambit of its experience, it is never so wide as the totality of civic experience. However well-intentioned, it is always liable, from the necessary limitations of all authority, to error and misjudgment. Its quality, in the end, is never at a higher level than the quality of the humblest of its citizens. Once it postpones consideration of some judgment he makes, it postpones also the increase of its own quality. For to suppress individuality is to diminish it; and the outcome of continuous diminution is the slave-mind. States have perished in history not because they could not conceive great ends, but because their passion for uniformity has deprived them of the instruments necessary to carry out those ends. High purposes in any community require citizens high-minded enough to appreciate them; and men who have been modelled to a pattern are incapable of intellectual stature. Men whose minds have been put in fetters cannot exert that energy of the soul which is the motive power of great achievement.

V

If all the laws of social organization were as patently reasonable as those of arithmetic, it would not, perhaps, be necessary to plead for tolerance. But no honesty is possible in matters of social constitution unless we begin by admitting that no faith is really possible in the realm of politics without a large margin of doubt. There is hardly a single certitude in the past which a wider and deeper experience has not rendered untenable. There is not a single certitude to-day which will not, to the future, appear meager and inadequate. Implacable hostility by government to diversity of opinion is simply the prevention of rational judgment. Sacco and Vanzetti did not cease to be anarchists because anarchy was penalized; the government of Russia before 1917 did not destroy the Bolsheviks by sending them to Siberia. Ideas however foolish, programs however extreme, are always born of some want which their exponents are seeking to satisfy. To penalize the ideas and the programs does not stifle the wants. Either it drives them underground or provokes them into rebellion. A government which encounters bad ideas—even more, a government which provokes rebellion has, almost always, reason to look into its own conscience. For its business is response to the felt wants of men, and their disobedience to it is the measure of its failure.

This warning was never more needed than in our time. Power tends increasingly to be concentrated in a few hands. A standardized machine-technology degrades the craftsman more and more to a man who fulfils a purely repetitive routine. The press, education, the discipline of political parties remove increasingly from circumference to center the responsibility for thought. In Russia we have the spectacle of a dominant party which seeks to impress a particular creed upon every aspect of the life it controls; and a generation is

rapidly coming to manhood there which will have heard of no other. The same is true in only slightly less degree of Italy and of Spain. There government arrogates to itself the character of infallibility, and a doctrine born of a particular occasion is made a universal of which doubt is not permitted. Yet it is obvious enough that truth cannot be stabilized in this fashion. Not even Marx exhausted the possibility that new truth may await us in the realm of social ideas.

Russia, Italy, and Spain, indeed, are only extreme instances of an attitude which other states are seeking to enforce less directly and with a subtler power of permeation. Industrial standardization seeks to make men live increasingly within the ambit of patterns it finds most economically serviceable; and the cost of that search is the standardized mind. Like Russian communism, it develops its protective legend. Most American business men seriously believe that America has attained the ideal of free competition; all English business men with adequate incomes insist that the career is open to the talented. Each sedulously preaches that failure is inherent in the incapacity of the individual; and a new Calvinism arises in which poverty is equated with moral fault. This has become very largely the religion of the Western World; and because it is the gospel of the successful man, it is preached in school and newspaper until doubt of its truth seems to the majority like doubt of the multiplication table. At that stage, doubt itself becomes an index either to insanity or bad character. To ask a man in a court of law to-day if he is a socialist is to suggest to the judge and jury that he is incapable of good citizenship. He must be prepared to accept Leviathan at Leviathan's own estimate if he wishes for the approval of his fellows.

That road lies stagnation, and the consequence of stagnation in ideas is always the decay of freedom. It is extraordinary enough that in the twen-

tieth century it should be necessary to restate the case for freedom. Generation by generation, in religion, politics, science, the arts, men have had manifold experience of the disaster consequent upon suppression of the human spirit. Age by age they have been re-taught that nothing ultimately matters save maintenance of the conditions which make for the emancipation of personality. Our business, if we desire to live a life not utterly devoid of meaning and significance, is to accept nothing which contradicts our basic experience merely because it comes to us from tradition or convention or authority. It may well be that we shall be wrong; but our self-expression is thwarted at the root unless the certainties we are asked to accept coincide with the certainties we experience. That is why the condition of freedom in any state is always a widespread and consistent skepticism of the canons upon which power insists. To doubt is to examine and, with distinguished minds, to examine is to discover. But it is not merely for the value of the new truth that may emerge that we urge the importance of skepticism. The meek do not inherit the earth unless they are prepared to fight for their meekness. Justice does not come to reign unless those who care for its coming are prepared to insist upon its value. Certainly every acquiescence in contradic-

tion of the lesson life has taught us is a deliberate postponement of its opportunity; every acceptance of that against which our soul cries out makes it easier upon another occasion to stifle that cry. We need freedom to be ourselves. But we can be free only as we insist upon freedom. No other person's creed can have validity for us save as it expresses the exigencies of our own life.

Because we share, that is, in a collective experience, we are not effortlessly assured of individual salvation. We do our duty by examination, not by submission, by zeal for truth, not enthusiasm for uniformity. Nothing can ever entitle us, as free spiritual beings, to merge our lives into the common life, to disown our personality, and accept standards which, within ourselves, we know to be worthless. A healthy loyalty is not passive and complacent, but active and critical. If it finds ground for attack, it must occupy that ground. For all obedience that has the right to regard itself as ethical is built upon a conscious agreement with the purpose we encounter. Anything else is a betrayal of ourselves; and when we surrender the truth we see, by that betrayal we betray also the future of civilization. For the triumphs of a free conscience are the landmarks on the road to the ideal.



THE HONORABLE CHARLEY

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOMEbody bought him originally with the idea that he was going to be a police dog and somebody was very badly fooled. It must have been about April or May that he first appeared in West Gosset, and by the end of August it was evident that if he was going to be anything in the dog line it was a mastiff. By Christmastime little remained that he could be except a Shetland pony.

He stopped, however, just short of this point and, when eventually his kaleidoscopic changes came to an end, the summary was as follows: In size he was larger than any dog ever seen outside of a tent show. In color he was a cream-molasses, a little lighter and a little yellower than a doe. He had the heavy tail, the powerful shoulders, and the effortless, slouching gait of a police dog but, in spite of his short coat, he had the long, thin head and the eager, solicitous eyes of a collie. His voice was that of a boar hound, but his disposition was that of Ed Wynn. There are some dogs, in short, that are born to be noble and some that are born to express pathos; but this dog was born to be absurd. He was the only dog in West Gosset that never had a fight, for if smaller dogs became obstreperous he merely bumped into them. There was a tradition that he once sat down on an Aberdeen terrier, but this was judged to have been an accident and not an intent.

His name at first had been something like "Prince" or "Bismarck," but, like most chapters of his early history, this

did not last long. As he began to settle into his permanent career of town clown somebody dubbed him "Charley" and it stuck. As a matter of fact, he would answer to any name that you called him, from the most complimentary to the most obscene. He needed only to hear a human voice or catch a human eye, and he would come bounding and hurtling to rear up in front of one's eyebrows and then abase himself to the earth like a not ungraceful but slightly effeminate mastodon. At the same time he had rather nice manners; for although his first onslaught would look as though it were going to kill the object of his affection, yet when it came to the point he would never actually touch anyone. With his front feet and huge, wolflike jaws literally filling the upper atmosphere, he would always manage, by a superhuman effort, to throw himself to one side. One day, in front of Bartley's store, he tried this with the tax collector and fell flat on the sidewalk. For another thing, he would never enter a doorway without first being asked.

His original owner had been one of the summer residents who gave modern West Gosset its principal reason for existence, but he was a man who wanted everything perfect and wanted it at once; so, when it became obvious that Charley was not going to be a police dog or anything like a police dog, he gave him to one of his Italian gardeners, who sold him to a fellow countryman for five dollars, which was another way of saying that he went on the town. Officially

there was always a license tag dangling from his collar, but if anyone had examined it it would probably have been found to be two or three years old.

Of all these transfers Charley was entirely oblivious. You might as well have asked the Wandering Jew where he lived. From his first look out of his crate he had recognized nine hundred masters—that being the approximate population of the village. One week he would go out and spend two or three days at the town farm and the next week he would help run the post office. If he had fixed on any particular house for a visit, it was quite useless to refuse to feed him in the hope that he would go away. By actual observation he was known to go two or three days without eating at all and still be as fat and friendly as ever. On pleasant Sunday mornings he would station himself in front of the Catholic church to see people home from mass, and when this was over there was still time to go up and wait for the Congregationalists.

Nevertheless, there was one house that he never visited, except, of course, in a hesitating and momentary manner when duty took him there in the trail of two or three other dogs, and this was odd because it was the one house above all others in West Gosset where there existed a deep and abiding love for the whole canine race. The Perriers lived there, pronouncing their name in the French manner, and August Perrier was one of those men whom you see three or four times in a lifetime and say, with surprise, "Why, there really *is* such a thing as a country gentleman!" He was a bronzed, gray-haired man of about fifty who lived, apparently, for the sole purpose of wearing tweeds and smoking a brier pipe. His wife was a pretty, much younger woman who read *Punch* and helped out with the church socials.

Yet really it was not so strange that this house did not constitute for Charley a regular port of call, for the Perriers had an old Gordon setter named Titus.

He was one of those fat, legendary setters that seem to live forever. One or two of the older sportsmen of the region could recall a time when Titus, lean and active, could be seen every autumn, working the swales for woodcock; but most people could picture him only as sleeping on the Perriers' hearthrug. Even in his dotage Titus was both jealous and brave. If it had been his last act, he would have fought any dog off the front lawn; and so for years the Perriers, at the first growl, had formed the habit of rushing out with a cane or the fire tongs to prevent what, on Titus's part, would have been sheer suicide.

At last, however, there came a day when Titus was no more. Nature, apparently, would have carried him on indefinitely, but the veterinary refused to co-operate. The poor old fellow could neither eat, walk, nor breathe, and with extreme reluctance the Perriers gave in. The next day was the blackest they had ever known, for they had no children; but, on the second day after, there occurred a thing that defies explanation. It is merely given as a fact. The news of Titus's death was probably not known to three human beings outside the Perriers' gate, and Titus himself had not left his quilt by the laundry stove for six weeks. Yet the fact remains that, on the second day after Titus's death, when August Perrier went down in the morning to open the front door, there was Charley lying on the porch, calm and unafraid. As the door opened he rose, shook himself slightly, and wagged his tail.

"I heard," he seemed to be saying, "that you had a vacancy—as dog."

Perrier made no answer. In fact he shut the door, but Charley had not the kind of soul that waits for an answer. As if the matter were completely decided, he immediately set to work doing all those things that a dog has to do when he takes a new situation. He smelled around all the boundaries, chased the cat, and then went back to sleep on the door-mat. When, in the

late afternoon, Mrs. Perrier went for her usual walk, Charley got up as a matter of course and accompanied her. It was this, really, that decided Perrier; for when they were coming back he happened to glance out of the window and saw them. Very majestic and very sedate, Charley was walking right under the elbow of his new mistress, giving the most perfect imitation of "Lady with Staghound." It needed only a black velvet hat and a hawk on the wrist to get it into any gallery.

The result was that about nightfall Perrier went sneaking out the back door with a plate of soup bones. Mrs. Perrier saw him and smiled, yet for several days both kept up the pretense that it was merely casual. It was not really until two weeks later that Perrier went to see the Italian in whom, for the moment, the title was vested. Charley went along, also, to see how the matter would turn out; but, while he licked the faces of three or four little Italian children, it was with the absent, impersonal air of a visitor. "You keep him, Missa Perrier, I can't," said the nominal owner and with an honest smile he disdained the bill that Perrier offered him. The next step was a new collar and a new license tag, and with this announcement of what had happened the scoffers began to laugh. The dog was a rover, a born tramp, they said, and would no more stay with the Perriers than with anyone else. But Charley had apparently made up his mind. Naturally a dog of his size could not always stay on the front lawn. Two jumps, if he weren't careful, would be apt to take him into the next county, but he always came back for meals and he always slept at home. On the whole, the village was delighted, for Charley was now six or seven years old, and the world always likes to see a dog or a man settle down and make good in middle life.

There was, as a matter of fact, something about the Perriers' door-mat that would have fitted any dog's bones. It was probably the first house that Char-

ley had known in his life where people had time to pat him in the middle of the morning and where the master did not confine his attentions to throwing sticks, wrassling his jaws, or awarding him a few stale words of canine baby talk. You could always look for novelty in a man who would sometimes fix you solemnly with his eye and recite whole paragraphs of monkish Latin. Charley loved that sonorous performance and, as if he had cocker spaniel blood in his veins (as he probably had), he would perk his head and wrinkle one ear until the recitation was finished. Or, again, catching his glance, Perrier would suddenly say, "Now, Charley, I don't want you to commit yourself—and if you'd rather not answer at all, please don't—but just what are your opinions of mankind as a whole?" At such a question Charley would sit with his large, brown eyes absolutely enthralled until the rising inflection would suggest uneasily that something was expected of him, at which he would get up and sniff in all corners of the room, to find the desired solution, if possible, and bring it back—in his mouth.

Now it is one of the most observable phenomena of human existence that great events seldom come singly. If there is an earthquake in Portugal there will be heavy rains in Japan. For generations the world will not produce a great artist or musician, then suddenly they will begin popping up all over the place. Thus, scarcely had Charley settled himself into his great change in life when Perrier himself began to feel the stirring of something momentous. One sultry day in August it was made known to him that he was to be the next governor of the state.

To tell the truth, in the very small Eastern state where Perrier paid his taxes and Charley held his license, it did not make a great deal of difference who was governor so long as he satisfied certain very delicate requirements. The prosperity of the tiny commonwealth was sustained by three or four manufactur-

ing cities, but the political power still remained in the hands of the farmers. Statesmanship thus consisted in the eternal task of seeing that neither element trod on the other's toes. The governor must, by preference, be a countryman, but not too bigoted a countryman. That is to say, he must not be a man who would veto a bond issue just because it contained the word "bonds." He must be a man who could wear a silk hat becomingly, who could be polite to distinguished visitors, but at the same time it was a distinct asset if he could be slightly tanned behind the ears. As a rule there were plenty of eager aspirants who fulfilled, sufficiently, all these requirements, but, in the year in question, all the natural and logical candidates had done some peculiarly silly thing to offend someone else. The ugly head of party faction was threatening to rear itself, and all the signs of the times were calling for a dark horse—the darkest and tamest horse that the state could produce.

One night on a train somebody happened to think of August Perrier and, as it was the right person who happened to think of him, the matter was as good as settled. It now only remained to make him look like the man of the hour, and a party of newspapermen and photographers, skilled in such things, was sent to West Gosset. The first thing they saw was Charley. He was on the front lawn with Mrs. Perrier when they arrived, giving his well-known imitation of a staghound, and at sight of him the visitors knew that they had found what they sought. For their purposes he was as good as a bull moose, and within a week the pretty home picture had been reproduced in every paper in the state. It caught on like a slogan, and when the election arrived the freeholders hardly knew whether it was Perrier, Mrs. Perrier, or Charley for whom they were voting. In point of fact, it was Perrier who ultimately took the oath but, when he entered the executive offices to be photographed in the act of signing his first

papers, Charley went with him. The party managers insisted on this and so, presumably, did popular opinion. It was not yet quite certain just what the new Governor had to offer to the public weal, but at least he could show his big dog.

From the start the new administration was a stunning success, and how could it have been otherwise? If, let us say, you were a prominent reformer and had gone fuming to the state capitol to tell the Governor that he must either abolish the present school system or resign and if, when you took your seat in the antechamber, a fawn-colored creature somewhat larger than an elk came up, put his head on your knee and assured you with his eyes that, to him, you were dearer than all creation, how could you, exactly, go on into the Governor's office in the state of mind in which you had arrived? Or when, at the annual review of the state's pet regiment, the Governor's glittering party came on the armory floor with Charley acting as chief of staff, what crowd could help bursting into a spontaneous roar? Of course there were occasional scandals, as the day when Charley stole the stuffed beaver from the fish-and-game office and then was sick behind the supreme court bench; but he was now so firmly entrenched that not even the opposition papers made use of the incident.

Like most state capitols, that in which August Perrier now held the ægis was an immense marble structure designed to look as much as possible like Saint Peter's cathedral. The Governor's offices were on the second floor of the west wing and, as Perrier always made his entrance from a portico at that end, Charley naturally assumed, for a few days, that that was all that there was to the building. One morning, however, when the oil paintings, thick carpets, and battle flags of the executive wing had begun to pall on him slightly, Charley's consciousness became aware that somewhere in the dim distance there was a steady low hum and occa-

sionally the most promising sound of human laughter. After losing himself two or three times in the endless marble corridors, his clicking paws eventually found their way down a broad staircase and into the main rotunda where, to his delight, he discovered a hundred of the most charming looking men and three or four women, chatting in groups. The legislature, in short, was about to go into session and, having never yet found a field of activity in which he was not interested, Charley at once set about making himself at home.

He was, as one might imagine, a born lobbyist and in fifteen minutes he knew that his winter's work had been decided upon. Walking solemnly from group to group, he gave his paw where his paw was demanded and accepted caresses where caresses were offered. Not yet stopping, of course, to make a complete and definitive catalogue, his general impression of the assemblage was simply glorious. There were, as he could already see, a few gray-headed, fine-lined men like his master who gave off an aroma of broad human sympathy and the most excellent shaving soap. There were a few others, he quickly diagnosed, who belonged, to be sure, to the non-kicking and non-swearing classes, but yet had no feature that appealed either to the eye or the nostril. The great majority, however, filled the vast, echoing rotunda with a fine, swimming effect of store broadcloth, plug tobacco, gold watch chains, and a faint, unmistakable reminiscence of the barnyard and the lumber mill that, after all, was home and paradise to a dog from West Gosset.

Suddenly came a series of loud rappings from a big, circular hall opening off of the rotunda and, with a single accord, the groups turned to go in. As a matter of course, Charley joined them. With the utmost air of quiet gentility he was passing through a door when a freckle-faced boy in a page's uniform caught him by the collar and pulled him out. For a moment Charley was almost hurt. He had supposed that that sort of thing

had been left behind him, but almost instantly his good sense returned, and the truth dawned on him. It was, of course, some sort of religious service, and immediately Charley lay down on the mosaic pavement to wait for the doxology. Incidentally he licked the boy's hand for reminding him of his error. Since it was only an organization session, lasting about an hour, his impression was not upset. When the doors opened and the legislators appeared again, laughing and chatting, Charley was up in an instant, rushing from one to another, intensely pleased that they had all had such a good time and that everything had come out so well.

The next day, when the legislature convened, Charley took permanent station at the easternmost of the six or eight swinging doors, a half-hidden "Members Only" entrance by the cloak-room. The doorkeeper here was a tired and simple-minded old gentleman who had not, perhaps, fought in the Civil War but at least must have fought in the Philadelphia Centennial. By reason of his age and the seclusion of his post, he was allowed to have a folding camp chair with a carpet seat, and when times were dull he would nibble openly at a ham sandwich. If a bit of the sandwich came his way, Charley would, of course, accept it, but if the sandwich were small and the doorman hungry, Charley would merely watch it through and then sink back on the marble floor, just as well satisfied.

As the sessions wore on and settled into their usual somnolence, the old doorman was gradually touched by the dog's devotion. In a feeble, autumnal way he became almost playful. Never raising his voice above a whisper, he began to make Charley beg for the sandwich. One morning he brought his second-best pipe and taught him to smoke it. At this the page boys became interested and voted Charley keeper of the hats. The pages had no regular caps to their uniforms, and their civilian

clothes were left in lockers; but in the adjacent cloak room were half a dozen old hats of all shapes and vintages which had been left there from previous sessions. Thus, when a page was sent on a short errand out of doors, it was the custom to grab up one of these community hats, and now it became the custom, on returning, to clap the hat of the moment on Charley's head. In this, as in everything else, poor Charley was interested and patient. With the pipe in his mouth and the hat on his ears, he would sit by his door for hours at a time or until the old doorkeeper heard someone coming and snatched them away. On Thursday afternoons Governor Perrier would motor back to West Gosset, Charley would have a good brush-up in the fields and rabbit patches, and on the following Tuesday they would both come back again all fresh and clear-eyed for the week's work.

It was, in short, one of those golden periods so rare in party politics. Capital and labor seemed to be at peace; the motorists were paying happily for the new highways, and around the state-house it was rather bad form to bring up the prohibition question. If one final thing were needed to prove that this was indeed a remarkable session, it lay in the fact that the legislature had not yet had its biennial fight with "the lady from Ghent."

Now there may be—in fact there must be—many women in politics who retain all those elements of tact and sweetness which have given the whole sex its traditional pedestal. For that matter, the three other feminine members of the lower house were already intensely popular with their male colleagues; but the lady from Ghent was one of those unhappy, unfailing types that keep the comic weeklies in circulation. She had a harsh voice, an aggressive air, and she imagined herself to be the world's great crusader. Every new fad could confidently count on seeing her in its front ranks, and she belonged to so many societies that she was, mythically, sup-

posed to command a great number of votes.

The last snows had dripped from the classic eaves of the capitol building, the farmer members were stirring uneasily for the end of the session, and His Excellency himself was dreaming of trout brooks when one morning the party leader burst unceremoniously into the Governor's office. In his train were three strange individuals whose dress and features indicated that they could belong only to the race track or the show business.

"Governor," demanded the party leader, "did you tell Mrs. Leadenworth that you would support House Bill No. 804?"

The Governor blinked. For a moment his mind could establish no contact with House Bill 804 or the name "Mrs. Leadenworth."

"The lady from Ghent," explained the P. L. "She's just made the statement on the floor of the House that the bill has your entire support and approval. It's got something to do with performing animals."

"Oh," said the Governor. "I do remember something about it. Mrs. Leadenworth came up here, perhaps a month ago, and said that some society or other was introducing a measure to see that trained animals were not ill treated in vaudeville theaters. She asked me whether I didn't think it a good idea and I said that I did."

"But, man alive," exclaimed the party leader, "have you read the bill? Do you realize that if it were passed, no theater could show an animal act of any kind? No play could bring on a horse as part of the drama and no circus could appear in the state. If it were strictly interpreted, you couldn't have trotting races at the county fairs, and I don't believe that you could have an ordinary bench show!"

He tossed over the desk a small, type-written sheet, and the Governor, growing redder and redder, studied it. It was indeed one of the typical "crank bills"

of which half a dozen appeared every session. It was most innocently headed "An Act Concerning Certain Exhibitions," and it was only by chance that a lawyer retained by one of the local theaters had happened to see the title on the day's calendar and had had the curiosity to look it up.

The Governor laid down the document. "But how in the world did this ever get by the committee?"

"Mrs. Leadenworth's own committee," said the leader, contemptuously. "The rest of them probably never even read it."

"But surely the House will never pass anything like this?" demanded Perrier. "And, even if it did, you've still got the Senate."

"But in the meantime," retorted the party leader, "she's got you tied up to it and she's going to work it for all it's worth. By the looks of the House, Mrs. Leadenworth has been quietly staging this thing for weeks. We might have guessed that something was up when she asked privileges for to-day. Upstairs she's got the gallery packed with all her old crew of sob-sisters and gush-women, and downstairs there's just two members over a quorum. The newspaper boys are right on their toes. They can always get the front page with Mrs. Leadenworth. But what makes me particularly mad is to let the House waste a whole day with this bologny!"

"But what do you want me to do?" asked the Governor.

"I want you to come straight out and tell Mrs. Leadenworth that she's a damn' liar."

The Governor stiffened slightly. "I can hardly enter into a controversy with a member on the floor of the House."

"That's very true," said the party leader, "but you can give someone else authority to do it. Harry Devitt from Fairbrook is down there now, waiting for the word. We'll have him say, by your request, that Mrs. Leadenworth has gone entirely beyond your true statements and, after that, the rest of the House won't pay any attention."

August Perrier looked down unhappily at his desk. It was not in his nature to be rude to any woman and, after all, his honesty told him, he *had* made to the lady from Ghent a rather strong statement. While the bill itself was, of course, ridiculous, yet the idea behind it was not at all foreign to his own sympathies. Years ago he had seen a diving horse whose obvious terrors still made him boil and, if it were a question of Mrs. Leadenworth versus the three toutish-looking individuals now in his office, he was almost pro-Leadenworth.

The party leader began to see that for once his tame governor was growing balkish and he was too good a politician to force an issue.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Governor," he said, soothingly. "We'll go down and keep an eye on things. If it comes to an absolute question of fact, will you authorize someone to make a statement?"

"I certainly will not allow myself to be misquoted," said the Governor, quietly. "I will let the House know exactly what I *did* say."

The visitors went out, but no man can sit easily in one room when he knows that a fight is going on in another. It was, of course, wholly improper for the chief executive to appear in the House unless his presence had been properly announced, but a long line of previous and very human governors had discovered a way around this difficulty. On the same floor as the Governor's office and on the gallery level was an electrician's closet overlooking the legislative hall. The door of this cubbyhole was always left slightly ajar and, if the Governor or anyone else chose to occupy it for a few moments, no one was the wiser.

Passing quietly from his office, Perrier took shelter in this royal box and at first glance he was struck almost with admiration for the queer, fanatic little lady from Ghent; for the state of affairs in the House had been very accurately described. The galleries were crowded with what were obviously Mrs. Leadenworth's private cohorts, delegations of

women with a sprinkling of earnest, eager little men who could not possibly have been anything but professional secretaries. The floor below looked like the Yale Bowl at a practice game, the scattering members who sat here and there being just the odd lot who voted without thought and who cheered without purpose.

In general, the layout of the House was one which has probably obtained in all parliamentary bodies since the days of the Sanhedrin. At the front of the hall, curving boldly outward, was the high speaker's platform with its huge, carved lectern. At its foot, in the center was the clerk's desk, on one side were the stenographers and on the other—adjoining the cloakroom entrance—was the reporters' table. The mention of the cloakroom is made advisedly for there an event had occurred of which not even the party leader had taken cognizance. The warm spring weather, which had agitated the country members and had stirred thoughts of trout fishing in Perrier's breast, had also laid low the poor old doorkeeper. It had kept him at home with what he called "spring sickness," and his door had been left in charge of the pages.

As the Governor entered his hidden lookout, it was obvious that the usual preliminaries of a legislative drama were drawing to a close. A minor speaker had just concluded and then, by request, the clerk was ordered to read and spread on the records a list of petitioners who favored the passage of House Bill No. 804. The big act of the day was now ready to go on and, amid a sharp burst of applause from the galleries, the lady from Ghent walked, smiling, down to the open space in front of the platform. She made a profound bow to the lectern above her—"Mr. Speaker." She swept with good humor the desks of her colleagues—"Fellow members." Then, raising her eyes with more sanctified gaze to the galleries, she concluded, "And my many good friends and lovers of all dumb creatures."

Her address was decided, it was moving and, as it covered only one side of the question, it was very convincing. A strange, absorbed silence fell over the House and, with a chuckle, Governor Perrier wondered what the party leader was thinking. The lady from Ghent began with a memory of her "distant childhood" and told how, at the country fairs of that date, she had seen "dancing turkeys" who were made to perform by keeping hot the metal plate on which they stood. She told stories of sea lions kept in tanks so small that there was room to lie only on top of one another. She read evidence of monkeys who, behind the scenes, quivered in terror at the approach of their once-smiling ringmasters.

Deeper and deeper fell the silence in the House and faster and faster flew the words of Mrs. Leadenworth. If she had stopped at that point there would have been a real question as to what the House might have done, but success, unhappily, was absolutely fatal to the lady from Ghent. From evidence she passed to oratory, and from obvious truths she soared to preposterous flights. From saying that some trainers were cruel, she was now saying that *all* trainers were brutes, scoundrels, and ruffians and, having gained acceptance of the idea that sea lions should have elbow room, she now stated that any man who whipped an animal would whip a child. It was at this point that a farmer member who owned a "stakey" horse began to whistle softly and look up at the ceiling, and the member from Hinsdale, whose wife had once been bitten by a sour-natured dachshund, leaned across the aisle to whisper something to the gentleman from Rye.

Seeing, possibly, that she was losing her audience, the lady from Ghent went back to word pictures which had always been her strong point.

"Finding myself, some years ago, in a strange city and having an idle afternoon, I went with a friend to a place of entertainment—a vaudeville theater I

suppose it would be called. And, as my friend was a lady of some prominence in her own community, we were shown to a box where we could see closely everything that passed on the stage.

"The scene was one with which you are all familiar. The lights were lowered, the orchestra struck into a spirited air, and the curtain went up—"

Just at this moment a reporter at the table under the speaker's desk turned aside to stifle a yawn. As he did so his glance lighted on the open door by the cloakroom and, with a start, he rubbed his eyes. He nudged the adjoining reporter, and the latter also stared. Then, almost unconsciously, the first reporter snapped the fingers of his lowered hand.

Now if anything more is needed to show what a really fine soul was lodged in the great body of Charley Perrier, it is illustrated by the fact that for eleven long weeks he had stood by that door and never once tried to enter, except of course on that first occasion. One of his deepest instincts was never to pass a door without being invited but, when you say invited, the merest snap of the fingers was enough.

By this time the lady from Ghent was well on with her picture.

"After the lesser dogs of the troupe had jumped hurdles and sat upon chairs and hopped painfully about on their hind legs, there was a blast of trumpets, the trainer made a low bow and the chief attraction—the great, advertised, ten-thousand-dollar dog was about to enter."

At these words there was a sudden titter. The next minute there was a roar. Standing with her back to the speaker's platform and her face to the House, the lady from Ghent stopped short in bewilderment. Seeing nothing, she tried to resume but suddenly she was aware that something was snuffing at her waistband. She glanced down. There was Charley. On his head was a small, tough, and outrageous brown derby and in his mouth was a huge brier pipe. Alone of the whole assembly he

was grave and calm as he gazed up solicitously at the lady from Ghent. He loved oratory and he wanted her to go on. Who could tell? Any moment she might burst into monkish Latin and his tail, suspended, awaited the event.

Furious, the lady from Ghent turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I do not know which of my opponents has played on me this cowardly and humorless trick."

The speaker, wholly unable to restrain his smiles, responded, "Does the lady from Ghent wish the dog removed?"

Instantly Harry Devitt, the party leader's henchman, was on his feet at the other side of the House. "Mr. Speaker, the lady loves animals. Why deprive this noble creature of the joys we share ourselves?"

The lady from Ghent shot him a crushing look, then turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I will not ask to have the dog removed because, unwittingly, my opponents have played into my hand. What better illustration of man's inhumanity could you ask than this noble fellow in his present appearance?"

A sharp burst of applause from the loyal galleries greeted this neat retort, and Mrs. Leadenworth smiled. Almost archly she looked down at Charley.

"Ah, my dear friend, if only *you* could tell us what you and your brothers and sisters feel about all this matter! But, alas, you can never tell us, for you cannot—speak."

But that was where Mrs. Leadenworth made a great error, for "speak" was one of the very best things that Charley did. At the word, his nose went in the air, the pipe dropped from his mouth, and out came a great boar hound roar that made the huge, circular hall resound like a swimming tank. Entranced by the echoes he had raised, Charley then roared at the members, roared at the galleries and, as he caught sight of the speaker rising to his feet, he gave him another roar, just for

luck. All the time his tail was going like a flag.

The House, now, was in convulsions and pages and visitors were running in from the corridors. Even the lady from Ghent herself was laughing. Like everything else, this incident had turned to her advantage but, just as before, she could not resist going one step too far. The derby and the pipe were both now lying on the carpet, and Charley was trying to get back the latter by rubbing his mouth sideways along the floor.

"Oh, no, doggie," said the lady from Ghent, "Surely you don't want that nasty pipe." She turned to the platform. "Mr. Speaker, I think that the least we can do is to free this poor dog from those clownish and humiliating badges from which this bill aims to free all his fellows."

It was a good idea, on the face of it, and the House watched her, fascinated. The very picture of sweet and compassionate womanhood, the lady from Ghent approached Charley and reached for the pipe. The next instant she leaped back at least two yards, and a half dozen men in the front row sprang to their feet, for the gentle Charley had suddenly become a dog transformed. His head was lowered, coarse hairs stood up on his shoulders, and from his bared teeth came an ominous snarl. One thing the lady from Ghent had left entirely out of her calculations. If it had been Charley's own pipe she could have had it willingly; but it wasn't Charley's pipe. It was the doorman's! Charley regarded himself merely as trustee.

Naturally the psychology of this was too fine for Mrs. Leadenworth. To her mind there was something much greater at stake—a demonstration of her own theory about animals. Composing every gesture and every tone of her voice into honeyed sweetness she tried, as she had read in books, to "win the dog's confidence."

"Nice old fellow," she coaxed. "Poor doggy, I won't hurt you."

At first her strategy seemed to succeed. Charley's eyes became mild and his tail uncertain. "Can it be," he seemed to be saying, "that I have misjudged this woman?" Apparently he decided that he had, for suddenly, as Mrs. Leadenworth stood there in doubt, he sat down on his haunches and offered to shake hands.

The House roared with delight, and as Mrs. Leadenworth took the offered paw Charley almost burst with relief. It was so much easier, he had always felt, to be friends than enemies and, before she had any idea what was going to happen, the lady from Ghent was giving one of the finest animal shows ever seen on any stage. Misinterpreting every look in her eye, Charley sat up and begged, he rolled over, he played dead, he walked lame, and, with a shot of memory far into his past, he began to buck like a mule. At last even he came to the end of his repertoire and, as the exhausted House reached a momentary silence, the lady from Ghent seized her chance.

"And now, old fellow," she said, "we'll have the pipe."

"Pipe nothing!" answered Charley, in effect, for the instant that her hand went toward the contested article he became again the perfect police dog. Once more his head was lowered, once more his neck bristled, and once more came the snarl.

From the rear of the hall came again the voice of the party henchman. "Mr. Speaker, it looks to me as though the one thing the dog will *not* do is give up his badge of servitude!"

"The gentleman is out of order," said the Speaker, sharply. Dropping all formality, he leaned over his desk and suggested, "Mrs. Leadenworth, I know a little about dogs—and something about men. Instead of trying to *take* the pipe, suppose that you ask him to *give* it to you."

But just how this peace-making idea would have worked no one was ever to learn, for suddenly, out of the skies as it seemed, came a sharp whistle. Half the

House looked up, and so did Charley. The next instant he was out of the door. No more than the others did he know exactly where that whistle came from but he was not going to rest until he found out. More than the Speaker, more than Mrs. Leadenworth, more than the pages, and more than the doorman, that whistle was to him supreme law.

As the laughing House subsided into its benches, the Speaker leaned over, courteously.

"Does the lady from Ghent wish to continue with her argument?"

At once Mrs. Leadenworth was her old frozen self. "I hardly think," she replied, "that the House is in a condition at the moment to consider a serious matter in a serious way. As to whether or not we shall continue after the luncheon recess, I shall confer with my committee."

"I think that that is the wisest course," said the Speaker, kindly. He looked at his watch and raised his gavel, but before it could fall a member from South Weymouth was on his feet.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "like many others I have followed this debate in strict neutrality and as to a final judgment my mind is still confused, but about one thing I have not a single doubt. For the whole of this session, outside our doors there has been a charming and entertaining guest and not once have we asked him in. I move you, sir, that for the remainder of the session the courtesies of the House and the privileges of the floor be extended to His Excellency's most excellent dog—the Honorable Charley Perrier."

From a dozen benches at once came the words "Second it!" and the Speaker smiled. "I take it there is no argument. All in favor—"

Thus, up on the balcony level, still searching the marble corridors for the author of that whistle, Charley paused suddenly as he heard a vast chorus of "Ayes." He didn't know exactly what it meant, but he did know that it was a great crowd of human beings doing something simply splendid. He wagged his tail and went on with his search.





MUSSOLINI: EMPEROR OF THE LATINS?

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

MUSSOLINI'S life has been a ceaseless conflict with his king. The dictator of Italy began his political career as a republican. He achieved his position as head of the Italian state through an intrigue against the sovereign, and after he turned monarchist he maintained it by continuously thwarting the prerogatives of the crown. At last, within the past year or two, he has succeeded in reducing his ruler to a condition of political helplessness. Is he planning some day to supplant Victor Emmanuel III and proclaim himself King of Italy? If not, then toward what is this struggle tending?

The suspicion that Mussolini has royal ambitions is not in itself preposterous. To transfer the crown from one head to another should not be unduly difficult to one who has already robbed that crown of all constitutional importance and has made each individual in a nation of forty millions tremble at his personal command. A man who could achieve such limitless autocracy, in direct opposition to the democratic convictions of the world in which he lives, would not be incapable of dethroning a monarch were it politically useful to him. But he has not done so, and probably never will.

Yet Mussolini's ambition is growing at a terrific rate. If he does not aspire to be king, it is because something still more glorious beckons him.

II

Undoubtedly, until all who read these lines are dead the full truth will not be

known about the intrigue which made possible that "March on Rome" of October 28, 1922, which brought Mussolini to supreme power. What we know is that, after Mussolini had mobilized his Blackshirt militia for an ostensible assault upon the government, pressure was brought by influential persons to compel Victor Emmanuel to acquiesce in the coup. When Premier Facta brought to the King a decree proclaiming a state of siege the latter refused to sign it. This refusal was probably unconstitutional, as the rather vague Italian constitution was understood at the time. Certainly, in Great Britain, upon whose constitutional procedure the Italians believed they were modeling their governmental practice, such an act would be virtually equivalent to abdication. In any case, when Victor Emmanuel refused to sign, the Facta government necessarily resigned. After some negotiation, the King's adjutant went to the telephone and called an obscure newspaper office in Milan. A squat, ill-clothed man (who had been awaiting this call for hours) replied that he accepted the King's invitation, and would leave on the night train to become premier of Italy.

We know further that somewhere in this backstairs drama a leading role was played by the Duke of Aosta, the King's cousin. The Duke, who had served brilliantly as general during the War, was popular with a large section of the army; moreover, he was generally credited with jealousy of his sovereign and was openly sympathetic with the Fascists. During the crisis someone informed the King that in case it came to a clash between

the Fascist *squadre* and the army he could not be certain of the latter's success. As a purely military proposition this was ridiculous; the army could have dispersed the ill-organized Blackshirts in forty-eight hours (as General Badooglio, the chief of staff, formally promised the Facta Cabinet). Hence, Italians assume that there existed a serious potential split in the army and that only the Duke of Aosta was powerful enough to have caused it. In plain language, as most Italians will say in private conversation but as few chroniclers have said in cold print, if the King had signed the state of siege he might have been confronted with a large portion of his army, led by the Duke, supporting the Blackshirts in an assault upon his regime. Perhaps the issue was not quite so definitely drawn as this, but certainly some such menace was in the background. The King had to refuse to sign or face the possibility of civil war. In accordance with the traditions of the House of Savoy, he chose to avoid bloodshed. For better or worse, he refused to accept the responsibilities of kingship. He invited the rebel who had risen against his government to become his premier.

It is in Mussolini's nature to despise a fallen foe. When he called at the Quirinal palace in his black campaigning shirt to receive office from his sovereign, his first words, according to credible report, were, "Sire, I give you back the Italy of Vittorio Veneto." He made it clear that he was conferring a favor by accepting office. And a few hours later, addressing the Chamber of Deputies, the constitutional representatives of the nation, he said, "I could have made of this sordid gray assembly hall a bivouac for my squadrons." Both King and Constitution had been defied.

In the theory of the royalists, this was a change of government. In the theory of the Fascists, it was a revolution. Mussolini has, as occasion demanded, made use of both theories, demanding at one time all the "rights of the Revolu-

tion" (for example, immunity for his squadrons in their extra-legal "punitive expeditions") and at another all the protection due to a legally appointed minister of the King.

Once in power, Mussolini proceeded methodically to cancel the prerogatives of the King as set forth in the Constitution. Now the Italian Constitution is not, like ours, equipped with elaborate and formal provisions for its amendment. In effect, an "unconstitutional" law, when duly passed by parliament and signed by the King, simply supersedes the article which forbids it. This famous "Statute of 1848," the first important charter on the European continent since the French Revolution to recognize that the powers of the governors derive from the governed, has always been regarded as not so much a binding legal document as a personal promise made by the House of Savoy to the people over whom it ruled. And as Mussolini, by a simple majority vote of his intimidated parliament, rescinded one by one the right of free press, the right of free speech, the right of political association, the right to strike, the independence of the judiciary, and in general the permissibility of any sort of opposition to the government, the King, acting under that part of his implied promise which bound him to ratify the acts of his parliament, withdrew, one by one, those other promises which his ancestors had solemnly made to the Italian people.

Everyone in Italy believes that he did so reluctantly. He felt that the Savoy dynasty was, by virtue of its historic role, a liberal dynasty. But he acted under that other unstated but equally traditional rule of his family which requires that conflicting political forces within the nation be permitted to work themselves out to an equilibrium with a minimum of bloodshed. To avoid bloodshed he accepted Mussolini in 1922. To avoid bloodshed he retained Mussolini in 1924. And to-day, in his political and royal function an impotent and discredited figure, he can keep his position

only by signing obediently the decrees which his premier sends him.

III

Undoubtedly the King, when he invited Mussolini to be his prime minister, believed that the newcomer was merely to be head of a coalition government like his immediate predecessors, one who would be overthrown automatically when the sense of the nation had turned against him. And such, indeed, was his technical position. Mussolini had still only his thirty-five Fascist deputies out of five hundred and thirty-five (plus the ten which the Nationalists brought him) to contribute to a coalition of all the "patriotic elements," chiefly of the Liberals and Catholic Populars. And they, despite the "bivouac" speech, certainly believed that once his melodramatic popularity had worn off they could overthrow him whenever they liked. And in any case, above parties there was the King, sworn interpreter of the people's will as expressed by their elected representatives.

It is probable that Victor Emmanuel did not achieve a clear realization of the quality of the man he was dealing with until well along in the crisis provoked by the Matteotti murder in June, 1924 (which, it will be remembered, was proved to have been organized, with the intent to kidnap and intimidate if not to kill, by some of Mussolini's closest Fascist associates). There can be no doubt that ninety per cent of the Italian public was hostile to the Duce in the fall of 1924; and it was generally taken for granted that the King would dismiss him as soon as a new party alignment could be formed.

But this was not so easy. For shortly before the Matteotti murder, Mussolini (foreseeing, certainly not this tragedy, but other political crises) had taken the pains doubly to insure himself against dismissal at the hands of the King. First, he deliberately staged a "dress parade" of his strength by forcing the

issue of repeal of proportional representation on the Popular party. This party, by its semi-confessional nature, included members whose political views ranged all the way from flaming red to congealed white. The result was that a minority of the party split off to join the Mussolini ranks. Now why should a politician who depends on a coalition deliberately alienate a large part of his support? The answer appears in a moment. He had demonstrated his power to split parties. A few months later he proposed that extraordinary Acerbo election law which granted to the party obtaining the largest vote in a parliamentary election the right to two-thirds of the parliamentary seats. Under this law a party commanding thirty per cent of the popular vote could (if no other of the innumerable Italian parties registered more) command sixty-seven per cent of the parliamentary vote. Extraordinary, one may say. Still the dice were not yet sufficiently loaded. It was not certain that the Fascist party, alone, could emerge from an election with the thirty per cent vote required for the sixty-seven per cent prize. So Mussolini engineered a fusion with the powerful Liberal party, whereby the candidates of both should appear on a "National List," the combined vote of which made victory certain. But this list was so arranged that victory would create a parliament fifty-one per cent of whose members were Fascist party members pledged to obey without question the slightest command of the Duce. Why did the Liberals accept this obvious disproportion? Unquestionably because they remembered what had happened to the Populars and wished to buy themselves off from a similar assault.

But in addition to this double insurance, Mussolini had carefully kept in reserve a third, his Blackshirt militia. When at last, in December 1924, the Liberals themselves deserted him, and even his fifty-one per cent of parliamentary votes might not shield him from the King's adverse decision, his resigna-

tion was demanded. Once more the drama was enacted on the back stairs. But it is certain that in reply to the demand for his resignation he launched the threat to unleash his Blackshirts. Again the menace of civil war! Again the traditional impulse of the House of Savoy to avoid civil bloodshed! Again the King awaited an opportunity to recall his prime minister painlessly.

That opportunity has never come. Instead came the speech of January 3, 1925, a superb piece of bulldozing by a politically weak man pretending to be omnipotent. "The King appoints and recalls his ministers," thundered Mussolini to the Chamber, quoting the Constitution, secure in the knowledge that the King had decided not to recall him. "Does anyone wish to move my impeachment?" Remembering what happened to Matteotti, no one did.

Then followed that steady, relentless succession of strokes, extending over a period of more than two years, which effectually crushed all opposition to Fascism. First the opposition newspapers were subjected to censorship and finally suppressed or "Fascistized" altogether. Then, one after another, the opposition parties as such. One might have thought that political opposition was dead. But this was only the beginning. Mussolini was shrewd enough to know that the abolition of the external instruments of political opposition would not stifle organized protest. So he proceeded systematically to suppress or take over all organs of social opinion or effort. The Masonic societies were banned. The co-operative organizations, which play an important part in rural life, the labor unions, the professional, cultural, and educational associations, were one by one forcibly incorporated into the Fascist fabric, with officials, appointed directly by Mussolini or his lieutenants, who could guarantee their "loyalty." The courts were declared "instruments of the national will"—in other words, enjoined, whenever the regime was involved in a dis-

puted case, to render the verdict which the government dictated. Local self-government was abolished, and *podestà* were appointed to rule over the nine thousand communes of Italy. Industry and banking were bound, by the systematic use of the government's financial power, firmly to the regime. The last semblance of popular government was abolished with the new electoral law, under which but one list of parliamentary candidates, named by Mussolini's appointees and approved by himself, is put in the field. And finally—as though the King were not powerless enough already—the Fascist Grand Council, a purely partisan committee, has been created the supreme organ of state, superior even to the Senate. And while this law expressly forbids any derogation of the prerogatives of the Head of the Government (Mussolini's title), it grants to the Council power in matters concerning the prerogatives of the crown and even concerning the succession to the throne.

And every one of these measures, utterly cancelling the protective guarantees of the Constitution and the very function of the monarchy, was signed by the King himself!

IV

The crown, impotent as it is, remains the only non-Fascist thing in Italy which it is permissible to show any enthusiasm about. And the King is still nominally commander-in-chief of the armed forces. It is these two facts which still make it necessary for Mussolini to check the power of the monarchy in every possible way.

To millions of Italians who resent the strong hand of Fascism the House of Savoy is the symbol of future liberation. Eight or ten years ago Victor Emmanuel was despised by the more militant nationalists because he had not "acted like a king" during the War, but had gone among the trenches as a common soldier; at the same time he was laughed

at by the common people because when he sat on his throne his legs could not touch the ground. But now, when he goes abroad, the entire city is bedecked with Italian flags, with rarely a Fascist emblem, and thousands cheer deliriously at his approach. For Crown Prince Humbert, who some years ago severed his last formal connection with a patriotic society of Fascist complexion, the enthusiasm is even more impassioned. This modest young man of twenty-four is in the eyes of a considerable part of the Italian people a kind of youthful Galahad who will some day rescue them from the dragon of party autocracy. He is tall, athletic, gracious. He might well, one would say, have in him the courage and will to play the part which popular imagination has assigned to him. It is perhaps not fortuitous that a general outburst of enthusiasm for him, in 1926 and 1927, was followed by a law giving a Fascist committee authority to determine the succession to the throne.

The King's command of the armed forces was a more immediate problem to Mussolini. For under the Italian Constitution the King commands the army and navy directly. The oath which officers and men take to him has always been regarded as a personal pledge of fealty. If there should ever be an internal crisis requiring a test of armed strength, it was assumed that the army would obey the orders of the King, rather than of the Minister of War, whose functions are intermediate and technical.

So the struggle between Mussolini and Victor Emmanuel came to be a struggle for effective command of the army. Whichever could really count on the army in a crisis could issue orders to the other day by day. Now the real commander of the army, next beneath the King, was the chief of staff, General Badoglio. Against him a mere civilian Minister of War could have little authority if it came to a conflict of orders. In short, in respect to the army, Badoglio stood above Mussolini.

But Badoglio, a man of great character and ability, is universally regarded as one who stands outside partisan politics and takes his oath to the King seriously. In case of conflict, he would obey his superior officer. And Badoglio was too strong a figure to be cashiered, even by a Duce.

The device to which Mussolini resorted is a measure of his shrewdness. Instead of trying to displace Badoglio with a complacent partisan, he created for himself a position superior to that of Badoglio. He invented the post of Chief of the General Staff to co-ordinate the strategic and administrative plans of the three military arms, army, navy, and air force. As minister of all three branches, he occupies that position, and hence is Badoglio's commanding officer.

Again the King signed. For the same old reason. He would not risk an open break, and consequent bloodshed, over this one isolated issue. And Mussolini, with the power in his hands, proceeded promptly to the systematic "Fascistization" of the armed forces, appointing or promoting those officers who were considered loyal to the regime. By all accounts he has succeeded: the army has become more "Fascist" than "royal."

But about this time the relations between the Quirinal and the Chigi became so tenuous as to be almost nonexistent. No longer were Sovereign and Premier photographed chatting cosily together. Indeed, it was widely questioned whether they spoke to each other at all. Extraordinary things gave color to this report. At the commemorative service in the Pantheon on the first anniversary of the death of the Queen Mother, there were two ceremonies; one was attended by Mussolini and his Fascist hierarchs, the other by the royal family. About the same time, at the memorial Armistice Day mass in San Lorenzo, the Quirinal was unrepresented. Thereafter, at the King's public appearances the Fascist party as such

was never in evidence; at most, a local Fascist, in his role of *podestà* or other functionary, would welcome the sovereign on behalf of the commune, but never anyone on behalf of the local *fascio*. Conversely, at Fascist celebrations, however national and patriotic in character, the Quirinal was usually invisible.

That the King sometimes sought to resist the encroachments of the regime is certain. He refused to sign a decree depriving ex-premier Nitti of Italian citizenship, and is supposed to have protected some of the more illustrious of the anti-Fascists, such as Count Sforza, wearer of the Collar of the Annunziata and hence titular "cousin to the king." Mussolini accepted these minor rebuffs, but always retaliated in kind—on one occasion sending down a decree granting the Secretary of the Fascist Party precedence over foreign ambassadors at court functions. The decree was signed!

But until recently Mussolini retained a last bond between himself and the Quirinal in the person of Luigi Federzoni, Minister of Colonies and for some months Minister of Interior. As leader of the Nationalist party he enjoyed the confidence both of Victor Emmanuel and of the Pope. But recently Federzoni has been dismissed from the cabinet. No longer does the Duce value a friendly word at the Quirinal. For it is inconceivable that the King could prevent anything which Mussolini might want to do. Not only that. The Crown Prince cannot succeed to the throne without Mussolini's consent. Within three months Mussolini could oblige Victor Emmanuel to abdicate in favor of the Duke of Aosta; it would require merely an overt quarrel between crown and government and a well-managed publicity campaign. Within a year Mussolini could, by fostering a quarrel between the two branches of the family, establish a republic. And thereafter he could, within another year, have himself elected king, as Louis Napoleon had himself elected emperor.

V

Why, then, does he carefully keep the King in perpetual check, instead of following up with a mate? In the past there has been an obvious reason: the monarchy was convenient to him personally; when he was in trouble he could claim that the crown was supporting him, and when he was not in trouble the crown obeyed him. And now if things become really critical he can place upon the throne a devoted partisan, an energetic and popular personality who would support his nationalistic ambitions to the utmost. Clearly, Mussolini is carefully preserving the crown for some ulterior purpose.

What this purpose is, as projected in Mussolini's own mind, I do not pretend to know. Indeed, he often does not himself know what he is aiming at. Only his tactical plans are fixed ("by my serene volition," as he likes to say). His strategic aims do not follow a rigid scheme; they are the result of restless experimenting and testing to discover something workable. But this is certain: that his ambition, growing by what it feeds upon, conceives after each victory another twice as resplendent.

Yet what more resplendent ambition is there than to become king? Well, for one thing, to become emperor.

Mussolini has often spoken of empire. In his Trieste speech on February 6, 1921, he said, "The Mediterranean is destined to return to us. Rome is destined to become once more the city which directs the civilization of the whole of Western Europe. Let us raise the banner of the Empire, of our Imperialism."

And Fascist journalists are continually announcing the empire that is to be. The following quotation from Mario Carli is characteristic of the Fascist concept and only exceptional in its frankness of utterance: "It is incontestable that our people finds itself in a period of total resurrection and gradual rise in the world. . . . Its Primacy,

which is being integrated day by day, will automatically lead it to Empire. . . . The Latin Primacy in the hands of Italy implies a pacific, radiant, civilized Mediterranean Empire. Not the hypocritical pretenses of Albion, nor the brutal cynicism of the German blonds, nor the trembling despotism of a dissolving France; but the balanced wisdom inherited from the Romans, the sense of human justice which the Catholic Church has instilled in us during twenty centuries of her civilization. . . . Fascism will never be able to fulfill its tremendous task on a strictly political plane. Fascism issued from the War and in war it must find its outlet. Our country can conclude nothing except by a great war which we will neither provoke nor seek, but which we shall confront with the serene courage of peoples predestined to dominate the world." Mussolini, more responsible and therefore less outspoken than his journalistic henchmen, has explained that the word "empire" can also be understood in a "spiritual" or "cultural" sense. But he has never denied the possibility—rather, the probability—of war in the comparatively near future.

Meanwhile he has already achieved the skeleton of a very imposing empire. Spain is bound to Italy by a close alliance which may imply the assistance of the Spanish navy and the freedom of Spanish ports in favor of Italy in case of war. Roumania, conventionally regarded as a "Latin" nation, is likewise bound by a treaty which presumably guarantees at least neutrality. A ring of nations, more or less within the Italian diplomatic orbit—Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania—neutralizes the hostile Yugoslavia.

The North African coast between Tunisia and Egypt belongs to Italy. On the Red Sea and on the Indian Ocean are Italian Eretria and Somaliland, while, opposite Eretria, Yeman has made a treaty of friendship and commercial favors with Rome. Italian influence, by courtesy of England, is becoming pre-

dominant in Abyssinia. In Asia Minor there is Anatolia, a huge share in which was promised to Italy at Versailles. The Dodecanese Islands are now Italian soil. And on the coast of Asia Minor, of Syria, of the Red Sea, and all along the great trade route to China, Italian nuclei are being formed, while the Italian merchant marine is being stimulated to the utmost to exploit the commercial possibilities of these centers of Italian culture. Finally, Mussolini is busily cultivating friendly relations with the nations of Latin America and is systematically sending them colonizing groups of Italians, organized so as to become the key communities of the coming generation.

But this is not all. In the more vociferous Fascist newspapers you will find frequent mention of the fact that Corsica is predominantly inhabited by people of Italian blood, while in Tunisia (by far the richest territory on the North African coast) two-thirds of the white population is Italian. And whenever diplomatic relations with France are a trifle tense, one is sure to find references in the papers to Nice, where Garibaldi was born, and to Savoy, which once belonged to the reigning family of Italy.

All this, of course, does not constitute empire in any concrete sense. But such influences and claims are the substance of which empire can be made. Empire does not consist of direct territorial domination; that is rather the technic of nationalism. Empire might rather be defined as exclusively influence outside nationalistic boundaries. The Roman Empire (I mean that of Augustus, not that of Diocletian) was not a centralized dominion, but rather a league of nations, so complexly related to the central city that one's brain becomes dazed in merely reading about them.

Italy has achieved exclusive influence outside her national boundaries—that is, true empire—in Albania. There Italian experts administer the finances, Italian engineers construct the roads and ports, Italian officers train the army, and

Italian munitions are landed in huge quantities and guarded by Italian officials in anticipation of some eventuality which is unspecified but which makes the neighboring Yugoslavs extremely nervous. Albania is technically a sovereign kingdom; actually, Italy can do anything she likes there. Wherever this state of affairs may be reproduced in greater or less degree, there you have part of the new Roman empire. In fact, although not in name. The name doesn't matter—yet.

But there can be no question of Italy effecting exclusive influence, or *imperium*, over much of the territory mentioned, by her own unaided efforts. France, with a larger army and with vastly greater industrial and economic resources, is interested in most of these regions named. Italy can assert her authority over the "Mediterranean empire" only after eliminating France or after securing her co-operation.

This alone is sufficient to explain the resentment toward France which Fascist writers exhibit whenever the censorship is temporarily lifted. It is always France which stands in the way. Present Italian foreign policy, if historic parallels mean anything, implies an eventual trial of strength with France.

I am not suggesting that Mussolini plans to make war against France. There is no evidence that would substantiate such an assertion. So far as I know, Mussolini is not planning to make war on anybody. But he has repeatedly asserted that wars are bound to come, and that if Italy should be involved he intends that Italy shall win. "When, between 1935 and 1940," he said in his speech of May 26, 1927, "we shall be at a turning point which I should call crucial for European history, we shall be able to make our voice heard and see our rights finally recognized. . . . We must be able at a given moment to mobilize five million men and arm them; we must strengthen our navy and also our aviation, which must be so numerous and so powerful that the roar

of its motors can drown out every other sound on the peninsula and the surface of its wings hide the sun from our land." Italy, according to the always minimum figures published by the League of Nations, has allotted 1,324,000,000 gold lire for armaments in 1929, as against 1,127,000,000 last year and 976,000,000 the year before. Obviously, Mussolini is preparing for war if war should "come." And peace, he has said, is but "a pause in war."

That the major war for which these preparations are being made will be a war with France is a thesis maintained by an important group of French experts in foreign affairs, of whose thought the book, *L'Autre Danger*, is typical. In fact, diplomats have already held a quiet conference or two to "avert" a Franco-Italian conflict; and at one moment, in December 1926, when anti-French riots were occurring all over north Italy, fully a hundred thousand troops were massed on the two sides of the Menton border.

Certainly, experts would consider Italy's chances in a Franco-Italian war to be slight. Perhaps the Italian general staff is counting on some technical secret which would have the same quick, crushing effect as had the famous "needle gun" in the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866. In any case, the international situation in which Italy would dare undertake a trial of strength is not now foreseeable. Italy would require at least the neutrality of Great Britain to keep her coasts free of blockade and the benevolence of Germany and Austria to supply her with food and industrial materials. But, in the opinion of Italian students, to say that such a condition does not exist is by no means to say that it cannot exist. European politics are still experimental and unsettled; as the professional diplomat would say, "the formula of equilibrium has not yet been found." The promised Franco-German entente is working none too well, and the tentative Anglo-French entente is being found intensely unsatisfactory on both sides. Why should not Europe experi-

ment with a radically different line-up?

But assume that a war should "come" and that Italy, instantly seizing control of the Mediterranean with her submarines and fast cruisers, and of the air with her sun-obliterating airplanes, should be able to throw a superior army into France and name her terms.* Chief among these terms would be that which Prussia dictated to Austria in 1866, that she keep hands off the victor's special domain—in this case the Balkans and the Near East.

But another thing, of the highest significance, might happen. Just as defeated France switched in 1870 from a monarchical to a republican regime, so under another defeat she might switch back again. And in this event, who would be king? Either the father or the brother of the Duchess of the Apulias, wife of the Duke of Aosta's eldest son, the "Fascist crown prince." Then, if the reader will consent to stretch his imagination just once more, we might see the Aosta branch of Savoy on the Italian throne and two Bourbons [the mother of the Duke of the Apulias is a Bourbon] united by the most intimate family bonds, as monarchs of Italy and France. Mussolini would avoid humiliating a Bourbon France. In any case, the chief fruit of his victory would be a close French alliance. Napoleon invariably made alliances with his defeated foes; indeed, it may be said that the purpose of war as practiced in Europe for some centuries past is to beat one's neighbors into friendship.

Now what Italy could never do alone, France and Italy together could do easily—that is, organize the entire Mediterranean world. There could be no question of Italy dominating France.

* At this point more than one reader is going to remind me that we are living in a new age and that henceforth the whole world will unite to check the aggressor, whoever he may be. The objection deserves a whole article rather than a footnote. Let me merely say that it is as yet unproved that, when nations come to determine who is the aggressor, they will vote juridically rather than politically. If they vote politically, we shall have, despite the League, the same jockeying and balancing of interests which have preceded previous wars, and the League will be split just as was the old "concert of the powers." In any event, it is a hypothetical case, derived from the politics of Rome, not of Geneva, which I am here discussing.

Instead, Italy and France, along with Spain and the "Latin" kingdom of Roumania, would form a kind of Pan-Latin league, with a common foreign policy.

Yet among the *pares*, which would be *primus*? The claims of Italy, the claims of Rome, one-time capital of the world, would be almost irresistible. For Italy is situated midway in the Mediterranean world, within easy striking distance of the Balkans; it is the natural mart for eastern merchandise, and admirably placed for policing the Mediterranean coast—which France is not.

But Italy would have another argument even outweighing the geographical one. Rome is the sacred center of Catholic Christianity. In the eyes of four hundred million Catholics it enjoys a prestige superior to that of any other city on earth. The head of Catholic Christendom has just entered into relations of the utmost cordiality with the Italian government through the concordat which cancels the old quarrel between church and state. This does not mean that the Pope will be an ally of Italy in the consummation of imperial schemes. But it does mean that some hundreds of thousands of priests will no longer represent the Italian nation as a despoiler, but as a pious daughter, of the church. It will unquestionably mean a greater emphasis on the teaching of the Italian language and culture in the missionary schools of the Near and Far East, and this will encourage the development of Italian trade. And it may well mean that the Vatican will grant to Italy the privilege of protecting Christian missions and shrines in the Near East, a privilege now held by France, who does not, officially speaking, enjoy the status of a pious daughter. Spiritual guidance and political leadership, both centered in the Eternal City and co-operating for the elevation of mankind!—such a picture may well impress hundreds of millions in France, Spain, and Germany, in the Balkans, in South and Central America, and

in innumerable missionary centers of Christian civilization all the way from Scutari to Peking.

The prestige which religion may confer upon Italian nationalism is an impalpable thing, but in the Fascist view it is of supreme importance. The whole dazzling idea was expressed many years ago by Gioberti in his book, *On the Moral and Civil Primacy of the Italians*.

"Christianity," wrote Gioberti, "created all the European nations; but especially Italy, for it elected her as its first-born, and established its throne in her and in her attained the height of its splendor. Providence chose the Italian land for this high destiny, nourishing a spark of truth in it *ab antico* and molding there a race wonderfully adapted in genius and intelligence for subjecting the whole world in Christian obedience. Italy is the priestly nation among the great body of redeemed peoples; Christianity's head, as other peoples should be its arms.

"European civilization must be re-established a second time, by recalling it to its Christian and Catholic origins and extinguishing the heterodoxy which for two centuries has reigned in all its parts. When a civilization is to be rebuilt, a moral center of action must be established where the source of motion may reside and whence movement may be spread to all its parts as from the center to the circumference. The center of the civilizing process is where the center of Catholicism is. Now since Italy is the center of the latter it follows that Italy is the true head of civilization and Rome is the ideal metropolis of the world."

One may wave all this aside as the poetizing of an *exalté*, but it accurately renders the mystic mood which is so important a factor in present-day Fascism. And while such arguments may seem fallacious to Protestants, they may carry enormous weight among the Catholics of the Mediterranean, once their political rivalries have been transformed into political co-operation.

VI

And now the importance of the monarchy to Mussolini will be apparent. The village blacksmith's son, as an upstart king, would be at best an equal among his cousins of ancient lineage. But as field marshal of Pan-Latin foreign policy he would occupy a position apart from, and in some sense above them.

It is not necessary to postulate a Franco-Italian war or a Bourbon monarchy in order to visualize such a combination. Such things sometimes happen by power of persuasion provided there is military force in the background. I believe Mussolini is sincere in saying that the establishment of empire does not necessarily imply war. It is conceivable that, at the "crucial turning-point for European history" which he foresees, France might turn more or less willingly toward the Mediterranean. She might listen sympathetically when Italy said, "Why should we weaken each other by continuous diplomatic rivalry through Central and Southeastern Europe and the Near East? Instead of being jealous over the right to protect the holy places and the mission schools of the Near East, why not protect them jointly? Why not grant each other, and the other Latin kingdoms, the most favorable tariffs possible, and assist each other, with our banking and commercial facilities, to extend our trade? And perhaps some day discuss a customs union, uniting a hundred and fifty million people around the Mediterranean, the most powerful economic production base on earth?"

I am not arguing the feasibility of such a scheme, much less prophesying that it will be realized. I am only pointing out that it is the logical final phase of present-day Italian imperialism.

Undoubtedly the opposition would be formidable. Great Britain would not be indifferent to a vast Latin commercial and economic union; she would unquestionably fear for her Mediterranean

route to India. But it is the British genius to compromise with the unavoidable, and Gibraltar is not what it once was. The submarine is a powerful persuader. And after all, the freedom of the Mediterranean route could be guaranteed by treaty. At least, some such considerations are among the calculations of the Fascist politicians.

The essence of any Pan-Latin federation is the pooling of foreign policy. Once you have that, you have potential empire. And once you have an acknowledged director of a common foreign policy you have a potential emperor. Empire creeps stealthily through the world. An emperor gets power before he can get his titles. The title of Caesar was but a family name, and Augustus himself was in law but a multiple office holder in the Roman municipal republic.

Who can doubt that Mussolini, as director of Pan-Latin foreign policy, would make the most of his opportunity? Even now, in our mind's eye, we can see the splendor of that assemblage of Latin kings on the Capitoline Hill, whence once Jupiter Capitolinus ruled the world. We can hear in anticipation the sonorous resonance of Mussolinian speech invoking the grandeur that was Rome, the

glory of Latin civilization, the majesty of the coming Mediterranean empire. And the Pope's blessing upon the assembled sovereigns would echo around the world.

And Mussolini himself? He would probably be in simple frock coat or morning dress. He would leave the Kings of the Middle Sea to banquet while he dashed off in a motor car to his office, where a bust of Cæsar even now inspires his working hours. He would probably bear some such innocent title as President of the Pan-Latin Council of Delegates; he would have to deal with committees, and coalitions and nationalistic jealousies. No matter, the power, the *imperium* over the Mediterranean world, would at last be in his hands.

And later, after years of such supreme power had accustomed the world to regard the blacksmith's son as master of the Latin federation, when his authority over the entire Mediterranean domain had been tested and confirmed, he might some evening sign his name to a piece of paper. And the next morning we should wake to read in the headlines, "Benito, Emperor of the Latins, decrees . . ."

They say in Italy, with vicious hatred or reverent awe, "*Quell' uomo è capace di tutto.*" That man stops at *nothing*.



HAIRY CAREY'S SON

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

"MY FATHER," said Doctor Bligh, "lived on this island about a hundred years ago. Seems a long time ago, doesn't it? But well, let me see, where are we now?—nineteen hundred . . . yes—I'm over sixty, and my father was over sixty when I was born. He lived here as a boy; he was born in Cardiff in 1785."

All the way south from New York Doctor Bligh had been *not* saying this. Ridiculously melodramatic though the conclusions were which might be drawn from the information that a harmless elderly passenger's father had lived on Lily Island a hundred years ago—drawn they might be, and especially by a facetious joker like Captain Fink.

"A hundred years ago on Lily Island," mused the captain in arch meditation. "Why—then he must have been a pirate!"

"There—you see!" said Doctor Bligh to himself. "You see what havoc three brandies and sodas after midnight can do with one's privacy!" However, the confidential impetus was irresistible now. Besides it was such a good retort to the captain's waggishness. "He *was* a pirate," said Doctor Bligh, leaning dramatically forward and then throwing himself back in his chair as if to watch the resulting excitement.

There was no excitement. The captain of the *Rising Day*, who suffered from a strong quivering spasm of the breath when amused, gave but a faint exhibition of it now, and rubbed his nose. What a silly old man this was,

he thought. The old ass has been talking of the criminal frivolity of hospital nurses all the way from New York and now he says his father was a pirate. "We get quite a lot of pirate yarns told us, one way or another," sighed the captain; "but I don't remember hearing of any famous pirate on Lily Island called Bligh."

"He changed his name, when Queen Victoria came to the throne. That was when he ceased to be really proud of his past. His real name was Carey."

"Good Lord! Not Hairy Carey?" cried the captain, checking his tumbler three inches from his lips.

Doctor Bligh looked at him in some alarm. "I didn't know it was such a well-known name on Lily Island. If I had known it was a byword I wouldn't have told you the name."

"It's so long ago," said the captain. "I don't think I should trouble to be shy about it if I were you. Anyway Hairy Carey didn't leave a scoundrelly reputation, you know—not like the man they called the Old Duke. Carey didn't have time; he was just a kid, I believe, when piracy was stamped out. The only thing they say about him, as far as I know, is that he grew a beard when he was twelve, and that he fell through a hole in an inland cave once and bobbed up like a cork fifty yards out at sea. There's a song that the niggers sing about it—that's the only reason why Lily Island remembers Hairy Carey—because it rhymes with scary and wary and fairy . . ."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Doctor Bligh rather crossly.

"I'm not laughing," laughed the captain. "I was looking at Young Rummie here, collecting information about Hairy Carey—and collecting it through his mouth, apparently."

Doctor Bligh turned irascibly to follow the direction of the captain's look. Young Rummie, the ship's boy, with his back to the two men, was fiddling with some glasses on a tray. His innocent young neck was claret-colored with embarrassment.

"Have you come to Lily Island to hunt for your father's buried treasure?" persisted the wheezing captain. "Got a chart drawn in blood and everything just so?" Doctor Bligh saw his roguish distorted eye through the bottom of his tumbler and wished he could throw something at it and distort it for good and all.

"No," he said shortly. "My father had a good position in the tobacco trade in England. He never made a penny out of the adventures of his boyhood." How undignified it was, thought Doctor Bligh, for a respectable general practitioner to be mixed up with the kind of story that excites cabin boys and causes negroes to burst into song. Why on earth had he brought the subject up? It had been perfectly safe in his own mind. Really, of course, it had never been safe at all since he had found that paper. It had seethed so much in his mind that it was bound sooner or later to bubble over the brim before he could stop it. "My father had a sentimental fondness for this island," added Doctor Bligh. "As a very old man, especially, he often fancied himself on Lily Island. But it was a purely sentimental feeling, and it is on purely sentimental grounds that I have long wished to visit an island which my father held in such happy memory."

"There isn't much sentiment on Lily Island," said the captain. "Or much of anything else either, for that matter."

"Well, good-night," said Doctor Bligh,

finding to his surprise as he stood up that his feet were a little unsteady, even though the *Rising Day* was at anchor and perfectly motionless. "I have to get up early to-morrow if I want to get my walk over before the sun grows too hot."

On the deck, on the way to his cabin, the doctor paused and looked at Lily Island across a stretch of striped-glass water polished by moonlight. The low uneven land was blurred black against the sky. Stars floated out of the land to follow the flying moon.

Doctor Bligh was saying this phrase to himself: "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." Whenever he thought of that phrase he felt a certainty and then a sort of squirm. What an absurd position to be in—if one wore woollen underclothes and weighed two hundred pounds—to be the reluctant slave of a romantic quest! It was as though he had been mysteriously impelled to find joy in the possession of a popgun and the taste of bull's-eyes.

"Pleessa," said a voice near him. He turned to see the tiresome freckled face of Young Rummie. "Pleessa—I couldn't help hearing what you was talking about in there sa. Pleessa, *please* may I come with yousa, to look for your father's treasure-sa? I bin to the island often before-sa, and I'm strong and usefusa."

"Good God, boy," snapped the doctor. "What *are* you talking about? My father's treasure, indeed! Do I look like a man with a father who had any treasure? My father lived for fifty years after he left this island. If he had any treasure or knew of any treasure, why should he have left it here or anywhere else without coming to get it? You go to hell, and stay there."

"I thought you told the cap'n your father was Hairy Carey-sa."

"Go to hell," repeated Doctor Bligh, but a little more doubtfully now. Was it possible that the boy had heard or found something on the island? "What do you know about Carey?"

"On'y that he was about my age-sa—and that song about him . . ." And

the irritating child began to sing in the creaking voice peculiar to the middle teens:

"Where-a you been, Hairy Carey?
Down-do-down, I bin drowned.
You go an' ask the green growin' fishes
Down-do-down
Down-do-down
Down-do-down what I found."

What were boys coming to! exclaimed Doctor Bligh to himself. Butting into the treasure hunts of their elders and betters and insisting on singing to them, uninvited, in the middle of the night. "Captain Fink was mistaken, if you *must* know. My father was no pirate. He was very much interested in tobacco culture and came here some years ago to make experiments."

"Yessa," said the boy with docility.

"There were no pirates in his day."

"Nosa."

"Anything else you want to ask me?" asked Doctor Bligh in a withering voice.

"Nosa. On'y—please, *pleessa* let me come with you on your treasure huntsa."

Doctor Bligh walked furiously away across the deck to his cabin. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick," he thought. He carried always in his inner pocket the scrap of unexplained paper found between the pages of an old notebook labelled Heavens Sugar Farm. The writing—on the torn-out flyleaf of a book called *Beauty's Dower*, Published in London by Mr. Atkinson, MDCCXC—was not his father's writing. It was a mincing deliberate hand, and seemed almost as if idle fingers had gone over it again and again, crossing and super-crossing *t*'s, dotting *i*'s with galaxies of stars, adding frills to the capital letters. There was nothing to explain what it meant, or who scribbled it so, or how it got there among the papers of a reformed pirate. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick."

Doctor Bligh had first seen this scrap of paper on going through his father's possessions forty years ago when the old man died. At the time it had made no

impression on him at all, for he had been a sober single-hearted young doctor filled with the determination to Do Good and Make Good. Now that the paper had become almost an obsession with him he found it difficult to understand how he could have seen it so indifferently in his hot youth. But really his youth had never been more than tepid—only in his mysteriously warmed up middle-age had Doctor Bligh suddenly found that Duty was Not Enough. Anything would have done as a hot sauce for too thoroughly iced duty—golf, stamp collecting, the Primrose League, Angora rabbits. Only it happened to be buried treasure. An idle rediscovery of the scrap of paper, and some idle speculation upon its meaning had lighted a discreet fuse which led to an explosion of fantastic convictions about an actual buried treasure on Lily Island. And with the thought of buried treasure, all kinds of romantic and grisly half-recollections had found their way into Doctor Bligh's consciousness. His imagination added ambiguously, fragment by fragment, to his memory of what old Bligh—late Hairy Carey—had said from time to time, fifty years ago. "It wasn't so much that the Old Duke was a murderer; he didn't murder people who crossed him, exactly. . . . There were none of the traditional pirate scenes in his ship; she was just dirty and dull and as much like your modern tramp steamers as a schooner can be, with just that wicked freak of speed thrown in. But there was a sort of crooked indirect curse on everything the Old Duke touched. He didn't murder a man who offended him, but he made a murderer of that man—and in such a way that it wasn't generally the dead man who was most to be pitied. So his property was always safe; he protected it with the *irrelevance* of his cruelty. It was to everyone's interest, somehow, not to offend the Old Duke." Had the old pirate said something like that, or had his son imagined it all, in the light of this new, inexplicable, romantic brooding?

Doctor Bligh slept and dreamed that he looked from the deck of the *Rising Day* and saw, on the island, a broad road apparently leading up easily to a terrace between the hoofs of a colossal golden cow upon the skyline. And yet, in his dream, he could not start on his walk along the road because there was no boat in which he could be rowed ashore, nor anyone to row him—only, in the distance, elusive so that the frantic dreamer sought him in vain, a singer singing in a faint, wild, treble voice.

Captain Fink had early breakfast with his passenger in the morning. "Young Rummie can row you ashore," he said. "And you'd better arrange with him where he shall meet you and at what time. Unless you'd like to take him and walk along to the Cove, three or four miles south, and meet us there. We have to drop down there for a few dozen crates of fruit when we've finished the little bunch now alongside. We'll be there about sunset. We go out at high water to-morrow."

"I'll do that alone," said Doctor Bligh. "I don't fancy that Young Rummie much. He follows me about like a dog."

"He doesn't want to lose sight of the son of Hairy Carey, eh?" said the Captain with an attack of his merry asthma. "Oh, come on, doctor—even you must have been young once."

Young Rummie rowed the little boat energetically over the gorgeous green water. Doctor Bligh, looking down, could see half-defined shapes in the water—peacock-colored shadows that melted before they could be realized. The little beaked garfish skidded, splintering light and spray from the tip of one wave to another. A great heart-shaped sting-ray slid across a patch of pearl-green sand thirty feet below, with a rolling ripple of its frills. In the distance sober somersaulting fins marked the progress of three or four grampuses, wheeling in slow suspended acrobatics across the roof of their green world.

"Please, *pleessa* let me come with you

to-day. Pleessa, I'm sorry to go on botherin' you, but I can't bear it—I can't bear not to go-sa. . . . It may be the last chance I get, goin' after treasure-sa. I'm *born* to go after treasure-sa. Pleessa, *please* give me a try-sa. I'm such a resourceful feller-sa—it might just make the difference to finding the—"

"How many times am I to tell you, you young fool," shouted Doctor Bligh, "that there's no question of treasure. Didn't you hear me tell you—my father was here planting pineapples and—"

"Tobacco-sa."

"I said *pineapples*. As I told you, I am thinking of investing . . . I mean investigating . . ." He broke off. "What's the matter with me?" he thought irritably. "Going on lying, as if it were worthwhile explaining anything to this pink rat of a boy. What he really needs is a good whipping." Yet, looking along the little boat at Young Rummie's ugly shining face, bobbing backwards and forwards as he rowed, Doctor Bligh, with that inconsequence he was now coming to recognize as one of the perils of middle-age, felt unexpectedly tolerant. A tooth was missing in the front of Young Rummie's broad mouth; and somehow this chink in the otherwise tough rubber armor of his youth made Doctor Bligh conscious of the anxious, desperately expectant heart beating beneath that dirty and childish narrow singlet. As if, with the disclosure of the lost tooth, a tiny window had been opened.

"I don' care-sa," said Young Rummie, after clearing his throat nervously. "I must—I *must* foller you-sa, whatever you say-sa. . . . I hope you'll forgive me-sa—when I've proved me worth."

"If you want to inform yourself about pineapples under cultivation," said Doctor Bligh, grinding his teeth with anger, "follow me and be damned to you."

The little village of Corkscrew Bay squatted under its crooked palms and casuarinas on a bend in the narrow harbor. On the striped sand and seaweed beach, as the little boat ran ashore, white

and mauve branches of coral lay among petalled shells that were like pink roses. The ragged black village children, fluttering with faded cottons, gathered on the beach to watch strangers arrive. The men of the village were preoccupied—though hardly busy—grouped about the mate of the *Rising Day*, listening to his curses. That agitated man, his coat off, sweat running into his eyes and dripping from his chin, stood, like a defender, beside a complicated frail fortress built of pineapple crates. He was hoarsely but rather hopelessly exhorting the crowd of negroes to get to work. The men watched him rather plaintively and passively, as though more of the sense of what he was saying reached them through their wide wet eyes, their broad, clumsy, polished noses, their thick open mouths than through the ears that leaned out from their dark skulls.

"Well, all I can say is," said the mate in an exhausted voice when he saw Doctor Bligh, "Give me baboons—give me the blind pups of a cross-eyed bitch—give me half baked clams—give me—"

"You find the islanders unintelligent?" said Doctor Bligh. "Look here, Mr. Wilkins, why don't you keep Young Rummie to help you get these crates aboard. . . . He was sent here as a sort of guide to me, but as a matter of fact I'd very much rather he stayed with you."

"There's only an hour's work here," said the mate, "if only these black blighters would start on it."

"Pleessa—pleessa—pleessa—" said Young Rummie under his breath to Doctor Bligh. His thin voice was full of a real panic.

"Damn you, boy— Well . . . I'll come back for you in an hour's time. . . . There's nothing—there's nothing to look for—but you can come if you must—"

"Hey, you Rummie," shouted the mate with alacrity.

Free of his follower at last, Doctor Bligh strode away along a narrow path

that led through the high guinea grass. For the first time he wondered what actual steps he could take to decode the mysterious message and apply it to the country in front of him. "Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." The whole affair from beginning to end had been so far contrary to the ordered plans of his existence that, for the first time in his life, plans had seemed wholly irrelevant. Here he was, on Lily Island, under a spell, the magic wording of which was—"Fifty thousand pounds under a Cow's Lick." Of course it was all nonsense. Surely an elderly retired doctor is free to travel when his work is done. Why should not Lily Island be as good a destination as any other for a slightly asthmatically inclined professional gentleman in search of sea air and sunlight?

Doctor Bligh looked uneasily round the horizon, feeling a little homesick for the translucent and candid horizon of last night's dream. Behind him was the village, scrawled with the shadows of palms and crazy huts; behind the village was a small valley scored with pineapple rows. About Doctor Bligh, shoulder-high, was the guinea grass, varied here and there with dangling angular jumba beans and with prickly pears and organ-pipe cactuses. The low hills all round were furred over with frizzed brush, as evenly as negroes' heads are capped with wool. A rather higher strip of land in front of the traveler was spiked along the skyline with century palms—some closed like giant asparagus shoots, others opened out into jejune forks and fans. Far beyond this ridge of land was a higher ridge, only one bluff of which could be seen through a cleft in the near ridge. And that far bluff—was it Doctor Bligh's imagination?—was it perhaps an effect due to the abrupt framing in the near gorge?—the resemblance was very vague—yet *was* it so vague? . . . Doctor Bligh turned away for a moment to give his eyes a chance of blotting out their prejudice in favor of romance. The bluff, he now saw quite clearly, looked like a cow's head and

shoulders: there was a quite bovine hump behind the shoulders. It was a hornless cow, to be sure, unless one counted—but that would be foolishly fanciful—those two tall century palms as horns. The throat of the cow—that narrow, receding, flapping, pendulous throat—was very clearly suggested, thought Doctor Bligh, trying to keep quite cool and unbiased. All the same, he wished he could look at that cow's head for a second with fresh eyes. He remembered what happened about his father's pirate stories; now, though he knew he had deceived himself, he could not say what was false and what was real in that stammering tale still echoing in his memory. (Curses of dead old pirates . . . treasure under coral bluffs—what was this confused invasion of his reasonable elderly brain?)

He drew in his breath as a negro woman, carrying a tall bundle crowned with boots and a trussed chicken, padded towards him round a bend in the narrow path.

"Good morning," said Doctor Bligh.

"Ma-anin', za."

"Can you tell me the name of that hill?"

"Aye, za."

"What *is* its name?"

"Aye, za."

"Hasn't got a name, eh?"

"Ya-azza."

"I was just thinking how like a cow's head it was. Did that ever strike you or your friends?"

The woman turned her head with smoothness and caution under her balancing bundle to look in the direction his finger indicated. "Ya-azza," she said, her opaque brown eyes searching the horizon for whatever might be the object of this unintelligible stranger's gaze.

"Like a cow—do you not think so?"

"Ca-aw, za?"

"Yes, a cow's head. Can you see it?"

"Ya-azza."

"You can! Can you not tell me the name of the ridge?"

"Ca-aw's zed, za."

"Cow's Head? Do you really mean that the ridge is called Cow's Head?"

"Ya-azza."

He searched her thick simple face with his eyes. Were his ears as well as his eyes biased to the point of self-deception? "Thank you so much. Good morning." He pushed along the path, combing the coarse yellow grass with his shins.

As he reached the slope up to the near ridge, the grass gave place to thick brush. A little breeze made all the short unkempt palms amid the brush seem to turn their backs. The path, which could barely push between the pale-stemmed bristles of the shrubs, gave a wide berth to the clumps of sisal and the century palms, with their defensive sheaves of spears; but sometimes the detour was not wide enough, and Doctor Bligh's thin neat tussah trousers were soon torn and the plump neat legs beneath them severely scratched.

When, gasping, he reached the top of the near ridge, one thing was certain—he would not go back for Young Rummie. He had never meant very seriously to do so. He noticed that the Cow's Head had receded, had, apparently, side-slipped to quite a different point of the compass, and to a site at least twice as far away as he had expected. Without its frame, too, it was less arrestingly—but *no*; it *was* like a cow's head. Between him and it lay a large lake, probably invisibly connected with the sea. Several of the ridges around this lake seemed to be paltry imitations of a cow's head too, but Doctor Bligh guiltily averted his mind from this suspicion. His cow, he told himself firmly, looked more like a cow than ever; it must have been a famous landmark for the pirates, as it evidently now was to the negroes. After a minute's thought, Doctor Bligh decided to walk down to the lake and then follow its western shore. As far as he could see, a broadish rocky ledge formed a more or less continuous rim to the lake; the bands

of green thicket that interrupted this rocky strip seemed to him negligible from a distance. He almost ran down the slope to the water. The path he was following led straight into the lake, made no effort to veer to right or left. At its terminus lay the submerged skeleton of an old boat, with small striped fishes whisking between her ribs. Doctor Bligh began to walk along the terrace of rock beside the water. The high sun was giving a more and more breathless quality to the heat. The wind that had disturbed the palms on the ridge was still now. All the air quivered, and from the long spindling rafts of glare upon the lake, splintering spears of light were aimed to pierce the sight. Doctor Bligh found it very much more difficult than he expected to walk along the waterside. The rock, a coral formation, was pitted with sharp-edged craters. And at every few dozen yards the rock surrendered the shore to mangroves.

Each strip of encroaching mangroves meant an obstacle of almost despairing difficulty. The mangroves sprawled in a sort of angular horizontal scaffolding over the water. Roots sloped tautly into the water, like the legs of spiders. Footholds among these roots were always slanting and slippery, and were, in any case, treacherously concealed by the bright juicy disks of the leaves. The branches were breast high. Doctor Bligh, bruised about the shins and wet to the knees, negotiated three mangrove entanglements, and then he felt that he would rather press on in the hope of finding an end to them than return by such an arduous and revolting route. Inviting stretches of firm pale rock in front tempted him with promises of better going presently. But these promises always proved to be illusory; the mangrove strips stretched wider and wider, and finally Doctor Bligh, achieving a strip of rock after an hour's frenzied battle with fifty yards of malevolent swamp roots, gave up. He sank down almost fainting, his set sweating face buried in his hands. The heat of the

sun seemed to throb about his body. He could not keep his face covered, in spite of the glare; his hands suffocated him. He decided to drink half the brandy and water he had in his flask, and to eat one of the biscuits the steward had given him. He looked about wildly as he ate. Where the rock again surrendered to the swamp a graceful gray bird like a small crane, too young to fly, threaded itself like a silver hook among the angular lacy intricacies of the mangroves. Its parents, less innocent about the dangers of human proximity, flew in the air above it, planing with outstretched neck and legs in a tilted obtuse angle.

"I must strike inland," thought Doctor Bligh, noticing that a promontory of dry scrub pierced the swamp to a point quite near him. Now he realized that by following the lake shore he had lost his Cow's Head. The ridge was still there, with its two pin shapes of century palm, but perspective had completely robbed it of any suggestion of a cow. "I must strike west again across country." Certainly the matted brush could not be more heartbreaking to walk through than the mangroves were. He crossed the intervening yard or two of swamp-growth and struggled in the clawing stubborn brush, like a fly in a spider's web. At least, as he at first thought, he was spared the glare on the water. Then he realized that he was robbed also of the slight coolness of stirring air that belonged to the lake.

He made slowly towards a twisted casuarina tree which, in that low thicket, seemed to stand like a memorial and spread a sanctuary of shade. Not only were the close-growing shrubs difficult to push through, but the lost man's steps were waylaid continually by deep mazy pits in the ground—sometimes ten feet deep—memories of some rolling seas long dried—holes made often perfectly circular by the bowling of imprisoned uneasy stones—galleries pierced by long departed tides between one curved cell and another. Bananas were

planted in the rich black earth that lined such pits. The banana fronds, down in the pit where no wind disturbed them, would be virgin and whole, like the pages of unread books, but the topmost plumes, which Doctor Bligh came to appreciate as warnings of the deep traps laid in the wilderness, would be tattered and crumpled above earth level. Doctor Bligh hoped that these bananas, which must have been planted by men, would mean that he would presently come upon a path or a cabin. But he reached the casuarina after hours of effort without finding any further trace of men.

The tree stood on the edge of a low knoll, and its roots, mostly exposed, clung to the dusty bank like knuckles. Between the roots was a blackness—the crooked mouth of a cave. Doctor Bligh walked straight across the band of shade he had so ardently longed for, and, in a stride and two stumbles, he was down in the cave. He found himself in a kind of antechamber in a half light striped by gaunt and crumbling columns. Behind these columns a black passage led downward. Doctor Bligh felt in his pockets. He had a few matches—eighteen, to be exact. He was so deeply exhausted that he had but little sense, and he started down the black gallery, lighting his first match as soon as he came to the end of level ground. The passage led downward over unsteady red boulders. Some of the stones were set rolling by his tread, but he went carefully and did not fall. By the time the ground became level again, he had used five matches. He tried now to be cautious, not only in actual economy of matches, but also in economy in the glances he threw here and there into each brief dazzle. He tried not to waste glances on the fluted white ceiling, the bats, the sinuous water-carvings on the walls, the fantastic half-articulate friezes of pattern, the pendulous needles of runed coral, the pinnacled pillars aspiring from the floor. He tried to look first and last at the floor before him.

It was the fourteenth match that showed a black patch on the floor immediately in front of him. He had noticed these patches before, but since they had not lain actually in his path, he had passed them by without investigation. The concentration of light on this last patch seemed to be too much for the poor spirit of the match. He lighted another more carefully as he crouched on the ground. Before him he now saw an abrupt pit, showing bottomless to the scope of match light. Doctor Bligh, an already overstrained man, began to quake. "I must get out of this," he thought. "Why did I come down here?" And as he turned to retreat, he heard the rustle of water scores of feet below in the pit. He lighted another match. Behind him a ridge of rock not more than two feet across divided the fluted rims of two more pits, between which he must have walked in the fitful light without suspicion. He had one match left now.

Doctor Bligh was, after all, an old man. His whole dilemma, from the beginning of the expedition till now, had been the result of an old man's rebound into uncalculated romantic melodrama, from a life spent in arduous duty and precision. The same tired old brain that had re-read so hopefully the scribble on the flyleaf of *Beauty's Dower* had now failed to allocate reasonably resources of light and time in the search. Now the thin staff of romantic excitement gave way. He sank down and lay, half huddled against the wall, for a long time in the dark.

He could hardly have slept, but he must have been sunk in a sort of trance, for when he noticed at last that a distant light shone ahead of him—how far away he could not guess—he realized that his eyes had long been fixed senselessly upon it. He shouted; his heart nearly strangled him as the raucous echoes crashed about him; a rustle began, which he diagnosed after a moment as the bats waking in the hollows of the ceiling. The distant light did not move. He

lighted his last match, as an answer and an appeal to the light. No sign of recognition. Groping very cautiously on hands and knees, he felt the rim of the pit in front of him. His hand did not dare to leave the solid stone—he felt that if he should suddenly find clear space beneath his hand he would tip forward and fall headlong into terrible depths. But his hand made sure at last that the rim curved away from him, leaving a shelf several feet wide between the pit and the wall. He crawled along this, inch by inch, never trusting a first scouting hand, but verifying its discoveries with agonized and repeated pressure. He gathered no courage from his successful negotiation of this pit. His imagination bored more frightful shafts of space in every direction in which he moved his tremulous hand. But after some hours of this painful progress, the corner of a curtain of rock seemed suddenly lifted, and a powdering of stars spangled the space thus revealed. The farther he crawled, the wider did this blessed pricked doorway into night open.

The roaring of the clear sea, quite near now, drowned the deadly subterranean sucking and moaning of secret channels. He identified the light he had first seen as the reflection of a star in a water cup formed in the peak of a frustrated stalagmite by a too impetuous dripping from the hanging point above it. The little crater full of water, when he reached it, seemed to accumulate more than its share of light; it almost glowed. He thought it looked as brittle and fey as a moon crater. He drank the cool water most gratefully. He tried not to quicken his painful crawl as he found himself facing an apparently unobstructed passage to the stars. There might still be traps. But at last, there he was, on the lip of a cave halfway down an overhanging cliff. The sea knocked at the under surface of a deep shelf below him. Only the stars, the moon, and a giddy silvered screen of vertical stone towered above him. He ate his last biscuit,

finished what he had in his flask, and slept.

When he awoke, after a confused and painful sleep, it was daylight, and the first thing that he realized was the next headland. It was quite close, and it was unmistakably the neck of yesterday's Cow's Head. There was that overhanging fluted flap of stone which had, from a distance, seemed to lead so appropriately from the cow's lower jaw to its chest. The romancer had seen it from a vantage point which had not been high enough to show him that nothing but the deep sea lay at the foot of the jut. Under the Cow's neck—under the sea, his imagination had placed the fifty thousand pounds of his vision. Only the slow green waves shone at the foot of that bovine fantasy in stone. Doctor Bligh looked for a time at the hopeless face of the stone, feeling disillusionment pervade his heart. He saw suddenly, pricking out of the profile of the cliff, a pimple, a hair, a brown wart, the bow of a boat, finally the whole of a little brown fishing boat tacking along the coast.

When the boat was within hailing distance, Doctor Bligh gave a loud cry. His voice sounded to him like the new voice of a dumb man. The boat turned towards the cliff. An old brown man was sitting in it, picking over some small fish that lay in the wash in the bottom.

"No way da-an from thar, za," shouted the old man thinly. "You'll ha-ave to make a dive of it. Best go ba-ack troo the ca-ave."

Doctor Bligh who, during the first few words had been looking down appalled at the deep swinging water, when he heard the last suggestion, threw himself instantly, all askew, from the lip of the cave into the sea. After several choking centuries, he was able to breathe air, feeling incredibly low down in the world. In a moment he was grasping the old man's hand and after a breast-bruising, shin-bruising struggle, he was in the boat, treading on a squirming fish.

"You'd best a gone ba-ack troo

the ca-ave, za," piped the old man.

"I'll give you anything you like to get me to the Cove before high water."

"Z'aba-at four hours' sa-ail, za," said the old man. "Yer on the wra-ang shore of Lily A-aland."

Doctor Bligh sat in the bow, getting gradually dry, looking with incredulous distaste at his scarred and blood-caked legs—one entirely denuded of trouser from the knee down, the other clad only in tatters. He found it impossible to reconcile this sight with the fact that one month ago he had been a medical man in good standing at Monmouth. He dozed a little, presently, and when he woke he began to believe again in a probability he had lost sight of—the hope that he had a future of respectable old age at Monmouth in front of him—that all this nightmare of melodramatic misfortune was a thing that would pass.

As the little boat made the final tack that would bring it round the ultimate headland, Doctor Bligh saw for the last time the corroded overhang that had seemed to him to form a suitable finish to his Cow's Head.

"Did you ever hear of a place name like Cow's Lick connected with any spot on this island?" he asked the old fisherman.

"Nuzz'n excep' the Ca-aw's Lick they fa-and the fifty tha-a-sand pa-and under," said the old man.

Doctor Bligh stared at him, paralyzed for a moment with astonishment. "Did they find Fifty Thousand Pounds under a Cow's Lick?"

"Na-za—not just like that, they didn'. . . . It's an a-alanders' sayin', that—why ye must have heard people on the a-aland sayin' Fifty Tha-asand Pa-and under a Ca-aw's Lick. It's a sayin' fer a piece of luck. . . . My fa-ather he tol' me the true ta-aile aba-at that sayin'—how a man called Havens ha-ad a ca-aw, an' ca-aw went astray da-an to beach, an' Havens went a-lookin' fer the ca-aw an' fa-and 'er lickin' at a lomp salt that got thar

some way, and all aroun' the ca-aw thar floated that grease stuff—hundreds a-ya-ards of that thar grease stuff—what you call that thar grease stuff that's worth sa mech money?"

"Ambergris?"

"Yeah—A guess so—ambergris. . . . An' Havens made a fortune outa what he fa-and, an' he built a ha-ase—just a ruin now, it is—near the Cove, an' he had his da-ater eddicated—pretty girl, my fa-ather useter say, but spoiled wiz bookla-arnin'—though Havens was just ornery trash himself—an' she married a judge in United Sta-aites. But Havens lost all his money when the sla-aives was freed by Queen Victoria. And that's how the sayin' comes, my fa-ather useter say—Fifty Thaa-asand Paa-and under a Caa-aw's Lick."

"*Beauty's Dower*," thought Doctor Bligh. And he now saw it all as a romance after all—the last shred of the callow young Hairy Carey's romance. He said nothing more as the little boat ran north towards the Cove. He had looked for his destination so long, yet he reached it unexpectedly. Tacking round a headland, they came abruptly in sight of the *Rising Day*.

"Why—woz goin' on?" exclaimed the old man, looking not at the ship but at the shore. A group of men stood on the green grassy seam that joined the white sand to the scrub. The old man sailed close inshore and after a moment Doctor Bligh said, "Why—there's the skipper—there's Mr. Wilkins—there's Tome and Veery Joe."

"Thar's a ca-affin," said the old fisherman. "It's a buryin'."

"Can you land me on this beach?" asked Doctor Bligh. The boat drew alongside a rough natural pier in the rock at the curve of the bay. As Doctor Bligh, conscious of his tattered trousers and peeling face, drew near to the rigid, Sunday-best-looking group, Captain Fink came to meet him.

"Well, I'm damned," said Captain Fink looking unlike himself and certainly more damned than blessed.

"Where in hell did you get to, Doctor?"

"Whose grave is that?" asked Doctor Bligh.

"It's Young Rummie's. . . . Good Lord, poor little brute, and he's got a mother in Cardiff and all that. The kid lent a hand loading pines yesterday, and Wilkins says he nearly broke his heart over it . . . seemed to think you were coming back for him or something. . . . Good Lord, I wish you *had* happened to take him along, Doc. Wilkins wasn't too hard on the little chap about the work—he was kind of sorry for him, the kid fretted so—God knows why—and anyway, there wasn't more than a couple of hours' work. He consoled himself eating spoiled pineapples—the niggers say he put away over a dozen—and by midnight he was off his head, raving and screaming with pain. . . . Gosh, I tried every bleeding thing I could think of, but of course I hadn't an idea really. . . . I thought you'd turn up any minute. I

had a couple of men out all night looking for you, and one with a boat, up and down the coast. . . . I'm sure a doctor could have saved him. . . . There are three black parsons in this bloody hole and not one doctor—black or white. The kid died at sunrise."

Doctor Bligh said nothing. He walked up the beach and stood by Young Rummie's grave, dug just where the sand marched with the limit of the red, rock-strewn earth. And as he stood, spent and strained, beside the grave, time seemed to spin about him—yesterday seemed almost within his grasp, and youth a thing returning, like a thunderstorm, against the wind. Yesterday—that freak day astray at the wrong end of his life—he saw it glamorously now—it was terribly desirable to him—and only an hour ago he had dismissed it with relief. But—oh, now—come back, deferred bright day—come back, lost gleam—lost youth. . . .

CLOSE TO THE EARTH

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

LET the brown lark fly
That has wings to fly.
The ant, the beetle,
The mole, and I
Keep close to the earth
Where we like to lie.

*For close to the earth a beetle may trundle
Its treasure below in a claw-clipped bundle;
And close to the earth an ant may funnel
Earthwork in turrets the length of its tunnel;
And close to the earth the secret mole
May fit to its body its cool, dark hole;
And I, who have never a wish to climb
The sky with a lilt or a whistling rhyme,
May stoop and listen and mark the time
Of surer songs than a bird ever sings—
Songs slow with the pulse at the root of things.*



ALAS, POOR YORICK!

AN APOLOGY FOR THE HUMAN RACE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

THE most charming city on the Rhine—one of the most charming in all Germany or in the whole wide world for that matter—is the city of Bonn. Tourists usually manage to miss it, and thereby miss a good deal, though their loss is Bonn's eternal gain, probably; so in the general balance of things one can afford to be philosophical about it. Yet it is strange that Americans who have a sense of history and an eye for quiet, cultivated, and rather opulent loveliness are not oftener attracted to Bonn; especially since it happens to have (with one exception—the Straubinger, at Gastein) the most pleasant and beautifully situated hotel that I have ever seen in a long lifetime of pilgrimage from one hotel to another. Touring is a hard business, and when one has done just about so much of it there is clear profit to the spirit in dropping off at Bonn for three or four days, to rest and think it all over—maybe to wonder whether a maximum of mileage in a minimum of time is really a dividend-paying proposition. Three days in Bonn is sure to breed doubt of it. One feels the steady, slow tempo of German life, the life that has plenty of time for everything. It has plenty of time even for living; you perceive this as you stroll along the beautiful river-promenade on a late summer afternoon or evening, and you also perceive how the art of living is practiced—you get a technical lesson in this fine art if you keep your eyes open, and it makes you wonder whether

it may not be an art worth cultivating.

As you sit on the hotel terrace you have a superb river view, or panorama, from the Seven Mountains down to the handsome bridge that carries a vivid reminiscence of Julius Cæsar. This enterprising marauder improvised a pretty good bridge at almost the exact point from which the present bridge springs. The Germans, with a vast respect for this achievement, have put up a fine bust of Julius at the bridge entrance, with a Latin inscription stating that he was the first person to bridge the Rhine. It brought back to my mind an idea I have had for twenty years—that some technical expert with imagination and a turn for good writing could make an interesting book about Cæsar's engineers. To a layman, the engineering problems involved in his campaigns, from end to end, seem to show that he must have had some experts on his payroll in the engineering line, whoever they were. I should like to see those problems dissected from a professional point of view and expounded in a popular style that I could understand.

The whole region of the Rhine's left bank is replete with antiquities of Frankish and Roman times, and earlier. Bonn has its share. The Provincial Museum contains no end of relics of the Roman occupation. Among other interesting items, an attendant showed me a counterfeiter's outfit for the manufacture of bogus Roman coins, remarking sagely that even the Romans had their *Spitzbuben*. I was immensely interested

in the vast number of luxury-products in the Museum: jewelry, fancy combs and hairpins, mirrors, perfume-bottles, vanity-boxes—go through the whole modern apparatus of personal adornment, and you would hardly turn up an item that was not there in counterpart. It was the old story of good commercial enterprise; trade following the flag. The moment the legions had the region pacified the rascally Roman go-getter swarmed in to corrupt the natives with his trumpery; no doubt he had all the latest wrinkles on how to “break down sales-resistance.” As a good American, with proper pride in the ideals of Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover, I duly mustered up a few tears to shed on this unknown pioneer’s grave if I could find it; but no one seemed able to tell me where it was.

His works, however, live after him, and he has contemporary mention from one who knew him well and knew all the ins and outs of his pitiful little game—Julius Cæsar. Years ago, when the Germans invaded Belgium, all our newspapers, I believe, carried Julius’s estimate of the Belgians in standing type. “Of all the Gallic tribes, the bravest are the Belgians.” Well, that was all right as far as it went, but I was amused to notice that nobody ever cited the reasons that Julius gives for the Belgians’ ability to keep up this fine spirit. He gives three. The first one is that the Belgians are farthest removed from the Roman Province and the apparatus of its civilization! The second is even more striking, “because salesmen very seldom get through to them with a line of goods that tend to weaken the character.” To a person who knows what wars are for and how they start, there was a vast unconscious humor in our quoting Cæsar’s praise of the Belgians. A tourist going through the Rhineland with Baedeker in one hand and Cæsar’s Commentaries in the other, will learn a great deal about the whys and wherefores of war, and thus save himself the wear and tear of getting

worked up over the nostrums proposed for abolishing it.

II

The museum at Bonn contains the skull and a few bones of the oldest inhabitant. This veteran is known as the Neanderthal Man, and he is quite a celebrity in his way, being one of the earliest known specimens of our human race. He was discovered at Neanderthal, a village not far from Bonn, in the course of some commercial excavation, I believe; and savants have calculated his probable age by the estimated aggregate age of the geological formations which covered his remains. There is a chart in the museum that shows just how all this was worked out. The savants have also “reconstructed” him in plaster of Paris by conjecture, according to the hints given them by his bones. If their efforts are to be trusted, he was no great beauty, apparently, judged by our present standards, though to a professional eye like the late Mr. Tex Rickard’s, for instance, he probably had points. His skull was shallow; he was a low-brow. His legs were short, his body long in proportion, and his arms very long. His eyes were uncommonly deep-set, and his lower jaw protruded like a bulldog’s, whereby his countenance took on a sinister expression that would have marked him out even among Chicago’s best assorted. All in all, one would say he was probably bad medicine, and if one met him *redivivus* in the middle of the road one would not argue with him about the right of way.

Nevertheless, I got a great deal of highly valuable “orientation” as I believe the logothetes call it, out of looking at him. I do not know how many years ago he lived. I did not notice what the estimates were, nor have I since boned up on any of his vital statistics. I only noticed that he was one of the two or three earliest known samples of my race, and the one succeeding thought interested me so much that it promptly extinguished any curiosity about figures.

The thought was this: that my race—the race of man—has been on earth so short a time that I can still look at a few fragile survivals of one of the earliest. A frail human skull, a trifle of lime molded up by nature's processes into a highly perishable shape, has outlasted the whole development of civilization up to date.

Probably no one can make a very sound guess at the age of the world. A scientific gathering was discussing it in New York a few weeks ago, and their conclusions summed up to something like this: that this earth, for every year it had existed since animal life appeared on it, had existed nearly a thousand years before animal life appeared. This throws animal life relatively late. Then, relatively much later in the course of animal life, man suddenly appeared. Expressed in figures, the earth is perhaps nine hundred million years old; animal life has been on it for perhaps nearly a million years; and man has graced the scene for some thirty or forty thousand years, possibly. But aside from figures, the fact is that the Neanderthal Man lived so short a time ago that his frail bones are still here and still in such shape as to give us a pretty good idea of what he looked like and of his grade of development towards what we should call nowadays a civilized being.

III

One might say, I suppose, that civilization may be roughly measured by the distance—not in time, but in culture—between this lowly brother and ourselves. The sight of his remains suggested very forcibly to me that civilization has really done fairly well to get as far along as it has got, considering the relatively brief time that has elapsed since it started. Some of us are dissatisfied with our civilization, complain about it, and are discouraged by it. I have done my share of all three. The first two are quite all right; our civilization is certainly a poor enough affair,

anyone who is even half satisfied with it ought to be ashamed of himself, and everybody ought to kick about it as hard as he can, poke fun at it, ridicule and satirize its shabbiness, meanness, childishness, and spiritual poverty. Especially should everyone throw mud and bricks at the disgusting airs it puts on when it goes on dress-parade. There cannot be too much of this sort of thing done. When there is any let-up in the steady exercise of hard-boiled self-appraisal it is a sign that the progress of civilization has stopped for the moment, and that something had better be done to start it up again. But to be discouraged, sullen, or sour over the situation is another matter; it indicates that one is expecting more of civilization than it can possibly give him—which is impracticable. All of us are strongly tempted towards that frame of mind, I think, at one time or another (I know I am), and the best specific that I have discovered against this temptation is an hour's spiritual communion with the vestiges of the Neanderthal Man.

There cannot be too much social criticism or too many critics. We cannot have too many Upton Sinclairs, Menckens, Villards, Lewises. For every one we have, we could easily do with a dozen. I am all for frying Babbitt over a slow fire; and I would joyfully pillory all the Rotarians and all the energumens of Service from Duluth to Baton Rouge. When Mr. Villard digs up the tomahawk and goes after some rascally politician's scalp, I rejoice; also when he kerosenes the Daughters of the American Revolution, and applies a match. The more "Middletowns" are picked on to be surveyed, and the more thoroughly they are surveyed, the better I am pleased. When Mr. James Truslow Adams trains his guns on *Fordismus*, Hooverism, and the theory and implications of mass-production, I would be proud to tote ammunition for him. But a social critic ought to have some training in the perspective of his job; and if I had my way, I should round up all

these earnest and disinterested promoters of our spiritual welfare, convoy them to Bonn, and give them about two weeks of monastic life in the Provincial Museum, in prayerful contemplation of the remains of our poor departed relative.

It is the world's best preparation for the exercise of social criticism, for, when all is said, the essential, the really significant difference between the first-class and second-class critic—or let us rather say, between the effective and the less effective critic—is in a temper, a frame of mind. Figuratively speaking, Swift and Juvenal never trued up their critical spirit by the spectacle of the Neanderthal Man, while Socrates, Rabelais, and Cervantes did. Socrates knew the Athenian politicians really a little better than Mr. Willard knows those of Washington, because he measured them instinctively by Athenian society's general relative distance from the Neanderthal Man. He knew that they were mountebanks and scoundrels, and that Athens was in for a bump, but he also knew that nothing could be done about it for another twenty or thirty thousand years, because Athenian society at large was simply not up to the point of doing anything or wishing anything done. Hence he did not behave like another Jeremiah or Solomon Eagle, crying "Woe to this wicked city!" He did not denounce the political situation, or—as a current word alone expresses it—bellyache about it. He simply drew a picture of the situation, colored it with exquisite unruffled humor, and hung it up to stay as long as the world lasts. Rabelais sized up sixteenth century Babbitttry-plus-ecclesiasticism about as completely as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Mencken have sized up the Baptist-Methodist-Elk-Rotarian Babbitttry of our land and time; and some little Babbitts there were, loose in France in his period. But he was aware that human development had got just about that far, so he took a good picture of it at that stage, and left it as a permanent exhibit. He was raised in the

country, and knew there was no sense in raging around an apple tree in August because the apples were green, when they could not possibly be ripe before September. Since the Neanderthal Man's frail skull has not disintegrated yet, it is a good deal to suppose that his leading characteristics, good and bad, can have been very largely washed out of his offspring.

IV

This prehistoric brother used tools and, such as they were, he depended on them mightily. His mind, what there was of it, was highly practical, as much so as Mr. Ford's or Mr. Hoover's. It was centered on his tools and on what tools would do, and he knew that the better his tools were, the more and better they would do. He was not a reflective person; his intellect did not habitually range beyond the immediate purpose of his tool-using. He had what we now call the short-time point of view. Results—immediate results—were what counted with him; and when his mind focussed on the immediate thing it did so with all its strength.

The other day I passed through that marvel of engineering skill, the New York Central yards, on an outbound train. I remember well when the new station was built at Forty-Second Street, and how the building was completed and the yards rearranged without error or accident and without stopping a single train. Traffic went on as usual. Such a performance in tool-using was probably never seen in the world. I amused myself with thinking, as I always do when I go over that intricate trackage, how an adult human society will estimate that achievement several thousand years hence, assuming that a complete record of it will somehow be available. I venture to say that the man of the future will marvel at it as sincerely as we do, and that he will then proceed to laugh his ribs loose, as any reflective person must do to-day, at its inconsequence. What is it for? To help get

people, say, from New York to Chicago; that is, to transport them from the kind of life one lives in New York into the kind of life one lives in Chicago. Also, to help transport materials in order to sustain the kind of life one lives in both places. It will strike the man of the future as the oddest and most laughable thing in the world that here were people with intelligence enough to create this marvellous mechanism of transportation, intelligence enough to operate it, but without intelligence enough to create a better collective social life for themselves than the life lived at either end of this railway system.

The man of the future will laugh at this, but he will understand it. The fact is, probably, that the power and habit of reflection have developed down from our old relative in Neanderthal in a pretty fair ratio to our development in tool-using. One cannot expect much better. Life in New York and Chicago is first-rate as a matter of mechanics; it is satisfactory to anyone who is chiefly a tool-user—which is what most of us are. The immense mechanism of railways, banks, finance companies, factories, export trade, automobiles—the Neanderthal Man would look all this over with great approval, once he got used to it, and he would say that his progeny had done very well by themselves. The fact of its being devoid of other satisfactions would not trouble him especially. He would not be in the least impressed at hearing that Plato, Virgil, Dante, or Rabelais had voted the life of Chicago and New York utterly odious. Well, then, why should those to whom he bequeathed the immense preponderance of the tool-using power over the reflective power be more impressed?

The Neanderthal Man, again, had a turn for being predatory. He took what he wanted when he could get it, and the idea that he was taking it away from someone else—if indeed it ever occurred to him—caused him no pangs. He was out for himself; his number was

number one. If he were abroad in the world to-day he would soon feel quite at home among the devices that his progeny has invented for the same purpose. He would be charmed, for instance, with the superiority of a tariff over his old-fashioned knotted club, and of poison gas over his hand-to-hand war weapons. He would see whole nations, as well as individuals, acting pretty regularly as he used to do, and he would have no trouble about recognizing the great predominance of the instinct for spoliation that he left as one of his special legacies. He would see this instinct organized with a thoroughness that he never dreamed of, and large bodies of men planning and conniving day and night to make it effective. In all this he would see the working of the short-time point of view, and he would like that, because it was his own. The long-time point of view, largely established by the history of past events, meant little to him. In his estimation, "history is bunk"; it throws no valuable light on the future. In short, our old friend would be quite in his element in contemplating the aims and ideals of our industry, commerce, and politics.

V

Alas, poor Yorick!—we know him well. It will take the race a long time to breed out the little characteristics that he ingrained into it. A good many generations of "practical minds," morons, captains of industry, financiers, opportunists, and robots must come and go before that takes place. It might seem that all the machinery we have developed might aid humanity's higher qualities to make a better showing than they do; but these qualities have not yet had time even to make a start. Ever since the old days in Neanderthal man has been a creature of action and invention and, only very lately and very fitfully, a creature of thought and reflection. Even now he thinks only as the force of circumstances drives him to it;

he does not enjoy thinking and never does it when he can get out of it, even to his own loss and damage. He will be a long time developing his reflective powers up to the point of interesting him in their exercise as much as he is interested in exercising his powers of action and invention. What do the educational ups and downs of a few thousand years amount to in a line of development that is reckoned in hundreds of millions? All Western Civilization, the civilization of action and invention, informed by a glorified predatory Neanderthalism, could go by the board overnight without furnishing even a colorful incident in a march of events laid out on such an august scale.

Nor is this a depressing reflection. The sight of our defunct kinsman should not put on us the wet blanket of an inert fatalism. It only shows us clearly what we may and may not expect. It connects our criticism properly with both the past and the future, and thus insures its balance of judgment. It keeps us from the short-time point of view in criticism, from an unduly close preoccupation with the present. Mark Twain was one of the ablest second-rate critics of society, and it was only the Neanderthal bent towards the short-time point of view that kept him from being a first-rate critic. There is a strong flavor of Neanderthal in the maxims of Pudd'n-head Wilson, in Mark Twain's fits of rage against "the damned human race," and in his project for exterminating the whole breed by withdrawing the oxygen from the atmosphere for two minutes. Perhaps, too, one can see the short-time point of view, an imperfect connection with the future, in the critical efforts of Mr. Villard, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Mencken. The bulk of the first-rate critic's business is with the future; he sets a mark for the race to grow up to, using the present only as a point of departure. That is what Socrates, Rabelais, and Cervantes did; and because they did it their works are still with us.

After all, our sturdy old friend at

Neanderthal did about the best he could, and if one gets at him right, he may have been to a certain degree suggestible. He was no doubt wary and suspicious, but it is not inconceivable that he could have been worried into some sort of momentary and fitful introspection by the wise, calm, playful, urbane, tolerant, disciplined superiority of the first-rate critic. He might, and very probably would, have subsequently treated the critic much as his spiritual progeny treated Socrates, but, nevertheless, one can imagine that he had his moments of self-examination. Something like this is the only service that the first-rate critic can hope to render the present, and in serving the future it thus sometimes happens that casually, occasionally, and without premeditation, he serves the present too.

For Babbitt, the hierophants of Service, the Baptist-Methodist-Elk-Rotarian denizens of the Bible Belt, are also doing about the best they can, and so are Mr. Ford and Mr. Hoover with their salvationist doctrine of mass-production. The future will have its own opinion about them, and the first-rate critic's business is to anticipate the future, work with it, and look exclusively to it for his dividends. Nevertheless, out of all these there may be some who are not wholly inaccessible to the suggestion that their best is pretty poor and that it might be better. So, quite incidentally, the first-rate critic, through the tone and temper which the very absence of preoccupation with the present gives his work, may do his own time, as well as the future, a useful service.

While, therefore, as I said, I am always exhilarated by our contemporary critics' lively mode of attack, I am always conscious that it is the Neanderthal survival in me which responds to it, and that such a mode really serves neither the future nor the present. I would wager that the French politicians were much more uneasy when Anatole France was around than when they were listening to the diatribes of the

reddest Communist in the Chamber. The Communist was for the moment only, but they knew that Anatole would last a long time and that his sapping and mining of the ground they stood on would increase in efficiency with the passage of generations. Meanwhile his easy and imperturbable superiority probably nagged some of them, at least, into a self-conscious sense of their own spiritual poverty. I doubt whether Mr. Villard moves his Neanderthal statemongers to self-examination, or Mr. Mencken his Neanderthal sectarians. I doubt whether Babbitt ever suspects that Mr. Lewis has the future on his side, for indeed Mr. Lewis's tone would seem to show that he himself is none too certain of it.

Alas, poor Yorick!—his leading traits are doomed to extinction, and he never

got very far with the traits that are appointed to supplant them. Only lately has the race begun to have a glimmering of how interesting the newer traits are, and to suspect that they are worth cultivation; only lately has humanity made any room for them. It is advantageous to realize just how much we are justified in expecting from so recent a development. Touring parties are all the go just now, and so I suggest one, somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage, for the dissatisfied, discouraged, disbelieving, for the vigorous, second-rate social critic, for those obsessed with the present and its shortcomings, for the perfectionist advocate of this-or-that social nostrum warranted to cure overnight. I suggest that they charter steamships and, as soon as the fine weather comes on, repair to Bonn.

IMPIETY

BY HELENE MAGARET

LORD, *I have not time to pray*
Before the asters blow,
And should I enter in Thy church
Perchance I miss the glow
Of branches bright with glint of snow.

Ah, Lord, Thou shouldst not ask of me
One hour spent in prayer
For fear some quiet rain let fall
Its shining hair,
And I, who longed for rain, might not be there.

I do not want, my Lord, to give
One breath of life to Thee.
I have so little time to live . . .
Thou hast eternity.



THE DEATH OF MARCEL PROUST

BY MARIE SCHEIKÉVITCH

Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd

The author of this article was one of Marcel Proust's most intimate friends, having known him ever since 1905. Mme. Scheikévitch's salon is one of the most distinguished in Paris, frequented by the leading figures of Parisian literary and social life. Last year a volume of Proust's letters to her was published in a de luxe edition. In order to understand the situation to which this account of his death refers it is necessary to recall the following facts: *Du Côté de chez Swann*, the first volume of Proust's masterpiece, appeared in 1913, and was forgotten in the excitement of war. In 1919 *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* was published, and that year Proust received the Goncourt Prize and became famous. His extremely poor health made it necessary for him to withdraw himself from the world and devote his failing energies to the task of finishing his work. He died in November, 1922. Three years later *Albertine Disparue*, on which he worked so feverishly up to the moment of his death, appeared and has been followed by the concluding installment, *Le Temps Retrouvé*. To-day Marcel Proust is one of the outstanding authors of the world; his works have been translated into many languages. It is, therefore, interesting to read this account of his fight for time and fame, of his struggle with death, a struggle in which he lost, but was victorious. [Translator's Note.]

SIX years have passed since the death of Marcel Proust. The number of his admirers still increases; his fame has ceased to be disputed; it is universal. Scarcely a month passes in which some study of him or his work does not appear; gradually his letters are being published—the life of the invalid is submerged in his prodigious intellectual activity, a life devoted to his art, to that scrupulous conception of a writer's duty to use such strength as was left to him in the close study of truth.

Sadly I recall the 18th of November, 1922. I was ill myself when I heard the news and had been confined to bed for several weeks. It upset me. I was accustomed to thinking of Marcel as being constantly in poor health, but my mind revolted at the thought of him lying there still and lifeless. Despite the frequently prolonged periods when he was invisible, he would suddenly appear, so full of life, with his all-consuming curiosity and the sly humility which he employed in order to discover some new

detail concerning a subject in which he was interested, that I believed him capable of defying the ravages of his illness. Had he not declared that he could look after himself better than anyone else; had he not arranged a mode of life suitable to his precarious health? My mind was haunted by these lines of his:

"That day, I learned, a death had occurred which grieved me deeply, the death of Bergotte. We know that his illness had lasted a long time; not the first one, which was natural. Nature rarely seems capable of producing other than rather short illnesses. But medicine has acquired the art of prolonging them. The remedies, the relief they give, and the discomfort which returns when they are interrupted create a simulacrum of illness which the accustomed patient finally stabilizes, stylizes, just as children have regular fits of coughing long after they have been cured of the whooping cough. Then the remedies become less effective; they are increased; they no longer do any good,

but they have begun to do harm because of this lasting indisposition. Nature would not have allowed them to last so long. It is a great miracle that medicine, almost rivaling nature, can compel one to remain in bed, to continue the use of a medicament under penalty of death. By that time the artificially grafted disease has taken root, has become a minor but real illness, with this one difference, that natural diseases are curable, but never those created by medicine, for medicine does not know the secret of curing."

It seemed iniquitous to me that Marcel Proust should disappear at the moment when success was beginning to come. Although he had often asserted to me that he was not interested in glory, I knew how happy he had been about its first signs. Yet, he had written to me, "After all, it is no more absurd to regret that a dead woman does not know that she has failed to deceive one than to wish one's name to be known two hundred years hence."

His work continued to appear—how different, alas, from what it would have been had he been able to correct his proofs—slender volumes, whereas the first had the fullness and density of a herbarium, for Marcel constantly added corrections in his scrupulous desire for greater truth. . . . Months and months passed.

The last volume of *Le Temps Retrouvé* was published. What poignant evidence of his power of self-analysis those last melancholy pages are: "Not only, is there still time, but am I in a fit state to finish my work? Illness which, like a harsh spiritual director, shut me off from the world, had rendered me a service (for, if a grain of wheat does not die after it is sown it will remain alone, but if it dies it will bear much fruit), illness which, after laziness had protected me against facility, would perhaps save me from laziness, illness had exhausted my strength and, as I had long noticed at the time when I ceased to love Albertine, the strength of my memory.

The re-creation through memory of impressions which had then to be analyzed, explained, and transformed into their intellectual equivalents—was that not one of the conditions, almost the very essence of the work of art as I had conceived it not so long ago in the library? . . .

"This idea of death definitely took possession of me, as love does. Not that I liked death, I detested it. But, as I had without a doubt thought of it from time to time, as of a woman with whom one is not yet in love, the thought of it now adhered so completely to the utmost depths of my mind that, if I were busied with anything, it had first to filter through the idea of death, and even if I were not busied with anything and was in a state of complete repose, the idea of death kept me company as incessantly as the idea of self. I do not think that the day when I had become half-dead my condition was characterized by accidental things—my inability to go downstairs, to remember a name, to get up—which had caused, even by a process of unconscious reasoning, the idea of death, that I was already practically dead, but rather that it came about all at once, that the great mirror of the mind inevitably reflected a new reality. Yet, I could not see how one could pass, without noticing it, from the ills I had to complete death. But then I thought of other people, of all who die every day, yet the hiatus between their illness and their death does not seem extraordinary. I even thought that it was only because I saw them from the inside (rather than through the deceptive eyes of hope) that certain symptoms, when taken separately, did not seem fatal to me, although I believed in my death, just as those who are firmly persuaded that their hour has come are, nevertheless, easily persuaded that, if they cannot pronounce certain words, it has nothing to do with an attack, a crisis of unconsciousness, but is due to fatigue of the tongue, to a nervous condition analogous to a stutter, to the ex-

haustion which follows indigestion. I had something very different to write than the farewells of a dying man to his wife, something longer and addressed to more than one person. Something long to write. At the most I could sleep only in the daytime. If I worked, it would only be at night. But many nights would be needed, a hundred perhaps, or perhaps a thousand. And I should live in the uncertainty of not knowing whether the Master of my fate, less indulgent than Sheriar, the sultan, when I interrupted my story in the morning, would stay my death sentence and allow me to continue the sequel the next night."

I decided to go to see Céleste. Now I felt that I could listen to her story of Marcel's last moments. I remembered Céleste as a thin woman, emaciated by sleepless nights, with a pale face and a slow, deliberate manner of speech. In her black taffeta dress she glided about, and only the rustle of the silk announced her arrival. At Marcel's door her quiet and protective presence betrayed her mission of a guardian angel. I went to see her. The Céleste whom I saw again was stronger, a mother busied with household cares, with an adorable little girl of two romping about her. "We should never have been able to have her, madame," she said as she introduced the blond and rosy child, "if poor Monsieur Proust had lived. Our time was wholly devoted to him. I think I did everything that was in my power for him. I am sorry that I could not do a thousand times more." She wept silently; her grief was so profound that she could scarcely utter the first words. "I also knew, madame, that he was very ill, but I did not think he was going to die. I shall never get over it."

Céleste's husband, Odilon Albaret, came up—his eyes were also full of tears. Marcel knew how to inspire tenderness and devotion. They both spoke of him with veneration. Gradually Céleste became more cheerful. All

around us in her modest home Marcel could be seen at all ages. Here is a photograph of him as a little boy in short trousers which emphasized the slenderness of his legs, his delicate hands clasping a walking stick with a gesture which I recognized. What a penetrating glance in his marvellous eyes! Other photographs are preserved in touching old albums which once belonged to him. Céleste has preserved the most inconsiderable trifles. She has on odd sheets, on scraps of paper, the orders which he wrote to her from day to day. Sometimes just a word, at others detailed instructions, for at times Marcel rarely spoke and did not wish to be disturbed. Here is a name written the very day of his death. We speak in whispers. Céleste uses turns of speech which were habitual with Marcel. Again I hear his way of talking, his extreme politeness; Céleste's face, which Marcel said was lilac, is upset. "When you have known Monsieur Proust, madame, everyone else seems vulgar." I am plunged into the past. How Céleste used to amuse Marcel when she imitated his friends for him, their way of behaving. I can see this inscription which he wrote in his book *Pastiches et Mélanges*: "To Céleste, queen of pastiches, imitator of Madame Scheikévitch, Monsieur Y., Madame X." When he came home at night he would send for Céleste, tell her where he had been, the people he had met, how interesting his evening had been. Then he would think of his work:

"Céleste, I don't believe I'll ever get it finished. You know, I want to do a book about you; it will be charming, Céleste. I must begin. Nothing has been of such service to me as you, I think. . . . Listen . . ."

He would talk to her for hours; she would stand listening; so the night passed.

In 1913 Céleste had married Albaret, Proust's taxi-driver. Her husband, knowing how bored she was in her little apartment, suggested that Proust

should employ her to do his errands. Gradually Marcel began to like her help and could not do without it.

I asked Céleste about Marcel's last moments. "At the end of September Monsieur Proust felt more tired than usual. About the first week in October he went out and caught a chill. He came home with a bad sore throat. The next day he had a cold in the head, which resulted in an attack of asthma. He was worried at feeling so bad because he was correcting his book, *Albertine Disparue*. Instead of taking care of himself, he decided to work all the harder, as he was afraid that the state of his health would prevent him from continuing to correct his proofs. For a few days he suffered without doing anything about it, absorbed in his work and refusing to interrupt it. He had a temperature." Céleste insisted on his calling Doctor Bize, who was his physician. Three days later, when he was called in, the doctor declared (this was about October 15) that there was nothing seriously the matter with Marcel Proust but that, as he had caught a cold, he would have to stop working and take care of himself. On that condition the doctor promised that he would get well in a week or ten days. He would also have to eat properly; that was essential. Marcel pointed out that if he ate his fever would get worse, which would prevent him from going on with his corrections, his work being his sole reason for existence. Defying the doctor's orders and with a high temperature, Marcel dressed himself late one afternoon and insisted on going out. His strength failed him and he had to return almost immediately.

He went upstairs and wanted to stretch out on the chaise-longue. He was chilled to the bone, he was shivering, and he felt so badly that he had to go back to bed. He asked for an inhalation and tried to resume his work. Yet, he would not let Céleste light the fire. "Céleste, death is after me. . . . I shall not have time to finish my proofs and Gallimard is waiting for them. . . ."

That day he was so weak that he absolutely could not go on, for, in addition to his general condition, he had a fit of sneezing. The way he sneezed was quite abnormal, which disturbed Céleste.

At the time he was living at 44, rue Hamelin, on the fifth floor of a barely furnished apartment. In order to telephone, his servants had to go down to a shop in the neighborhood and call from there. A ruse was necessary to absent oneself. Céleste telephoned to Professor Proust, but got no answer. The next day she begged Marcel to let her call Doctor Bize again. He came and again asked his patient to submit to treatment. Marcel still refused, saying that it would be a loss of time, but he added that he would promise the doctor to hurry and, once his proofs were finished, he would allow himself to be looked after. He had ceased to take anything except a little iced beer, which was brought from the Ritz and which Albaret had to carry in a carafe placed in a pail of ice. He ordered the fire in his room to be put out, on the ground that the heat disagreed with him. The doctor insisted that he should be cupped, take hot drinks and, above all, build up his strength with a little light nourishment. He told him that his work was demanding a greater expenditure of energy than the labor of a navvy. Marcel, although he felt weaker and weaker, protested. Between abandoning his work and looking after himself there could be no hesitation; he had lived only for his work.

Meanwhile he could not breathe—kept calling Céleste every minute, "Céleste, I am going to die. Oh, if I only have time to finish . . . Céleste, it is horrible to think that, in order to prolong a patient's life, sometimes for a few hours, sometimes for a few minutes, the doctors will torture him, giving him injections of serum, of morphine. They know very well that will not cure him. It is dreadful. I beg you, please, if that happens to me, to prevent them." He was nervous but very gentle. He

called Céleste incessantly to arrange for things. His doctor, worried by his refusal of any treatment, went to warn Professor Proust of the danger he foresaw. The same evening the professor entreated Marcel to look after himself, otherwise he would be compelled to take serious steps to fulfil his duties as a brother and a physician. He proposed to have him admitted to the nursing home in the rue Piccini, where he promised him all the comforts and medical attention which his condition demanded. This affectionate advice irritated Marcel. He asked his brother to leave him alone, repeating that he would never leave his room. Professor Proust argued that he might at least have a nurse. This suggestion provoked a more violent fit of anger, "Céleste looks after me better than anybody and I want nobody else near me."

When the doctors had left, Marcel rang for Céleste. "You must promise me, Céleste, that you will not admit anyone, doctor, nurse, or family. Céleste, you must keep out everybody who tries to stop me from working. I want you not to leave me for a second; if I get worse, stay here. Do what I tell you and don't torment me any further." He looked at her with irritation in his eyes, gazing into hers as if to read that she would keep the promise which he had just extracted from her. He even took the precaution of asking in writing two of his friends to prevent Professor Proust from having him taken away, an idea which had occurred to him during his sleepless nights, for sleep had completely abandoned him. He had more and more difficulty in breathing. Falling in with his brother's wishes, Professor Proust called every day to ask how he was, but did not enter his room. When Marcel saw that his brother was respecting his caprice, he allowed him to come in after a few days. The strength of will which he opposed to everyone and everything was invincible. He would allow no arguments, and nobody could influence him.

During this entire period the disease was making rapid progress. Eight days before his death Marcel sent an enormous basket of flowers to Doctor Bize. He said to Céleste, "Well, Céleste, there's something which I have attended to, in case I should die." He felt that he was disturbing unnecessarily his doctor, of whom he was very fond, and whose advice he did not follow, therefore he had to make his apologies to him in this way, which was peculiarly his own, a combination of politeness and sensitiveness. Lying in bed, almost sitting up, covered with the innumerable sweaters which Céleste constantly changed, Marcel was surrounded by newspapers, books, scraps of paper, and his proofs. He was indifferent to his outward surroundings—since he had left his apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann all his quarters had been temporary and were intended to be provisional. During his illness he received M. Tronche once, Jacques Rivière twice, to give him instructions about the publication of *Albertine Disparue*. These visits tired him, exhausted him. One evening he was pleased by a call from Paul Morand. He detained him for a long time. After he had left, he called Céleste, "Céleste, I feel that Paul Morand is warm-hearted, a thing I did not believe. He must have found me greatly changed. He said such charming things to me, I knew that he was sorry to see me like this (*reflectively*); I did not know that he was fond of me—I was so glad—I like him, too."

On November 17th Marcel thought he was much better. He had a long visit from his brother, and he told Céleste that if he could spend five more days like that he was certain he would get over his illness and prove to the doctors that they were again wrong in trying to prevent him from working. He added, "But it remains to be seen whether I can spend those five days." Smiling he continued, "Since you and the doctors want me to eat, prepare me a fried sole. I am sure that it will

not do me any good, but I want to please you." Professor Proust decided that it would be preferable for him not to take sole. Marcel admitted that the decision was wise. After further conversation with his brother, Marcel said that he was going to do a good night's work and would keep Céleste with him to help. The patient's courage was sublime. He returned to the correction of his proofs, added a few notes. About three in the morning, exhausted and gasping for breath, he called Céleste over and dictated some supplementary notes on the death of Bergotte to her. He was tremendously pleased at being still able to dictate. "Céleste, I think what I have just dictated is very good. Be sure not to forget to put it in the right place. I rely on you. Don't forget to add this to my manuscript at the place where it follows. I am going to stop. I can't go on." (Next day the doctors came to the conclusion that it was at this moment that the abscess burst which had formed on his lung.)

About six o'clock he asked for a glass of milk, adding with a feeble smile, "Only just to please you. . . . But leave me. . . . I want to be alone." Céleste, who saw that he was suffering more and more, tried to come back to him quietly, and this annoyed him. "Why can't you leave me alone?" She left him, and every minute the bell called her back.

About ten the next day Marcel asked for a little cool beer, and it had to be brought from the Ritz. Albaret went off at once, and Marcel murmured to Céleste that it would be with the beer as with everything else, it would arrive too late. He had great difficulty in breathing. Céleste could not take her eyes off his wan face; his beard had grown, which accentuated his pallor; he was strikingly thin; there was an intensity in his eyes as if his glance penetrated the invisible. Standing beside his bed, Céleste, who was barely able to keep on her feet (she had not been to bed for seven weeks), underwent the

torture of not being able to relieve him. She followed his every movement, trying to guess and to anticipate his every desire. Suddenly one of his arms was thrust out of the bed and he had the impression (a waking nightmare) that there was a hideous fat woman in his room. "Céleste, Céleste, she is very black and very fat; she is all in black; I am afraid of her." Céleste, believing he had an attack of weakness and delirium, thought she could reassure him by promising to drive her away. Quickly he forbade her, "You mustn't touch her, Céleste, she is implacable, but more and more horrible. . . ."

In a panic, feeling that he was growing worse and worse, Céleste rushed to the telephone. Madame Proust at once informed the Professor who was at his hospital, and Doctor Bize arrived. Céleste, tortured by the necessity of disobeying Marcel's orders, was present when the procession of medicaments arrived, the drums of oxygen, the syringes for injections, the cupping glasses. . . . The patient's eyes expressed irritation when Doctor Bize came in to him. He, who was always exquisitely polite, did not greet him and, in order to emphasize his impatience, turned to Albaret, who followed with the beer which had been ordered, and said, "Thanks, Odilon, for having brought the beer." The doctor bent over him to give him an injection; Céleste helped him to draw aside the sheet; she heard these words, "Oh, Céleste, why?" and felt Marcel's hand pressing her arm, pinching her in further protest. Now every attention was given to him. Everything was tried—alas, it was too late, the cupping glass was useless. Gently Professor Proust raised Marcel on his pillows with infinite precautions. "I am shaking you a great deal, old fellow; I am hurting you"—and in a whisper Marcel breathed his last words: "Oh, yes, my dear Robert." He passed away quietly, about four o'clock, without a movement, without turning his eyes, those wonderful eyes, which were wide open.



THE SATURNALIA OF COLLEGE REUNIONS

A DISILLUSIONED GRADUATE SPEAKS OUT

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

JUNE, communications from my class-reunion committee reliably inform me, will soon be here once more. Commencement time approaches and Class Day, when Alma Mater, the wise, the benevolent, welcomes back the sons she sent forth to fight life's battles with the dauntless old Blank College spirit.

The grass on the beloved campus will be green again, and this will be the fifteenth reunion of my class. Sunlight, as of yore, will dream upon the hallowed walls of sacred halls, so dear to the hearts of every Blank alumnus, and I may have the dubious pleasure of sleeping on a cot in one of the dormitories if I mail my application, with check, at once.

The greatest class ever to be thrust forth from the classic shades of dear old Blank is going to stage the most entirely thrilling reunion Alma Mater has ever endured. Following receptions and lunches at the various Greek-letter fraternity houses—and those who are not Hellenes can get food at the Commons—we shall assemble at Class Headquarters and get into costume. The selection by the costume committee is a knock-out and costs only \$11.85 and why haven't I filled in and returned the measurement blank? Do I want to miss the parade preceding the ball game?

When Blank College has redemonstrated its supremacy as an institution of higher learning by whaling tar out of the Hiatus University nine, tea will be served at Prexy's home. All members of our class are most cordially invited,

and those not too far gone will be admitted. What is the matter with me, anyway? Don't I know I am causing the reunion committee much inconvenience by not mailing my application at once?

The class banquet this year will be held in the grill of the new College Inn. This is much less destructible than the upstairs dining hall, and it will save us subsequent expense. There will be speeches by Prexy and others—if their temerity endures. Close to Alma Mater's welcoming heart, her sons, returning, will hold jubilee, renewing the cherished ties that bind us into one great band of brothers, re-emphasizing our loyalty to our college and her Greatest Class, spanning the years with reminiscence and cheer. Our fifteenth reunion! And where in heaven's name is my reservation—and check?

This, in brief synopsis, has been the content of a considerable portion of my mail for the last few weeks. My class committee, and probably a thousand similar bodies the country over, are busy as horn players in a Wagnerian orchestra. Commencement draws near, and alumni from all America's universities and colleges are being urged to return to their respective campuses and lay their tribute of gratitude, loyalty, and reverence before Alma Mater.

My own communications from our reunion committee have grown steadily more personal and harsh. Lyrical printed appeals have been abandoned for the more peremptory mimeograph,

and I have just received an interrogation-crammed personal letter from the chairman, more than faintly reproachful in tone.

Don't I want to be present at my Fifteenth Reunion? Don't I want to learn how the men with whom I marched shoulder to shoulder through bright college years are meeting the battle of life? Don't I want to renew the joys I tasted as an undergraduate? Don't I want to sing the dear old songs with Bill and Gander, Spike and Fuzzy and all the rest?

I do not. Furthermore, I shan't. I am attending no class reunion this year, or next year, or ten years from now—which will be our Twenty-fifth and very important. Furthermore, the growing desperation in the reunion committee's appeals makes me suspect that there are other earth-bound members of Blank's Greatest Class who have no desire to infest the campus on the stipulated date and do their part toward the perpetuation of a senile American tradition.

There is more of resignation than revolt in my resolution and a substantial background of experience. I have been to class reunions. That is one of several reasons I shall not attend another. They seem to me at once ordeal and satire, combining the worst features of each, and are attended largely by folk who are pathetic or ridiculous. I have passed—or it may be I have not yet attained—the age when I am willing to be either.

Despite my reunion committee's enthusiasm, I can see no adequate reason why I should try to revive—with alcohol or otherwise—moribund acquaintanceships of fifteen years ago. I object to the doctrine proclaiming that those who have been exposed to education in a group must henceforth be lifelong brethren.

A few of my friends are former classmates, but I believe that the fraternal chain, forged at dear old Blank, has had little to do with the matter. There are others, equally cherished, from alien

universities or from none at all. Rarely, if ever; do we sigh for the vanished brightness of college years. We are living the more satisfactory and interesting lives of folk in the late thirties and early forties. That may be why so many of us get small thrill or profit out of reunions. We are neither frustrated nor subject to adult infantilism.

I have not time to see my intimates as often as I would. I can grasp no adequate reason for traveling many miles for the purpose of wearing an idiotic costume and carousing with men bound to one another by a community of stale reminiscence.

The American instinct for mass production occasionally defeats itself. It triumphs in moving pictures and motor cars. It is less successful when dealing with sentiment. High-pressure methods may compel men to act alike. It is more difficult to quicken in them a uniformity of enthusiasm, particularly when there is no adequate reason therefor. Yet we attempt it, in class reunions and other matters, and accept as sincerity in the mass what would be hypocrisy in the individual.

Our efforts at mass production of sentiment may be in part responsible for the charge of insincerity levelled so often against America by rival, uncomprehending nations. Certainly, graduates from alien universities regard the purely American phenomenon of class reunions with an amused bewilderment. The caperings of the fat middle-aged, encouraged because the caperers once obtained a degree, are incomprehensible to men from Cambridge, Oxford, Heidelberg, Vienna, Krakow, and elsewhere.

American universities frequently bestow honorary degrees upon the famous of other lands where the institution of Class Day does not flourish. Outlanders, presenting themselves for this accolade, come into more or less intimate contact with an American institution of higher learning in the ferment of Commencement and glimpse, not dignity

and culture, but a campus turned into an approximation of the yard of a British pub on Sunday evening. They may reasonably wonder at the worth of a college training which the possessors thereof celebrate so bizarrely.

Alcohol and uproar will be ingredients of dear old Blank's Commencement atmosphere. Rowdiness will be prevalent and fights a possibility. I trust there will be no disasters this year comparable to that of an earlier Commencement when a mighty alumnus—who had returned, by the way, for his fifteenth reunion—threw an empty beer keg at a taxicab to the considerable demolition of cab and occupants. Probably nothing worse will happen than a few misdemeanors, a scattering of mild felonies, and perhaps an arrest or two.

I do not know whether there are distinguished foreigners among those on whom Blank will bestow honorary degrees this commencement. If so, they may be pardoned if, after a few hours at the fine old college, they revise somewhat their estimate of the honor.

Foreigners have difficulty in believing that a riot is, theoretically, a ritual of tribute paid to a college because: first, these carousers once purchased instruction from their particular institution of higher learning; second, they feel a deep and abiding gratitude to their university or college for selling it to them.

Aliens cannot quite appreciate the logic of this. Nor, I am afraid, can I.

Higher education is reputed to give its recipients certain intangible advantages. There are more material and definite advantages to urban life, yet I have not seen the folk of our block gather yearly and sing songs of praise and drink too much to the glory of dear old New York, or even start a block fund to make up its budget deficit.

Probably, the loyal son of Manhattan Island, Mother of Men, who proposed such a celebration or thank offering in return for schools, police and fire protection, paved streets, sewers and

water supply would be hastily and firmly hustled away to an observation ward by his indignant fellow-citizens. We urbanites have paid for what we get.

So have most of the members of Blank's Greatest Class who will return to Alma Mater's arms this June. They or their parents footed tuition and dormitory bills before graduation and, through drives and campaigns, alumni funds, and class gifts have been paying pretty constantly ever since. Sentiment, however, has decreed that the debt can never be liquidated completely.

This is another reason why I am not attending my fifteenth reunion. An additional reason is the fact that I am ageing with more than satisfactory rapidity without the added impetus of associating with my classmates in their ritual of gratitude to our college.

If there is any sight more disheartening than the spectacle of freshmen trying to behave like adults, it is the contemplation of adults trying to behave like freshmen. A mind somewhat unsteadied by reunion committee follow-up letters feels that there are more impressive exhibits of the worth of higher education than this comic anachronism.

"You have learned," said a university president to a graduating class, "to distinguish between the permanent and trivial, the real and the false joys of existence."

His complete absence of irony led me to believe that he must have spent the preceding twenty-four hours of Class Day in a sound-proof cellar out of eye- and earshot of the alumni. These had returned to celebrate their fifth reunion in brown paint and breech clouts and their tenth as Puritans in costume and thirst. The more mature, who were having their twenty-fifth anniversary to the glory of the institution which taught them to distinguish between the permanent and trivial joys, had appeared as pirates in dress and behavior with at least one bottle of rum per pirate.

II

Were I to attend the imminent fifteenth reunion of my own class, I know drearily well what would happen. On arrival, someone who looks vaguely like the father of a youngster I once knew would fall upon me and yelp:

"Van, y'old horse-thief! How th'ell are you, anyway?"

In return, I should pound him with equally spurious enthusiasm and yammer, "Gosh, it's good to see you again!"

Then he would ask, "What are you doing, anyway?" and I should tell him and, after repeating his question and not heeding his reply, should ask, "Married? Any kids?" and after that topic had been exhausted, there would be nothing whatever left to say until growing embarrassment drove one of us to ask the other, "How about a little snort?"

This, with minor variations, would happen several dozen times, and presently I should find myself enjoying the party. There is something to be said for the drinking that goes on at class reunions. One cannot face the monotonous task of being immensely cordial to semi-strangers without the aid of stimulants. Cold sober, the average mortal at length would flee shrieking from the ordeal.

They will arrive, my brethren of the Greatest Class, middle-aged, still sober business and professional men, headed with anticipation or apprehension toward a bath in a Scotch-flavored fountain of temporary youth. Wives, who may accompany some of them, do so at their own risk. Our class does not encourage this practice. We learned by an early experiment that the harmony which should prevail in a band of brothers turned a little sour if the sisters-in-law were invited too.

Some wives drink and some don't. Either division regards the other as a personal affront. Some are amused by the clowning of their husbands; some, mortified. If wives are permitted at the banquet, there are certain to be dis-

tressing incidents and a rapidly mounting discord. Wives never quite enter into the spirit of the occasion. Many of them won't even try to, and any reunion attender can testify how dismal an occasion it will be unless everyone tries tremendously.

I hope, for the best interests of the Greatest Class, that my classmates will leave their children at home. Some of the alumni are bound to bring theirs and more than a few will array their progeny in miniature replicas of the costumes they themselves wear.

Junior and Billy and even Johnny, if his legs are sturdy enough, will trudge through the parade alongside Daddy—dwarf cavemen or Fiji Islanders or Smith Brothers. Their presence may keep Daddy's color down and his tread steady but it will not affect appreciably the conduct of his classmates.

The bright theory behind this practice holds that the coming generation is thereby imbued at an early age with the spirit of dear old Blank and inoculated with a desire for higher learning. It is about as sound as other theories which rationalize class reunions.

It may be that Junior and the rest will be satisfied with Daddy's explanation of why the big fat man in his class acted so queerly and how it came about that the noisy funny man suddenly stopped being funny and went away, and kindred phenomena; but it seems to me that there are better times and places for introducing future sons to their future Alma Mater. On the other hand, perhaps illusions concerning the nature of class reunions cannot be destroyed too early.

They will stand, my classmates, on the campus and bawl, "Fourteen this way" to the verge of apoplexy. They will romp and career short-windedly—just a lot of overgrown kids displaying the old Blank spirit. The fraternity crowd will drift from one chapter house to the next in search of old friends, etc. Unhellenic members will have brought their own, save for a few awed and uncertain souls

who, thanks to the committee's impassioned appeals, are attending one of our reunions for the first time.

At length, all who still answer the helm will set sail for class headquarters where men, grown bald and scanted of breath than waistline, will cram themselves into bizarre raiment and prance through the parade that precedes the ball game. During this procession a well-known physician and a businessman or so of standing will fall from a touch of sun and be marched on considerably before they are rescued. Later, at least one reunionist will tumble down the steps of the grandstand.

After Blank has beaten Hiatus there will ensue a vague and hooch-punctuated interval until, at length, most of us will find ourselves in the banquet hall. There will be the usual foggy and fierce scramble for seats with the meek, after their unbiblical destiny, being ousted from all points of vantage by force or persuasion—"Listen, old scout; Wouldja mind moving, eh? I promised Tommy his crowd and mine would sit together. I can't break m'word to goo' ole Tommy."

During the meal, Duncan Roe—class nickname "Drunk" and living up to it through a sense of loyalty to Alma Mater—will fall out of his chair and be cheered for sustaining tradition. The volunteer quartet will progress from college songs to less printable lyrics under a barrage of olives and celery. Ernest Blapp—good old Ernie who providentially has been recalled by the main office from his post in Hawaii—will get the cup annually presented to the alumnus who has traveled farthest to attend the reunion. A table or so will overturn. Fat Robinson will imitate Gilda Gray. The faces of the members of Blank's Greatest Class will become ruddier and more jovial with devotion to our dear old college. The racket will grow so deafening that Wally Wilberforce, permanent class president, will have to pound and yell a solid five minutes to obtain anything approximat-

ing attention and, at length, Prexy will rise to speak.

I have heard Prexy before and in much the same surroundings. It is scarcely worth while to endure so much for so dubious an intellectual pleasure and yet the face of Prexy, with the wide shallow smile college presidents learn to wear, will be more worth watching than those of my classmates. These will defer the address by a bedlam of welcome. Given opportunity for thought, one might ponder profitably on Prexy's smile.

Prexy is the spokesman for Alma Mater at whose shrine her sons of fifteen years ago renew—to quote reunion committee literature—"their pledge of loyalty and love." While the din holds, while flushed and dishevelled men pound on tables and screech, consider—as Prexy may—the rite whereby we bear witness to the efficacy of dear old Blank's education and ideals.

Are we consistent, I wonder, with whatever dream Prexy cherishes of his college's place and purpose in the world? The grill of the College Inn on the night of the Greatest Class's fifteenth reunion banquet is no place for wondering, however; and Prexy, long ago, must have learned the fatuity of dreams.

At length the racket will subside beneath Prexy's continued beaming. Were we undergraduates instead of men of maturity and education, it is probable that one half of us would be suspended and half the remainder put on probation to-morrow morning.

Still beaming, Prexy will speak. No one will pay any particular attention to his speech. A steady stream of conversation will run along beneath it, breaking now and then into irreverent cataracts of racket. Certain phrases will prod us to enthusiasm—reference to what happened to Hiatus on the diamond this afternoon or on the gridiron last fall; mention of "the indomitable Blank spirit" or the glory of our particular class. These will bring savage bursts of cheering, but the bulk of Prexy's remarks will fall on the table

before him and perish there, unwept by his audience.

We shall roar again when he is finished—largely from relief—and thereafter I question whether any more addresses will be delivered.

Dr. Hiram Finsbury, D.Sc., Ph.D., is also scheduled to speak. Hiram is, I gather from the advance literature, a member of the Greatest Class and has done work of amazing insight and consequence in bio-chemistry. I have no recollection of Hiram. Neither, I am willing to bet, have nine out of ten of our classmates. He probably was a grind and a waiter in Commons. Inconsiderable though he may be, I am sorry for him in advance.

Past performances lead me to believe Dr. Hiram Finsbury's address will be brief, perilous, and largely inaudible. This must be the first of our reunions he has attended. Otherwise he would never have consented to speak on his astounding discoveries in bio-chemistry to alumni who have gathered to honor the institution that educated them. Perhaps Hiram is a little thrilled at the thought of justifying his existence before classmates who had forgotten it.

It will be, I fear, more of a disaster than an address. Dr. Hiram Finsbury will sit down at last bewildered, spiritually wounded yet, I trust, not physically injured by the things his audience have thrown. As for the reunion banquet, the rest will be uproar.

How it will end, I cannot even guess. It may be that Robbie Dash, who still cherishes an undergraduate hatred for the Dean, will repeat the enterprise of several years ago, will gather the still conscious members of his class and, invading the property of his enemy by way of the back fence, will serenade him and his household with ribald song. Or we may stage an indoor football game in the grill itself, with the more timid and sober alumni perched on top of the tables as a cheering section. We may even

repeat the feat of our tenth reunion, capture the late trolley car from town and run it up and down Main Street until it is derailed.

I am only certain that I should be very ill the next morning and, perhaps, be waited upon by the same type of awed, yet admiring freshman who succored me last time. That, incidentally, is another reason I am staying home.

III

It may be this explanation of why I am to be absent from the best reunion of the Greatest Class will be attributed to rankling memories of an unsuccessful campus career. I had a good time in college. I was president of the freshman class. I captained the freshman football team. I belong to one of the oldest Greek letter societies and, though my athletic career was cut short by ineligibility, I was later president of the senior class in the professional school I attended. No memory of ancient frustration has inspired my resolution, and this article.

Nor, to be just, do I disapprove of rum and riot. I acknowledge their psychological value. I object only to the pretense under which my classmates are preparing to indulge therein. I have my own bootlegger and my own friends. I also possess cards to a number of notorious night clubs. I can carouse, if I wish, without dedicating the party to Alma Mater for her care of me in the past.

I am grateful to Alma Mater. Likewise, I owe much to my physical mother, but I have not considered, so far, putting on a bizarre costume and getting tight in her living room as an earnest of that devotion.

Alma Mater is a more tolerant parent. I have small doubt that the next communication from the reunion committee will term me ingrate and traitor. This article probably endorses both terms.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE?

BY JACK BLACK

The author of this article was for twenty-five years a criminal and served several prison terms; what he says about the criminal's state of mind and the effect on him of society's present method of combating crime is, therefore, based upon direct personal knowledge.—*The Editors.*

"**T**HERE'S a lot of law at the end of a rope." That was the gospel of the California Vigilantes when they set out to clean up the crime wave of 'Forty-nine. In the name of law and order they were going to take a short cut, kill a few killers and horse thieves, and make San Francisco safe for business. They were the "right" people of their time, noble gentlemen upon a noble mission bent; but like noble gentlemen turned reformers, all down the ages, they got drunk on blood-power. As long as they kept the rope for horse thieves the populace looked the other way, but when they succumbed to the inevitable temptation to hang business rivals and political enemies, this same populace made short shrift of them.

That was a world of ox carts and covered wagons. Ours is a world of automobiles and airplanes. Most things have moved along, but eighty years has made little difference in the methods with which the right people deal with the "wrong" ones. In the main they are facing the crime wave of 1929 with the mental attitude of the Vigilante.

"There's enough law at the end of a night-stick." This has the Vigilante ring to it, but it was spoken by New York's most recent police commissioner at the outset of the clean-up campaign with which he began his regime. The only result apparent so far is a lot of indiscriminate clubbing and shooting by the police and a corresponding increase in murders and crimes of violence.

These are violent days. We are all agreed on that. The question is, who is responsible? Are the wrong people making the right people violent or are the right people making the wrong people violent? Or is it fifty-fifty?

From my seat on the side-lines it looks as though society were trying to out-gang the gangster, out-slug the slugger, and out-shoot the shooter, without pausing to ask whether it won't result in simply pyramiding violence.

The right people all over America in press and pulpit are writing and preaching about the wrong ones. Crime commissions and individuals high and low, from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to the smallest small-town reformer, are surveying and recommending, and resolving and whereas-ing them. Legislators are legislating, and the police are pistoling and night-sticking. All are preaching and practicing more violence as a cure for crime.

Is there any justification anywhere, in any time, for believing this method will work? I don't find it. I do not pose as an authority on crime and criminals. My testimony is that of a bystander—a guilty bystander, if you like, for I have survived four penitentiaries and numerous county jails. . . . What happened to me as an individual is unimportant. I am useful only as an exhibit in the case; but if the laws which the right people are making to-day had been in effect fifteen years ago, I should never have had a chance to stop stealing

and learn working. I should probably have been stopped by the rope, the chair, or a policeman's bullet. If I had escaped these I should be a life-timer in some such prison as Dannemora or Charlestown, spitting my lungs out against a whitewashed wall and, like other life-timers, preaching to young offenders the doctrine of "shoot, and shoot first."

Besides being wrong myself, I have known intimately, in and out of prison, almost five thousand wrong ones. This may seem a wide acquaintance, but in jail one has ample time for social intercourse. These five thousand constitute a cross-section of the underworld from which the crime wave bubbles up. They ranged from the petty thief who "snares" a door-mat with "Welcome" on it, to that prison patrician, the bank burglar. The door-mat thief was just as interesting to me as the bank burglar. It wasn't what they did that interested me but why they did it. Some were mental cases, pathological, with bow-legged minds: in prison parlance, "a kink in the noodle." Some were in prison because they had too little money and some because they had too much. Some because of ignorance and some because of over-education. Some were there because they were sent into overcrowded professions, when they should have had trades. Booze, "hop," jealousy, avarice; all furnished their quota. A few appeared to be there from perversity—just downright cussedness.

The majority were guilty as charged, or of kindred offenses, though here and there one was innocent. Except for those convicted of crimes of passion, none had leaped into a criminal career overnight. Most had arrived by slow and gradual stages, the result of action and reaction. One was there because of a boyhood feud with the neighborhood cop. One because he lost his job in a strike. One because his wife got sick and his children were hungry.

We'll assume that most of them were the initial offenders. They wronged society, and society, not understand-

ing, wronged them back—with interest. The vicious circle that leads from one penitentiary to another had begun. All their stories could be hooked together on one thread: hatred of the police, contempt of the law, and fear and mistrust of the whole legal machine.

II

My own case is typical. Up to the age of fifteen I thought a policeman was a hero, a person to be looked up to and trusted and confided in. Then one evening I was mistakenly "picked up, taken down, and thrown in" by one of them. The treatment I got in the jail from him and his brother officers shot that illusion all to pieces.

Every subsequent contact for twenty-five years strengthened those impressions, and it has taken me the best part of a lifetime to learn that the cop is a victim of the same machine which makes the criminal.

I got my first lesson in violence that first night in the jail. For twenty-five years I punished and was punished. I hunted because I was hunted. I showed no consideration for anybody because I expected to receive none. I learned the game of violence thoroughly, from the police, the courts, the prisons. In the end I came to believe that I could survive only by using violence—and using it first.

I know hundreds of reformed criminals and I don't know one who was reformed by a policeman's night-stick, a severe sentence, or prison cruelty. A brutal flogging in a Canadian prison, and, years after, three days in the murderous strait-jacket on a dungeon floor in California, certainly did nothing to turn my thoughts toward reformation.

The strait-jacket was to the prison warden what his rope was to the Vigilante, what the New York Commissioner would make of the night-stick—a short cut. The jacket had a brief reign and a swift and violent end. So far as I know, every man who was subjected to

its ferocious punishment was so hopelessly maimed that he was a derelict for life, or so twisted mentally that he became a homicidal maniac. They left the prison like the little Jewish tailor whose hands were too shriveled to do any honest thing except to catch pennies on the street corner, or like me, poisonous and revengeful. This attempt to maintain order by "throwing the fear of God into them" failed as all such systems fail. It culminated in the bloodiest prison break in the history of the United States. Of the twelve men who escaped, six of the most desperate are still at large, with ropes around their necks, and the murders they have committed to keep out of the hangman's grasp are almost unbelievable.

When I left prison, still weak from the effects of the strait-jacket, I swore to myself that from that time on I would be a creature of the night. I vowed I'd never let the sun shine on me, never make another friend or do another kindly act. The prison officials were safe in their prison, and I turned on society for my revenge. Within three months I was back in jail charged with robbery and shooting a citizen who refused to be "stuck up." If he hadn't had a good doctor and a good constitution, I shouldn't have lived to discover that the pen is mightier than the jimmy or the six-shooter. If the Baumes Law had been in effect, I should never have discovered it, for that law robs the judge of all discretion. On the fourth conviction it is mandatory upon the judge to sentence a defendant to life imprisonment, whether he shoots a citizen or steals a pair of shoes.

For the past fifteen years I have been feeding and clothing myself instead of letting the tax-payers do it, because, at the time of my life when I least deserved it, I met trust and judicial leniency, which gave me hope. The judge who sentenced me to a year when he might have locked me up for life and thrown the key away, took a greater chance on me than I ever took on anything. He

stopped my stealing as effectively as a hangman's rope. He gave me my life and I couldn't doublecross him any more than I could doublecross the friend who once cut the bars in a jail window and gave me my liberty. Loyalty is the only virtue of the underworld, and the judge appealed to that. He put me in a hole where I had to stop stealing and fall into the lock-step of society.

I repeat that I have never known one criminal who was reformed through cruelty. Such reformation as I have achieved is due, initially, to the act of the judge who said, when he sentenced me to a year instead of to life:

"I believe you have sufficient character to build a new life. I will give you that chance."

III

The records are full of the cases of men, notorious for their violence, who reformed when their loyalty was challenged. It's the petty criminal, the weak man, without character enough to be very good or very bad, who violates parole, or any sort of confidence. He doublecrosses his fellow crooks and he doublecrosses society. The "worst" man is often the best bet. Frank James, train-robber and killer, threw away his guns when the governor of Missouri pardoned him. Al Jennings now pushes a pen instead of a six-shooter, thanks to Roosevelt's pardon. Emmett Dalton, Chris Evans, Jack Brady, Kid Thompson—all highwaymen and killers—lived out the letter and spirit of their paroles.

Desperate men bereft of hope are potentially violent men. The Baumes and kindred laws which destroy hope are violent laws, and they breed violence. At best they amount to nothing more than a policeman's order to "move on." At the worst they create a blind alley from which the only exit the desperate criminal knows is "Drop him before he drops you." The result—a dead policeman here, a dead citizen there, a dead stool pigeon somewhere else.

Wrong ones and right ones are much

alike when their backs are to the wall. They are both apt to get panicky and spoil what might be a polished, professional piece of work. A pickpocket with his hooks on a thousand-dollar poke may fumble it. There's too much at stake. The crime-doctors, faced with an appalling increase of crime, are crowded into hasty action by a lot of nervous citizens who want the crime-wave stopped overnight. They recommend more laws, when they already have more than they can enforce. They recommend more punishment, when the experience of all the ages has shown its futility. They listen to the hue and cry against "mollycoddling" criminals, and restrict parole, probation, and pardon—the only measures that permit a criminal to reform. To lighten a leaky boat they throw overboard the biscuits and water.

Governor Clifford Walker of Georgia lifts a calm voice in the clamor for revenge: "The extreme crime-wave reformer," says the Governor, "would abolish parole, probation, and indeterminate sentence, increase the severity and length of punishment, and frighten human nature into submission. . . . Crime cannot be prevented by fear of punishment, or by harsh, cruel, or inhuman treatment. Such methods have been given a fair trial. There is no crosscut to the transformation of the delinquent."

The federal probation officer of Pittsburgh, reporting to the National Probation Association, quotes some telling figures. He says that probation work on 106 offenders cost \$1,097. The same offenders, had they been sent to prisons or reformatories, would have cost \$26,452. Probation work, then, brought about a net saving of \$25,355 to the government.

If from eighty to ninety per cent of the prisoners respect parole and probation, as the statistics show, it is a paying proposition, and any attempt of the right people to abolish or diminish it is bad business. If parole and probation were

abolished entirely, probably seventy-five per cent of the prisoners would serve their sentences and come out of prison to return to their criminal careers.

Too much of the attention of the right people is focused on the habitual criminal. If every habitual criminal, in and out of prison, were poisoned or pardoned to-morrow at sunrise, we should still have a crime-wave, because the right people's system of dealing with young offenders is guaranteed to grind out professionals.

Society should pay more attention to the reform school than to the penitentiary. The character of the policeman who gets the boy first is more important than the judgment of the judge who gets him last. By the time the young offender faces a judge of the criminal court he is a finished product. Society's best chance to turn him away from crime is before he has hardened into a professional. Therefore, the juvenile court is more important than the higher courts, and more common sense in the police courts would mean less congestion in the court of criminal appeals.

IV

Recently a country boy appeared in the dock of a New York police court charged with vagrancy. He told the judge that he had a job and asked to be released. The judge was doubtful.

"When did you get the job? Since you've been arrested?"

"Yes," the boy replied. "The policeman who arrested me got it for me last night."

The judge complimented the policeman at great length; a reporter present saw a "story" in what had happened, and his editor printed it—*because it was news*.

What would happen if it weren't news, if all policemen acted that way?

In Los Angeles a rosy-cheeked, red-headed, boyish young person of seventeen was picked up by a policeman for annoying girls on the street. At the station it was discovered that the young

person was a girl in boy's clothes. Police and press jumped to the first obvious conclusion, that she was a very abnormal person, and treated her as such.

But the juvenile court of Los Angeles, where Dr. Miriam Van Waters, the psychologist, is referee, is a very intelligent institution. There it developed that instead of being abnormal, the girl was extremely normal. She was a masculine type; she played boys' games and lived the boy's life. When she arrived at the stage where she wanted the normal girl's share of masculine attention, wanted to be a sweetheart instead of a playmate, she found she had none of the wiles of her sex. She was torn between fear of being unable to attract boys and fear of not knowing how to act if she should attract one. She had no girl friends to advise her, so she put on boys' clothes and went out to flirt with girls to find out how they behaved with boys. Her approach must have been clumsy or she would not have been arrested. If the approach of the juvenile court had been equally clumsy she would have gone into an institution—en route to heaven knows what. Instead, she got some sound feminine advice about clothes and conduct to restore her ego and give her confidence in herself.

If more of these bent twigs were approached in this scientific attitude, wouldn't there be less dead wood lying around the prisons? Wouldn't there be more respect for law and law-enforcers?

Disrespect for the law in this country is not confined to the criminal, either juvenile or habitual; and the best minds in the country are trying to explain it. Is it, perhaps, because the law does not respect the people?

In England crime is less of a problem. The fact that with a homogeneous people there is no racial friction only partly accounts for the small percentage of criminals. The principal reason is that the Englishman respects the law because the law respects him.

Only recently England has been

aroused from end to end over the arrest of a girl in a London park, without sufficient evidence of misconduct. Englishmen rose up from their breakfast tables when they read what had happened, and cried out, "That might have been my daughter. It's outrageous." They wrote letters to the *Times* about it; and the police of England are pretty responsive to such protests.

All crooks are equal under the law in England. The offender is not slobbered over by a lot of sentimentalists but neither is he clubbed into a "confession" by the police. There police protection means protection of the Englishman. What is "police protection" coming to mean here?

The police-crook alliance in this country discourages decent people and develops all the latent larceny in the rest of us. Those on the borderline of criminality are encouraged to take a chance; they make a plunge for easy money in the hope of becoming one of the many favored and protected aristocrats of the underworld; and the high-school boy, reading newspaper reports of the gangster's heroic death and magnificent funeral, forgets his Lindbergh and says to himself, "Not so bad."

The right people are all for bigger police forces. The crime commission's reports bristle with phrases like "lengthening the arm of the law" and "strengthening the police arm." I will go them one better. I am for bigger and *better* police forces. A bigger police force with the same system would only multiply the evils which the right people are trying to correct.

The case of X is an instance of the sort of police work which is guaranteed to fix in the mind of an individual a lasting hatred of the police. X was a young girl of a type common on the fringes of the underworld. She was attractive, soft, and used to the luxurious living provided by patrons of the night-clubs. Her lover was in jail charged with a series of robberies. The case against him was weak. The girl was arrested on the

theory that she might have information which would aid the police in convicting him. She denied all knowledge of the crime. The detective who made the arrest ordered her locked up and said to reporters in the press room, "Don't worry. She'll come through. I've got her locked in the dirtiest cell in the city prison. She won't get a bath—she won't wash her face for three days. She'll get good and lousy, and then she'll squawk."

He was right, and the information he got sent the man she loved to prison. Already a social outcast, she went back to face the contempt of the underworld, too, for she had committed the only unpardonable crime. She lives in an atmosphere of hatred and scorn, shadowed by the fear that any night she may be "taken for a ride."

The case of X is a straw in the wind and what happened to her and her lover is of little consequence. But the detective's action is a perfect example of the sort of police work which breeds more crime. For while his ingenious plan brought about a quick conviction, it might well have caused the girl's murder, and that murder, another hanging. Who can estimate the results of a lifetime of such detective work, where every act radiates hatred, fear, and mistrust?

By a better police force I mean a police force composed of men who have a less punitive and a more scientific attitude toward crime and criminals. Such men are not to be had for the wages paid by most municipalities. The Philadelphia police scandal shows that the men are paid salaries which are almost an invitation to graft. Suggest raising their salaries and the average voter would say, "They're getting theirs now. They're getting fat." But what legitimate inducement is there for ambitious young men to go into the police department? Handicapped by poor pay, ridden by politicians, and surrounded by an atmosphere of graft, with little promotion except through favoritism, what chance is there for good men to do intelli-

gent, humane, and constructive police work?

The same conditions exist in the prisons. The guards are scandalously underpaid, and most of them are broken down, rejected ward heelers. The captains and lieutenants are usually small politicians on the shelf, while the warden is too often a graduate of the guard-line. If by any chance a business man or a humanitarian is chosen as warden of one of our prisons, the politicians immediately sharpen their axes for him, and off goes his head with the first swing of the political pendulum. The fate of the late Thomas Mott Osborne who revolutionized Sing Sing and was put out by the politicians, a broken and discouraged man, proves this, as does the recent removal of Warden Smith of San Quentin, California.

August Vollmer, nationally known as a scientific chief of police, gets amazing results in his handling of criminals in Berkeley, California, where he is not hampered by politics. Called to Los Angeles to reorganize the police department, he lasted just one year. Hamstrung by politicians and doublecrossed by his subordinates, he gave it up as a job too big for any one man. Vollmer wouldn't "play along" with crooks-in-office, and it was not until he had shaken the dirt of Los Angeles County from his feet that the district attorney who balked him at every turn was convicted of taking bribes and sentenced to San Quentin.

V

The problem seems too big for any one crime commission, or any number of crime commissions for that matter. But if any one thing seems certain, it is the folly of more laws and more punishment.

Lao Tse, who was a contemporary of Confucius, said, "Govern a kingdom as you would cook a small fish," meaning do not overdo it. "The more active is legislation, the more do thieves and robbers increase."

A great Chinese Emperor, founder of the Ming Dynasty in 1368, took his cue for abolishing the death penalty from this philosopher. "Almost every morning ten men were executed in public," wrote the Emperor. "By the same evening a hundred had committed the same crime. Lao Tse said, 'If the people do not fear death how then can you frighten them by death?' I ceased to inflict capital punishment. I imprisoned the guilty and imposed fines. In less than a year my heart was comforted."

England made the same discovery. They didn't stop hanging people in England for sheep-stealing, shop-lifting, or pocket-picking because it stamped out those crimes. They stopped because of the alarming increase in the murder rate. The law made potential murderers out of petty thieves. The extreme penalty failed to stop pocket-picking even in the shadow of the gallows. Men were arrested for picking the pockets of a crowd assembled to witness the hanging of a pickpocket. Once the English hanged people for sixty different offenses. Now they are considering the abolition of the death penalty, even for the only remaining one. England has proved that violence doesn't cure violence.

It is safe to say that if every voter in America could be forced to witness a hanging or an electrocution, capital punishment would be abolished at the next election. Certainly no one who has lived through one of those black Fridays in prison could doubt that evil walks with the hangman. As the day of execution draws near the prison becomes a smoldering volcano. The convicts grow sullen and short-tempered. Old grudges are opened, old hates revived. Stool pigeons are stealthily slugged; guards are cursed, defied, and assaulted. The dungeons are filled with unruly prisoners "boiling up" with hatred. On those Fridays I have seen the most murderous knife-duels between prison enemies. In the stone quarries at Folsom men threw thousands of dollars' worth of valuable steel tools in the canals and

smashed with sledge hammers pieces of carved and polished granite upon which they had worked for months. In a blind, helpless surge of revolt they destroyed whatever they could get their hands on. In the "diner" I have seen hungry men hurl their food to the floor, refusing to eat "the damned hangman's stew." On this day of legal violence imprisoned men became so violent that the wardens finally hit upon the plan of keeping the "main line" locked up until after the execution. Now men sit in their cells brooding in silence, or make the prison corridors ring with their hoots and curses.

Of one thing the right people may be sure: no prisoner's thoughts are turned toward anything of good on such a day.

VI

What, in a nutshell, is my case against the right people? I contend that more laws and more punishment will mean nothing but more crime and more violence. What we need is more science. We need more emphasis on prevention than on punishment. More attention should be paid to the juvenile from the broken home and from the overcrowded and unsanitary slums. Scientists, school teachers, and social workers who are trying conscientiously to fit the delinquent for the job of living, should be freed from interference by politicians and job-holders whose methods have already been tried and have failed. Perhaps there should be more vocational guidance directing the youth into undermanned trades instead of overcrowded professions.

Any intensive study of the population of any American prison will show that most of them are men who have not been trained for the job of living or making a living. During my time at San Quentin a notice was tacked on the bulletin board asking for ten accountants to apply at the Captain's office to help on the annual reports. When the day came forty prisoners applied for the work, and all of them were qualified to do it. There

were college men in San Quentin, lawyers, doctors, dentists, bookkeepers, accountants, mathematical experts, inventors, writers, lecturers, and one poet. Later in the winter when a brick factory chimney was damaged by storm, a bulletin was posted calling for bricklayers. None appeared, although the job carried privileges including "three squares a day" and possible parole if it were well done. A search of the register disclosed several "bricklayers," but on inquiry it developed that they were just plain crooks who had "thought it looked better to give some kind of a trade." The best the Captain could find was a man who had once served as bricklayer's apprentice. It took him three months to mend the big chimney, and he ate his three meals a day in the guards' quarters and got an immediate recommendation for parole.

Doesn't that show that the skilled artisan is not the man who does the going to jail?

If the crime commissions would utilize the best laboratory material they have—the criminal—the reports they submit would be more valuable. Their conclusions and recommendations are the result of a long-distance, ex-parte diagnosis. It is as though a committee of doctors solemnly meeting in Boston or Washington were to diagnose the cases of ten thousand patients scattered all over the

United States, without ever examining one of them. Imagine these same medical men solemnly writing one formula to cure them all. Yet ridiculous as this may seem, it is more reasonable than a blanket recommendation for the cure of crime, without examination, or autopsy, for the causes of crime are more varied than the causes of disease.

The secret of the cure of crime—if there is one—is contained in a knowledge of its causes. The psychologist, with his cool scientific mind and a background of knowledge secured through experiment and observation, is only just beginning to learn why we behave like human beings. How much more difficult is it to determine why so many of us behave inhumanly! Yet without so determining, who can prevent the crime wave of to-morrow which is in the kindergarten of to-day?

The right people are working on the wrong end of the problem. If they would give more attention to the high chair, they could soon put cobwebs on the electric chair. They lay too much stress on what the wrong people do, not on *why* they do it; on what they are, instead of how they got that way.

Danny Ryan's mother said it all when she held out her arms to her son in the cell next to mine and cried:

"Danny, boy, how come you so?"



ADELAIDE

A STORY

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

Translated from the French by Jacques Chambrun

“DON’T read or write?” exclaimed Madame Hournicart. “No, ma’am,” answered Adelaide, reddening.

“But there’s a law. How does it come your parents didn’t send you to school?”

The maid’s explanations were confused. She was the youngest of eight children; when she was five she tended the geese; when she was ten, the cows; later, she worked for a Madame Franklin. She answered with the reticence of a sick person before the doctor’s questioning.

“They’ve tried often to make me learn; nothing sticks, my head’s too thick for things like that. But when it comes to buying groceries you needn’t worry; nobody can cheat me out of a centime.”

The wages of a servant who could neither read nor write were, according to Madame Hournicart, fifteen francs a month, wine included. She explained what she exacted in exchange. It was a lot. Adelaide, awkward in her black dress, straining forward so she could understand better, presented a little round Mongolian face in which shiny cheek-bones glistened more than pale, watery, gray eyes. Madame Hournicart awed her because she could talk so fluently and wore a negligee trimmed with lace, and large turquoise earrings.

“Most important of all,” insisted that imposing woman, “you will have to take care of Master Cyprien. That’s my little son. Cyprien!” she called. “He

is nine years old. You’ll see him presently. Come, Cyprien! You will have to look after him at night. My husband and I go out a great deal to the theater and parties. You mustn’t leave him alone while you amuse yourself with some roughneck or other; we’d have you arrested. Monsieur Hournicart is very close to the police commissioner, so I warn you. Ah, there he is. Cyprien, this is the new maid. Let her be a warning to you, she’s twice your age and she doesn’t know how to read nor write; it’s the regret of her life, isn’t it, my child? You’re sorry, aren’t you? Only dumb animals can’t read or write.”

And that was the way Adelaide made the acquaintance of Cyprien, a thoughtful, gentle little fellow, too fair, too thin, whose mother had little love for him. And later, at lunch, she came to know Monsieur Hournicart, a big man, whose sole interest was in the buses and trams of Paris. He knew their routes by heart because he was a wholesale dealer in picture post cards. At dinner he told all kinds of stories about the conductors, the motormen, the travelers. There was one about an Englishman who rode way out to Passy, thinking he was going to the Bourse; another about how a gorgeously dressed woman borrowed a franc from a gentleman in the Louvre-Vincennes subway.

“You will love your employers,” the priest had told Adelaide. She meant to respect and obey them, but they frightened her, and so she centered all her

affection upon Cyprien. When Madame Hournicart, her hair elaborately dressed, her waist drawn into a corset which tortured her, her feet pinched into too narrow dancing slippers—when Madame Hournicart, gloved, hooked up, belted in, whose lily-of-the-valley perfume you could smell five feet away, led her resigned husband off to the ball, Adelaide and Cyprien spent peaceful hours together. Under the hanging lamp in the dining room they looked at picture books, and the little maid lingered over those which reminded her of her own home village. Sometimes she ate the little cheeses she had brought with her, which had a dreadful smell. Cyprien imagined that everything in her part of the world smelled like that but he didn't say so, for fear of hurting her. Already she had had enough of that; he was sorry for her. "Poor little Laide," he would say affectionately and would beg her to go to the theater, to dances, to have a good time. She loathed the servants' quarters on the sixth floor; the coarse laughter frightened her; and the other servants up there giped at her because she was homesick. Fortunately the Hournicarts went out a great deal. Indeed, Monsieur Hournicart's evening clothes showed quite as much wear as his business suit, and Madame Hournicart spent a fortune on white gloves. Moreover, they were pleased with Adelaide. She was supplied with a dainty white apron in which to serve tea and she was taught how to smile correctly; for a maid who doesn't smile gives the impression of being underpaid.

"Can you read handwriting?" she asked Cyprien one night.

"Yes, I can, if it's big writing."

She took an envelope addressed "Mlle. Adelaide Boro, care of Madame Hournicart," and handed it to Cyprien, reluctantly, as though the secret which had burned in her pocket all that afternoon was no longer entirely hers. Cyprien spelled it out, word for word, triumphantly. Mother Boro suggested that Adelaide send home seven and a half

francs of her wages each month; Father Boro had just bought an elastic stocking for his bad leg; the hens had just about stopped laying.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Yes, that's all."

She took the letter and stared at it as though she hoped some words would gush forth out of the page; but the words were not there. Then her lower lip began to tremble, as a child's does when it is on the verge of tears. She made an effort to twist her lips into the smile Madame Hournicart had taught her; but it wouldn't come, and she burst into sobs.

From that day, every time his parents were going out in the evening, Cyprien would tell his little friend, "Papa and Mamma are going to the theater. You can be as sad as you want to this evening, my poor Laide." And she gave in to her grief so thoroughly that she frightened the little fellow. With the unerring instinct of the sensitive child, he suspected some obscure tragedy was causing Adelaide mortal suffering. Not that she ever really cried, but she had the look of a trapped animal and she sank into a blankness from which he tried to rouse her with childish tenderness.

"Poor Laide, my poor little Laide."

One day he even offered her his little savings—twenty-two francs and a few centimes.

"Thanks, dear Master Cyprien," she answered. "No, I could not take your money. But there is one thing—one thing; would you write a letter for me?"

"I sure would."

"And not tell a word of it to anyone?"

"I give you my promise. Wait a minute—look, I'll take my very best paper, the one with the forget-me-nots. Now what shall I write?"

First, she told him how to address the envelope—

"M. Adolphe Leportree
Vuillé, Croix-de-Hort"

Then she folded her hands over her breast, closed her eyes, and began in a pleading voice, the voice she would have

used if she had been speaking to Adolphe himself:

"My dear Adolphe, I have been watching for more than six weeks for the letter you promised me and I have not had a word from you. This worry is eating my heart out, and I just want to ask you if you are planning to come to Paris to see me."

She stopped a moment to think, then went on:

"I must tell you that I am working in a very kind family and that not a moment goes by that I do not think of you. Yesterday we saw an airplane."

"A-i-r-p-l-a-n-e," spelled out Cyprien. And then he asked:

"Is he your sweetheart?"

"Don't stop, Cyprien: your father and mother might happen to come back just now!

"My dear Adolphe, I must ask you not to be so easy-going, because I have a big secret to tell you which keeps me awake at night and is about something you talked of often when you used to come to see me at Vuillé."

She hesitated, then went on quickly:

"My dear Adolphe, I think I am going to have a baby. My dear Adolphe, you must answer me right back. I am looking for your letter in which you will tell me whatever you have to tell me. Write me as soon as you possibly can what you intend to do. Otherwise, I don't know what will become of me. My dear Adolphe, if you could see me you would feel sorry for me."

The letter finished, sealed, and stamped, Adelaide reassumed her smile. Cyprien asked her no questions, proud to share the secret of a grownup. He had a vague, childish feeling that the answer of M. Leportrec (Adolphe) was important, and anxiously he kept his eyes open for it. His heart jumped each time the postman arrived; he pounced upon the letters, spelling out the addresses. "No wonder that child is anæmic," observed his mother, "he's eaten up with curiosity. I wonder how he comes by it." But no letter came for the little maid; and she did her housework with a fierce, burning passion, trying to make herself numb with it, not to think any more, to

wait dispassionately for the answer, which now could not be long in coming. She washed the dishes, she scraped the pots and pans, she polished up everything—there was no let-up. "She must have something on her conscience," confided Madame Hournicart to her husband, "to slave like this."

In the evening, when little Cyprien was alone with Adelaide, he shared her worry. He tried his best to console her; but she sat on a chair, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, panting, terrified at her own thoughts.

All at once, an idea came to Cyprien.

"They don't write you very often, do they?" he said timidly to Adelaide.

For answer she made an impassioned gesture, a gesture of madness.

That remark, "My dear, I think I'm going to have a baby," was still ringing in Cyprien's head. Just what was the best thing to do in the matter. He felt that was what was worrying Adelaide. A baby up there on the sixth floor—that wouldn't be very comfortable for her. Secretly, he scrawled on a sheet of paper a fictitious answer, which he bravely signed with the name of Leportrec. He dropped it into a near-by mail-box, an evening when his parents were out.

At half-past eight the janitor rang the bell.

"A letter for Mlle. Adelaide Boro."

It was Cyprien's letter. The maid turned frightfully pale; tremblingly she took the envelope.

"Give it to me," offered the little boy, "I'll read it for you."

And he began—

"My dear Adelaide, I am very well. Don't worry. Have a good time and go to the theater. As for the baby, if you are anxious to have one, don't try to get it in Paris. I will bring you a beautiful one when I come to see you one of these days. I can get it cheap in the country."

And, as Adelaide stood mute, stupefied, wild-eyed—

"You see, Laide," he ended confidently, "you did wrong to worry so. Adolphe's a very fine fellow."



Sonnets of the Shell Road

By Ethel Kelley

THE SEA

IT AIN'T the sight of it I miss, Land knows!
I'm not the kind to drop my work and sigh,
And lay a dish rag or a duster by
To say "How pretty" to a climbin' rose,
Or "How the light beyond the medder glows!"
Day out and in I didn't even try
To get down to the shore. I dunno why,
I thought 'twould always be there, I suppose.
Now that I've moved into a house in town
With things in plenty to take up my mind,
And all conveniences right at the door,
You wouldn't think my spirits would go down
As if it was a man I'd left behind,
And him and I weren't married any more.

THE WIFE

SHE ain't nobody's fool, I'll tell you that,
Though she looks more like twelve than twenty-one.
I tell her that she rolls up in the sun
Just like a kitten purring on a mat.
Quick as a flash to give you tit for tat,
But never any meanness in her fun.
Half child, half woman, when all's said and done—
She hardly knows herself where she is at!
I used to think I had a line on girls,
But, Gosh! I can be sitting by her side,
Watching her needle fly, and never guess
What thoughts is going on beneath her curls,
Whether she's planning how to make a dress
Or grieving for the little one that died.

ELLEN

I'VE got a fam'ly nice as any man,
Five boys and girls—a healthy, happy lot.
Elnathan is the Johnny on the spot,
And Albert likes to draw and scheme and plan.
The girls are always teasing little Dan

*Because of the black curly hair he's got.
 Them two are like their mother—tempers hot;
 And get the better of 'em—if you can.
 But little Ellen that the fever took
 Was different from the rest—all of the five
 Was dark complected from the very start.
 But Ellen she was blonde and had the look
 Of mother's folks, and when she was alive
 We was the ones to take each other's part!*

THE QUARREL

I TOLD him, "John," I says, "what's love for you
 Ain't love for me. We call it by the name,
 But in our hearts the feeling ain't the same.
 You don't care what I say or what I do,"
 I says to him. "If I tell you I'm through
 You ain't got no one but yourself to blame."
 I planned to pick a quarrel when he came,
 So's he could tell me that it wasn't true.
 But words don't make no difference anyway,
 Don't help you none or bring you no relief.
 I preached my sermon and I said my text,
 And all John did was sigh and look away
 As if he's saying to himself, "Good grief,
 What will the woman do to plague me next!"

THE COURTING

I USED to be the dreaming, moony kind
 And all the interest that I ever took
 Was skipping to the love parts in a book,
 And reading all the poetry I could find.
 I never had but one thing on my mind,
 And when my mother made me sweep or cook
 I thought so much about the way I'd look,
 I hung a mirror on the kitchen blind.
 Of course, what I was always thinking of
 Was different ways of courting. How a man
 Would call you things you couldn't even guess.
 But, land! this fellow that I've come to love
 Is doing just the very best he can
 Saying, "You look real pretty in that dress."





THE PLIGHT OF THE SPINSTER

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THEY used to put it to us rather beautifully in the convent, somewhat like this: It was a matter of vocation whether one chose the cloister, marriage, or the life of an unmarried woman in the world. Every woman had a calling to one of these three states, and all were equally honorable conditions. So we were taught, but we made reservations of our own. In the mind of every girl was a suspicion that the third state was never really chosen, as the exaltation of the religious life or the romance of marriage might be. The spinster's path was taken through chance, pique, necessity, or bad luck. For this was, of course, before the great boom of the unmarried woman.

That great boom seems to be about over. Perhaps, as is the way of booms, it has left only the unavoidable slump and depression which is bound to come when great expectations shrink and grandiose hopes are shown to have been exaggerated. There was a period, which can be roughly calendared as a decade ago, when it was prophesied that the life of an unmarried woman in the world would give a richer yield than had been believed possible. It was as if a new vein in the mine of women's prospects had been discovered and there was the natural rush to share in its riches. A good many girls decided to remain single. Not with any vow of permanency perhaps, but they passed the offers of the first or obvious suitors and were not afraid or ashamed to look an unmarried existence in the face. The War had aroused and stimulated women's capabilities, old ideas were being guillotined

every day, and the single woman, who had learned to do so much for herself and for others while men were preoccupied with battle, felt her opportunities limitless and alluring.

But now some of the old dubiousness about the spinster life seems to be surging back. It is no secret that unmarried women are no longer quite as glib or cheerful as they were about their prospects and many of them feel that their lives are not paying the dividends they expected, either in happiness or achievement. They are afraid that they have a much depreciated life on their hands with no chance of getting back its full value to re-invest. For at thirty or thirty-five opportunities are not so plentiful as they were at twenty. It is troubling. The result, the shaping-up of the lives of unmarried women, is not what was promised in the spirited days of the boom to those who deliberately chanced or chose it. Yet they seem to have no place to lay the blame, not even on their own bad judgment. For most of them are not at all sure that marriage would have been a better security.

The letter of the promise has been carried out. They have freedom. They have work. They have a new place in the world and a far more self-respecting one than unmarried women have ever had before. But the spirit of the promise, which was that in work and in personal freedom they would find satisfaction and compensation for the lack of such things as marital relations, child-bearing, and the defined social position of the married woman, seems to be not nearly so well nor so often fulfilled.

II

This is by no means an attempt at inquiry into the present or future success of women in business or industry or professional occupations. No doubt there have been disappointments. There have been notable successes. But I think that whatever the proportions of success or failure may be—and it is just as well to wait a bit before making up our minds on that point—one fact is obvious. Of course it has been obvious all along except when propaganda overlaid it. It is that the great bulk of the work of the world must be done by people who get living wages or small salaries and no publicity. For every executive there are hundreds of clerks. Granted that a woman can get as far as a man can, just to keep that argument from starting, one has to remember that only a few men get very far. The rest do unimportant work adequately and get paid according to its value.

As the shouting dies down and the novelty wears off, that is the thing which unmarried women are facing. They have work, but it is, for most of them, not exceedingly important work. They have independence, but that is no longer anything to brag about. The unmarried women of the world are no longer spectacular rebels but only good citizens with full privileges of suffrage. The sparkle has gone out of the situation both generally and in the particular case.

It is easy for the energetic feminist to swing her whip and say that women have only to go ahead and command advancement, that they should distinguish themselves in their work. But there is so much work that never seems to become distinguished no matter how well it is done. The number of high places in the world is not unlimited, in spite of the tiresome old saw about "room at the top." Nor are there always great capabilities of advancement even in very pleasant, charming women. Dull as it is, one must accept the fact that most women must do ordinary

work for ordinary rewards, in ordinary company.

I do not think that was what they expected during those post-war days when the world suddenly agreed with what a few intelligent people had been saying all along, and a public discovery was made of the facts that woman should have an independence as self-respecting as man's, that she might set up an establishment of her own without scandal, and that she was competent to earn her living in all kinds of different ways.

III

It was those "different ways" that held the magic. Women had long been able to earn their livings, without drama. The daughters of the poor had worked in kitchens and factories and mills as soon as they could command wages. They continue to do the same thing. But it is not with that group, which is guided largely by necessity, that we are at the moment concerned. It is rather with girls who came from middle-class or even wealthy homes, where the economic pressure varies or is lacking, but who were all confronted by the several possibilities of marrying or going to work or living on as old maids at home. Most of them, with proper preparation, which was usually within their grasp, could always become teachers. They knew that by entering that profession they could earn a living indefinitely. But hundreds of them were frank about being willing to "do anything rather than teach." They considered the teaching profession one in which a girl was largely isolated with other women and with children, in which the work was routine and somewhat stereotyped and which, while it had respectability and gentility of status, was supposed to dull emotional vitality. The "old maid school teacher" was the scarecrow in the educational field. The teaching profession turned out spinsters as well as educators. It limited opportunities for meeting men. It set teachers apart as a group.

What really caught the imagination of so many girls was the idea of not being set apart. They liked the idea of earning a living in a world in which men and women were in constant and interesting contact. They liked the idea of advancement not from grade-school teacher to the increased academic responsibility and stiffened dignity of a school principal, but to a desk in some office where there was interesting work to do and stimulating men in the offing. I do not mean to malign their motives or mock their intentions. I do not mean that there was in their minds any idea of attracting vulgar attention to themselves or that they sought occupation in the business or professional world with the deliberate idea of increasing their matrimonial chances. Perhaps a few did. But on the whole there was in this eagerness of women for new kinds of work a sincerity of motive that was unquestioned, a belief in the work itself and the splendid compensations of work. They were very gallant years.

Perhaps it seems ridiculous to use that past tense, insolent to assume that the attitude has changed. But there is a perceptible difference in the present attitude and that of ten years ago if you look for it and if you ask a few questions. The glamour of the job has certainly faded. Too many girls who took a job as a kind of open sesame to life have found that the charm has no power. The experiment of substituting a job for a husband and the unmarried woman's achievement of an independent life have been accepted long enough so that there are a great many single women between thirty-five and forty-five who are able to give a cross-section of their satisfactions or the lack of them. They know what their special privileges are and, quite as well, where their limitations begin. If certain prejudices and handicaps still exist, they are aware of them. If new avenues to content or happiness have been opened, they know it. Plenty of them are ready frankly to spread the hand they hold to-day, for

they are good players and know which tricks they can take and which they must inevitably lose.

IV

The physical contrast between the unmarried women of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is the thing one sees first, and it is delightful to consider. The contrast, of course, is not based on any shift of styles or the admitted improvement in taste, but on the way the unmarried woman of to-day measures up with the contemporary married woman, as compared with the old maid of yesterday and her married sister. The spinster of the last generation, that often pathetic figure, wearing clothes which must never be too conspicuous and were often a little shabby, the spinster for whom anything was good enough if it was warm and neat—because nobody was going to look at her twice anyhow—is gone forever. The single woman of to-day is probably, if one excepts a very small group of wealthy and luxurious leaders of fashion, as well dressed and well groomed as any woman in the world. She is usually very fit and keeps herself that way. Even when she has no beauty, she has learned to substitute a "type value" for beauty and chooses her clothes to accentuate her good points. She knows how to buy; and because she is spending money which she has earned, she has both assurance and discretion. She is a far less worried and uncertain shopper than most of the fuddled married women who clutter the stores with their indecisions.

More than that, the unmarried woman keeps her looks, and for that there is good reason. In the first place her life is apt to be fairly regular in its habits, and even when she carries heavy business responsibilities or a great amount of routine work, even when she plays about a great deal, she is not haunted and pursued by the extra duty and the unexpected worry which are so often part of married life. She has no husband whose worries and moods double her own. She is not

struck with terror by the mounting fever of a child or kept up night after night watching the progress of some infection. Those are the things that age married women and put the tired lines around their eyes and mouths. The unmarried woman sells much of her time. She does not give it away in the reckless way a married woman must, for an uncertain reward, which may be great or may be paid only in pain. And so at thirty-five or forty the single woman looks fresher and younger than many a married woman of the same age and has the means of upkeep at her right hand.

It is not always true, of course. There is no perfection in such a comparison, nor is there meant to be. There are innumerable cases which fairly clamor for exception. But just as a composite picture of the diffident or embittered old maid of the last century lingers in our minds, so the type of to-day begins to appear. On the street you do not recognize old maids and spinsters any more. You cannot pick them out. But you will be conscious of an increasing number of women who are alert, handsomely dressed, of spirited carriage; and that is the composite picture of to-day's unmarried woman. You may be very sure she has a fur coat.

V

You see her practically everywhere. Perhaps that is because she so often has a car of her own. More likely it is because that erstwhile shyness at being seen in public places "without a man" has dwindled to nothing. That protection which a male escort gave and which has been growing more and more theoretical with the abandonment of armor and the increasing of street lights has been found to be dispensable. Women can go about alone or together, and if no other idiosyncrasy marks them they have ceased to be conspicuous. If freedom for women meant making theaters and restaurants and hotels places where women might appear unescorted, without ex-

citing comment in others or embarrassment in themselves, we surely have it. What that has meant in widened horizons and enriched experience cannot be measured.

Considering, for what slight illustrative value it may have, seven unmarried women whose ages range from twenty-eight to forty and in whose lives I am affectionately interested, it is notable that six of them drive their own cars. One of the cars is a rattle-trap Ford, which to the owner's amused dismay was recently valued at twenty-five dollars, and one is an expensive sedan. Of the six who drive, five bought their own cars out of their earnings. The sixth happens to have an income which makes the exercise of her profession financially unnecessary.

Four of them have traveled in Europe and Asia in the last few years and one has traveled in this country. Their occupations vary. They embrace clerical work, selling, creative work, social service, and the learned professions. Two are educators. They surely offer an example of the variety of women's work to-day. They live in different parts of the country and have widely differing backgrounds, habits, and environments.

They are not aggressive feminists. In each of them an interest in women is greatly subordinated to an interest in life, and in their particular kind of work. But there is not one of them who would not, without the slightest self-consciousness, go anywhere she thought necessary or advisable, and who does not feel entirely competent to handle her affairs and herself under conditions imposed by travel and strange surroundings. They are free to go as they please, with only the normal limitations of time, good taste, and income to restrain them and none of the artificial ones made of a prudish public opinion. They are intelligent and delightful companions and their variety of information is always astonishing. It would be hard to pick at random seven married women who

could match them for intelligence and whose pooled experience could approach the combined experience of these single ones. So much has freedom to say for itself and its physical accomplishments.

Of course travel is not necessarily a perquisite of spinsterhood, and it would be unfair to over-emphasize the globe-trotting of the unmarried. They do no more than their fair share. Traveling is expensive. But there is no denying that the single woman is surer of her vacation and freer to take it when the time comes than the majority of other people. Like most of the other things in her life, she can count on it. She can plan it. She may not have much money but she knows how much she has and how far in the direction of her desires it will take her. She is independent.

Not just for the heyday, either, or for the adventurous years. She can plan her independence so that it will last indefinitely, and she has plenty of good business advice to help her. Now that the unmarried women of the world handle a large amount of money they have become a special class of investors. All sorts of things are devised for them. They find perpetual independence and security planned for them by all the insurance companies, and hundreds of safe and sure schemes for investing and accumulating their savings are offered. There is really not much reason why a woman who earns her own living and escapes ill health should fear financial dependence in her old age, if she invests even a portion of her income as she goes along. Of course it will usually not mean affluence, but it can be enough to take the edge off that awful fear of dependence founded only too well on fact in the last generation, when unmarried women had to be taken care of like so many invalids. One recalls the remark of Lolly Willowses, when she was conversing pleasantly with the Devil about women, "They are so dependent on others and their dependence so soon becomes a nuisance."

Well, they aren't dependent any more

unless they are shiftless, ill, or play in very bad luck. They have no more chance of becoming dependent than the average man has—a human chance, in other words. With the help of any honest insurance company, the unmarried woman can easily give her old age a dowry.

So there she is; rather handsome, well dressed, weighing almost exactly what she should, with her holidays, her fund of knowledge and experience, and her neat little bit of financial security. She may have an apartment of her own where she can have the possessions which she finds stimulating or beautiful. It may be a simple or a luxurious establishment. Perhaps it has only one room, but to that, at least, she has her own key. What more can she ask? Unless her desires are fantastic in proportion to her income—a condition which is usually incurable and much more apt to attack married women than unmarried ones—what more does she need?

She doesn't actually need anything more. But she wants more. She wants her life to be important and valuable, to have either great work or vital relationships that may make life dangerous but also render it precious and worth running risks for. She can take care of herself, this modern spinster. No one has to worry about that. But being happy or satisfied is another matter.

VI

As I said before, in offering a reason for bringing up the discussion at all, women have been finding out that most of the work in the world is dull stuff. Looked at coldly for what it is and not as a magical release from something else, this work is largely a task of keeping things going, of taking dictation and checking over accounts, of answering telephone calls and adjusting minor matters, of trying to sell things that people are reluctant to buy, clothes and soap and insurance policies and manuscripts. Nearly every kind of work is

ninety per cent routine. Women soon discovered that the work in shops and offices, which had appeared so much more glamorous than schoolrooms, could be as dull as teaching small children how to spell. Advancement was slow and opportunities for personal distinction rare. Men in business and industry, when seen close up, were not the brilliant and daring financiers that distance had made them, but hard-working, often harassed men, usually married, not always pleasant to work for. The excitement of lunching daily in the city turned into the routine of the nearest small restaurant with its unappetizing succession of foods. And after a little while an assistant is only one more assistant, a buyer only one more buyer, instead of being adventurers into the world of industry. There is a certain amount of "future" for them usually, sometimes quite limited in scope and reward. Nothing brilliant, nothing to dazzle the imagination in most cases.

There were a good many wealthy girls who were caught in that gold rush after new opportunities for women. When the thing flattened out for them they did the natural thing. They chucked the jobs, sold out the little subsidized shops, and went back to look the marriage market over. If marriage did not materialize, they had kept enough of their independences to make a good showing without a husband. There was no question of going back to the state of being somewhat hesitant and embarrassed spinsters. They went about and dressed well and talked well and often maintained their own charming and vivid establishments.

It is worth a moment's attention to see how spinsterhood works out for them. A leisure class, married or unmarried, is always quite unimportant except as it sets standards or colors ideals. In this country it is always the woman of fashion who is pacemaker, in fashion, in habits, and ideals. She is the person who is watched to see what she is wearing, thinking, smoking, saying. Every-

thing she chooses and everything she does is subject to imitation. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but so it happens to be. By taking a look at wealthy, unmarried women, we are, therefore, looking at a group which has a good deal of influence and which contributes to the general habits of the contemporary spinster, as well as sharing many of her discontents and limitations.

Naturally they are not all of one temperament, nor of several. They vary in attractiveness. Some of them are exceedingly popular and build up an exciting social life and some cultivate an eccentricity of habit and taste which lets all invitations go by the board. Some profess a deep interest in music or art or literature and focus their lives on promoting that interest, becoming connoisseurs and specialists in an amateur way. There is a story in each case, widely differing stories in theme, psychology, and treatment. But in two ways, at least, these women are all alike, all marked with one stamp. They do not have a normal social life, no matter how good a time they may be having, and they do not have a normal release for the deepest emotions in them, which must, therefore, either atrophy or torture them or find an unnatural and illicit outlet.

In a great many women I think they atrophy very pleasantly. It is not such a tragedy to have the passions diminish as a great many excited people think. I know some unmarried women who are the best company imaginable and add immensely to the success of a party. They are good to look at and stimulating to talk to. They carry on a flirtation very deftly, often a semi-intellectual one which does no great harm, if any, and certainly disturbs no domestic relationship. Out of these surface flirtations they seem to get all the stimulation they need for their not very demanding emotions. A regret, a mild desire, is all they give and all they get. And as the years go on they are still pleasant company and will no doubt continue to be admired and liked until admiration is

transfused into friendship. That is not unpleasant. Among these women are some of the best bridge players in the country, some of the best conversationalists, some excellent dancers. They are the kind of women who are beyond gossip, to a great extent, and who are asked out to dinner with a man while his wife is away. If the social circle is large enough, they are asked about constantly; for some wife is always having a baby, or an operation, or going to Florida for a rest. It is not an existence to be sneezed at.

But it is not practicable for every unmarried woman, even among those who can afford it. It demands a lightness of touch and great adaptability. There are some single women who find that their feelings ride them too hard for that kind of life. They ride them into dissatisfactions, into jealousy of what other women have and they have not. This is especially true of women who find, when they are past the natural marrying age, either through deliberation or chance, that they want a husband after all. There are a great many women who blossom late and find their natural desires too late. The men of their own generation have not waited for them. Most desirable men marry early. There is a generosity and sweetness and natural devotion in most young men which leads them into marriage when they are young. Of course, they may come out again, but if they do they are not looking for women of their own age. And a further tragic thing is that some of these women who want to be married so badly and come to the realization of it at length have no charm or provocation to help them. Perhaps they never had or perhaps they lost it in their years of dallying. Spinsters of this generation or any other, past or future, lose their naïveté. And it is that quality which men so love and buy at such great price. They pass by women who would make admirable and successful wives, who want bitterly to have children, and choose some thin-minded girl. What is

more and so annoying to their critics, they often manage to be happy. And the unmarried woman is tortured by emotions of which she cannot rid herself, and desires which beset her hopelessly. She is lucky if they do not focus themselves on one person.

There is always that third possibility of the extra-marital love-affair, the illicit outlet for emotions, which is so widely hinted at. But the guesswork is so extreme and the statistics gathered from various questionnaires so fumbling and incomplete that it is better to leave it alone. Any man's guess is as good as the next one's as to the extent of secret adventuring of this sort. I have never seen much evidence that it was general. Against it stand the natural barriers of shyness and virginity which every passing year reinforces in women. It is in the young that these barriers fall readily before casual attack. Nor does opportunity for such affairs seem to stalk women in the same way men claim to be beset. Plenty of women go through life without being insulted. There is this also to be remembered, as we leave the point. What unmarried women want is compensation for loneliness, satisfaction for emotional hunger. And if there is anything in the world more lonely and more unsatisfying than the usual illicit love-affair, the world is keeping it hid.

VII

We have considered these possibilities as affecting the unmarried woman of leisure, but going from that group to the vastly larger and infinitely more important group of women who work, they are not too gravely altered. Here, of course, one instantly excepts—and it is high time to do so—the women who have found satisfaction in their work, who are content with it and their status. These are the women whose investment in an unmarried life has turned out well and is bringing them in a good return. It is not always in money, although it may be that. There are creative artists

and scientists and women politicians and business women and educators, women in countless and varied fields who have made their way to distinction and become valuable because of their work. They have thoroughly occupied lives. They have no time for much social life, so they do not greatly miss it. They have pleasures and diversions, of course, but their work is their great and absorbing preoccupation.

The only pity is that there are not more of them, and never can be more than a handful as compared to the hosts of unmarried women who work. This small group, with its hand-made contentments, can never absorb all the spinsters who are working and playing without satisfaction and who are frankly confessing that they think they are only "half living." It is amazing, too, how many even of these women who are successful, who have found a place of importance for themselves, will echo that general feeling with the remark that "an unmarried woman's life is bound to be limited—" in spite of success.

That is not always the expression of any conscious repression or curiosity. It is a conviction, coming more and more to the surface as the unmarried working woman takes stock of her condition. Some who are clever and wise and gifted and lucky can always make satisfactions for themselves, in marriage or out of it. But theirs are the high places and the exceptional work. The ordinary job in the hands of the ordinary woman does not offer such chances for fine workmanship, even if the ordinary woman had great skill, and she has not.

What is it she lacks? Probably those same two things that the woman of leisure lacks if she does not marry, a normal social life and a normal release for her emotions. After all, the normal social unit is made up of a man and a woman, in love, courting, or married. The unmarried woman who has made a job the other half of her social unit is bound to be somewhat extraneous, somewhat out of the social picture.

She has pleasant friends. There are the married couples whom she knows quite intimately. She sends Christmas presents to their children and they illegally call her "aunt." She is privileged to drop in for dinner informally and is the first one to see the new baby. Sometimes, with the sweet delight of Grizel, the baby charms her and she covets one of her own; but just as often she does not, for a great many women do not yearn for children, sentimentality and a good deal of Barrie to the contrary notwithstanding. But yearn or not, she does feel left out.

She has much the same relations with husbands that the unmarried woman of leisure has in more sophisticated circles. There is no passionate relation but every once in a while a trace of sentiment appears. Once in a while she feels some married man wishing that he were free. But there is usually nothing said, and she does not exaggerate his mood. All she gets from it is a little decent exhilaration.

Being the family friend, she knows how often the situation between husband and wife becomes strained, and she is rather good at bridging over minor crises in other people's homes. There are times when she feels useful and almost indispensable. But there comes along the little dinner party or the dance, and the fact that she is an unmarried woman, a half of a couple, rears its head again. So she is left out and knows it and feels it. Not that she cares for either dinner or dance.

There are women friends in her own life. Four of them can be rounded up for a game of bridge or one of them picked as a theater guest. She does not have to accept invitations which do not attract her. And how she wins there over the married man and woman who sometimes find their greatest grievance the eternal and inescapable traveling in pairs!

She knows unmarried men. The one who takes her out to dinner once in a while, when she suspects that he wants

to clear his mind of some preoccupation which has been more emotional; the one who has her on a list of others and makes a social habit of good-looking, unmarried women; the one who is not in a position to marry; the one living apart from his wife.

Or perhaps she does not know any unmarried men, and the married ones pay little or no attention to her. She is with women most of the time, with her sister, her mother, her friends of whom she is very fond and who are really very congenial. But in spite of their congeniality, there are times when the group seems tragically unsatisfying. She sees other women with men and again has that feeling of being left out, of having a door slammed in her face.

It is not that she exaggerates the felicities of marriage. Many a clear-eyed girl, for all her loneliness and discontent, would hate to risk it. If she has been working with men she knows their vanities and their weaknesses and a good many of their evasions. She knows how marriage has wrecked the pretty girl who left the office two years ago and made an old woman of her already. She is well informed on the gamble of the relations of men and women. She has read books and seen plays and heard many informing things. Perhaps she has grown a little selfish, a little over-individualized, and the thought of the necessary sharing which almost any marriage entails is distasteful. She may be intensely curious about marriage but not game enough to chance it, especially with the man she might have if she cared to. She has, you see, grown "choosey," better in judgment but far less impulsive than if she had married at twenty.

Then why not be content with her job, which gives her the same independence that a man has? She tries to rest back on that, but it is difficult because there are fallacies pricking her. With most men a job is a means to an end, a means to the support or partial support of a home and a wife. With an

independent woman the job is too often a means without an end.

She often does things for other people. She may support some member of her family. But, kind and necessary as such obligations are, they are rarely quite as vital as the thing a man is working for. That is the trouble with the establishments, large or small, poor or luxurious, of the unmarried woman. A home is vitalized by the intensity of the human relationships which go on within it, or by the memory of those relationships. The home which a single woman has may be beautiful and it may be gay, but only in exceptional cases does it become more than a headquarters, a lodging, or a place to have parties. All the exceptional cases give cause for rejoicing and great good cheer. But there are not enough of them.

It is that sense of being an onlooker which the unmarried woman has not been able to do away with, the feeling that she is not quite a full participant in life. So much of the rest that was unpleasant about spinsterhood has been scrapped—the shyness, the repressions, the lack of dignity. So much is gone that the situation is entirely tolerable for any woman who does not, through chance or intent, happen to marry. She can work. She can have a good deal of fun. She can command respect. But the ordinary job will not compensate for everything.

Well, for that matter, neither does marriage, no matter what fine and new-fangled arrangements we try to make for its budgeting and tenure. The curious thing is that all our new social arrangements, about which we have gone into such a flutter of excitement, have disturbed the depths so little. The psychology of the relationships between men and women changes slowly, if at all. The most we seem able to do is to stiffen and strengthen men and women to stand up to them.

Conclusions, except in scientific investigations, are always apt to be artificial. One of the most incurable of literary

habits is to follow life around, trying to sweep up every day, to alter the natural disorder and make neat arrays of conclusions. It is a futile business, for that beautiful sloven, life, keeps things in such a condition that even if we tidy up one corner we make no impression on the general confusion, and if we hunt for Peter we are lucky to find Paul.

So, having hunted for some answer to the dissatisfactions of the unmarried woman, perhaps we find that the convent teaching was the best, after all. Every woman has a calling to one of three honorable conditions. No guar-

antee of a brilliant life or an easy one, or a life without sorrow, goes with any of them. I wonder if women have not grown a little greedy and expect too much? And possibly some of them have missed their vocations or not made the most of them. It is very sad when that happens. But perhaps it will not happen so often now that a false glamour is fading, both from the married and the unmarried life. If it does happen, even then there are always possibilities of adjustment. For making the best of a bargain, good or bad, has always been one of women's great accomplishments.

OTHER MANSIONS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THEY called him blind because the world was dim,
 And all its nearer doors were closed to him.
 Yet he could see thought-shapes of color burn
 In slow, cold fire across the sudden rim
 Of other worlds, and glimmer, and return,
 And he had taught an inner eye to mark
 The golden feet of silence in the dark.

They called him deaf! And yet his sensitive ear,
 Close to the tireless heart of earth, could hear
 The cool, soft tumult of unuttered grass.
 And clearer than a crystal bell is clear,
 He heard the message that is April pass.
 Closed to the upper world's more obvious sound,
 He knew a thousand secrets, underground.

They called him lame! As though he might not touch
 A space beyond the reaches of his crutch!
 They could not know the west wind lent him wings,
 Or feel across his cushioned chair, as much
 As he, the breathless speed of inner things.
 The blind, the lame, the deaf! What they shall tell
 Some day, of other mansions where they dwell!



SARAH BERNHARDT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SARAH BERNHARDT'S superbly characteristic motto was *Quand même—Even if—What if it does—No matter!* Take the sweet of life, crowd it full of beauty and splendor, make a tumultuous riot and revel of it. No matter if disasters come, and diseases, and decay; no matter if crooked fortune does her spitefullest, you will have had your hour and made the most of it—*Quand même*.

Assuredly no career could be more startling or more picturesque. Born in Holland, in 1844, of dubious paternity, Jewish in origin, Catholic and conventual in training, sometimes fondled and petted by her mother, sometimes neglected and abandoned for months together, the child was finally flung into the whirlpool of the Parisian theater. For years she struggled perilously, escaping disaster by miracle, but her genius and her magnificent courage and persistence brought her to the top, not only of Paris but of the world, and made her one of the most known and notable figures of her day. When she died, at eighty, she was still a superbly creative spirit, capable of weaving life out of her vitals with a gorgeous sheen of silken splendor.

My concern is not so much with Sarah Bernhardt's art in the abstract as with her human personality and characteristics; but it should be recognized and established at the beginning that, however different critics may estimate her various impersonations, she was a most important figure in the dramatic life of her day. She had an immense influence on the art of acting, on the methods of play-writing, on the forms of stage pro-

duction; and the history of the theater for the last fifty years could hardly be written without her. Above all, it is necessary, in connection with her art, to take into account the peculiar elements of her material personality, her extreme slenderness, giving an ethereal quality to everything she did, her mobility, her sensibility, her emotional subtlety, and power of adaptation. And then there was the voice, the voice of gold, which has been eulogized by so many critics and sung by so many poets. We do not generally consider Mr. Lytton Strachey inclined to excessive enthusiasm, but even he breaks out into lyrical rapture over the voice of Sarah Bernhardt. "The secret of that astounding utterance baffles the imagination. The words boomed and crashed with a superhuman resonance which shook the spirit of the hearer like a leaf in the wind. The *voix d'or* has often been raved over; but in Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold, there was thunder and lightning, there was heaven and hell."

When we turn from the abstract artist to the human being, we are on more tangible ground. In the first place, Sarah was a worker, a tremendous, natural worker, who set out to do things, and did them, and got them done. There was a furious rush, a sense of constant hurry and pressure about the woman's life at all times, which sometimes suggests that there may have been more bustle than actual labor. Yet, for all this apparent superficial confusion, good observers insist upon the enormous power of accomplishment. As Mr. Maurice Baring puts it, "Her energy, the

amount of hard work she accomplished, were frightening to think of. Her recreation was change of work. She could command sleep when she wished, but she never rested. Yet she was fundamentally sensible." The last comment is one never to be lost sight of with Bernhardt.

One asks oneself how much abstract, theoretical thinking she did about her art. In the rush and tumult of her life general ideas somehow seem to find little place. At least I get little suggestion of them. It does not appear that she ever had much formal education, or that she ever read widely or thought much on general subjects of any kind as, for example, Charlotte Cushman did. I am not sure that she even speculated much on the general principles of acting. Her little book on *The Art of the Theatre* is extraordinarily acute in detail, but does not show the larger movement of psychological analysis. On the other hand, everything that keen perception, instinctive and subtle sympathy and comprehension, imaginative penetration could do was done immediately and with complete and finished effect. For her art was essentially an art of instinct and sympathy. She wanted to be aroused, stirred, excited, fired, inspired by the situation and the circumstances, and then she could throw herself into the character with all the power and the energy that were in her.

Sarah Bernhardt had in a high degree the artist's peculiar combination of sensibility to the beautiful with the eager desire to create it. The ordinary person, even when richly endowed with such sensibility, is content to let beauty come to him, to open his senses to it, to absorb it and appreciate it and forget it. But such perception at once and at all times stimulates the artist to assert his own power and personality in the production of beauty of his own. So it was with Bernhardt. This desire even took varied artistic forms. Sometimes she was determined to paint, busied herself with lines and colors till it seemed as if the

theater were forgotten. Again, it was all sculpture, and curiously enough, the other great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons, also in her old age developed a passion for working with clay. It is characteristic of Sarah that, when she began work of this kind, she finished it. She may have destroyed it afterwards, as the bust of Rothschild, which she smashed before his face, just when he had drawn her a check for ten thousand francs. But, good, bad, or indifferent, the work had to be done.

After all, however, these things were avocations and side issues. And her real life, her real existence, was on the stage. It is probably true of all artists that in a sense they do not live for themselves at all, that is, they do not give themselves up to pure, simple, intense, natural living for itself. There is always the sense of the "double life," which Sarah suggests in the sub-title of her *Mémoires*, always the consciousness of standing apart and observing oneself, of getting out of every passion and experience something to enlarge and enrich and develop the permanent artistic production that is all you care for. The result of this is a curious blend of reality and artificiality, varying in its proportions with the type of artist and with the individual, but probably most intense and most complicated of all with the actor, whose everyday life is so fleeting and uncertain and whose artistic life is so dominating and so pervasive. And certainly no artist, theatrical or other, ever effected a more complete intermingling and reaction of art and life than did Sarah Bernhardt. When she was off the stage she always seemed to be acting; she always seemed to be living when she was on it.

II

This does not mean that she did not live at all times with passionate veracity; most of all, the veracity was evident in all the varieties of human relations. The temperament of the artist

appears again, I think, especially in these, because I do not find that she really lived very much for anyone but herself, or ever much lost her identity in that of anyone else. But human beings were immensely necessary to her, in all possible connections; and if she did not give to them, she took from them, enormously, which, after all, involves a certain amount of giving.

Her family relations were curious. Her father was little more than a phantom. But her mother and her two sisters she was very close to at times, close to, yet worlds remote from. For they were all much like butterflies—when they were not like cats: they flitted, and quivered, and kissed, with sudden, astonishing propensities to scratch, as in Sarah herself.

Did she get much more out of her son, Maurice? Madame Berton, who has narrated Sarah's career with such minute, if not always very amicable, fidelity, insists that mother love was an overpowering and developing motive, and that the necessity of providing for her child was the mainspring of Sarah's devotion to her art. This is absurd; and all the children in the world would not have made her an actress, or prevented her being one. No doubt she was attached to Maurice. No doubt she was proud of him. No doubt she made sacrifices for him, after her fashion. The risk of her life, to get him out of her burning apartment, as she did, in spite of her inborn horror of fire, was just the sort of thing that would have appealed to her at any time. But I do not gather that Maurice's companionship or sympathy really meant much in her life. Perhaps she got as much out of him as parents usually do.

In the same way with Sarah's innumerable love affairs—it does not appear that she ever really gave herself, or lost herself. There was infinite curiosity, eagerness, the sense of adventure, the desire to probe, to investigate, to explore other thoughts, other hearts, other souls; there is no suggestion of complete

abandon or self-surrender. Even the eccentric marriage to the Greek actor Damala in 1882 does not seem to be any marked exception to the rule. It was simply a *toquade*, a wild, erratic fancy. Sarah took a notion to run off with the man to England, broke all her engagements, and paid a huge forfeit on her contract. She sent two telegrams to Sardou. The first ran, "I am going to die and my greatest regret is not having created your play. Adieu!" The second followed, "I am not dead, I am married." And when Sardou asked her later why the devil she married, she replied, "Why? Because it was the only thing I had never done." She stuck to her drug-besotted husband till his death, seven years later, with an obstinate racial loyalty that was very characteristic. But the whole affair seems to have been mainly a conflict of sex-vanities, in which Sarah got rather the worst of it.

The two things that are really significant about Sarah's amorous connections are first that she loved for love or for character or for position, but not for money: her lovers were not idle sons of rich men. And secondly, her love appears to have inspired, ennobled, enriched life, instead of degrading it. As Madame Berton puts it, admirably, "The influence she exerted on her century in matters of art was incalculable. To painters she would say, 'If you love me, then paint a masterpiece and dedicate it to me.' To poets she would say, 'If it is true that you love me, you will write a poem about me that will live when we both are dead.'" And Alexandre Dumas Fils once summed up the same thing, "She drives me mad when I am with her. She is all temperament and no heart; but when she is gone, how I work! how I can work!"

So, in all these human relations, more intimate or more remote, it is the same story, always the artist, stimulating, inspiring, but infinitely curious, gathering, not giving, needing, and using, and absorbing, and throwing aside, not so

much from deliberate selfishness or cruelty, as from immense, unbroken pre-occupation with the one, huge, engrossing object of life. Through it all, for good, bad, or indifferent, you feel that with Sarah the human element was the one thing which counted. If it were lovers, she must have the best, and as many as possible. If it were admirers and spectators, let them throng to her in untold thousands. If the War came, in 1870, or in 1914, still there were human beings to be thought of and dealt with and appealed to; and in 1870 she gave up her art and threw herself into hospital work with the same furious ardor that she brought to the stage.

The human zest is so constant and so keen and so besetting that you wonder whether it left room for anything else, whether the woman had any inner, solitary life at all. When she was alone, if she ever was, apparently she slept. To be sure, in one irritated moment she cries out, in her *Mémoires*, "I detest frequented walks, I adore deserted regions and solitary places." But this is only to make an effective antithesis, and I gravely doubt whether she ever relished solitude in her life. So with the things that go with solitude, for example, God. She had queer attacks of religion in her childhood, both in the convent and out of it. For a time she vibrated between the cloister and the stage. The stage instinct was probably at the bottom of both inclinations, and she herself frankly admits that there was little real devotion about her conventual fancies. She continued a devout Catholic, after her fashion, all her life, and died as one. But what the Almighty thought of her as an adherent, it may be easy to conjecture. And on the spiritual side her career hardly merits extensive study.

No, she was human, always, intensely, passionately, collectively, extensively human, and all her wildest freaks and vagaries, her extraordinary whims and fancies and eccentricities have some bearing on her human interest and are

best understood in their human connection.

In a sense all these extravagances were genuine and spontaneous: they were native in the complicated tangle of Sarah's bohemian inheritance; but, whether trivial and insignificant or profound and far-reaching, they were always calculated to impress and startle and bewilder the human beings about her. Thus, the whole world was told of the coffin, which she had made and carried with her everywhere, sometimes sleeping in it or even celebrating an elaborate funeral service. And like Circe, she always had her strange herd of animals—lizards, leopards, alligators, monkeys, lions, not to speak of dogs and cats—which she cherished and petted, partly from genuine love of the creature life and partly to torment and bewilder everybody who had to come in contact with her.

All these actual facts of extravagance were amplified into a mad halo of fiction and legend, like the story that Sarah set her own apartment on fire to get the insurance and make publicity. And where she did not invent or encourage these tales, she at any rate reveled in them, as is clearly indicated in the confession of her *Mémoires*, "Although I had then fully reached the age of reason, I took pleasure in this mischievous childishness, which I always regret afterwards, and always renew, since even to-day, after the days, the weeks, the months, the years that I have lived, I take infinite pleasure in playing tricks." The notable point is that through all this mad, freakish frolic the one thing that is always taken seriously is Sarah herself. There is not a trace of the subtle dissolution of self, of the vast sense of personal insignificance, which haunted, for example, Charles Lamb, or Sarah's contemporary on the stage, Joseph Jefferson. Self is the one thing that is not laughable under any circumstances. The universe is Bernhardt, and Bernhardt is the universe: there is absolutely nothing else in it.

III

What is most interesting and significant about all these freaks and extravagances of Sarah's is their value for publicity and advertising. As it happened, her career was almost synchronous with that of Barnum, the great wizard of notoriety creation, and with the enormous development of newspaper activity that characterized the middle of the nineteenth century. Certainly no actor ever before had a tithe of the general printed notice that fell to Sarah Bernhardt. The peculiar characteristics of her personality were registered and trumpeted and enlarged, till it seemed as if Barnum could have done no more for his most cherished monstrosity.

Yet all the time it must be remembered that Sarah was not only a popular phenomenon, but an artist of real genius, a great actress, a creator, and a poet. That is what gives her case its importance and curiosity. Every possible use was made of ingenious advertising, but the thing advertised was worth while and of enduring value. Of course Whistler offers a somewhat similar instance. The genius was undoubted, but the methods of getting it before the public were sometimes startling, to say the least. Perhaps one may adduce Mr. Bernard Shaw in the same lines. Mr. Shaw's genius is as real as Bernhardt's or Whistler's, but neither of them was a more skilful artist in drawing public attention. And one wonders sometimes what would have been Shakespeare's attitude towards such procedure. Shakespeare was a shrewd man of business, and the hard experience of life had taught him the value of coin and the difficulty of getting it. Would he have utilized publicity to the full and developed unheard of resources in it? If he had, we may at least be sure that he would have done it with a smile at himself, like Whistler and Mr. Shaw, and unlike Bernhardt.

There are various interesting questions in regard to Bernhardt's attitude

in the matter. First, how far were the eccentricities cultivated and developed with a consciousness of their publicity value? I have already insisted that they were native and inborn. So they undoubtedly were. At the same time, human nature—Sarah's human nature, above all—being what it is, when the profit of such things becomes increasingly obvious, it was hardly to be supposed that the tendency to them would diminish: it certainly did not.

Again, one asks, not only how far did Sarah deliberately supply the material for the notoriety, but how far did she encourage and support it? She knew perfectly well that the newspapers and the world rang with her oddities and vagaries. Just how far did her hand in the matter reach? It is difficult to say exactly. In her *Mémoires* she of course deprecates any such agency whatever. What had she to do with it? Yet it is hard to believe that the publicity would have flourished without the artist's connivance, and one inclines to think that, like Shaw and Whistler, she was quite as much of an artist in getting her work known as in creating it.

Again, there is the question, how far she not only stimulated publicity, but enjoyed it. No doubt there were times when the boredom was intolerable. Reporters, especially in America, were silly and intrusive and wearisome. Publicity carried with it its necessary burden, not only of tediousness but of actual hostility and spite: "Ah! success! With what a strong chain it rivets one and how painful it sometimes is! How many times the noise made around me, the good said in my favor, the bad written against me have invaded my tranquillity and created an atmosphere of battle! Jealous friends, secret or open enemies, into what turmoil have you not often thrust me! And how many times have I not been accused of an immoderate liking for advertisement!" But it has not been discovered that these drawbacks of glory are sufficient to induce anyone to throw it away.

The final question is, how much Sarah profited practically by the huge notoriety, and the answer is that her financial gains were constant and very considerable. She was clear-headed and cold-blooded, when it suited her, and she knew just when, just where, and just how the francs and the dollars came. Madame Berton asserts that "altogether she brought back considerably more than six million dollars" from the United States; and if this is somewhat fantastic, the actual product must have been large enough.

And every bit of the money was needed and spent, for, earn as vastly as she could, her outlay was usually in excess of her earning. She could not hold on to money, did not care to. She lavished it on whims of all sorts, took a pride and pleasure in doing so. She lent and gave as freely as she spent for herself, so that finally, in a crisis, she murmured, "All my life, it seems, I have been making money for others to spend." How vivid is the picture that Clarétie gives of these financial comings and goings. "She laughed at everything, with the utmost cheerfulness. In her dressing-room the money that she daily received evaporated like the solution of gold in *aqua regia*. During the *entr'acte* there was, as it were, a hand-to-mouth distribution of her daily receipts in all sorts of fractions, by hundred francs, by twenty francs. Fifteen hundred francs was paid her. Quick! The distribution, the pillage, the slaughter! Poor woman! 'This is yours, Madame G.' A bouquet to pay for, 'Good! There you are.' 'Here, you, take this! Carry it to the coiffeur.' 'Ah! something on account for X—something for Z—Well, what is it now? T wrote me this morning. I'll send him this, and he will be patient a little longer.' Then, laughing still, 'What have I got left? Fifteen francs. Bah! With fifteen francs, you don't die of hunger. But just go and change this five franc piece for me. I've got to have some change to pay the cabman.' So it went every night."

It was not exactly that she did not have the making of a business woman in her. It is curious how much of that woman there was in these great tragic actresses. Mrs. Siddons was a hard money-maker, who had the keenest eye for a bargain. You have only to read Charlotte Cushman's manuscript letters in the Shaw Collection to see what her business habits were. And Sarah was as keen as either of them to know a good trade and follow it up. But her bohemian training made her incurably erratic, and still more, she took a pride in her financial indifference.

Yet this woman undertook to manage theaters, just as a somewhat similar dreamer, Edwin Booth did but, curiously enough, she was far more successful than Booth. The erratic habits always seemed destined to wreck her. What saved her, what enabled her to do what she wanted in the world, was her magnificent power over people. She got the actors she wanted, she got the managers she wanted, and she made them all do what she wanted. That was perhaps her greatest gift and the richest instrument of her financial as of other success. I don't know anything in this line that has impressed me more than her conquest of Roosevelt. Naturally there was no sex in the matter, at least not directly, it was simply a case of one soul of power recognizing another. But she had a letter from Roosevelt, which she treasured, and with reason, "I have altered my plans so as to arrive in Paris after you return from Spain. I could not come to Paris and miss seeing my oldest and best friend there." And when she showed the letter, she murmured, perhaps with a certain reason also, "Ah, but that man and I, we could rule the world!"

With this magic gift of dominating and swaying hearts, it was natural that fortunes should come to her as lightly as they departed. It seemed as if she had but to hold out her hand and money would flow into it. Only, as often as not, the hand was held out wrong side up.

IV

But let no eager aspirant for dramatic success imagine that Sarah's career was an unbroken triumph or a shadowless course of easy felicity. It was far, far the contrary, and no doubt she often pictured it to herself as a series of struggles and difficulties and obstacles that had to be eluded or surmounted or blown or blasted away. As Maurice Baring describes it, "The whole of Sarah Bernhardt's art life was a fight against apparently insurmountable difficulties."

There was health, and in the early years this seemed to be an insuperable obstacle to success. Sarah's voice was weak, and her extreme physical tenuity appeared to be incompatible with stage impressiveness. She was always fainting, or collapsing, or giving out in some way at inopportune moments. But she showed a superhuman skill in turning her very defects to excellences; and her own account of the triumph of spiritual resource over fleshly weakness is most extraordinary, above all in just the touch of melodrama which is peculiarly characteristic. It seems that, in desperation over her failures and the disgust of Perrin, the director of the *Français*, she had made up her mind that she never could succeed, and one day, when she was playing the tragic part of Zaïre, she decided to throw herself into it with such fury of passion as in her exhausted state would necessarily be fatal. She carried out her suicidal determination to the full, pouring into the part a tempest of excitement which she thought she could not possibly survive. What happened? Not only did she achieve a sudden and immense success, but she found herself physically—or spiritually—remade. "I hopped up lightly for the recall, and greeted the public without exhaustion, without weakness, quite ready to begin the play all over again. And I marked this performance with a white stone, for from that day on I understood that my vital forces were at the service of my brain. I had tried to follow the im-

pulse of my intelligence, all the time believing that this impulse would be too violent for my physical energy to sustain it. And when I had done everything I tried to do, I found that the balance of mental and physical was perfect. Then I began to see the possibility of realizing what I had dreamed."

Again, there was the obstacle of stage-fright, which haunted Sarah from the beginning to the end of her career. Once more curiously characteristic is the fighting spirit in which she met this difficulty as well as others. When she had a struggle to face, she faced it, and never gave way, "I who am so liable to stage-fright had no fear, for with me stage-fright assumes a curious form; in front of a public which I feel to be hostile for one reason or another, I am free from all stage-fright; I have only one idea, one resolve: to subjugate the refractory audience. In front of a benevolent public, on the other hand, I am alarmed lest I should not come up to expectations and stage-fright grips me imperiously." But the strain of the battle was exhausting, all the same, and it was hard to say which took more out of you, the public that was benevolent or the public that was not; and the path to glory, whether it led to the grave or elsewhere, was one of incessant struggle and war.

There was war with the human elements about you, also, at all times, and of all human elements undoubtedly the most vexing and distracting was yourself, at any rate when you are constituted as was Sarah Bernhardt. There was the petulant, devouring fury of her inborn temper, which she inherited from her mother. In her childhood her fits of frenzy developed into absolute collapse. She not only had the fury of temper, she had a native quickness of tongue and a burning outspokenness, which fostered hostility even where she had no intention of doing so. As to whether she was fundamentally jealous of her fellows, there may be more question. She herself would never admit it. Her bitter enemy, Marie Colombier, insists that

"she proved herself jealous of all her comrades, jealous of even her sisters." Probably she was not less inclined than others to dislike the success of her rivals and even to belittle it, for in this as in everything she was constantly and enormously human.

In any case, with her temperament as it was, she had her difficulties with humanity, plenty of them, at all times and in all varieties. Perhaps the most of these were with her fellow-actors. It must be admitted that in some cases she cherished long and loyal friendships. And Sarah herself makes a very curious comment, that she finds much more pettiness and hostility and mean jealousy and spite from the men actors than from the women, who, she says, are in the main inclined to be friendly and to get along well with her. This was not always the case, however, for it was an actual slap in the face, given to an older fellow-actress, which made the *Français* impossible for Sarah in the early days, and long, long afterwards the same tendency to actual physical violence would break out when her nerves got too strained and the provocation too desperate.

The relations with managers were no less complicated and difficult than with actors. But to keep in with managers was essential to one's bread and butter, and Sarah had always a shrewd sense of the importance of bread and butter as the first essential of life. Therefore, her managerial history, though checkered by all sorts of flaws and breaks and disasters, was eminently practical. All the same, to have to rehearse her must have been an ordeal for any manager. She had her inspirations of genius; but to meet and deal with her whims and fancies was a task that at times assumed the proportions of a nightmare.

If it was bad for the managers, it was much worse for the authors, since the manager has at least the power of his contract and his forfeit behind him. The poor author could hardly even suggest, he could only obey. How vividly

does Clarétie sum up the tragedy that rehearsal meant, after narrating various harrowing incidents in one particular case: "These rehearsals, calculated to drive an author mad, achieved a real celebrity. With interpreters like this woman, who is nevertheless a great artist and in no sort of way a spiteful creature, the author's business becomes a torment. I had rather break stone on the roads than put Sarah Bernhardt through a rehearsal."

Yet was there ever an actress who made the reputation and fortune of more dramatic authors than Sarah Bernhardt did? Coppée and she first soared into glory together. Richépin and Lemaitre owed their chief success to her. Dumas thought nothing of "Camille" till she remade it and made it the triumph of two continents; and it was through her that "Frou-Frou" became Meilhac and Halévy's masterpiece. Sardou gladly recognized that it was the adaptation of her genius to his that gave him wealth and credit, and Rostand was almost her child as well as her lover.

With the critics the story is something the same. Newspaper criticism is the plague, the bane, the horror of every artist, but of the actor most of all, for with the actor it is always most cursory and generally least intelligent. Great actors are apt to proclaim their indifference to it and also to devour every word of it with tortured curiosity. On the whole, Sarah Bernhardt was more fortunate than some others. Heaven knows she got abuse and vilification enough, of her art, of her character, of her extravagances and oddities. But the greatest critics of Paris were usually kind to her. All the same, criticism is a misery at the best. The artist could not flourish without it, but sometimes he feels that he can hardly exist with it, and what appears to him most fretting is the utter unintelligence of it. You could forgive these people anything if only they would make the least effort to understand what you are trying to do.

So the life of the artist, especially of

the dramatic artist, is a long struggle, and that of Sarah Bernhardt was no exception, rather a most vivid illustration of the rule. There are times when the struggle seems intolerable, when the wisest falter and the bravest are ready to give up. Even the self-centered and self-assured Charlotte Cushman was overcome at moments and cried, "Often, as I left the theater and compared my own acting with Rachel's, despair took possession of me and a mad impulse to end life and effort together." If we can accept her own accounts and those of others, Sarah was repeatedly at the point of suicide. What carried her through it all to a triumphant consummation was the magnificent, vital energy and persistence of her character. You could not really discourage her, or dishearten her, or beat her, or kill her. From the beginning she was determined to succeed. "Madame Sand," she said in the early days, "I would rather die than not be the greatest actress in the world." Not only a great actress, you see, but the greatest actress in the world. And on the whole, for her day, she certainly was, and it was sheer will that did it, or at any rate will was the driving force, the same superb will that attracted her in Theodore Roosevelt and made her see herself and him as ruling the world.

It is impossible to give a more vigorous and telling picture of what this driving force was than her own, in association with the careless motto *Quand même*. "They knew that my device, *Quand même*, was not a matter of accident, but the result of deliberate reflection. My mother explained that at nine years old I adopted this device, after a mad leap over a ditch that no one could cross and to which my young cousin had challenged me. I had scratched my face, broken my wrist, bruised my whole body. And while they were carrying me home, I shouted, beside myself: 'I will do it again, I will do it again, if he dares me again, and I will do all my life just what I will to do.'" So she did,

as far as a human being may. What gave more than mere erratic violence, more than mere chaotic tumult, to such furious exertion of the will for itself, was a certain pervading, if obscure, sense of the ideal behind it: "My ideal?" said Sarah. "My ideal? But I am still pursuing it. I shall pursue it until my last hour, and I feel that in the supreme moment I shall know the certainty of attaining it beyond the tomb."

V

The result of this determined ambition and prolonged ideal effort was a career of triumph and success hardly paralleled by any other artist either on the stage or off of it. And the peculiar quality of Sarah Bernhardt's success was its inexhaustible novelty, its endless series of developments and surprises and renewals. She did not attain one great climax and stay there or gradually fade away from it. She was always attempting new things and achieving them. As Mr. Baring admirably expresses it, "She spent her life in making discoveries and in surprising the public and her critics by finding out what she could not do and in immediately doing it."

This element of surprise, of perpetually revealing herself, even to herself, is notable all through her life, in the later years just as much as in the earlier. At the Odéon the managers thought nothing of her. She discovered *Coppée*, and triumphed. She went to the *Français* and repeated the story. She went to London and became the star of the company. She left the *Français* in 1880. Everybody thought it was her ruin. Instead, she went to America, and became the star of the world. When she went back to Paris, the critics thought her head would be turned and she would be no longer capable of serious art. Yet when she played "*Phèdre*," in 1893, at nearly fifty, Sarcey and Lemaitre raved over her and declared that she was younger and more beautiful than she had ever been. Then she began all over again,

with the creations of Sardou, a new drama and a new style of acting. When this wore thin in Paris, she carried it to America and to Australia, and came back to France to develop a new author and a new art with the romantic plays of Rostand. She lost a leg, and an ordinary actress would have dropped into the infirmary and the invalid chair. Not Sarah. She acted with her voice and her soul, not with her legs, and she went right on. When she produced Racine's "Athalie," in 1920, after the War, every theater in Paris was closed so that her fellow-actors might see her perform once more. On the very eve of her death, when she was nearly eighty, she acted for the movies. The doctors said it would kill her. Perhaps it did. What did she care? She was bound to die fighting.

The priceless privilege of this element of perpetual renewal in Sarah's life was that she escaped the decay and self-survival that disfigure the old age of so many artists, actors and others. Hear what Mrs. Kemble writes of her aunt, Mrs. Siddons, "What a price my aunt Sarah has paid for her great celebrity! Weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored that life is absolutely without sorrow or sweetness to her now, nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary, mere shapeless, colorless monotony to her. Poor woman! What a fate to be condemned to and yet how she has been envied and admired!" There was nothing of this decay about Sarah, nothing but superb, mature power and exuberant energy to the very end. Again, there is no trace in her of the haunting melancholy that clung to Edwin Booth even in his days of greatest triumph, or of the subtle sense of dreamy emptiness that Jefferson found in the

greatest successes of the stage. Just because she took herself and all her effort so seriously there was no sense of hollowness or emptiness in it at all. You have to look long and closely for even a suggestion of the satiety that almost inevitably follows great spiritual strain and unalloyed success, as in her brief, beautiful phrase, "*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*" (All fails, all stales, all pales), or in Clarétie's story of her stopping in the midst of a triumphant rehearsal to complain of the tameness of her lot. To be sure, she had everything. "But the end, the end! It is the end that counts. It is the finish that ought to be dramatic and enthralling. Take Rochefort—killed by a ball at the moment of his escape. What an admirable death! That was a climax. Drama! Mystery! Tell me, how do you think I shall end?"

Yet even here, in the touch of satiety and vanity, you get the vitality, the mystery, the suggestion of the unknown that gave a thrill to it all. As she herself puts it, most effectively, in her *Mémoires*: "Always, when circumstances arise to disturb the current of my life, I at first have an impulse of shrinking. For a second I cling to what actually is; then I fling myself headlong into what may be. . . . All at once what is becomes for me what was, and I cherish it with a tender emotion, as if it were something dead. But I adore what is to be. It is the unknown, the alluring, the mysterious. I believe always that it will be the unheard of, and I shudder from head to foot, with a delicious surmise." Always adventure, discovery, experiment, always probe the unknown and reach out for its deepest secrets, *Quand même, Quand même, no matter what happens*, and make it your highest pride to go out of life with the same magnificent zest that you brought into it.



THE SOUTH DEFENDS ITS HERITAGE

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

IT IS out of fashion in these days to look backward rather than forward; and about the only American given commonly to this disgraceful conduct is some unreconstructed Southerner, who persists in his regard for a certain terrain, a certain history, and a certain inherited way of living. He is punished as his crime deserves. He feels himself in the American scene as an anachronism, and knows he is felt by his neighbors as a reproach.

Fortunately, he is a tolerably harmless reproach. He is like some quaint local character of eccentric but fixed principles who is thoroughly and almost pridefully accepted by the village as a rare exhibit of the antique kind. His position is secure from the interference of the police, but it is of a rather ambiguous dignity.

I could wish that he were not so entirely taken for granted, and that as a reproach he might bear a barb and inflict a sting.

His fierce devotion is to a lost cause, but I am grieved that his contemporaries are so sure it is lost. They are so far from fearing him and his example that they even in the excess of confidence offer him a little honor, a little petting. As a Southerner, I have observed this indulgence, and I try to be grateful. Obviously, it does not constitute a danger to the Republic; distinctly, it is not treasonable. They are good enough to attribute a sort of glamour to Southern life as it is defined for them in the popular tradition. They like to use the South as the nearest available locus for the scenes of their sentimental songs, and sometimes they send their daughters to

the Southern seminaries. Not too much is to be made, of course, of this last graceful gesture. For they do not expose to this hazard their sons, who in our still very masculine order will have to discharge the functions of citizenship, and who must accordingly be sternly educated in the principles of progress at progressive institutions of learning. But it does not seem to make so much difference what principles of a general character the young women acquire, since they are not likely to be impaired by principles in their peculiar functions, such as virtue and the domestic duties. And so, at suitable seasons, and on the main-line trains, one may see them in some numbers, flying south or flying north like migratory birds; and one may wonder to what extent their philosophy of life will be affected by two or three years in the South. One must remember that probably their parents have already made this calculation and are prepared to answer, Not much.

The Southerner must know and, in fact, he does very well know, that his antique conservatism does not exert a large influence against the American progressivist doctrine. The Southern idea to-day is down, and the progressive or American idea is up. Nevertheless, the historian and the philosopher, who take views that are thought to be respectively longer and deeper than most, may very well reverse this order and find that the Southern idea rather than the American has in its favor the authority of example and the approval of theory. And some prophet may even find it possible to expect that it may yet rise again.

I will propose a thesis which seems to have about as much cogency as generalizations usually have: The South is unique on this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to the European principles of culture; and the European principles had better look to the South if they are to be perpetuated in this country.

II

The nearest of the European cultures which we could examine is that of England; and this is of course the right one in the case, quite aside from our convenience. England was actually the model employed by the South, in so far as Southern culture was not quite indigenous. And there is in the South even to-day an Anglophile sentiment quite anomalous in the American scene.

England differs from America doubtless in several respects, but most notably in the fact that England did her pioneering an indefinite number of centuries ago, did it well enough, and has been living pretty tranquilly on her establishment ever since, with infrequent upheavals and replacements. The customs and institutions of England seem to the American observer very fixed and ancient. There is no doubt that the English tradition expresses itself in many more or less intangible ways, but it expresses itself most importantly in a material establishment; and by this I mean the stable economic system by which Englishmen are content to take their livelihood from the physical environment. The chief concern of England's half-mythical pioneers, as with pioneers anywhere, was with finding the way to make a living. Evidently they found it. But fortunately the methods they worked out proved transmissible, proved, in fact, the main reliance of the succeeding generations. The pioneers explored the soil, determined what concessions it might reasonably be expected to make them, housed themselves, developed all their necessary trades, and arrived by

painful experiment at a thousand satisfactory recipes by which they might secure their material necessities. Their descendants have had the good sense to consider that this establishment was good enough for them. They have elected to live their comparatively easy and routine lives in accordance with the tradition which they inherited, and they have consequently enjoyed a leisure, a security, and an intellectual freedom that were never the portion of pioneers.

The pioneering life is not the normal life, whatever some Americans may suppose. It is not, if we look for the meaning of European history. The lesson of each of the European cultures now extant is in this—that European opinion does not make too much of the intense practical enterprises, but is at pains to define rather narrowly the practical effort which is prerequisite to the reflective and æsthetic life. Boys are very well pleased to employ their muscles almost exclusively, but men prefer to exercise their minds. It is the European intention to live materially along the inherited line of least resistance, in order to put the surplus of energy into the free life of the mind. Thus is engendered that famous, or infamous, European conservatism, which will appear stupid, necessarily, to men still fascinated by materialistic projects, men in a state of arrested adolescence; for instance, to some very large if indefinite fraction of the population of these United States.

Perhaps England is being "quickened" or Americanized; then, *tant pis!* I have in mind here the core of unadulterated Europeanism, with its self-sufficient, backward-looking, intensely provincial communities. The human life of English provinces long ago came to terms with nature, fixed its roots somewhere in the spaces between the rocks and in the shade of the trees, founded its comfortable institutions, secured its modest prosperity—and then willed the whole in perpetuity to the generations which should come after, in the ingenu-

ous confidence that it would afford them all the essential human satisfactions. For it is the character of a seasoned provincial life that it is realistic, or successfully adapted to its natural environment, and that as a consequence it is stable, or hereditary. But it is the character of our urbanized, anti-provincial, progressive, and mobile American life that it is in a condition of eternal flux. Affections, and long memories, attach to the ancient bowers of life in the provinces; but they cannot attach to what is always changing. Americans, however, are somewhat averse to such affections for natural objects and to such memories.

Now memories of the past are attended with a certain pain called nostalgia. It is hardly a technical term in our sociology, or our psychiatry, but it might well be. Nostalgia is a kind of growing-pain, psychically speaking. It occurs to our sorrow when we have decided that it is time for us, marching to some magnificent destiny, to abandon an old home, an old provincial setting, or an old way of living to which we had become habituated. It is the complaint of human nature in its vegetative aspect, when it is plucked up by the roots from the place of its origin and transplanted in foreign soil, or even left dangling in the air. And it must be in fact nothing else but nostalgia, the instinctive objection to transplantation, that chiefly prevents the deracination of human communities and their complete geographical dispersion as the casualties of an insatiable wanderlust.

Deracination in our Western life is the strange discipline which individuals turn upon themselves, enticed by the blandishments of those fine words, Progressive, Liberal, and Forward. The progressivist says in effect: Do not allow yourself to feel homesick; form no such powerful attachments that you will feel a pain in cutting them loose; prepare your spirit to be ever on the move. According to this gospel, there is no rest for the weary, not even in Heaven. Did not the poet Browning express an ungrateful inten-

tion, the moment he entered into his reward, to "fight onward, there as here"? And the progressivist H. G. Wells has outlined very neatly his scheme of progress, the only disheartening feature being that he has had to revise it a good many times, and that he has produced for the period required to carry it out a variety of estimates, from hundreds to millions of years. Browning and Wells would have made very good Americans, and I am sure they have got the most of their disciples on this side of the Atlantic; they have not been very good Europeans. Actually, if perhaps unconsciously, the true progressivist intends to have a program so elastic that he can always propose new worlds to conquer. For if his utopia were practicable really, and if he should secure it, he would then have to defend it, which would mean his transformation from a progressivist into a conservative. And this is unthinkable.

The gospel of Progress is a curious development, which does not reflect great credit on the supposed capacity of our species for formulating its own behavior. Evidently the formula may involve its practitioners just as readily in self-torture and suicide as in the enjoyment of life. In most human societies man has adapted himself to environment with plenty of intelligence to secure easily his material necessities from the graceful bounty of nature. And then, ordinarily, he concludes a truce with nature, and he and nature seem to live on terms of mutual respect and amity, and his loving arts, religions, and philosophies comes spontaneously into being; these are the blessings of peace. But the latter-day societies have been seized—none quite so violently as our American one—with the strange idea that the human destiny is not to secure an honorable peace with nature, but to wage an unrelenting war on nature. Men, therefore, determine to conquer nature to a degree which is quite beyond reason so far as any specific human advantage is concerned, and which enslaves them to toil and turn-

over. Man is boastfully declared to be a natural scientist essentially, whose strength is capable of crushing and making over to his own desires the brute materiality which is nature; but in his infinite contention with this materiality he is really capitulating to it. His engines transform the face of nature—a little—but when they have been perfected, he must invent new engines that will perform even more heroically. And always the next engine of his invention, even though it be that promised engine which is to invade the material atom and exploit the most secret treasury of nature's wealth, will be a physical engine; and the man who uses it will be engaged in substantially the same struggle as was the primitive Man with the Hoe.

This is simply to say that Progress never defines its ultimate objective, but thrusts its victims at once into an infinite series. Our vast industrial machine, with its laboratory centers of experimentation, and its far-flung organs of mass production, is like a Prussianized state which is organized strictly for war and can never consent to peace. Or, returning to the original figure, our progressivists are the latest version of those pioneers who conquered the wilderness, except that they are pioneering on principle, or from force of habit, and without any recollection of what pioneering was for.

III

The Southern states were settled of course by miscellaneous strains. But evidently the one which determined the peculiar tradition of the South was the one which came out of Europe most convinced of the virtues of establishment, contrasting with those strains which seem for the most part to have dominated the other sections, and which came out of Europe feeling rebellious towards all establishments. There are a good many faults to be found with the old South, but hardly the fault of being intemperately addicted to work and to gross material prosperity. The South

never conceded that the whole duty of man was to increase material production, or that the index to the degree of his culture was the volume of his material production. His business seemed to be rather to envelop both his work and his play with a leisure which permitted the activity of intelligence. On this assumption the South pioneered her way to a sufficiently comfortable and rural sort of establishment, considered that an establishment was something stable, and proceeded to enjoy the fruits thereof. The arts of the section, such as they were, were not immensely passionate, creative, and romantic; they were the Eighteenth Century social arts of dress, conversation, manners, the table, the hunt, politics, oratory, the pulpit. These were arts of living and not arts of escape; they were also community arts, in which every class of society could participate after its kind. The South took life easy, which is itself a tolerably comprehensive art.

But so did other communities in 1850, I believe. And doubtless some others do so yet; in parts of New England, for example. If there are such communities, this is their token, that they are settled. Their citizens are comparatively satisfied with the life they have inherited, and are careful to look backward quite as much as they look forward. Before the Civil War there must have been many such communities this side of the frontier. The difference between the North and the South was that the South was constituted by such communities and made solid. But solid is only a comparative term here. The South as a culture had more solidity than another section, but there were plenty of gaps in it. The most we can say is that the Southern establishment was completed in a good many of the Southern communities, and that this establishment was an active formative influence on the spaces between, and on the frontier spaces outlying, which had not yet perfected their organization of the economic life.

The old Southern life was of course not nearly so fine as some of the traditionalists like to believe. It did not offer serious competition among the world-types against the glory that was Greece, or the grandeur that was Rome. It hardly began to match the finish of the English, or any other important European civilization. It is quite enough to say that it was a way of life which had been considered and authorized. The establishment had a sufficient economic base, it was meant to be stable rather than provisional, it had got beyond the pioneering stage, it provided leisure, and its benefits were already being enjoyed. It may as well be admitted that Southern society was not an institution of very showy elegance, for the so-called aristocrats were mostly home-made and countrified. Aristocracy is not a word which defines this social organization so well as squirearchy, which I borrow from a recent article by Mr. William Frierson in the *Sewanee Review*. And even the squires, and the other classes too, did not define themselves very strictly. They were loosely graduated social orders, not so fixed as in Europe. Their relations were personal and friendly. It was a kindly society, yet a realistic one; for it was a failure if it cannot be said that people for the most part were in their right places. Slavery was a feature monstrous enough in theory but, more often than not, humane in practice; and it is impossible to believe that its abolition alone could have effected any great revolution in society.

The fullness of life as it was lived in the ante-bellum South by the different social orders can be estimated to-day only by the application of some difficult sociological technic. It is my thesis that all were committed to a form of leisure, and that their labor itself was leisurely. The only Southerners who went abroad to Washington, and elsewhere, and put themselves into the record, were those from the top of the pyramid. They held their own with their American contemporaries. They were not intellec-

tually as seasoned as good Europeans, but then the Southern culture had had no very long time to grow, as time is reckoned in these matters; it would have borne a better fruit eventually. They had a certain amount of learning, which was not as formidable as it might have been; but at least it was classical and humanistic learning, not highly scientific, and not wildly scattered about over a variety of special studies.

It seems important to reflect that the South as a going society would not have countenanced the innovation of an elective college curriculum. The first aim of such a society is to protect its social concept, and this means the ascendancy in education of that group of studies which has social significance; they used to be called the humanities, before they were forbidden the use of so proud a term. The admission that one study is as important as another is a plea in spiritual bankruptcy, and it invites and produces just that ceaseless dissipation of human energies which now defines our intellectual Americanism—it pictures man as a creature without a center, without a substantial core of interests, and unable to give to his destiny any direction. In a true society there are historical and philosophical principles which compose the staple of an educational requirement, leaving the physical sciences to shift somewhat for themselves. And beyond the learning prescribed for its lay leaders, it is logical for this society to give an educational preference to certain professions which are peculiarly committed to its defense. Such professions are the Church, the bar, and the higher teaching profession; when they lose caste society is in danger. But this is somewhat of a digression; for in 1860 there was not much difference between Northern and Southern ideals of education. Certainly there was less difference between Northern and Southern colleges than there was between North and South. The colleges tended to be conservative social instruments everywhere.

IV

Then the North and the South fought, and the consequences were disastrous to both. The Northern temper was one of jubilation and expansiveness, and now it was no longer shackled by the weight of the conservative Southern tradition. Industrialism, the latest form of pioneering and the worst, presently overtook the North, and in due time has now produced our present American civilization. Poverty and pride overtook the South; poverty to bring her institutions into disrepute, and to sap continually at her courage; and a false pride to inspire a distaste for the thought of fresh pioneering projects, and to doom her to an increasing physical enfeeblement.

It is only too easy to define the malignant meaning of industrialism. It is the contemporary form of pioneering; yet since it never consents to define its goal, it is a pioneering on principle, and with an accelerating speed. Industrialism is a program under which men, using the latest scientific paraphernalia, sacrifice comfort, leisure, and the enjoyment of life to win Pyrrhic victories from nature at points of no strategic importance. Ruskin and Carlyle feared it nearly a hundred years ago, and now it may be said that their fears have been realized partly in England, and with almost fatal completeness in America. Industrialism is an insidious spirit, full of false promises and generally fatal to establishments since, when it once gets into them for a little renovation, it proposes never again to leave them in peace. Industrialism is rightfully a menial, of almost miraculous cunning but no intelligence; it needs to be strongly governed or it will destroy the economy of the household. Only a community of tough conservative habit can master it.

The South did not become industrialized; she did not repair the damage to her old establishment, either, and it was in part because she did not try hard enough. Hers is the case to cite when we would show how the good life de-

pends on an adequate pioneering, and how the pioneering energy must be kept ready for call when the establishment needs overhauling. The Southern tradition came to look rather pitiable in its persistence when the Twentieth Century had arrived, for the establishment was quite depreciated. Unregenerate Southerners were trying to live the good life on a shabby equipment, and they were grotesque in their effort to make an art out of living when they were not decently making the living. In the country districts great numbers of these broken-down Southerners are still to be seen in patched blue-jeans, sitting on ancestral fences, shotgun across their laps and hound-dog at their feet, surveying their unkempt acres while they comment shrewdly on the ways of God. It is their defect that they have driven a too easy, an unmanly bargain with nature, and that their æstheticism is based on insufficient labor.

But there is something heroic, and there may prove to be yet something very valuable to the Union, in their extreme attachment to a certain theory of life. They have kept up a faith which was on the point of perishing from this continent.

Of course it was only after the Civil War that the North and the South came to stand in polar opposition to each other. Immediately after Appomattox it was impossible for the South to resume even that give-and-take of ideas which had marked her ante-bellum relations with the North. She was offered such terms that acquiescence would have been abject. She retired within her borders in rage and held the minimum of commerce with the enemy. Persecution intensified her tradition, and made the South more solid and more Southern in the year 1875, or thereabouts, than ever before. When the oppression was left off, naturally her guard relaxed. But though the period of persecution had not been long, nevertheless the Southern tradition found itself then the less capable of uniting gracefully with the life of the

Union; for that life in the meantime had been moving on in an opposite direction. The American progressive principle was like a ball rolling down the hill with an increasing momentum; and by 1890 or 1900 it was clear to any intelligent Southerner that it was a principle of boundless aggression against nature that could hardly offer much hospitality to a society devoted to the arts of peace.

But to keep on living shabbily on an insufficient patrimony is to decline, both physically and spiritually. The South declined.

V

And now the crisis in the South's decline has been reached.

Industrialism has arrived in the South. Already the local Chambers of Commerce exhibit the formidable data of Southern progress. A considerable party of Southern opinion, which might be called the New South party, is well pleased with the recent industrial accomplishments of the section, and eager for many more. Southerners of another school, who might be said to compose an Old South party, are apprehensive lest the section become completely and uncritically devoted to the industrial ideal precisely as the other and dominant sections of the Union are devoted to it. But reconstruction is actually under way, and it is an industrial reconstruction. Tied politically and economically to the Union, her borders wholly violable, all the South now sees very well that she can restore her prosperity only within the competition of an industrial system.

After the war the Southern plantations were often broken up into small farms. These have yielded less and less of a living, and it is said that they will never yield a good living until once more they are integrated into large units. But these units will be industrial units, controlled by a board of directors or an executive rather than by a squire, worked with machinery, and manned not by farmers living at home but by "labor." Even so they will not, according

to Mr. Henry Ford, support the population that wants to live on them; in the off-seasons the laborers will have to work in factories, which henceforth are to be counted on as among the charming features of Southern landscape. The Southern problem is very complicated, but at its center is the farmer's problem, and this problem is simply the most acute version of that general agrarian problem which inspires the despair of many thoughtful Americans to-day.

The agrarian discontent in America is deeply grounded in the love of the tiller for the soil, which is probably, I must confess, not peculiar to the Southern specimen but one of the more ineradicable human attachments, be the tiller as progressive as he may. In proposing to wean men of this foolish attachment, industrialism sets itself against the most ancient and the most humane of all the modes of human livelihood. Do Mr. Hoover and the distinguished thinkers at Washington see how essential is the mutual hatred between the industrialists and the farmers, and how mortal is their conflict? The gentlemen at Washington are mostly preaching and legislating to secure the fabulous "blessings" of industrial progress; they are on the industrial side. But though the industrialists have a doctrine which is monstrous, they themselves are not monsters, but forward-lookers with very nice manners, and no American progressivist is against them. The farmers seem boorish and stubborn by comparison; American progressivism is against them in the fight, though their traditional status is still so strong that they are not too flagrantly antagonized. All the solutions recommended for their difficulty are really enticements held out to them to become a little more co-operative, more mechanical, more mobile—in short, a little more industrialized. But the farmer who is not a mere laborer, even the farmer of the comparatively new places like Iowa and Nebraska, is necessarily among the more stable and less progressive elements of society. He refuses to mobilize him-

self and become a unit in the industrial army, because he does not approve of army life.

I will use some terms which are hardly in his vernacular. He identifies himself with a spot of ground, and this ground carries a good deal of meaning; it defines itself for him as nature. He would till it not too hurriedly and not too mechanically to observe in it the contingency and the infinitude of nature; and so his life acquires its philosophical and even its cosmical consciousness. A man can contemplate and explore, respect and love an object as substantial as a farm or a native province. But he cannot contemplate nor explore, respect nor love a mere turnover, such as an assemblage of "natural resources," a pile of money, a volume of produce, a market, or a credit system. It is into precisely these intangibles that industrialism would translate the farmer's farm. It means the dehumanization of his life.

However that may be, the South at last, looking defensively about her in all directions upon an industrial world, fingers the weapons of industrialism. There is one powerful voice in the South which, tired of a long status of disrepute, would see the South made at once into a section second to none in wealth, as that is statistically reckoned, and in progressiveness, as that might be estimated by the rapidity of the industrial turnover. This desire offends those who would still like to regard the South as, in the old sense, a home; but its expression is loud and insistent. The urban South, with its heavy importation of regular American ways and regular American citizens, has nearly capitulated to these novelties. It is the village South and the rural South which supply the resistance, and it is lucky for them that they represent a vast quantity of inertia.

Will the Southern establishment, the most substantial exhibit on this continent of a society of the European and historic order, be completely crumbled by the powerful acid of the Great Pro-

gressive Principle? Will there be no more looking backward but only looking forward? Is our New World to be dedicated forever to the doctrine of newness?

It is in the interest of America as a whole, as well as in the interest of the South, that these questions press for an answer. I will enter here the most important items of the situation as well as I can; doubtless they will appear a little over-sharpened for the sake of exhibition.

(1) The intention of Americans at large appears now to be what it was always in danger of becoming: an intention of being infinitely progressive. But this intention cannot permit of an established order of human existence, and of that leisure which conditions the life of intelligence and the arts.

(2) The old South, if it must be defined in a word, practiced the contrary and European philosophy of establishment as the foundation of the life of the spirit. The ante-bellum Union possessed, to say the least, a wholesome variety of doctrine.

(3) But the South was defeated by the Union on the battlefield with remarkable decisiveness, and the two consequences have been dire: the Southern tradition was physically impaired, and has ever since been unable to offer an attractive example of its philosophy in action; and the American progressive principle has developed into a pure industrialism without any check from a Southern minority whose voice ceased to make itself heard.

(4) The further survival of the Southern tradition as a detached local remnant is now unlikely. It is agreed that the South must make contact again with the Union. And in adapting itself to the actual state of the Union, the Southern tradition will have to consent to a certain industrialization of its own.

(5) The question at issue is whether the South will permit herself to be so industrialized as to lose entirely her historic identity, and to remove the

last substantial barrier that has stood in the way of American progressivism; or will accept industrialization, but with a very bad grace, and will manage to maintain a good deal of her traditional philosophy.

VI

The hope which is inherent in this situation is evident from the terms in which it is stated. The South must be industrialized—but to a certain extent, and in moderation. The program which now engages the Southern leaders is to see how the South may handle this fire without being badly burned. The South at last is to be physically reconstructed; but it will be fatal if the South should conceive it as her duty to be regenerated, her spirit re-born with a totally different orientation towards life.

And fortunately, the Southern program is not perfectly vague, but is capable of a certain definition. There are at least two lines, along either of which an intelligent Southern policy may move in the right general direction; and it may even move back and forth between them and still advance.

The first course would be for the Southern leaders to arouse the sectional feeling of the South to its highest pitch of excitement in defense of all the old ways that are threatened. It may seem rather ungrateful towards the industrialists to accept their generous services in such a churlish spirit. But if one thing is more certain than another, it is that these gentlemen will not be found standing by while they wait for human sympathy. They are already on the scene, and manifesting an inextinguishable enthusiasm for their role. The only attitude that needs artificial respiration is the resistant attitude of the natives. The resistance will be the fiercest and most effective if industrialism is represented to the Southern people as—what it undoubtedly is for the most part—a foreign invasion of Southern soil, which is capable of much more devastation than was wrought when

Sherman marched to the sea. From this point of view, it will be a great gain if the present peaceful invasion will now and then forget itself by some indiscretion and be less peaceful. The native and the invader will be sure to come to an occasional clash, and that may offer the chance to revive ancient and almost forgotten animosities. It will be in order to proclaim to Southerners that the carpetbaggers are again in their midst. And it will be well to seize upon and advertise certain Northern industrial communities as horrible examples of a way of life which Southerners traditionally detest; not failing to point out the human catastrophe which occurs when a Southern village or rural community becomes the cheap labor of a miserable factory system. It will be doubtless a little bit harder to impress the people with the fact that the new so-called industrial "slavery" not only fastens upon the poor, but blights the middle and better classes of society too; and to make this point it may be necessary even to revive such a stale antiquity as the old Southern gentleman, and his scorn for the dollar-chasers and the technical specialists.

Such a policy as this would show decidedly a sense of what the Germans call *Realpolitik*. It could be nasty and unscrupulous, but it could accomplish results.

Its net result might be to give to the South eventually a position in the Union analogous more or less to the position of Scotland under the British crown—a section with a very local and peculiar culture that would, nevertheless, be secure and respected. And Southern traditionalists may take courage from the fact that it was Scottish stubbornness which obtained this position for Scotland; it did not come gratuitously; it was the consequence of an intense sectionalism that fought for a good many centuries before its fight was won.

That is one policy; and though it is not the only one, it may be necessary to employ it, with discretion, and to

bear in mind its Scottish analogue. But it is hardly handsome enough for the best Southerners. Its methods are too easily abused; it offers too much room for the professional demagogue; and one would only as a last resort like to have the South stake upon it her whole chance of survival. After all, the reconstruction may be undertaken with some imagination, and not necessarily under the formula of a literal restoration. It does not greatly matter to what extent the identical features of the old Southern establishment are restored; the important consideration is that there be an establishment for the sake of stability.

The other course may not be so easily practicable, but it is certainly more idealistic and statesmanlike. That course is for the South to re-enter the American political field with a determination and an address quite beyond anything she has exhibited during her half-hearted national life of the last half a century. And this means specifically that she may pool her own stakes with the stakes of other minority groups in the Union which are circumstanced similarly. There is in active American politics already, to start with, a very belligerent if somewhat uninformed Western agrarian party. Between this party and the South there is much community of interest; both desire to defend home, stability of life, the practice of leisure, and the natural enemy of both is the insidious industrial system. There are also, scattered here and there, numerous elements with the same general attitude which would have some power if united; the persons and even communities who are thoroughly tired of progressivism and its spurious benefits, and those who have recently acquired, or miraculously through the generations preserved, a European point of view—sociologists, educators, artists, religionists, and ancient New England townships. The combination of these elements with the Western farmers and the old-fashioned South would make a

formidable bloc. The South is numerically much the most substantial of these three groups, but has done next to nothing to make the cause prevail by working inside the American political system.

The unifying effective bond between these geographically diverse elements of public opinion will be the clean-cut policy that the rural life of America must be defended, and the world made safe for the farmers. My friends are often quick to tell me that against the power of the industrial spirit no such hope can be entertained. But there are some protests in these days rising against the industrial ideal, even from the centers where its grip is the stoutest; and this would indicate that our human intelligence is beginning again to assert itself. Of course this is all the truer of the European countries, which have required less of the bitter schooling of experience. Thus Dean Inge declares himself in his Romanes Lecture on "The Idea of Progress":

"I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing into thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George the Third has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his *Isle of the Penguins*, when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. Their disappearance will be no great loss. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying."

The South has an important part to play, if she will, in such a counter-

revolution. But what pitiful service have the inept Southern politicians for fifty years rendered to the cause! Their Southern loyalty at Washington has rarely had any more wildly imaginative manifestation than to scramble vigorously for a Southern share in the federal spoils. They will have to be miraculously enlightened.

But I get quickly beyond my depth in sounding political possibilities. And perhaps I may as well expose my limitations conclusively by uttering one last

fantastic thought. No Southerner ever dreams of Heaven, or pictures his utopia on earth, without providing room for the Democratic party. Is it possible that the Democratic party can really be held to a principle, and that the principle can now be defined as agrarian, conservative, profoundly social? It may not be impossible after all. If it proves possible, then the South may yet be rewarded for a sentimental affection that has persisted in the face of many betrayals.

FOR A CHILD

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

IF DEATH should take
 All your bright loveliness,
 Your swift impetuous delight,
 I still would love the jonquils for your sake,
 The sheer incredible light
 Of budding almond filtering the sun,
 White fleecy clouds that run
 On a March wind, and gaudy mustard dress
 Of yellowing orchards—these would whisper me
 A strange dumb comfort in that loneliness.
 But this I could not bear—
 Rippling trickle of water along the road
 In the spring ditches where
 You sailed brave boats with brimming treasure load
 Of leaf and grass, a golden argosy
 Of dandelions, while all the vibrant air
 Thrilled to the ecstasy
 Of ringing laughter. I could face the clear
 Sunlight on pale spring grass,
 Petals that drift and pass,
 Even the pain
 Of the first lark's rapture—*but my dear, my dear,*
 Never the sound of waters after rain!

The Lion's Mouth



WHY TRAVELERS LEAVE HOME

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

THE answer seems obvious enough so long as you stay on this side of the Atlantic. Why do travelers leave home? Well, just look at the homes. Home used to be a house "sanctified by generations of births, deaths, and marriages." It is so no longer. We of to-day are born in the hospital and die in the ambulance on our way back to the source from which we emanate. We are married in the City Hall and divorced at Reno. We used to say, "Heaven is my home"; but the flapper has never heard of it. The nearest she gets to heaven is through her aspirations in a poker game in which the sky is the limit. The meaning which the "realtor" gives to the word "home" is "proposition"—a basis for argument, a commodity good for nothing but to sell. You might think then that no American could possibly leave home because he has no home to leave. "There's no place like home," he chirps; "we can't possibly lose, let's go!"

When you meet American travelers abroad, however, you find that this theory has its limitations. If one of your countrymen shares your table at a café in France for coffee and *croissant*, he will spend the hour in telling you (what you would have told him if he hadn't beaten you to it) how superior is the coffee he makes for himself at "home." At the same place, at another hour, he will tell you how much more

kick he gets from his bootlegger at "home" than from the particular vintage (distillation or brew) he at the moment condescendingly shares with you. At Chartres or Pisa his sense of the superiority of "home" is as the number of times the height of the monument before him is contained in that of the highest flimsy of lower Manhattan. He knows nothing of the language of the country to which he has escaped and he is proud of his ignorance of a language so inferior to his own. The pitch of the locomotive whistle or of the automobile horn excites his unmeasured derision; he even finds erotic significance in it by comparison with the raucous chastity of our own at "home." The way the men dress here (wherever it is) is a legible index of their mental inferiority and moral obliquity; how much more manly is the appearance of the fellows on the streets at "home"! And look at the plumbing, what there is of it! Plumbing is the true coefficient of civilization. The only civilized place is "home."

Thus he invites you to read him as an index of the civilization of home. You do so, and cease to wonder why he does not feel at home where he is. But why did he leave his perfect civilization? Perhaps to learn. How could he know whether there is any place like home unless he looks about? It sounds plausible, but look at the facts. There are three kinds of travelers: the realists, who see only through their sense of fact; the romantics, who see only through their imagination; the classicists—shall we say?—who see only through their minds. From the very nature of things, no one of them can possibly learn anything.

Since the realist is limited by sense of fact, he can see nothing but discomforts

and dangers. The primrose by the river's brim a yellow peril is to him. It could not grow there if the ground were not wet, and since the ground is wet there are mosquitoes, and because there are mosquitoes there must be malaria and yellow fever. He cannot see the beauty of the *Palazzo Comunale* because his sense of fact whispers to him of chilblains and sanitation. He cannot see the beauty of a Fra Angelico angel because his sense of fact tells him that nothing in human form can aviate without a gas engine. He cannot eat anything but a boiled egg because his sense of fact tells him that Italian kitchens are not surgically clean—and at that he has his doubts about the purity of the hen.

The romantic traveler is quite the contrary. He seeks Spain because it is backward; the realist derides it because it isn't forward. The romantic inclines to "miss the medieval grace of iron clothing," and to quarrel with the engine and the dynamo that speed and light him on his way. Every landscape he sees is ruined (devastated or vandalized) by the very railroad that has brought him to it, the power station which lights him to bed, or the distillery which he has come so far to enjoy as an escape from the utilitarian outlook of "home." A sufficiently picturesque beggar may carry on his business for profit, but if anyone else does so, our traveler deplors the Americanization of Europe.

The traveler who sees only through his mind is blinded in one eye by what he knows and in the other by what he doesn't know. I saw him stalk up the nave of York Minster, looking neither to right nor left, up nor down, stand for ten minutes before the altar reading his guide-book, stalk out, slam the door of his car, and buzz away. Of course if you have just ten minutes to devote to York Minster you have to look sharp lest you spend it trying to decide whether it is better to see nothing because you have a guide-book, or to know nothing because you haven't. And there is the eternal question whether it isn't better

not to know so much than to know so many things that aren't true. For example, there was the Australian woman in Edinburgh who told me I must be sure to get the guide to show me the close where Socrates courted Flora Macdonald. In the same class was the sea captain who sat with me in a tea room in London, who had never got beyond the water-front of any port in the world. He cursed Americans volubly. He knew all about them. He had met them, three Slovaks, and a Brazilian on the Embarcadero in San Francisco, and a Portuguese and a German on Atlantic Avenue in Boston. But if you don't know so much, your plight is that of the history teacher from Mount Lowboy Union High School who asked me at the dinner table in Florence, "Perhaps you can tell me what church it was I saw this morning. It was in a square with a fountain in the middle where there were two churches, and this was the one on the left." She saw nothing because she didn't know; the captain saw nothing because he knew it all. As blind as these two together is he who with the eye of his mind can read symptoms of tuberculosis in Botticelli's Venus but has no eye of the spirit to read Botticelli's message. His mind's eye tells him that Giotto had little of perspective and less of geology, but not that this happy ignorance left the painter with a fine, free, careless rapture which the moderns strive consciously and in vain to recover. If you know so much as that, how can you know anything? If you know how many acres a tractor can plow in a day in Iowa, what have you to say to a pair of white oxen, slow as the geologic ages, under cloudy olive trees on a hillside in Tuscany?

Most of us, like Wordsworth, get the thing wrong end to.

I traveled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea,

he chants. A very superficial analysis shows his real meaning to be something like this:

I traveled among unknown men—
That is, unknown to me—

Give it a running start, and the stanza fairly leaps to its logical conclusion:

Nor ever had I dreamed till then
What fools these travelers be.

The obvious fact that Wordsworth missed is that to travel among unknown men renders oneself unknown.

When you leave home you leave most of your identity behind you. In your home town, or in your circle in the city, your status is known and accepted. You may wish it were different; you may try to change it, but not seriously by bluffing. Most of the little things we do for the sake of appearance are conventions or habits that deceive nobody, least of all ourselves. Of course there *are* people who . . . but not in our crowd. Except, perhaps, in artistic and academic circles, your title deed to your place in society (whatever that is) is your property (what there is of it). Your place in society is your identity. Ask who or what a man is, and the answer is the name of the niche in which he stands, floorwalker at Sellemer's, Curator of Cigarette Ashes for Greenwich Village, Night Superintendent of Sunday Schools in Paris.

Doesn't this account for the traveler who goes to a second-rate hotel because he can't afford a first-rate one, and then throws his money to the servants like a drunken sailor to make them and us think he can afford anything? You see, when you go abroad you do not take your title deed to your place in society with you; or if you do, you wear it next your skin, or buttoned in as safe as may be from pickpockets. All you can show is such outward signs as may serve to make visible your inward grace, and unless they are boisterous no one will mark them. Not on any street in Europe could the passer-by, even if he were to look at you twice, tell whether your summer place (if any) was a villa at Newport or a shack on Spot Pond. You are only what you look to be; you pass

at your face value. Consciously or unconsciously, then, when we travel we make faces to represent the value we wish to pass for. Usually these faces are made up for two or three times the real values behind them in the hope of getting from a half to a quarter of what they call for. In the innumerable instances one sees, this phenomenon runs the whole scale from a virulent inferiority complex to plain justifiable self-respect, and sometimes the extremes seem to lie close together, as if the scale were marked on a circular dial. But most examples belong neither in the comic paper nor in the psychopathic ward. In the aggregate, they result merely in the monotonous effort of the traveler to elevate himself by depressing everything and everybody else.

The worst of it is, we bring it home with us. I don't mean crude boasting merely that we have been, seen and done, but travel conversation as a competitive game on the basis that the things I saw were superior to the things you saw. I, by hook or crook (usually by crook), get the conversational lead, and come out with a few modest cards in my long suit to explore the short suits of the others.

"Of course you saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes in the Pantheon."

"Oh, yes, aren't they—"

"And *did* you go to the Villa Stibbert while you were in Florence?"

"Yes, I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

"And I hope you went to Montefalco to see the Benozzo Gozzolis." (Meaning, I hope you didn't.)

"No, you see, we—"

"Well now, *that* is the one thing in Italy—"

It is quite simple so long as you can hold the lead. Your opponent cannot run down the Benozzo Gozzoli frescoes at Montefalco because he has not seen them. It makes no manner of difference what it is; so long as he has not seen it, it is infinitely superior to anything he has seen. A few special privileges, however

worthless on the spot, are aces and trumps in this conversational game. "Of course you didn't see the inside of the Chateau. We had a letter to the Duc from a mutual friend, and, my dear, you should have *seen* . . ."

What went ye out for to see? Why go at all if everything you see is the subject of endless complaint? Obviously because subjects for complaint are what we seek. The endless complaint abroad is the assertion of superiority which is valueless at home where we are known for what we are. It is like the double X on a twenty-dollar bill, a prodigious boast for a mere scrap of paper. The traveler leaves home with the fixed idea "I and mine are infinitely superior to thee and thine." He reiterates that idea over half the world, and comes back with the proof in his pocket. What went ye out for to see? You carried it in the apple of your eye, and saw it everywhere you looked. It's all in your eye anyway. We go away from home to see things that are different. When we find them we scorn them because they are not the same. We just knew they wouldn't be, and now we know it.



A PLEA FOR PAUPERS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

HAVING recently, in the Lion's Mouth, sprung sturdily to the defense of millionaires, it is now only fair that I should make a plea for paupers. I should state at once, however, that I have in mind not so much the paupers that we have already with us (including possibly both the writer and the reader of this article) but a curious brand of pauper that seems to flourish everywhere except in the United States. My idea, in short, is that our local pauperarchy has become very an-

tiquated and that we should do something to bring it up to date.

As certain circumstances (see Paragraph One) have forced me for a number of years to remain in a single township, it is only natural that I should have become an incurable addict of travel books, and having, I believe, read every such book written since Sir John Mandeville, I have been able to notice a peculiar change of technic. Previous to about 1895 practically every travel book was little more than a diary of the grand tour. You could open almost any such volume at random and read something about as follows:

The next morning, through the kindly offices of our friend Count Cardiff, we were given cards to the Chamber of Deputies and as Bleriot was scheduled to speak on the army revisions we attended with much eagerness. The ex-minister and stormy petrel of Alsatian politics is a man of most commanding presence . . .

Travel books of this era were, like the *Iliad*, essentially catalogues of courts and kings, but since that date there has been a complete revolution both of locale and point of view. First came what one might call the bungalow school of writing. Titles such as *Three Years Under the Scimitar* and *An Architect's Wife in Mysore* began to blossom on the book shelves, but while such books did indeed seek out the lesser known places and really tried to give closer glimpses of "native life," yet fundamentally the point of view remained the same. The picturesque intimacies were largely the difficulties of obtaining proper toilet soap and, although the kings, ambassadors, and opera singers no longer appeared, yet the district inspectors, the "compound" doctors, and the lady missionaries took their places.

Something still remained before one could get the true perspective and, headed by that Daniel Boone of modern travel writers, Mr. Harry Franck, there arose a group of hardy penmen who

burned their bridges, destroyed their baggage trains, and pushed triumphantly over the barrier. Equipped only with a pair of puttees and a third-class ticket, these pioneers got right down to the soil. They put up at the native *gumlas*, they stoked tramp steamers in the China Sea, they were kicked out by white men in Johannesburg, and they had the measles in Penang. Apparently there remained no barriers to conquer; but where there is a "left" there is bound to be an extreme left, and at last appeared the ultimate travelers who were willing to give it shape. To them the stokehole was as crass and materialistic as the captain's table, the third-class ticket as Victorian as the *wagon lit*. In Arabia, in the South Sea Islands, and at last, oddly, in our own suburban West Indies arose writers who were willing to throw away even the puttees. In their place they put on the bernous, the pakha, or the loin cloth and simply went native.

To these ultra moderns, or ultra primitives, we owe the discovery of the last word in paupers and, as they all seem to agree on the type, it must really exist. For, just as you can open one of the books of the 'nineties and be certain to discover a chapter on "Paris Under the Empire," so can you open one of these newer books in the absolute assurance of a chapter headed "Bhng Ali" or "Matu" or "Hilario," and thenceforth this character will run away with the book.

Bhng Ali, or Matu, or Hilario is, in brief, an outcast, a vagabond, and in the social register of his seaport or his island his standing is about eight degrees less than nil. To the modernistic point of view, however, this makes him the one person in the place worth cultivating. "Puerto de Oro"—or "Paramaibo"—or "Aden," we learn, "is like a thousand other places stretched up and down the length and breadth of the equator. It is crammed with Fords, electric lights, ice plants, and the inevitable Cosmopolitan Club where Eng-

lish administrators, German pearl buyers, and engineering graduates from Cornell flock nightly in white duck to drink endless 'rickies.' Some of them have been twenty years in Alo and have not yet the slightest glimpse of the real soul of the place."

But Matu, or Bhng Ali, or Hilario—Ah! he is different, and the author's first introduction shows how different he is. One day the author finds his suspenders missing and the following conversation takes place:

Author: "Matu, a strange thing has happened. My britch-hitches (suspenders) are oon-la (missing, or gone). Come-tell (come, tell me) how could this be?"

Matu (with great surprise): "What? The excellency's britch-hitches? P'haps an arno (a small native rabbit) has eaten them up."

Author (with great cunning): "Matu, here is a two-franc piece. If the rabbit brings back the britch-hitches, it will not be necessary to tell the big shield-shoot (chief of police)."

Needless to say, this clever ruse works to perfection, and the next morning the suspenders are back in place; but lest this may give a wrong idea of Matu's character, it is then explained that it was not really stealing on his part. "The native of Alo is, at heart, scrupulously honest, but he has a very intricate code. He will never steal, for example, from his own wife, or from a beggar who has nothing. He will never touch a thing belonging to a known murderer or bad man (who is regarded as sacred), but transient whites are looked upon as fair game. If Matu had known how long I was going to be on the island he would never have touched a thing belonging to me." It is, you see, all part of the aboriginal mind, a thing we of an artificial civilization cannot hope to understand.

But the author understands him. He talks with him, draws him out, and if he is a true modernist he takes off his shirt and goes and lives with him. Matu, he

lets us see, is nature's child, the unspoiled heir of ten thousand generations when men lived in caves and druidical forests and communed with the gods. Matu is wise in everything. He knows things about the white people—queer, secret things—that they do not know themselves. He gets news over the tom-tom telegraph; the secrets of the reef and the jungle are his, and he has a supreme scorn for the puppets placed in local authority. Towards the end of the book the author gets his supreme reward. At last Matu consents to tell him the native folklore, especially that famous and utterly pointless story beginning, "One time, long 'go, witch woman live up in the mo'ntains (mountains) with her son—"



But here we must leave Matu, for it must be remembered that we started out primarily not to describe him but to wonder why we do not have any like him up here in New England or in Oregon or in Batavia, N. Y. But haven't we? To state a problem is frequently to solve it, and in describing Matu it has suddenly dawned on me that I have done no more than draw a picture of Willie Wheeler. For Willie Wheeler is our local Matu. Any stranger coming to our village from Aden or Guayaquil or Van Dieman's Land would be sure to find him in front of the post office and, given half a chance, the stranger's suspenders would be gone inside of an hour.

In fact Willie specializes in strangers as, I suspect, Matu did, himself. It is a common thing, when anyone comes here from New York or Boston and, starry-eyed, buys a "priceless little abandoned farmhouse," to see Willie working furiously around the premises—for the first

week. And tom-tom telegraph? And folklore? Matu would hang his head in shame if he could only hear Willie. Willie has inside information about every public event and he can tell you the secret history of every family in town. There is no trade, profession, or sport at which he is not an expert and, like Matu, he has only contempt for the selectmen, the sheriff, and the other nincompoops whom accident has placed in power. The only trouble with Willie is that, when put to the test, he cannot really do any of the things that he says he can do, and his vast knowledge is either third-hand or utterly wrong.

For this reason I fear that those of us who have known Willie from birth are under the same handicap as those white-duck veterans of the Cosmopolitan Club who did not seem to give Matu the attention that he deserved. Like them, we are inhibited by old acquaintance from true appreciation of the native soul and we also are somewhat inclined to stick to our rickies. To get the best out of Willie, three weeks is more than ample and preferably three days.

Yet it seems a shame that poor Willie does not have the same chance as Matu and Bhng Ali and Hilario. The only helpful suggestion that I can offer is that someone might establish a sort of system of exchange professorships between countries very far apart on the globe. If, for example, some hopeful young writer from Nyganza Province would like to come here and take up with Willie, I would be glad to see that they met. On the other hand the same benevolent foundation might send me to talk with Matu. But, no, on second thoughts I think that I should like some type a little less familiar than that.



Editor's Easy Chair

THE NEW INQUISITION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TWO very large and serious matters await handling by the people of the United States. One is the War Debts. The other is the New Inquisition.

As to the War Debts—the moneys due us from our Allies in the late disturbance in Europe—it is questioned by many observers whether we do well to continue to try to collect even so much of them as now, after some abatements, is found to be due us. The justice of the collections is not so much debated as the expediency. Many persons, by no means moved by sentimental considerations, think we should have done better, might still do better, to wipe the whole mass of War Debts off the slate. Secretary Mellon, thought by so many people to be rather canny about money, suggested several years ago that good trade relations with Europe were worth more than all these debts. If the four gentlemen from the United States who at this writing are trying to settle the reparations problems of Europe had power to do as they thought fit about these moneys due to the United States from their late Allies, we might have a real solution of incalculable value. For these four Americans are large-minded men, not scared by rows of figures and used to voluminous transactions. What they would agree upon would probably be wise and just; but their powers are limited, and they can use only what they have. Some great rumpus in the world such as now and then gives power to govern-

ments to spend the taxpayers' money in war may presently confer on our government or its representatives the power to cancel or reduce these debts; but until then they seem likely to drag along, impeding the reorganization of Europe and embarrassing the relations of nations.

It does not take any great degree either of foresight or far sight to remark that the relations of the United States with the two greatest nations of Western Europe are especially important by reason of the disturbed state of the world. In Europe Italy is experimenting with a remarkable Absolutist, or perhaps it would be nearer truth to say that a remarkable Absolutist is experimenting with Italy. Spain leans in the same direction—towards the substitution of authority for representative government. Turkey and Russia are speculating with the same formidable principle. In Germany apparently the party that cleaves to representative government is strong and hopeful, but there is another party, also pretty strong, that seems still to adhere to the persuasion which carried Germany into the Great War. Beyond the Ural Mountains, and all the way to the Pacific Ocean, there is a great unrest and unusual military activity. Who then stands for civilization on the basis of Democracy, the basis on which still rests the Government of the United States? Who but Great Britain and her Dominions and Colonies, France, Swit-

zerland, the Low Countries, and the Scandinavian peoples? Divers newly made kingdoms or republics in Central Europe should doubtless be included in that group, but the powerful factors in it are France, Great Britain, and the United States, who have common interests in the world and would have to get together again if anything happened which was serious enough to warrant it.

All this is a consideration when we think about War Debts, though to act upon it is difficult until something happens to make action imperative.

OUR other big job is to deal with the New Inquisition. We were threatened, when Mr. Hoover came in, with a drive to crush out the opposition to the Dry edict. The Jones Law gives power to judges to punish trifling offenses against the Volstead Act by fines of ten thousand dollars and five years' imprisonment. What that amounts to we are about to ascertain since it has just begun to be effective. A group of lawyers in New York, shocked by the possibilities of the injustice and oppression in this new law, offered to undertake without charge the defense of persons in danger of injustice under its terms, whereat arose cries of rage from the leading inquisitors. Cherrington and Poland were shocked at the temerity of these lawyers; Mrs. Willebrandt yapped at them. Clinton Howard, Chairman of the National Law Enforcement Committee, would have them not only disbarred but tried for treason. Nevertheless, they are quite respectable characters as well as lawyers in excellent standing. In the first case hereabouts under the Jones Law the culprit pleaded guilty and got three months in the Federal House of Detention; but the Judge said he would not be so lenient again and that future defendants would be given at least six months in the penitentiary. That prospect may deter arrested persons from pleading guilty and, if they have a jury trial and are represented by competent lawyers, it

will be interesting to see how many cases come to trial, what verdicts the juries bring in, and whether the existing Federal courts can handle the liquor cases that come to them without prejudice to other duties.

Senator Wesley Jones, the author of the Jones Law, has had his picture in the paper and his biography published. Jones, it seems, is a Senator from the State of Washington. He is said to know a good deal about agriculture, shipping, commerce, irrigation, and other matters that come before Congress, but to have very little personal knowledge of rum. He is a hard-working, clean-living person and, noticing that there has been an Amendment to the Constitution and a law passed to stop drinking, he thought that drinking ought to be stopped and put his mind on devising means to stop it.

Torquemada seems to have been a nice man, very correct in his personal habits, not embarrassed by a seraglio, no accumulator of personal money from estates forfeited through his activities, and altogether a respectable character. He thought that people ought to believe what he believed and the Roman Catholic Church required, and his mind was hospitable to charges against Jews. He was able to pull the leg of Queen Isabella, a pious woman without much sense, and got enormous power, which he used for the detection, examination, and extermination of heretics. Possibly in Spain in his day he had a considerable popular support. He made interesting spectacles, and the King and Queen regarded him as a holy man. He could reward as well as punish. The people on his side of the theological fence probably approved of him, but he was never a really good asset of the Roman Catholic Church. Even the Popes of his time were chary of supporting him. He was useful in that he personified the horrible consequences which may ensue in giving power to clergymen over the lives and property of their fellow-creatures.

That is what Congress did when it passed the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act and now lately the Jones Law. It gave power to clergymen over the lives and property of their fellow-creatures. They can use the secular arm to carry out their judgments, just as the Inquisition could and did. The Federal prisons are crammed to-day with persons convicted for the violation of these laws imposed on us chiefly at the instigation of the Methodist and Baptist clergy. Prohibition, as we see it, is the product of the Baptist and Methodist churches. Even Doctor Fosdick supports it for the Baptists; and for the Methodists there are thousands of clergymen including bishops, shouting hymns, preaching sermons, and carrying fagots for the executioners.

This is really an appalling situation. Nobody is going to start an armed rebellion about it, but we may see all the means employed by which minorities resist oppression. Hunger strikes have done something in some cases. We may see hunger strikes. It is curious that when a great evil has to be overcome it often happens—one may say it usually happens—that someone has to die to do it. Jones, of Washington, seems to be a reputable man, but think of him as making laws about drinking for the State of New York! The cure of the predicament in which Prohibition has put the country seems to be the substitution of mild and comparatively wholesome drinks for spirits poisoned or otherwise. The United States can produce very good wine in any quantity for which there is a market, also beer. It can probably regulate the sales of both so far as is expedient. Presumably that is what we shall come to in the end, but what these zealous fanatics will succeed in doing to us meanwhile is something no one can foretell.

Meanwhile very serious complications constantly arise. At this writing a ship of Canadian registry has been sunk by a Coast Guard vessel in the Gulf of Mexico, one of the crew drowned and

the rest of the crew carried in irons to New Orleans. The vessel sunk was undoubtedly in the business of bootlegging, but whether she was near enough shore to make her a lawful subject of the attentions of the Coast Guard is at this writing still undetermined, and further proceedings are awaited with lively interest. In Aurora, Ill., on March 25, Mrs. Lillian D. King was shot and killed by Dry agents in her home and in the presence of her son and her unconscious husband. The Dry agents, it appears, had broken into the house on false information and clubbed the husband into insensibility. New outrages of like character transpire daily.

The battle against the saloons was a righteous fight. The saloons were a nuisance. The liquor dealers and the brewers thought, with few exceptions, about nothing except to extend their traffic and make money. By advertisement and by the opening of innumerable saloons they constantly enlarged their sales. Their operations were under the control of government by taxation and a license system, but they were not controlled enough. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act put these lawful rum sellers and beer sellers out of business. That was what the Anti-Saloon League professed to wish to do, but that was really only part of its purpose, which was really to suppress the use of all alcoholic stimulants whatever in the United States. That has so far seemed to be beyond the power of the League and of the laws they have secured. The effort to dry up the whole country has produced crime and disorder to a calamitous degree. The effort has been, not to make laws suited to the people affected by them, but to remake the people to suit the laws. That effort runs into formidable difficulties. In Michigan a law which made felonies of breaches of the Volstead Act and provided drastic punishments for successive offenses brought down a life-sentence on a mother of children and

excited such disgust that it had to be repealed. Wisconsin, in a referendum, has gone Wet by a huge majority.

The great defect of the inquisitors, the leaguers, and the supporters of the Methodist Board of Morals is their lack of understanding of human life. The Christ whom they claim as their religious leader had this understanding, and that is the great strength of the religion that He founded. These Methodists and Baptists who have invented new felonies and let loose the police on us are apostate Christians. Their backs are turned on the spirit and the teachings of the Master. They profess to be good; all fanatics profess to be good; but the verdict of history on fanaticism is not very flattering. It does not favor Torquemada, and it will not be overloaded with eulogies of Wayne B. Wheeler (a layman) and his clerical backers. People have been fooled into supposing that in giving support to Prohibition and Volstead they are upholding righteousness. Twenty centuries ago in Judea the greatest claimants to righteousness were the sect of Pharisees, denounced by Christ in stinging words that have come down through the ages without abatement of their force. Prohibition as we know it, as we see it, is profoundly un-Christian in purpose and method. To say that, is to indicate the reason why it is bound to fail. Its psychology is wrong.

What is there then to do? Shall opponents of Volstead, and possibly of the Amendment, organize as the Drys did, concentrate on one purpose and bring to bear upon legislators an influence that will offset the coercion of the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Morals? That would be one way. Possibly resort will be had to it, but it may not be necessary. It may be that public opinion and the impossibility of enforcing the present laws in communities that do not approve them may compel revision. It has become evident that to enforce laws to determine what people shall drink in communities op-

posed to such interference is a greater evil than the drinks concerned. Many people think that the fight against the Drys is a fight for rum. In some cases it is, but in many other cases drinks are not the main consideration. For the better and more formidable characters who are out to beat the Drys the fight is one against clerical despotism, against men who in the name of Christ attempt to regulate life by means abhorrent to the Christian spirit. That is not a new thing in the world. The Puritans tried it in England and New England. The Roman Catholic Church has often tried it. The Jesuits have shown remarkable examples of it as in Paraguay, the Mormons have done pretty well at it. If you can get an obedient people under the domination of religious leaders who have some business sense, you can produce remarkable results in industry and external deportment, but do such gains last? They may last long enough for the consummation of a special purpose. The discipline of an army may be maintained while a war lasts; the discipline of a nation, even though it is harsh, can be maintained throughout an emergency; but in the long run, and especially with peoples used to self-government, compulsion cannot win.

What is going to happen when the worm turns? What is going to happen as the popular opinion spreads that despises the informers, the wire-tappers, the dry agents with guns, the Coast Guard ships with more guns, the Methodist and Baptist clergy and the various other clergy, and Henry Ford and divers magnates of Big Business who are so ruthless and insistent in their effort to dry up a world incurably moistened by its Maker? The Promised Land of the children of Jacob was pictured as flowing with milk and honey. The Promised Land these agents aforesaid picture to us is one flowing with milk and water. Somehow the vision does not seem to excite the enthusiasm requisite to make it come true.



Personal and Otherwise



SELDOM has the social value of freedom of opinion been as eloquently set forth as by *Harold J. Laski* in the leading article of this issue. Professor Laski is one of the most brilliant of English students of politics. In his twenties—shortly after his graduation from New College, Oxford—he served as lecturer in history at McGill and at Harvard; since 1920 he has been connected with the London School of Economics, where he now holds the title of professor of political science. He is also vice-chairman of the British Institute of Adult Education. His publications run all the way from *The Problem of Sovereignty* (published in 1917, when he was only twenty-four years old) and *Authority in the Modern State* (1919) to recent volumes such as *A Grammar of Politics* and *Communism*; he has also edited books by those two earlier prophets of liberty, Burke and John Stuart Mill. For recent issues of this Magazine he has written upon “The American Political System,” “Foundations, Universities, and Research,” and “The Academic Mind.”

Many of *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's* previous articles will be remembered by our readers; they have included “The Market Value of a Paris Divorce,” “Feminist: New Style,” “Whom God Hath Joined,” and “The Mockery of American Divorce.” Mrs. Bromley now turns from the general problem of marriage and divorce to that of maternal mortality. Her article was written with the co-operation of Dr. George W. Kosmak, editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, and Dr. John Osborne Polak, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Long Island Medical College, and has been endorsed by them.

From time to time during the past year or two *Philip Curtiss* has sent us contributions to the Lion's Mouth (and he appears again in that department this month); but it is

long since his gift for comedy has resulted in a HARPER story. “The Honorable Charley,” however, is worth waiting for. Mr. Curtiss, author of *Crater's Gold*, *The Gay Conspirators*, etc., lives in Norfolk, Connecticut.

Those who read *Hiram Motherwell's* article last July in which he foretold an accord between Mussolini and the Vatican, must have been impressed, when the accord was finally reached, by the substantial accuracy of his prediction. The chief point of divergence was in the size of the Papal territory, which as finally determined was somewhat smaller than he had predicted. Mr. Motherwell now ventures a prophecy more conjectural but more sensational. As Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* during four years of the Mussolini regime, Mr. Motherwell had full opportunity to learn the ins and outs of present-day Italian politics. Since his return to this country he has been editing the Theatre Guild's new magazine, being as interested in the affairs of Broadway (witness his book, *The Theatre of Today*) as in those of the Chigi Palace.

Stella Benson's present story does not present the perplexities found in “The Man Who Missed the Bus,” many different interpretations of which have been sent to us by those who enjoyed it. Miss Benson (the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson) is an English novelist of rising reputation, author of *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc. She has lived in many parts of the world and frequently visits this country, her most recent visit having been during the past winter. Her latest publication is *Worlds Within Worlds*, a volume of essays.

Last month *Albert Jay Nock* wrote for us on the economic differences between the United States and Great Britain (“Mr. Smith and Mr. Smythe”); now he apologizes for the human race. As our regular readers

are aware, Mr. Nock is the former editor of the *Freeman*, the author of a biography of Thomas Jefferson, and a frequent contributor to HARPER'S, who spends most of his time in Europe.

The headnote to "The Death of Marcel Proust" gives the essential facts about *Marie Scheikéviitch*, whose account of Proust's last days is a remarkable picture of the single-minded devotion of a great artist to his art.

Frederic F. Van de Water's picture of a college class reunion is descriptive of the Commencement orgies of so many colleges and universities that it seems hardly fair to mention his personal affiliations. But since he speaks of his own college career we may be forgiven for stating that he went to New York University and Columbia. He is a former New York *Tribune* columnist (who signed his column F. F. V.), the author of books written round the New York State Police, and an able magazine writer; last September he contributed to HARPER'S some remarks on chivalry entitled "My Son Gets Spanked."

For a detailed account of *Jack Black's* career as a professional criminal and prison inmate the reader is referred to his absorbing book, *You Can't Win*. It is now many years since Mr. Black "went straight" as the result of getting a light sentence from a California judge who might have given him a life term but realized that he had good stuff in him. If anyone knows the criminal mind, it is Mr. Black. He is now living in New York.

As we stated last month when we published "The Plate," *Henri Duvernois* is one of the leading French dramatists and short-story writers.

Far from being herself a spinster, *Margaret Culkin Banning* is a wife and the mother of two children; but being an alert and thoughtful observer, she gives to the predicament of the unmarried woman, in an age when jobs are plentiful but not always completely satisfying, the same sort of penetrating analysis that she gave (last October) to the predicament of "Extra Ladies." Mrs. Banning has contributed to HARPER'S many short-stories as well as articles, and has writ-

ten several novels, of which the latest is *Money of Her Own*.

Harry Hansen, in his HARPER department "Among the New Books," recently referred to *Gamaliel Bradford* as "the man who has done most to honor biographical writing in the United States." Mr. Hansen was speaking of Mr. Bradford's new book, *As God Made Them*, a collection of portraits of noteworthy Americans. Mr. Bradford has been working during the past few months on a new series of portraits of women, which will ultimately appear in book form with the title of *Daughters of Eve*. One of these portraits, dealing with George Sand, we have already published; another, of Sarah Bernhardt, appears this month; a third, of Ninon de L'Enclos, we shall bring out in an early issue.

John Crowe Ransom, defender of the tradition of the Old South, a one-time Rhodes Scholar from Tennessee, is now professor of English at Vanderbilt University at Nashville; he is also the author of several books of verse, and we have published some of his poems in HARPER'S.



It happens that the five poets of the month are all women. *Ethel Kelley*, who contributes a two-page group of sonnets which she calls "A Cape Cod Sequence," divides her time between New York and Dennisport, Massachusetts (and writes in the Dennisport idiom); she is the author of *Wings* and other novels. Of the others, *Margaret Emerson Bailey* and *Helene Margaret* both appeared last month: Miss Bailey teaches school in New York, lives at New Canaan, Connecticut, and has written many short-stories for HARPER'S and other magazines; Miss Margaret sends her verse from Omaha. *Mary Brent Whiteside*, author of *The Eternal Quest and Other Poems*, is a Georgian; *Henriette de Saussure Blanding* (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a frequent contributor, is a Californian.



Philip Curtiss, the first writer in a long time to make a double appearance in the Magazine, has already been mentioned

above. With him in the Lion's Mouth appears *Robert Palfrey Utter*, professor of English at the University of California.



Norbert Heermann is an American artist a group of whose studies of Italian types, painted at Capri, have recently been shown in New York and elsewhere. Since we selected one of them—"Concetta"—as the frontispiece of this issue, the painting has been purchased for the Cincinnati Art Museum.



In our last issue we spoke too soon of the unanimity of praise which greeted "Seeing Women As They Are." Listen to this retort to Professor Allport from a masculinist in California, where men (it appears) are no longer men, though they ought to be:

I am not a psychologist, but it may be that I am as well or better qualified than you to pass upon the primary assumptions upon which your article is based. You bemoan "the discriminating rules that hamper women in so many fields" and seem to think that the sex is still in some way being terribly downtrodden, deprived, enslaved, and otherwise done to death. Now, I don't know just what your experience or environment is or by what processes of ratiocination you arrive at such a palpable transposition of the fundamental facts. From where I am sitting all the facts appear just the reverse. You are wrong from the very start in postulating women as the wronged sex in America. The need to-day is not "to give the ladies a chance" but to give the boys and men a chance. The transposition of the intellectual and social status of the sexes and the consequent disintegration of manly fiber in our country during recent decades surpasses anything ever recorded in history. We are passing through an era (European writers know this well enough, being in a position to view us in perspective) of sybaritism, effeminacy, and masculine decadence in which manhood and concomitant spiritual values can scarcely exist at all. It is time the men were clubbing together and driving the wenches back into the home where they belong, rather than luring them further into masculine pursuits.

Why mention "male superiority"? Unfortunate phrase. Undoubtedly we are different and, it may be, superior in some things, but the term you employ can only stimulate the women to a further invasion of men's affairs in order to "prove" that

they are equal. The whole woman movement from its very inception has, in fact, largely arisen because of ideas of this kind placed in their heads by male writers who in doing so betrayed their own sex and civilization as well.

You seem to have a peculiar peeve against any form of masculinity. This sentence, for instance, where you are speaking of the modern boy: "He displays toward his sister, and toward girls in general, an overbearing tolerance or a mild contempt." This you characterize as an "assertion of exaggerated masculine bravado." Well, man, what would you have? A boy must be a boy as a man must be a man. The attitude that you describe, granted that it exists, though I have not seen it much in evidence of late, is biological evidence that the male is different and, it may be, superior. Would you emasculate the male entirely and turn the world over to a single generation of females?

I might quote you plenty of stuff out of the old religious and philosophical writings in which government was ascribed to man and the headship of the family established in the male. . . . "Scientific" men, however, usually place great credence in natural facts and as nature is probably your God I will only refer you to her. Is it not a fact that throughout the animal world the male sex dominates the female? It is true that there are a few exceptions in which the female is dominant, but these merely comprise the very lowest species of life and are representative of an institution that the Creator (or nature) found deficient at a very early stage in the scheme of the cosmos. In all higher species of animal life the male is and should be dominant.



Mr. Layman's frank discussion of the budget of a member of the English middle class has provoked many comments, of which the following, from a California reader, is characteristic:

It is some time since an article in the magazines has created such widespread interest and discussion among those of our acquaintance as "How the English Middle Class Lives" in the April *HARPER'S*. In noting the differences in habits of American and English people it is interesting to observe that the author of the article mentioned does not, in his budget, allow any amount for motoring. His income is £1,400 or about \$7,000 annually, and yet it does not even occur to him, seemingly, that any of this might go toward the purchase of an automobile. How different in America where the average family with half his income will appropriate \$500 or more, annually,

for motoring—more than the writer of the article pays for rent! One wonders whether to envy him or pity him.



A warm rejoinder to Mrs. Symes's "What Shall We Tell the Children?" in our April issue, from Edward D. Toland of Concord, New Hampshire:

I see a good deal of children.

I have three of my own, and I have been observing them for the past ten years in both the classroom and on the athletic fields in one of the biggest and best boarding schools in the United States. It is full of boys from the gilded sections of Long Island and Park Avenue—boys who do the Piping Rock stuff, burn the midnight gasoline, and attend just as many parties as Mrs. Symes's young hero who got loaded and then "sulked in a corner" because his girl friend wouldn't go back to his apartment with him at two o'clock in the morning.

What does Mrs. Symes mean by that story?

Did the girl in question really feel that she needed advice as to whether or not to accept an invitation to sleep with a plastered goof who admittedly made her "sick when he's drunk"? Does she mean that it really is poor sportsmanship according to modern standards not to accept such an invitation? Or does she mean that there wasn't a man at the party who would punish her escort for having made such a proposal? The situation seems simple enough to me. All that that girl needed to do was to tell her brother, father, cousin, anyone at all what had been said, and ask to be taken home. And Bill, the lounge lizard, would have had his block knocked off in the bargain.

Does Mrs. Symes seriously consider that Bill and the distressed maiden are representative of the 1929 point of view? Is society of to-day such that such a girl would be obliged to "meet him again and again in a society in which drunkenness is considered more amusing than taboo"?

I think not! Bill simply wouldn't be asked about any more in decent society. And he would need a few new teeth and some other facial repairs before he could go out again in any society.

I don't know what Mrs. Symes is trying to prove! She seems to take it for granted that nobody believes in God any more, and that there is no more reason or hope for preserving chastity among young unmarried persons than there is among Himalayan rabbits.

Granted that the young people of to-day know ten times more about sex than they used to, they

are frank about it, they have a more wholesome viewpoint about it—and they know how to take care of themselves. The whole thing is out in the open.

The boys that I see are frankly tired of going out—that is, in the Long Island way. They say, "I'm fed up with staying up till seven o'clock in the morning, and going to parties that don't ever start till midnight. I don't go to them more than about once or twice a month; and then only when I have to. I'd rather feel full of pep and get some exercise the next day."

As a matter of fact the girls are now complaining in both New York and London that the "nicer young men don't go to parties." They say that only "snakes" go; and that the decent men are busy working, and won't go out. This also holds in Chicago—and doubtless in other cities too.

On several occasions, during the last few years, I have had the experience of going to large parties and finding there boys still in Groton, St. Paul's, St. Mark's, etc., who were offered cocktails and champagne just like the grownup guests. All I can say is that I have seen just one of these boys get loaded; and he was a fairly poor egg to start with. The rest of them on all occasions behaved admirably. They all drank, but sensibly and in moderation. It is a matter of pride with them to handle the liquor problem sensibly; and for one of them to get drunk is simply regarded as playing the game unskillfully.



In contrast, here is a letter of downright enthusiasm from Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America:

In her article, "What Shall We Tell the Children?" Lillian Symes has frankly, and most interestingly, raised a question which can neither be ignored nor dodged successfully. We have had dodging enough. It's high time that the parents of this nation stood erect and fairly and squarely faced the issues involved.

What we urgently require is a realistic facing of, and at least an honest attempt at an answer to, the problems that ineluctably arise in every American home—whether the parents realize the situation or not. False pride and morbid "modesty" will not avail.

HARPER'S is to be congratulated on taking the lead in this pressing problem and, in the opinion of at least one "constant reader," no more honest and profoundly penetrating foundational study could be presented than that of Mrs. Symes in the April number.



Martin Lewis 1937

BUILDING A BABYLON

By Martin Lewis

Lentness of the Kennedy Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

A BUSINESS MAN'S CIVILIZATION

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

AS ONE grows older and, let us hope, wiser, one becomes more and more shy of easy generalizations and classifications. As one moves through one's world, the old generalized types, for example, of fiction and youth, standing for an "artist," a Frenchman, or an Englishman, break into the many and varying individual artists or Frenchmen or Englishmen of one's acquaintance, much as a ray of white light is broken into a rainbow of colors through a prism. But age and experience would be but poor substitutes for youth and freshness if they resulted only in bringing chaos to our minds, a substitution of multitudinous individuals for species and genus. If the old crude stock-in-trade types compact of ignorance and too facile generalizing have to be submitted to the spectrum of experience, individuals we find, in spite of seemingly baffling variety, do somehow combine to form distinct group-types, and in the national sphere characteristics emerge that set one nation off from another even though their millions of inhabitants may differ among

themselves almost more than some of them differ from foreigners. For a traveler constantly passing from one country to another and now long past the stage of mere romantic interest in the exotic, there is no more fascinating task than to attempt to establish the genuine characteristics of a nation out of the welter of individual impressions.

It would be absurd to contend that America offers a simple problem to the observer. If the scene is less varied than in some other countries, nevertheless, to see about one only Babbitts means that one is not an acute observer. But as one comes back to it again and again from foreign countries, with fresh eyes and new standards of comparison, one comes to simplify the civilization in some respects, as a scientist does the continent. To the lover of scenery the Long Island beaches, the Big Smoky Mountains, the prairies, the Arizona desert, the golden coast of California, or the glaciers of Alaska offer variety in plenty; yet the geologist finds North America the simplest of all the great continents in the basic lines of its struc-

ture. In the same way, as we penetrate below the surface variety of its social life, we begin to see that its civilization is equally remarkable as that of the continent itself for its extreme structural simplicity. This simplicity lies in the fact that it has come to be almost wholly a *business man's civilization*.

It may be asked why, in a modern industrial world in which everyone must have money to live, and in which most people are engaged in making it in one way or another, is America any more of a business man's civilization than that of any other country? The answer is to be found in a wide variety of social, economic, historic, geographic, and other factors. Let us, for example, contrast it with England, the country which I know best outside of my own, and where I happen to be writing at the moment. England has always been a great commercial and, for the last century, a great manufacturing country, the "nation of shopkeepers" in the eyes of European continentals. Business and trade are foundation stones of England's prosperity and power, yet English civilization, whatever it may one day become, is not as yet a business man's civilization in the same sense as is America's. The reason is that the influence of the business man here upon society has been limited by the presence of other and very powerful influences stemming from sources other than business and having nothing to do with it.

In the first place, there is that relic of feudalism, the aristocracy, including in its numbers, of course, many men and fortunes made by trade, but exerting its influence through a long tradition. It may be that "every Englishman loves a Lord"—though it is quite certain he does not worship him as do many American women—but it is true that the aristocracy exerts an influence upon the social manners and customs of the people at large which is incomparably greater than that exerted by the probably wealthier, but far less picturesque, untitled bankers, shipping merchants, iron

manufacturers, and what not. In the country—still the best source of English life, though fast passing—aristocracy and landed gentry possess so great an influence that if a *nouveau riche* wishes to become somebody, he does not take a great house and give costly entertainments in London but buys an estate somewhere in the "counties" and painfully tries to make his way among families that may have but a fraction of his own wealth.

Nor is the influence of these two great bodies of the aristocracy and gentry based solely on social position or snobbery. Of black sheep in both there have been plenty, but they still retain the best element in the feudal system, the duty of service. The broad lands of the feudal lord, unlike the stocks and bonds of the modern business magnate, were not his solely for pleasure. Just as his men owed service to him, so he owed physical protection to them; and he was not likely to retain his lands and castles long if he could not give it. A considerable part of the wealth and power of England is still in the hands of these landowners, large and small, who still perform in more modern ways the duties that go with their wealth.

Again, there is the Church of England, dependent for its existence and support not upon the gifts of business men but upon local taxation, age-long endowments, and the support of the State. The leading universities, for similar reasons, are independent of business to an extent impossible in America. Politics, the army, navy, and the diplomatic and civil services offer life-careers for the ablest of men. The professions, such as law and medicine, are still uncommercialized. A young man of ability and ambition may choose, depending upon his particular tastes or opportunities, among a dozen careers, not one of which has anything to do with business, and any one of which offers him as a possible reward all the prizes that a man can wish. The successful business man thus finds himself only one among many factors

influencing the manners, thought, and life of his time. His own contribution is absorbed into the varied and rich life of the nation made up of the ideals and outlook of many other types and classes in addition to his own.

In America from the beginning there has been an entirely different social scene, although in many respects it was more variegated in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than it is to-day. Neither the best nor the worst of feudalism, however, was transplanted to the colonies. We fell short of developing an aristocracy or a permanent landed gentry. With the exception of a few colonial experiments, there has never been an established church. Politics, save in a few rare cases, have ceased to attract first-rate men as a career, and there is none in either diplomacy, which is usually only an episode, or in the civil service, which holds no position worth striving for. The rewards of a lifetime spent in the army or navy are negligible. On the other hand, we have had the richest virgin continent in the world to exploit, and the prizes for a successful business career, measured in money and power, have been such as are undreamed of in European business. Generation after generation the opportunities, instead of becoming less, have become colossally greater. The result has been that most of the energy, ability, and ambition of the country has found its outlet, if not its satisfaction, in business.

Certain results have flowed from this fact. In the first place, human nature alters, perhaps, less than we wish it might. Two of its most persistent traits are love of distinction and the need to follow leaders. When in founding the nation we did away with all titles and badges, we opened the way in a fashion not anticipated to the social sway of the business man. We may note for example that the much despised stars and ribbons of the old aristocratic order in Europe have been replaced in America, where they are unconstitutional, by the innumerable ornaments of

the Mystic Shriners, the Order of Junior Mechanics, and other similar emblems. Theoretically, since the American and French Revolutions men have given lip-service to the doctrine of equality, but in reality everyone craves his own little share of social distinction, a something that will tend to set him somewhat above his neighbor. Founded if you like in vanity, it is, nevertheless, one of the most important elements in progress and conduct.

The great mass of men also tend to copy those above them, those who by common consent are the leaders of the nation or occupy the most enviable position in it. The youth of a savage and warlike tribe will emulate its great warriors and shape his life on theirs. In England, as we have seen, the genuine leaders of the aristocracy and gentry still exert a great influence upon the manners and outlook of those below them. In America these leaders have become the great business men. In their hands are the wealth and power of modern America. Their ideals, their manners, their ways of life, their standard of success are, therefore, those which the great mass of Americans, consciously or not, strive to make their own. In America, moreover, no Order of Merit, no Companionship of the Bath, no peerage is to be won as a symbol of a successful career. Men, as we have said, crave some badge as a tangible evidence of their distinction if they have attained it. For those not content with being a Master of a Grange Lodge or the High Priest of something-or-other wealth is the sole badge of success. All other orders in society having been swept away, and business as a career being the sole one that leads inevitably to power when successful, the business man's standard of values has become that of the civilization at large.

Owing in large measure to this, to the emphasis placed in America by the universities on equipment and plant, and to the constant need of money for endowments and upkeep, they also have

come under the sway of the successful business men to an extent undreamed of in Europe. If the equipment of European universities seems meager and poor in comparison with America, no one can claim that the work being done in them is inferior; and partly due to the smaller demands for money for constant building and expense, and partly to the presence in the European social system of important classes other than business men, the universities there are far more independent of business domination and ideals than they are with us. The entire religious system of the country, also, is in the same relation of dependence upon the business man. In the absence of any establishment of large endowments from the past, the churches of every denomination are dependent upon the richer members of their congregation for their support. As for politics, the relations between parties, legislatures, and the business interests are too notorious to call for specific comment. The dominant economic and social power of any country is bound to be the dominant political one. If agriculture, for example, is now the Cinderella of American prosperity and government interest, the cause is in part to be found in the fact that the number of men engaged in agriculture has dropped from 90 per cent of the total in 1790 to 36 per cent in 1910 and 29 per cent in 1920. The professions, as we shall note later, are also rapidly coming under the domination of the business man's type of civilization.

Thus unlike Europe, the business man with us finds himself the dominant power in the life of the nation and almost alone in his control over the direction of its entire life, economic, social, intellectual, religious, and political. It is a situation that, so far as I know, is unique in history and well worth analyzing.

II

First let us analyze the business man. Is there such a thing as a business

"type"? Thinking of all the variations among those one knows, much as one thinks of one's varied French friends, one may think it impossible to classify them under one head; but just, as contrasting one's French friends with English or Russian, a French type does emerge, so contrasting a man who is in business all his life with those engaged in other pursuits, a business type does also take form. Apart from initial tastes and nature, a man is bound to be molded by the aims, ideas, ideals, and whole nature of the career to which he devotes practically his entire energies and time. It is obvious that a poet or musician will react to the facts of existence differently from the way a steel manufacturer, an admiral, a high ecclesiastic, a politician, or a Supreme Court judge would do. All of them naturally have to provide themselves with a living, but the fundamental facts that regulate their reactions to the world about them are different.

For a business man that fundamental fact is, and is bound to be, *profit*. Having made money, the business man may be, as he often is, more generous and careless with it than an aristocrat or a churchman; but that does not alter the fact that the main function of his work, his main preoccupation, and the point from which he views everything connected with his work is that of a profit. For one thing, all men, whether they be poets, soldiers, diplomats, or department-store owners, crave, as we have said, success and recognition in their chosen field. The hallmark of success in business is the extent of profit a man gets out of it. An artist may find no public for his wares but, if he is doing great work, he will be supported by the opinion of his peers. A doctor may struggle in a country village with nothing but a pittance but he has the satisfaction of a noble work nobly done. A man like Asquith may spend his whole life in the service of his country and yet retire as prime minister with the income of a bank clerk. But a man who

spends his life in business and ends no wealthier than he began is voted a failure by all his fellows, even though he may have personal qualities that endear him to his friends.

This fundamental preoccupation with making a profit has been much emphasized by the shift of business from the individual to the corporate form. A man may do what he likes with his own and if he chooses to be quixotic he can be; but in the new triple relationship of workmen, executives, and stockholders in the modern corporation there has ceased to be personality anywhere. The American is a great believer in the magical power of words. The bare facts of business are now being covered over by the new American gospel of "service"; but when we analyze this, does it not merely come down to the obvious facts that the business man performs a highly useful function in society and that, so far as he can, he should see that the public gets its full money's worth? The fundamental need of profit remains. The professional classes—doctors, artists, scholars, scientists and others—may, as they often do, work for little or nothing at all, but, except in the rarest of personal instances, the business man is precluded from doing so. What stockbroker, manufacturing company, railway or electric light corporation, with all their talk about service, would ever consider running their business at a voluntary loss in order to render greater service or tide the public over a crisis? It cannot be done. It is profit first, and then, perhaps, as much service as is compatible with profit.

Now this primary and essential preoccupation with making a profit naturally tends to color a business man's view of his entire world, and is what, in my opinion, mainly differentiates business from the professions. Nor do I speak as an impractical intellectual. Of the last thirty years I have spent about one-half in business and half in professional work, and I realize the great difference, having

paid my monthly bills, between concentrating primarily on the work rather than the profit.

Moreover, dealing inevitably with material things and with the satisfying of the world's material wants, the business man tends to locate happiness in *them* rather than in the intellectual and spiritual unless he constantly refreshes his spirit away from business during his leisure. When the pressure of business on his time, or his concentration on it, becomes so great as to preclude his reasonable use of leisure for the development of his whole human personality, he is apt to become a complete materialist even if, as is now frequently not the case, he ever had it in him to become anything else. He may live in a palace, ride in the most luxurious cars and fill his rooms with old masters and the costliest manuscripts which his wealth can draw from under the hammer, but if he cares more for riches, luxury, and power than for a humanely rounded life he is not civilized but what the Greeks properly called a "barbarian."

Aside from narrowness of interests, the business man, from the nature of his major occupation, is apt to have short views and to distrust all others. It was once said, as superlative praise, of the late J. P. Morgan that he "thought in ten-year periods." Most business men think—and do well to do so as business men—in one- or two-year periods; the business man cares nothing for the tendency of what he is doing. This has been emphasized in the American business man by the vast extent of the natural resources with which he has had to deal and the recuperative powers of an active people in a half-settled continent. If, as he did in the northern Mississippi Valley, he can make his personal profit by ripping the forests off the face of half a dozen states in a decade, he is content to let those who come later look after themselves.

Nor is he any more solicitous about the social results of his activities. Ob-

viously, what interests the business man as a business man is a free hand to gather wealth as quickly as may be, combined with a guarantee that society shall protect him in that wealth once he has gathered it. He may steal the water resources of a dozen states but, once they are stolen, he is a defender of the constitution and the sanctity of contract. It is not hard to understand why the United States is the most radical country in the world in its business methods and the most conservative in its political!

Preoccupation with profit, again, tends to make a business man, as business man, blind to the æsthetic quality in life. A beautiful bit of scenery, such as Montauk Point, is for him merely a good site for a real-estate development; a waterfall is merely water-power. America's most successful business man, Mr. Ford, while rolling up millions by the hundred in profits, was content to turn out the ugliest car on the market. It was only when his profits were threatened that he turned to the consideration of beauty, and he would not have done so had it not promised profit. No sane business man in charge of a large business would do this. It is much the same with the cultivation of the business man's mind. Time is money, and anything which takes time and does not give business results is waste. But if you tell him that if he shows an interest in Keats he can probably land Smith's account—Smith being a queer, moony guy—or that if he will go to hear the "Rheingold" he can make a hit with that chap he has long been after, the effect will be magical. Innumerable advertisements of books or teaching of foreign languages will easily illustrate what I mean.

These and other qualities of the business man are his qualities *as* a business man. They are qualities that are bred in him by his occupation. Plenty of business men are much more than business men and outside of their offices and business hours have other qualities and other interests. But there is this to be

said. Society at large, including the business man himself, owes its opportunity for a fully rounded life mainly to those who have not been business men. What will be the effect on all of us of the growing dominance of the business type and of the hold which the business man and business ideals have attained upon our civilization?

III

Before we discuss this let me gladly admit that the business man's search for a profit has in many ways been of great cultural, as well as material, benefit to the community at large. I am by no means decrying business. If the business man has not, culturally, been a creator, he has done marvellous work as a middleman. In the phonograph and the radio, for example, the business man has brought the work of the scientist on the one hand and the musician on the other together in such a way that the lonely resident of a country village can listen to the symphony orchestra of perhaps a half dozen cities. The business man, indeed, does not care a rap whether Jones listens to a symphony or a prize fight, but he has given him an opportunity. Yet that opportunity could not come to Jones unless the abstract scientist, reaching the business man through the medium of the inventor, and the musical composer had both existed and done their work in a spirit quite remote from business. In a world entirely made up of business men (with the qualities of business men only) it is doubtful if either pure science or music would have existed.

Taking this cultural aspect of a possible business man's civilization worked out to its final result, first we may note several things. If modern business is not a profession—and I certainly do not believe it is—it, nevertheless, has become an intensely absorbing occupation. Moreover, like science and most of modern life, it has become highly specialized, both for workmen and executives. At no time before in the his-

tory of the world perhaps have the occupations of all men tended to render them so lopsided. Never before have leisure and a wise use of it been so necessary. The functions of the lawyer and doctor, even of the thinker and the artist, have become narrowed to only a small part of the field formerly covered by them. Compare for example a modern scientist in any branch with a Bacon, or a modern painter with men like Michelangelo or Da Vinci, easel painters, mural decorators, poets, architects, sculptors, military engineers, and other things by turns. The narrowing of the field of work for all men has greatly intensified the need of their finding opportunity for the development of other sides of their personalities in pursuits other than their major ones. This is most true of the business man because of the effect upon him of his work as contrasted with the professions and other careers. The danger lurks in exactly that situation; for the one who most needs, but least realizes, the value of leisure and culture, of a fully rounded personality, of what we may call humanism, is the one who has become the controller of the destinies of all.

In the remainder of this article we can but glance briefly at some of the effects already becoming visible of the dominance of business ideals. Let us take first the question of that leisure so essential from the standpoint of a humane civilization. In an economic civilization in which efficiency is the one great good, leisure will be considered as waste save in so far as it promotes the individual's productive capacity in his next stint of work. Having little use for a sanely occupied leisure themselves, our business spokesmen try either to confuse it in the public mind with idleness or to make people utilize it for the satisfaction of more material wants. Thus in his *American Omen*, which we may take as an ultra-expression of the new business ideal, Garrett says, speaking of leisure, that the American "does not know what to do with idleness. He does not under-

stand it. Generally it kills him." Again, speaking of adult education, he adds that "in England the intent of adult education is to give the wage earner a cultural interest to fill up his leisure time—nature study, astronomy, the physics and chemistry of everyday life, literature, perhaps. In Germany the intent is technical. In Denmark it is to stimulate the mind generally. In France there is not much of any kind. But," he adds triumphantly, "the American idea of adult education is to enable a man to find greater self-expression in his job." Certainly from the standpoint of humanism, of a fully rounded human existence, no comment on this business ideal is needed.

If it be claimed that Garrett does not speak responsibly for business, let us turn to another spokesman. Harvard University has taken the lead in giving its scholastic benediction to business, which it proclaims in stone over the entrance to its Business School, given to it by one of the richest men in America, to be "the oldest of the arts, the newest of the professions." Doctor Carver, professor of economics at Harvard, writes that in America "we may take a certain genuine satisfaction in the fact that we have no leisure class and are never likely to have one . . . though we do fall behind in those arts that are commonly cultivated by a leisure class . . . and must therefore content ourselves with such arts and graces as can be cultivated by busy people."

It is obvious, except to our "practical" business men, that there are many kinds of work, not only like the arts, needful for humanism, but like pure science, needful for business itself, that can be the fruit only of free time and of the absence of the need to turn the results into immediate cash. Yet here again we run counter to the new business ideals as promulgated by Professor Carver. "Generally with some exceptions," he writes, "the more useful the person the more he is paid," adding that "if a pupil shows a special aptitude for a kind of

work which is being overdone and poorly paid, to train the pupil for that work would be to condemn him to poverty, and no conscientious educator would care to do that. He must, in fact, train the pupil for a kind of work which is reasonably well paid." We need not add the recent dictum of another professor that the best standard of value of a piece of literary work is, after all, what it will fetch in the market, to see how the new leaven of the business ideals of profits and "service" are working in our academic minds. "The greater the service rendered, the greater is the personal income" (we may thus syllogize this idea), "therefore, we can estimate the service in terms of income, and (with no selfish philosophy, of course, only idealism) we must train our boys to make the largest incomes possible so that they may be sure they are rendering the greatest service to society." Q.E.D. Naturally the business men, whose badge of success is income, applaud such a theory, for it establishes indubitably that the owner of a cigar-store chain is infinitely more valuable to humanity than a Keats, even though from every past civilization the only things which remain of value to humanity are the creative works of those who were not business men; the business men of those days are as forgotten and indistinguishable as the leaves of yesteryears in Vallombrosa. Nothing could bring out more clearly than this barbarous syllogism and philosophy the difference between a humanistic and an economic civilization.

We may also note the changes occurring in the spirit of the professions as they conform themselves to the dominant note of a business man's civilization. That civilization, as we have said, cloaks its crudity under the name of service, yet even in the medical profession, perhaps as yet the least tainted, what is the service rendered as compared with a generation ago? Previous articles in HARPER'S have already dealt with the seriousness of the crisis which is over-

taking whole countrysides where no physician can now be found to labor for little pay, and the difficulties of finding medical service even in the cities at low cost or at moments inconvenient for the doctor, such as night calls. But if social service can be calculated in income, why not? If the theory is true, is it not a doctor's duty to leave a whole countryside to struggle without medical care if it can pay him only three or four thousand a year when in a city he can make twenty thousand if he gets in with the right people?

The same applies even more to the legal profession. The great prizes in this are for the most part now to be won only from the great business men and their corporations. A man may struggle in private practice for twenty years and not make in all that time what a more fortunate fellow may get as a retainer from a railroad or a water-power trust in one year. The business-civilization ideal of wealth as distinction would be a powerful influence tending to make the lawyer turn to business in any case, but now the new business philosophy of service measured by income makes that turning a social duty and salves the professional conscience.

Another profession, architecture, is beginning to feel the influence of the dominance of business. We have good architects in America—none better—but business does not give them their chance. Buildings are built to sell, and, being built on borrowed money on speculation, must be sold as quickly as possible. No chances can be taken on not pleasing the taste of the public. Moreover, in buildings every inch of space must be made to bring in rent. In every direction the architects' hands are tied. In many cases, partly from the spread of the business ideal of life and partly perhaps from despair, the architect has come to adopt the attitude expressed by one of the well-known ones recently. "As an architect," said Mr. Harvey W. Corbett, "I am really just a manufacturer of a commodity known as building space,

and my job, as I see it, is to make as attractive a package as is physically or æsthetically possible for me in view of all the conditions imposed." The consequence is that in architectural development America is falling so rapidly behind countries like Denmark, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even Russia, that after studying the new buildings, particularly the private houses in those countries, returning to America is almost like going back to the early Victorian age. I have not been to Russia, but the noted French architect Le Corbusier has recently gone there to investigate the new buildings and he reports of the Moscovites that "their works are a splendid outburst of lyrical poetry. They are poets in steel and glass." Much of the other new architecture I have seen and the marvellously interesting new bloom everywhere in the countries which I have named makes the American revamping of the English, Colonial, and Spanish types seem to belong to a past world. Plagiarism is a confession of sterility. Of all the new movement and the new method of living it entails, the American public is almost totally ignorant. The business man with an eye solely to an immediate profit, and the architect who considers himself a business man, "just a manufacturer of a commodity known as building space," are not likely to carry America far on any new road.

IV

Of the effect of a business man's civilization on the manners of society I have already written at length in "The Mucker Pose" in an earlier number of *HARPERS* and need not repeat what I said there. We may note, however, in passing, its effect on taste and habits. As for taste, a business civilization has as its core the idea of a money profit and of a material standard of values. Business men devote their tireless energy to creating new wants which their factories can supply. But two points must be noticed. One is that these wants which

they create and foster must be material or there is no manufacturing to supply them and no profit to the business man. If people wish to tramp about the countryside remote from motor cars, or read a book or go to an art museum or simply engage in intelligent conversation at home, the manufacturer is being robbed of a possible profit. The constant endeavor of modern business is thus to get people to fill up their leisure with *things*, things that can be made and sold. Another point with regard even to these things is, that the great profits being in mass production, the wants so scientifically created by advertising are such as may be made to appeal to the masses. The spiritual or æsthetic value of the new wants is thus made subordinate to the possibility of their being filled in quantity.

Some of the problems touched upon, as well as others which might be brought out did space permit, are world problems. Their special importance in America is due to the curiously lopsided development which American civilization has increasingly followed. With the unique position that the business man has there attained to impress himself upon the entire cultural life of the people, the danger of certain business tendencies is enormously increased as compared with other countries where the ideals and activities of the business man meet with checks from many other influences, contemporary or historic, in the civilization as a whole. Even if the American business man were alive to the enormous social responsibility of the position in which he finds himself, it is not likely that he could assume the role in civilization which has hitherto been taken by a dozen or so classes of other types, that he could include within himself all the springs to thought and action and all the checks and balances which a variety of social types have hitherto supplied. For one thing, the prime factor in business life, the need for making a profit, is at war with the spirit of all the arts and with what should be the spirit of the

sheer

professions. Again the training in taking short views, the ignoring of the future results of action beyond a reasonable period of profit, the subordinating to the thought of profit all the larger social implications of action, are among the characteristics of business as business that do not augur well for placing the supreme control of the entire national civilization in business hands. The business man, moreover, is merely a purveyor and not a creator of the real values of a civilization. If under his dominance the business philosophy indicated above takes—as it seems to be doing—increasing hold upon the universities and the people at large, it may be asked how long shall we have any creators?

If the fundamental idea underlying our civilization, its *primum mobile*, is to become that of a business profit, it is inevitable that we shall decline in the scale of what has hitherto been considered civilization as contrasted with barbarism in the Greek sense. The Harvard professor may dismiss lightly the loss of the "arts and graces," but if his doctrine of the valuation of social service in terms of income is to become established, is it not much more likely to be lost than the "arts and graces"? What becomes of the artistic spirit, of the professional spirit, of the pure scientific spirit? The American is apt to think of his own country as in the van of at least everything material and of Europe as negligible; but even in the things considered distinctly American we are falling behind. That we have recently lost the speed record both on land and water with that special darling of America, the gasoline engine, may not be important, but it will surprise most Americans to know that both the fastest and average speed of all trains in England and some parts of the Continent are higher than in America. In aerial passenger routes America is far behind

Europe, where the whole continent is covered with a network of aerial routes used as readily as we use trains at home.

I have touched at some length on architecture because it was not many years ago that we were hoping for a genuine renaissance that should have its beginning in America, and because we have, as I said, some absolutely first-class architects. The present renaissance, however, has come wholly in Europe from men like Le Corbusier in France, Gropius in Germany, or Oud in Holland, with their enthusiastic followers. We have had so little to do with it and are sharing so little in it that the most recent pronouncement on the new movement there dismisses the United States in three lines as offering nothing of theoretical value.

Civilizations rest fundamentally upon ideas. These ideas to be effective must be those of the dominant classes in the civilization. In making the business men the dominant and sole class in America, that country is making the experiment of resting her civilization on the ideas of business men. The other classes, dominated by the business one, are rapidly conforming in their philosophy of life to it. The business man, in so far as he is more than a business type, in so far as he is a fully rounded personality (as, I repeat, many of them now are), owes that development of himself outside his work to the work of other classes in the past or present. If those classes become merged in his own, whither can even he himself look for his extra-occupational development? If the leaders are not humanely rounded personalities, civilized rather than barbarian, what shall be expected of the mass which patterns itself upon them? In a word, can a great civilization be built up or maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of a profit?



WHISKY BELOW DECKS

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUM SCHOONER'S MATE

AS TOLD TO HOWARD LINN EDSALL

This narrative is set down by Mr. Edsall virtually as it was told to him by a seafaring man of his acquaintance. "I have neither deviated from the facts nor amended them," says Mr. Edsall. "I verified my impressions by reading the manuscript back to him, to blue-pencil any scraps of falsity in the slight emotional interpretation. He was satisfied with the texture of the story as you see it. It is his story." — *The Editors.*

MY SECOND mate's license did not help me secure a berth on either steam or sail during the winter of 1925, and toward the middle of the summer I was seriously considering taking a coastwise run as quartermaster on a tanker, just to get the feeling of some kind of a deck under me. And my money was getting low, too.

Then one day in a Philadelphia restaurant I encountered a shipping agent whom I knew. We exchanged troubles over our coffee, and it didn't take him long to realize that I wanted a job—any kind of a sea-going job.

"You've sailed, haven't you?" asked the shipping agent. "Jimmie, how'd you like to go mate of a schooner?"

"I'll go mate of anything, believe me. Where's she going, and what's the pay—not that I give a Continental."

"She's bound for Halifax, and the pay is to be a matter between yourself and the skipper. He wants—a certain kind of man. He's down at my office now. It's really lucky you came along, because in a way I'm scouting around for a man he can use."

I knew by Captain Jack Tanner's grip and his face that he was a man I could like. He had the steady blue eyes and teak-stained features I always want to see in command; and his medium-sized body really placed him in the heavy-weight class, though he seemed twenty

pounds lighter because of his quick movements. He'd look out for his mates and his crew, I thought.

"Hullo," he greeted. "Back later, Dix—maybe"—nodding to the agent. "Let's talk it over."

We went outside for our chat. Captain Tanner had sized me up and he wasted no time coming to the point. I was almost, but not quite, startled at his frankness.

"I'm sailing a rum-runner. Want to go mate with?" he said, naming a salary that appealed to my commercial instincts—if a sailor can be said to possess any. "I fly the British flag and don't go inside the twelve-mile limit in U. S. waters."

"When do I sign on?"

I thought I saw Captain Tanner smile ever so slightly, but he said nothing. We walked to the British consul's office, and twenty minutes later I was mate of the schooner *Pearl*, bound for Nassau, New Providence, in ballast—not Halifax, you'll notice, as he had told the agent.

"Now, then," suggested the skipper as we left the consul's office, "I'm a stranger in Philadelphia, so if you know where we can get something to drink, we'll have one to the success of our voyage, um?"

I led him to a place close by where we spent an hour and really became acquainted. The skipper had been in the

same outfit during the War, but not in the same company. That gave us something in common, and we got chummy enough—up to a certain point. But Captain Tanner gave me very few details about the coming voyage. For once I suspected the truth. He didn't know too much himself. He was merely taking orders.

The next morning found us on the train heading for a small inlet, town, or village on the Delaware between Wilmington and the Breakwater, where the schooner had been moored for several days. Captain Tanner, with myself as mate, and three Scandinavian sailors, one of them acting as cook, manned the *Pearl*. She was a small two-masted craft with a wide beam and a hull that had real sailing lines, though I could see she was old. But she had new sails and standing rigging and a shiny red engine, which had evidently just been installed. On the whole, I was more than satisfied. We had no topsails, and probably couldn't make over six knots in a quartering wind. Just the same, small as she was in contrast to the Lake boat I had last sailed in, I felt confidence in her.

The day following, as the sailors were doing a bit of running rigging work, Captain Tanner explained to me that he was expecting orders any day to sail north for a cargo. The schooner had been chartered for a year by New York whisky dealers, who were expecting a twenty-thousand-case cargo of Scotch from Europe to New York, I gathered.

"We may," he said, "meet the steamer somewhere outside of New York and transfer a thousand or twelve hundred to the schooner to deliver somewhere south along the coast." He looked at me for a moment appraisingly, noticing, I suppose, that I appeared to be rather caught by the mention of more whisky than even I could drink. "If you want to back out—"

"No," I interrupted him. "When I start anything I like to finish it!"

"Like the man I figured you," he said, and shook hands.

For two weeks we lay in that snug little harbor doing nothing except fabricate intriguing answers to the questions put us by inquisitive townies as to our business, destination, owners, and cargo. To most of them we explained that we were a fishing outfit just doing a bit of overhauling to our craft; but on sailing day, in answer to questions put me by a young couple who obviously wanted romance, I said we were bound for the East Indies on a pearling expedition. The awe and wonder of their faces showed their motion-picture experience. I've often wondered if they ever discuss the crew or the little stumpy-masted ship that sailed away from them for the distant Indies. At that, our voyage might not have appeared drab to them, though often I thought otherwise.

The business of clearing port having been attended to one afternoon, we slipped quietly down the Delaware that night and out to sea, our gasoline engine doing the work against a head wind and tide.

Once outside, I learned that the *Pearl* could sail pretty well. With the weather as fair as early summer should be, we passed Rum Row fourteen miles off New York two days later, and stopped alongside one big three-masted schooner from Nova Scotia. Captain Jack went aboard the Nova Scotian to see what information he could secure about our steamer, which we expected to meet somewhere in that vicinity. This was my first glimpse of a loaded rum-runner, and she was deep with six thousand cases of Scotch, Irish, and even American whisky.

In half an hour Captain Tanner returned with a dozen quarts of assorted liquor, a present from the master of the larger ship—just like that between them! The two had never met, and the thought came to me that there might be worse people in the world than these. I still think so.

We got away from there and headed east-by-north, where the skipper had been informed we should find our steamer

at a distance of ten or twelve miles. Captain Tanner used the engine to make it without tacks, the northerly wind being well on our port bow. After a run of about an hour and a half, a steamer loomed up dead ahead; she looked to be of about three thousand tons, and flew the Norwegian flag.

"That's her," stated Captain Tanner, studying her name through binoculars. "Take the wheel, Jimmie, and round her to, and let her drop down on the lee side. I'll stand by with the boys to catch a line and make her fast."

The steamer's lookout had sighted us and apparently knew our name and description, for he waved us a welcome. We made fast alongside the steamer. There was no trouble about this in the gentle swell. The captain went aboard the whisky warehouse. I waited, leaning on the cabin-hatch cover back aft. I was thinking that this voyage was just about the same as any other voyage. . . . Soon the captain called down for me.

I met the master of the steamer, a taciturn Norwegian of the bleached type, who spoke English comprehensibly and had an American grin when he wanted to use it. The supercargo was an American in the employ of the New York whisky men, and he and Captain Tanner were old acquaintances, having been together in the same game before, between Cuba and the United States.

I rather liked William Stromberg, the supercargo. He was an overgrown human being of over two hundred pounds, with a liking for exercising in the most comfortable chair obtainable, when he could find one large enough, and for drinking epic quantities of whisky and beer without losing poise. Before Prohibition, he said, he never drank. In those days, he couldn't get away with it, because he had been a bartender in places he called "damned regular." But now his quarters aboard the steamer contained about everything from bottled English ale to German kummel; and he drank a good deal.

Conspicuous were two beautiful 9-mm.

German Luger automatics and a pump shotgun in a rack beside the washstand. There was also a Lewis machine gun on board for troublesome hi-jackers.

As we sampled a couple of bottles of ale, Bill informed the skipper that we were to load five hundred cases of Scotch at once, and anchor some fifteen miles inshore from the steamer, where one of the owners would come that night with two large speed boats and unload us. A private signal had been given William, who passed it on: Three winks with a flashlight; then the boat was to circle us, but not approach us before we answered, or board before calling Captain Tanner's name. We were prepared to protect ourselves, having aboard two .45 automatics, three .38 Colt Specials, and one automatic shotgun, which the skipper owned.

We started to load at once—the fastest bit of transferring cargo from one ship to another I had ever witnessed. The cases were lowered from the steamer in rope slings, twenty-five at a time, three slings being used—one man below to stow, and three on deck. The captain of the steamer kept a lookout from the bridge for Revenue Cutters. Our papers read from Delaware River ports to Nassau in ballast; and to be found taking a cargo of whisky off the port of New York would have been—unpardonable! But without incident, and in a very short time, we had finished and immediately pulled away from the steamer. We headed directly for the position agreed upon. The engine ran like a charm. Arriving, we dropped the hook to await the coming of night and the speed boats.

After having supper we sat about the deck smoking. The weather was ideal, with a calm sea, very little wind, and a clear sky. We were now in the very center of Rum Row, it seemed, as the lights of rum ships at anchor began to show all about us. Tranquil it was until about eight bells, second watch, when we heard the roar of powerful engines—boats coming out from New York for their loads.

Although we maintained a strict and expectant watch all night, none of the boats approached our vessel.

Shortly after breakfast the next morning, and my watch on deck, I made out a fast boat bearing directly on our position. I called the skipper, who immediately placed each man where he would be within easy reach of a gun in case of a holdup. When about two hundred yards from us, the boat slowed down. There was one man in her. He had trouble making the signal, but we were willing to believe one man, and threw him a line. After making fast, the man came aboard and introduced himself as Al Jimmer, in the employ of the Big Boss.

Al had been sent out to notify us that, owing to the activities of the Coast Guard the previous night, they had decided not to venture out then, as there were several decoy boats about, but would certainly come this night. We were instructed to be on the lookout for two large cabin cruisers, at about ten P.M. A few minutes later Al left us, roaring away in the general direction of New York, and leaving a turbulent tug-boat wake behind him in the calm water.

Just after dinner the skipper made out a craft bearing down on us. After a look through the glasses, he discovered her to be the Revenue Cutter *Manhattan*. She came over and circled us at a distance of about one hundred yards. Her captain was on the bridge, glasses levelled, giving us a good checking over. There were some half a dozen rum ships in the neighborhood of us, and they too were subjected to the same scrutiny. That being that, we posted a lookout and went below for a couple of hours' sleep against a coming night of activity.

At ten o'clock that night two cabin cruisers arrived in charge of the Big Boss himself. He was a small man, with plenty of dignity. He didn't like to be watched too closely, and made me realize it when he came aboard. He had a very private talk with Captain Tanner in the cabin, and he did most of the talking. I remained on deck, peering at the crew of

the two craft. In the feeble glow of our cabin ports I could see that each boat contained three men dressed like law-abiding citizens out for a pleasure trip; but each wore belt, holster, and pistol strapped outside his clothes, where the weapons could be drawn readily, and as readily taken off. Their obviousness to us was a warning that things did happen on a rum cruise. The men wore pistols while taking cargo.

Our five hundred cases were discharged with a rapidity suggesting both practice and haste. The men knew how to stow quickly, I could see. The Big Boss took the first boat, after telling Captain Tanner to return to the steamer and load again. The other boat allowed the first a five-minute start, then got under way.

"See you to-morrow night," yelled one of the men, and I wondered. They vanished in the night like the strange darkened craft seen during the War. We never saw them again.

The next day we made the steamer once more. This time we took twelve hundred cases—one thousand in the hold and the rest on deck. The work went a little slowly this time, I noticed. It was work, too. We had to trim the *Pearl*, and there wasn't too much free-board when we were done. William, the big supercargo, came aboard with two large suitcases. He watched the stowing of the cargo. While the sailors and I were making things shipshape, he and Captain Tanner went aft and became very confidential for half an hour.

"Something in the wind," I thought to myself.

It was now growing dusk and time to be moving. As the skipper went below to start the engine, I helped to drag in our lines. We soon glided clear of the steamer.

Captain Tanner came on deck when the engine was running smoothly and gave the course due east. This was in the opposite direction to the one we were supposed to take. As I turned to him with a surprised look, he motioned me to

come below with him, leaving the wheel to one of the sailors. William was already there. Captain Tanner broke out a bottle of Black & White whisky, pulled the cork in professional style, and poured out three drinks.

"Success—in this!" he said. We drank it standing.

The skipper then reached under his bunk and brought out a box of good cigars (Havana-fragrant, and sans duty). He passed these around as though we three were grouped at an affair of importance. I perked up a little. After all, my salary was good, but so far this was just another voyage.

"Now, then, Jimmie," he began; "you're wondering why we're going due east and not west. I'll tell you."

I bit off the end of my cigar and settled myself on a camp stool. Mystified and eager I was, but I did not show it.

"This vessel owes me a thousand dollars to date. The owners owe Bill here a matter of two thousand, and there's a month's pay coming to you and the crew." Captain Tanner sipped his whisky. I knew what was coming. "Well, from bits of information I've had from Bill, there seems to be quite a wrangle ashore between the owners of the cargo, regarding division of expenses, chartering ships, speed boats, pay for crews, renting of trucks, oiling where it can be done, and so forth; and it looks very much to me as if they were trying to flim-flam somebody. So I have decided that if anybody is going to hold the bag, it won't be any man aboard this schooner.

"We now have a twenty-thousand-dollar cargo aboard, and it is my purpose to head for the Southern States and dispose of it. After that we'll run over to Nassau in ballast, just as our papers specify. Everyone will be paid off, plus transportation to the States.

"I will then send a cable to the Boss to come down to Nassau for a settlement. He can't lick me, and if he wants to shoot it out, I'd rather it would be in Nassau than New York.

"You understand, Jimmie, I take all

responsibility. . . . What do you think of it?"

"Fair enough," I said. No one spoke for a moment.

"Well," said Captain Tanner, "is that all you have to say?"

"No."

"Spit it out!" said William, half humorously, half expecting opposition.

"Let's have another drink," said I. That settled it. The three of us joined in a laugh which was far more convincing than serious comment.

We went on deck then. The captain told the three sailors part of his decision to head south. They replied that as long as their pay was assured, they were satisfied. I always did like a Scandinavian crew, large or small.

The tinkling cabin clock sounded eight bells. My watch on deck until midnight. (We kept no strict sea watches here, and Bill did his trick as long as he was with us.) The others went below for a little game of stud poker, and I was left alone with the sea, the night, and my thoughts. It was one of those nights that set a man to thinking, and soothe him at the same time. Stars made little paths like twisty silver tape on the water, and the wake from our little propeller glowed and rustled astern, as the water splashed against the bow.

I had been in some queer places in my thirty-odd years of life. Suez, Singapore, the China Coast, Madagascar, Borneo, Thursday Island—all the places one can visit by joining ship after ship as I had done. I had seen several major engagements with the American Army in France, and endured my share of the discomforts some call adventures. But there was something new in this voyage. We were not pirating a cargo, exactly, but I felt that we were; and we might run into all sorts of scrapes. I'm a small man as men go, but I used to be a cocky one. I see things through. I rather hoped there would be something to see through, too. That was my thought during my watch on deck.

At eight bells the game broke up be-

low, and Captain Tanner came up to relieve me. He explained that he planned to have one of us where we could see that everything kept going well at all times—or at least until we were better acquainted with our three sailors under these new conditions. Captain Tanner was a shrewd man.

The next morning the captain told us that he had decided to run farther south about fifty miles offshore until we were off Charleston, and then head in to the twelve-mile limit and try to pick up a fisherman. In this way he figured on doing a bit of business.

There was no wind, and it was necessary to run the engine all that day and night. We were always lavish with gasoline, but the two huge tanks forward, with one drum quarter-filled, seemed enough. The next day, however, we had the wind on our port quarter and made fair time. This continued until sundown, when the wind died and we were forced to start the engine again.

Soon we struck the Gulf Stream, with the wind dead ahead and the current flowing northeast at about two miles an hour. Our engine was good for five knots in calm weather; but with the wind and the two-mile current against us, we barely made way to the southward, and this only by long tacks. Two dolphins we caught that day made a welcome addition to our chow, as food was not too plentiful aboard.

At night the wind shifted, and for two days we made good headway. We sighted several oil tankers going north, but kept well away from them. We were gradually running short of gas, I discovered after sounding the tanks one morning, and this worried the skipper, who figured our position and headed directly for Charleston Light Ship. This we picked up after a full twenty-one hours of sailing, but without seeing any small craft. The absence of these made Captain Tanner decide to wait until dusk, run close inshore, and send a man to land in the dory.

We all volunteered to go. Captain

Tanner chose one of the sailors, gave him some money with instructions to locate someone who owned a gasoline launch, and get him to bring out fuel and supplies. In showing his confidence in the sailor—a confidence that was not mistaken—Captain Tanner simply displayed his good judgment and so far, I had noticed, he seldom went astray. This was just after dark, and when the sailor had pulled shoreward there was much speculation in my mind as to his chances of finding a safe landing place.

Shortly after daylight the watch sang out, "Small boat on port bow!"

Captain Tanner and I tumbled out, leaving Bill still asleep. Sure enough, there was a bobbing speck in the distance, bearing our way. We were happy men. Twenty minutes later a large knockabout motor boat came alongside and made fast. Our man was aboard with gasoline and food. Even Bill came on deck shortly and grinned with the rest of us.

The owner of the boat came aboard and talked to the skipper, while the sailors transferred the supplies. We were bothered to learn that our dory, which had been towed astern of the launch, had been lost.

"How?" asked Captain Tanner, very quietly, I saw, but his tone was nasty. It was the first time I had caught him angry, and I hoped the sailor had a good excuse.

"Rotten line," answered the sailor sorrowfully. "Was up forward talkin'. Didn't notice when she parted." That was a straight answer, and we were not too much worried over the loss—at that time. The skipper swore once or twice but made no other comment.

Our "ship chandler" presented his account and looked hopeful. The skipper winked at me.

"Want cash?" he asked the man.

"Cash, or . . ."

I laughed outright. We paid the man in whisky, and he considered it a really good deal.

We headed south under power until

noon, when a stiff breeze came up and allowed us to economize on gasoline. We made about seventy-five miles, according to Captain Tanner's morning star sights and his battered chronometer (I always doubted that thing. It was a Shipping Board chronometer-watch. But I had wound it every day at 5 P.M., GMT.) Then it was necessary to use the engine again. In the afternoon we were off Savannah, but not a fishing boat did we sight, nor small craft of any kind. This was becoming chronic. As our own dory was no longer with us, we could not send a man ashore as before.

After supper that night Captain Tanner, William, and I went over the situation. We had steward's stores for about two weeks, but little gasoline. We were still in the course of the Gulf Stream which, without power or wind, would carry us in a northerly direction nearly two miles an hour. If we went east to escape the stream, we should be too far offshore for our purpose; and if we headed inshore to get out of the current, we should be inside territorial waters of the United States; where we did not wish to be unless absolutely necessary. As usual, it was up to the skipper, and he knew it.

"We will stay well out and trust to luck, wind, and what gas we have," he decided. We agreed with him.

II

In the course of several days we saw many large steamers going north, but no small craft hove in sight. By this time our gasoline supply was exhausted once more, and I began to wonder if this affair was being managed or mismanaged, skipper or no. There was half a barrel of fresh water aboard. Unless we had rain . . .

We got it the following day, the kind of a shower that washes roaches out of woodwork. We rigged a big jib to catch all the water we could, and were in the best of spirits at getting drenched. Then we stripped and all hands came

out for a fresh-water bath, with soap, too. Even to rum-runners comes rain. In this instance it filled two small barrels for us and gave us the pep that comes with a good bath. After that everyone felt too fit to nip at a glass of whisky.

A light breeze sprang up on our starboard, strengthened as the night wore on, and we made fair headway until dawn. Then came head winds, and the skipper insisted on short tacks that resulted in little progress but a lot of hard work. This became too much of a good thing after a day or two. It was broken by a fog. That word means a lot to me, but I don't call every mist a fog. When the mate of a small steamer cannot see the foc'sle head, it is thick; when he cannot see the fore cargo booms, it is very thick. And this was a fog.

At four o'clock in the morning came a yell from the watch that brought us on deck with a speed which would have tickled the mate of a square-rigger in the old days. We were just in time to see a large passenger steamer rush by us at a distance of not more than fifty feet, her whistle bellowing loud enough, it seemed, to wake all the Coast Guard and Revenue men from Barnegat to Sombrero Light. The *Pearl* rode the steamer's wash like a corked pint flask; we were intact but startled.

With the coming of day the fog lifted, but there was no real wind until the afternoon. At supper time our coal supply for the bogey gave out. We were forced to unpack some cases, stowing the contents in gunny sacks, and use the cases for firewood; so the breeze, though it meant travel for us, did not satisfy. In addition to our lack of coal, one of the water casks up forward had dribbled away into the bilges, and we were left with a very small quantity of water. There was plenty of whisky for stimulus, but—and this is tragedy—our tobacco was getting low!

The next morning at breakfast we discussed the possibility of stopping one of the large tank steamers. The skip-

per, knowing I had sailed in several of them, asked me if they were likely to have gasoline aboard. I told him that sometimes they carried a drum for the deck department and engine room.

"It's hell," exclaimed Captain Tanner in dry tones, "when a well-found schooner and six men can't sail south'ard where they want to go. Damned if I wouldn't like to paddle her." He swore again, once or twice.

I gave him a side glance.

"Um! and I did just right, Jimmie. We'll have a try at one of the tankers!"

That afternoon we sighted two tankers heading north. Captain Tanner gave me orders to hoist the British flag upside down to the foremast truck. I hesitated. This could be serious.

"What, we in distress with our cargo? There's people..." I started to stall, and tried to laugh. I was not too sure we really were in distress.

"Don't be funny!" said the skipper. I hoisted the flag.

We waited. Wait was all we did: the first steamer went by us at five hundred yards with never a sign. I cursed the War babies on her bridge and looked at the next tanker. She was close enough but, in spite of our waving, to say nothing of the International Signal of Distress, there was no response. These ships could not have missed seeing us, and our distress signal was tossed out by faint puffs so as to be clearly visible. What a hell of a day lookout those brass polishing mates kept! And then I remembered that tankers never stop—unless the main engines let go. They barely pause for loading or discharging. Money-makers.

This attempt at replenishing our supplies was no good, and Captain Tanner changed his mind. He called all hands aft to make known his intentions for the relief of our condition.

"We have enough grub for a couple of days yet—such as it is. We will stick it out for that length of time. If we don't pick up a fisherman or some small boats which will take a man ashore

by that time, we'll build a boat or raft and put a man ashore with it. I know how you all feel about short rations and nothing to smoke"—I was listlessly chewing the bitter end of my last cigarette stub—"for the sailor's reason that I feel that way myself. You don't need to agree with me, but, we're into this thing too deep now not to make it go through, and I want you to give me a fair chance or—even better than that—to make it go through."

Bill looked bored and tired. The Scandinavians were restless.

"We will get everything needed, if I have to swim ashore myself and get it!"

I looked at him. Damn it, he wasn't a bad skipper! There was a sun-mirror light in his eyes. He had the strong jaw of a born scrapper with a slow temper, and he showed muscular power in every move. I envied the man, and knew I'd stand by, that being all I could do for him. I believed he would swim it, without even thinking of the sharks along this part of the coast.

"That's all, men!" Then, to me, "Jimmie, I'm going below for a little sleep. Call me in three hours."

When I called him three hours later, I had a pleasant surprise for him in the shape of a fifteen-knot fair wind. A schooner does not make her best time this way, but we were going south at a five-knot clip. This put Captain Tanner in a good humor, and all hands ate together, laughing and nudging over a very light meal.

The wind continued until we made nearly a hundred miles. Now the *Pearl* was off the coast of North Florida, and the captain decided to run in close enough that afternoon to pick up a lighthouse. Our charts would then show the nearest large cities along that part of the coast.

Late that day we sighted a gas boat headed our way. As he came in close we recognized him as our "ship chandler" from Charleston. He was on his way to Gun Cay for a cargo of beer. Since our last meeting he had heard all about our ship and cargo; and he told us

that our owners had been out in speed boats looking for us off Charleston. He had just enough gas and supplies to last him on his return trip, and all we could get from him was one package of cigarettes. In return for this, the skipper told him that we were going to Mobile—which we were not.

"Well," remarked Captain Tanner in cheery tones after the boat had departed, "let's have a cigarette, anyway." He passed them around.

It was now nearly dusk, so we headed her west-by-south, paring the wind to do it, to get closer inshore. About two hours later we picked up a light, the characteristics of which indicated we were some twenty-five miles from one of the winter resorts. Captain Tanner decided to go in closer to escape the Gulf Stream until daylight, and then to head far enough out to be safe from official notice.

"We will make some sort of a boat," he said, "and send William ashore."

I wondered at the time what sort of a boat he could possibly build with the materials at hand that would carry William's bulk. But Bill was a lot thinner now, and the skipper did not seem to be joking.

The night passed without incident. By daylight we were well offshore. Our breakfast on this day consisted of some very moldy oatmeal, which rustled very faintly but perceptibly before it was cooked; no milk, no trace of sugar, damned little water. The oatmeal was the last bit of grub aboard the *Pearl*.

We put one of our men to the task of trying to catch fish, using a piece of white collar affixed to the shank of a hook for bait. Spanish mackerel will strike at this bait when the line is drawn through the water. The rest of us then turned to the building of our boat.

Our empty gasoline drum, of about fifty gallons capacity, was sawed through the two ends and one side, by means of a hack saw; the drum was then opened out like a clamshell, and pieces of ripped-up life preservers were fastened all around

the edges of this craft. A section of board jammed across the inside of one half of the drum formed a seat. We sacrificed our boat hook, which was about sixteen feet long, by cutting it in two; to the end of each piece we fastened a five-gallon gasoline tin, and lashed the other ends of the poles at each end of the drum on the side carrying the seat. This made a decent outrigger.

We launched her then, and Captain Tanner went over the side to try her out. The boat held his weight, though the freeboard was nothing to speak of. More cork was fixed to her sides, and this cork gave her buoyancy and a little steadiness.

"There's your boat, William, what do you think of her?" asked the captain, drawling his words, and clearing his throat a little.

"I'll tell you better to-night," William answered briefly. His opinion had already been formed; that was easy to see. He didn't even care to try her then.

By this time a light east wind had come up. We began to edge the *Pearl* close to shore so as to be ready at dark to send Bill off. This, however, was not to be that night. By dark the wind had increased to a gale, and we were forced to drop the hook in twelve fathoms to keep from being driven ashore. It was out of the question to send our man in now, and we settled down to ride it out.

By morning the wind had moderated and shifted. We hauled in the anchor and headed to sea again, with one mainsail and a jib. All of us felt as though the bottom had dropped from our stomachs, but no one whimpered. We did remark the lack of tobacco, which all missed more than food. During the entire day we tried to catch fish—a pastime productive of one small shark, weighing three pounds. No one aboard had ever tried shark eating before, but we thought we'd chance it. The shark was cooked in some old grease. Then we ate it. No one called for more, and it was generally admitted that at the

very least, the flavor was worse than the smell of old storm oil.

III

After the longest day of the trip, night came at last, by which time, with numerous tacks and hauling sheets, we had worked inshore until we could see the beach plainly in the moonlight. William was ready. We dropped our barrel-boat over the side, securing it with a line, and Captain Tanner told Bill to go to it.

William got in, and the boat simply went down under him. It took us ten minutes to get Bill aboard again.

"Jimmie, can you go ashore in that thing?" asked Captain Tanner, turning to me after William had departed cabinward, swearing and trying to laugh.

"Yes—I think so," I answered. "Wait a couple of minutes until I get some decent clothes on."

A little later I had changed and was over the side paddling slowly away from the schooner. She looked good to me, too! I used a shortened oar and spun around three times before realizing that this craft had to be sculled—very ticklish work. Little plops of water nipped at the edges of the drum, and I perspired a lot. Captain Tanner had given Bill instructions, and I knew what was expected of me; also, the place where the schooner would anchor until my return. My success was really important in this matter, I knew.

The sea was just the least bit choppy. Several times my craft came near going under in a sea barely visible to the unaided eye. I made headway however until, glancing behind me, I beheld the first of the breakers—barely in time. By a quick shifting of my weight, I managed to ride this one. But the next one made a better job of it and caught me just at its crest. There was a small "swoosh" and there I was in the water, fully dressed. All that remained visible of the boat was one five-gallon tin, which had partly come adrift from its lashing.

I was now about three hundred yards from shore.

"I can make it, all right," I thought to myself, "by just taking things cool and easy-like." I did not want to discard any clothing until really necessary, but my shoes bothered me. I started swimming steadily shoreward, using the easy breast stroke. Like a flash, the thought came to me of possible sharks!

It is said that great incentive drives a man to break records: I had that incentive. There aren't any records to my credit, and I regret that I wasn't timed that night. I splashed with the racing overhand stroke; I kicked furiously until the water was frothy enough to put a scare into any fish; it scared me. I clawed with cupped hands, and swallowed salt water as I gasped for breath. Finally I dragged myself out of the water on the last sand bar, and waded up the beach, completely winded and a little sick. Here I rested for several minutes, but the mosquitoes were so numerous that I was forced to keep moving.

My plan was to strike south along the beach until I met some sort of road or trail that would lead me eventually to the Dixie Highway which, I knew, ran more or less parallel with the shoreline here. The night was very warm, and I had not gone more than a couple of miles before my clothes felt partly dry, though heavy and sticky. Before long I came across a large piece of driftwood that had been washed up on the beach. I seated myself on this and proceeded to heave up the salt water I had swallowed, also my shark dinner. After this I felt much better, but rather light-headed.

I continued along the beach until at last I glimpsed a narrow roadway leading inland; this I followed for about a mile, when lights began to wink ahead. Lights mean people, and people mean water, and tobacco, and something to eat, and a place to . . . but I couldn't think of that. I walked faster.

Five minutes later I stood at a junc-

ture of the Dixie Highway. On one side of the road was an oil station, and on the other, a small lunch room. There was no attraction in the oil station. I entered the lunch room and ordered a quart of milk and a package of cigarettes, and swallowed a little milk before lighting a smoke. I decided to go rather carefully in the matter of food after the length of time I had wrestled with the shark; and I felt that I didn't have much time, either.

After learning from the lunch-room attendant that I still had some thirty miles to cover, I crossed the road to the oil station. A few minutes later I saw a motor car stop for gas. While the gasoline tank was being filled, I approached the driver, requesting a lift. I explained to him that I had been out in a gas boat which had capsized and gone down in a rough sea. There being no trains at this time of night, I was forced to beg a lift from someone.

"Jump in," he rejoined, looking me over. "Glad to have company. Been riding alone since early morning."

As we started off, I argued with myself that I had, in a way, told the truth about being swamped in a gas boat. Certainly I was out in a boat. The craft was swamped; wasn't the boat made from a gas drum? All right—gas boat! I learned from the motorist that he believed me, right enough, but thought I needed a shave.

He was bound for Miami, he said. In an hour he dropped me at my destination, telling me as he did so that it was about eleven o'clock. I had my doubts about being able to find anyone to go out that night. Yes, the thoughts of getting to a hotel and sleeping for one night appealed to me, believe it! However, as my mind turned to the picture of the others aboard the *Pearl*, I was moved to action. I walked down the street until I came to a near-beer saloon, and entered. The night, as I said before, was warm; I was carrying my coat on my arm, and my once-white shirt was open at the neck. I was sufficiently

myself, I suppose, to pass a barroom inspection.

As I approached the bar, the barkeeper gave me a rather thorough sizing up.

"What'll you have?" he asked.

"Beer."

"Good stuff—or near beer?" he wanted to know. It was late, and the bar was deserted, probably as a blind.

"Good stuff," I answered, thinking I was in right.

Soon our conversation drifted around to where I wanted it, and I stated my business.

"My boss is just the man you want to see," he answered. "I'll call him up."

Fifteen minutes later a hungry-looking man arrived, snapped some questions at me, and yawned finally.

"I'm in the market, all right, but I couldn't think of going out at this time of night." He looked at me expectantly. I thought rapidly.

"You can have the first hundred cases for eighteen dollars," I replied. "Eighteen dollars a case."

"Yeah? Well—all right."

We went outside and climbed into his car. His motor boat lay on the outskirts of the city and was always ready, he told me. On the way out we stopped at the house of the saloon keeper's business partner. This man's wife argued with him quite a while before he joined us, bringing two pistols which he placed in a pocket in the front seat of the car, once we were under way.

After this we went to a small grocery and residence combined where these men were known. The storekeeper did not at first want to open up, but did so when I remarked that I had about a hundred dollars to spend with him.

"Now," I said to the storekeeper when we were inside, "if you'll allow me, I will just pile what I want on the deck here, while you check it off and mark the prices. We'll save time that way."

To the provisions I added a five-gallon bottle of water and stowed the lot in the car. We lost no time in getting the stores aboard the boat, and at exactly

three o'clock in the morning we were headed out to sea.

After going due west for about twelve miles, we changed our course to due north and opened her up. We could get a good bearing from the lighthouse on the coast. As we drew near to where the schooner was supposed to be, we started to cross back and forth within a two-mile radius, keeping at the same time a general northerly course. I fully expected to pick up the schooner's anchor lights before dawn.

It was daybreak, however, when I sighted the schooner. No lights were showing, and she presented a dejected appearance with her distress signal in place, drooping in the dead calm. Captain Tanner had quit, then. She had evidently been anchored all night so as not to drift north with the current. I forgot to wave her the signal, and saw Captain Jack come out of the cabin with his shotgun on his arm.

When they did recognize me there was a yell from all hands and a general scramble to help make fast. No one had slept during the night, being half-starved (so they thought!), thirsty, and out of tobacco. The sole topic of conversation had been what luck I was having ashore. We made fast to the schooner, and the first things I passed over were a carton of cigarettes and the five gallons of water. Then came the stores and a canned breakfast for all hands.

Captain Jack Tanner made arrangements with the men from shore to take William to town with them.

"William is a good man at this business," the skipper explained to me, "and he has told me a lot about people of his acquaintance along this coast, who will take our whole cargo—for more than eighteen dollars a case!" That might have been a jab at me, but I ignored it.

All of us were pleased that William was going. He was so large and unwieldy that he seemed always in the way aboard the schooner where deck space was limited. Also, in the event of another starvation period (the skipper having

decided to keep going), the grub would last longer with Bill out of the way.

We landed a hundred and fifty cases in the speed boat, and the men headed shoreward. They were well down by the bow, although William was in the cockpit aft; he was under strict orders not to move about.

That was the last we saw of them for ten days. We were fighting mad and hungry when they did arrive. William's tale, told with a hesitation that proved him not an accomplished liar in some matters, described his questioning by prohibition agents, telegraphic communication with New York men, and the general watchfulness of Revenue men.

We let them have another hundred cases, and Captain Tanner instructed William to go to another large city and see what could be done there.

"Crooked!" exclaimed the skipper to me after the boat left. "He wired the Boss and wants the money due him for spilling what we're up to! He thinks he'll go his way with the first two thousand; but I'm damned if anybody gets anything before this whole cargo is converted to cash!"

The next day we were at our anchorage, and that night William and two local men came out for a hundred cases. We asked a stiffer price than William had agreed upon, but got it. One of the men told Captain Tanner that he had been ordered by the cutter captain to collect one hundred dollars for allowing the schooner to operate.

"Tell him to try and get it!" Captain Tanner replied, and barely checked himself from throwing the man over the side. Then, to William in a whisper:

"Beat it for Tampa, and don't let anyone know where we're going. We'll show up in about ten days. There's something going on about the rest of our cargo."

We made the trip to the west coast of Florida without especial incident, meeting a large motor craft coming out bound for Havana. He came alongside and proved himself friendly to us by in-

forming Captain Tanner that things were happening in the city.

It seemed that, as a result of William's communication with New York, the interested men from there had arrived in Tampa, loaded for bear, and carrying an arsenal of guns and ammunition. They had chartered a speedy craft with the intention of meeting us ahead of anyone else, after which meeting there was some reason to believe no one else would meet us. But they were spotted by the local police and promptly arrested. The local police chief did not know whether he had arrested a gang of train robbers, gunmen, dope- or Chinese-runners, or rum-pirates.

In order to obtain their release, the men were obliged to tell the whole story. And then the editor of at least one small newspaper printed a really good story with headlines: HI-JACKERS ATTEMPT TO PIRATE HI-JACKERS. POLICE ARREST WOULD-BE HI-JACKERS.

There was also an item which we read with interest, in a copy of a newspaper

which our friend gave us. This told that a strict lookout was being kept by the Coast Guard, Revenue Cutters, and all other craft likely to be informed.

We thanked him and headed out to sea. Our decision to visit Tampa was modified, and we set our course for New Orleans, reaching the southern Rum Row in five days. Captain Tanner was well known here and decided to finish the trip by transferring his cargo to one of the larger schooners.

This we did and, after getting what few things we were in need of, we headed for Nassau. Captain Tanner paid off all hands in the British port.

That evening I caught one of the Munson Liners to New York. I had exactly eight hundred dollars in my pocket and a certain hunger to put rum-running on the list of things I would not bother with again. I knew the skipper was going to wait until the owners arrived at Nassau, but I really had no desire to be present at their meeting.





THE CRUMBLING COLOR LINE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE late Walter H. Page delighted to tell the story of one of his home-comings in North Carolina. Members of the university faculty and old friends gave him a great welcome at the club. Soon—as was inevitable, he said—the talk turned upon the eternal negro problem. He told them how he felt; they in turn agreed with him in large degree that the attitude of the dominant whites was far from what it ought to be. He was delighted by their liberalism and their frankness. As the gathering broke up he mischievously said to them, “Friends, this has been a fine evening. I’ve been delighted with what you have said. To-morrow I’ll write it all up and print it in the papers.” There was, he declared, a wild rush for the door to block his egress. “Page,” they roared, “you shan’t leave this room alive unless you promise not to reveal one word we’ve said here to-night.”

He promised, of course, delighted with the success of his joke. Afterwards he told the story to illustrate how the fear of social pressure and criticism in the South was keeping padlocked the mouths of men whose minds had emancipated themselves from the prejudice, the superstition, the ignorance, and the conventionality of the controlling white sentiment. He himself, living North, put his views into a book called *Nicholas Worth*, propaganda in the form of a novel; and, though he did not put his name to it, it brought down a storm of criticism upon his head.

Had Mr. Page lived until to-day he would have seen the breaking down of taboos, the beginning of outspokenness,

frankness, and fearlessness, yes, even a crumbling of the old color line which would have gratified his soul. More than that, he would have found that the new leadership was nowhere more developed than in the very university town of Chapel Hill in which he laid the incident narrated above. He would find that the University of North Carolina had not only called a Northern man to its Presidency, but that, long before he answered the call, it had begun to realize its responsibility as a commonwealth builder and a community leader of both whites and blacks. It is not due to the Northern man’s influence but to that of Southerners that the *Journal of Social Forces* is being published in Chapel Hill with the sole purpose of dealing with social questions from an absolutely scientific and detached point of view and has been sustained in the face of much bitter criticism. He would learn that the University had shattered all precedents by asking two colored men to speak from its platform to the student body, and he would hear that a really remarkable editorial article of approval and commendation of one of these speakers appeared in the undergraduate newspaper.

Mr. Page would also discover that the University of North Carolina is issuing some extremely valuable studies of the negro, such as one of the chain-gang system which is a terrible indictment of this method of treating both white and black criminals. More than that, the larger part of the work done by the University’s Institute of Social Research has to do with negro life in its various as-

pects. This Institute has set a new standard for graduate work in Southern institutions, and its graduates take out into the South a new spirit and new technical qualifications. They are liberal, scientific, and unafraid. One of the University's brilliant instructors, Paul Green, author of a Pulitzer Prize play dealing with the negro of education, has written in the preface to a book, *Congaree Sketches*, published by the University, that "the United States is awakening to the fact that the destiny of the negro is its destiny, that black and white are inextricably mingled in blood and bone and intention, and that as the white man fails the negro fails and as the negro rises the white man rises." "I can see," Mr. Green went on, "no sense in the talk of segregation, of back to Africa and the like, which many of our politicians and faddistic souls enjoy." Against the movement "among some of the negroes themselves for a separate racial culture and tradition, exemplified, say, in their upturning of native African art," Mr. Green recorded himself. He recognized that this drift of the negro comes from the historical mind and method at work and declared it "is good for what it is, but not for autonymity of the race as such. *That can never be and we might as well recognize it.*"* What can be and will be is a larger humanizing of the whole, an Americanizing, if you will. And it is most significant, I think, that black and white and a thousand unconscious forces are at work for this larger humanity." Finally he writes of the blacks that "they are a magnificent people and nothing can keep them down."

How Mr. Page must rejoice at those words if he is aware of them! How he must be amused when he recalls that in 1903 Professor John Spencer Bassett was practically driven out of Trinity College and the South because he dared to write that Booker T. Washington was the greatest Southerner next to Robert E. Lee. The storm those words aroused

shook this same State of North Carolina and the whole South; the trustees upheld Professor Bassett but he sought sanctuary in the North. To-day the opinions of Paul Green so remarkable for their generosity, their vision, and their recognition that both races must advance with mutual respect and on the same plane have passed without public challenge. This fact alone measures the progress of the South toward intellectual freedom. When to this is added the friendly and co-operative attitude of leading white men of Chapel Hill toward the remarkable negro community in Durham, there is surely some ground for the optimism of one North Carolinian who declares that we shall yet live to see negroes admitted to hear lectures in the University for whose support colored North Carolinians are taxed precisely the same as white. Another Walter Page would create no such commotion to-day if he threatened to let the world know how the best of the Southern college faculties think.

For North Carolina is not entirely an exception. There are numerous other colleges which are awakening to their moral responsibility toward the negro. To-day in almost every town in the South where there are both a white and a colored college there is a joint student forum, meeting under student direction once or twice a month, for mutual acquaintance and the discussion of undergraduate problems, volunteer student activities, and religious movements, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., etc. As to all this there comes this note from a Southern authority: "Occasionally they have difficulty in finding a white church where they can meet and in some instances the faculties of white schools have looked with misgiving on the experiment. On the whole, however, the forums have met with favor among thoughtful people who have studied their work. The attitudes of many white students have undergone revolutionary changes. Officially the Volunteer Student Movements in the

* My Italics.—O. G. V.

South are becoming increasingly interracial, both regional and national."

II

The truth is that the races are coming together; that the points of helpful contact are steadily increasing and, above all that, the whites are really getting to know the blacks, especially the educated ones. Nothing was ever more mistaken than the Southerners' familiar boast to the Northerner: "We know the negro. We have lived with him—you have not and cannot know him." As a president of the Mississippi Historical Association, Alfred Holt Stone, once declared, there are at least twenty negro problems in the South, and competence in passing upon them does not derive from living in one place or one State, or from merely coming into contact with the street loafer, the dull, illiterate, and uncouth plantation-hand, or the untrained and often morally unfortified domestic servant. When the Atlanta riots occurred in September, 1906, the most damning fact brought out was that there was no contact between the leaders of the races; that both lived side by side in positions extremely trying and difficult for both races. Yet they had no joint steering committee, no clearing house, no consultation upon their joint problems of adjustment in a rapidly expanding city where the closest contacts are between the lowest and most criminal of both races.

Out of that situation grew a temporary interracial committee to tide things over and prevent further bloodshed. Out of the general situation has come a most admirable interracial movement throughout the South, actuated by that very humanitarianism for which Mr. Green pleads, due to the recognition that both races must work out their destinies jointly, and that the idea that they can each live together and yet be entirely distinct and separate, as if each were in a glass house, is utterly absurd and

contrary to all human experience and history. It is the plainest of facts that the South can progress only if the two races dwell together in harmony and good will; that the attempt of one to dominate the other and deprive it of its civic and human rights, can only breed strife, bitter ill-will, and antagonism that cost heavily in commercial values and far more in moral ones. It took the enormous migration out of the South during the war years to shake the complacency of many Southerners, and to create doubts as to whether they were really solving their problems. They had been boasting that they had taught the negro his place; that they had made him know where he was best off, and that that was in the South. And then they saw hundreds of thousands of negroes take the first trains for the North the minute the opportunity offered, some of them leaving their farm utensils and furniture standing in their abandoned homesteads in their haste.

Overnight there was a marked change in the attitude of the Southern press, particularly when some editors noted, as in Georgia, that the exodus was the heaviest from those counties in which there had been the most lynchings. Thereupon the press began to denounce lynching as never before. Since then the Southern press has discovered the negro in other ways as well. Not only has it found that the colored man must be made content to stay in the South, but it has suddenly awakened to the fact that the educated negro may have a real value after all, although the editors had scorned some of us Northern journalists twenty-five years ago when we prophesied that this would come to pass. So it is possible to perceive a much greater editorial sensitiveness to any event which might tend to deprive the South of more of the most docile and the cheapest labor in the United States. Moreover, the counting-rooms have suddenly discovered that a negro's pennies are as worth-while as a white

man's, that colored circulation counts about as well with most advertisers as white. So we have the original spectacle of white newspapers encouraging equality in print by establishing departments of news of, by, and for negroes.

Not, however, without some wriggling and some amusing subterfuges. Nothing could be more comic than the colored people's pages in the Macon, Ga., *News*. If you did not know that it is never good form in the South to address a negro as "Mr." or a negress as "Mrs." (though Professor, Doctor, Reverend, and Lawyer Smith are entirely permissible) you would imagine as you glanced over these pages that the city of Macon contains as large and flourishing a Creole colony as New Orleans. For behold pages of such social items as these: "Madame Minnie Allen spent Monday in Macon visiting her aunt, Mme. Elisabeth Smith." "Mlle. Agnes J. Jefferson is gaining rapid strength to the delight of her many friends." Or you will find gossip like this: "There will be a box-supper at New Zion Church Monday night. A short program will precede the supper." "Among those present," it appears, will be Mme. Ethel Coates, Mme. Phorner, Mme. Lillie McClemons, Mme. Essie Belt, Mme. Sarah Smasher, Mme. Nonie Shoats, Mme. Ollie Strough, Mme. Alberta Sapperton, Mme. Mabel Channel, etc., etc.! The Macon *Telegraph* has the courage of its convictions. It dares to face a hypothetical public antagonism by running a special imprint for its negro subscribers in which it actually refers to them as Mr. Jones and Mrs. Robinson. But it marks this dangerous edition with two stars on the front page. It is never sold on the streets, and many white persons are unaware that the financial page they read is supplanted in another edition by negro news with complete titular social equality. The owner rejoices that five thousand of his thirty thousand readers are black because that wins him what are known as

national advertisers. Of such is the kingdom of race fustian!

The interracial movement already referred to, the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, has for ten years been working for better and more understanding relations between the two races in order, to quote one of its officials, "to create at least a minority who believe that if a man is intelligent and reliable he ought to be dealt with as such even though he may have had slave ancestors who were yellow, black, or brown; who believe that democracy demands that every man should have a chance to express himself regarding those things that concern life; who believe that Christianity teaches that persons are of supreme value and never to be despised or used as ends for the convenience of others." In eleven Southern States important white men and women now come together with the leading negroes of both sexes to talk freely about mob murder, legal injustice, Jim-Crowing, discrimination in industry, education, etc., and when occasion arises they stir public opinion to protest, or seek quietly to eradicate conditions that are insufferable. Best of all, each group learns to know the other's point of view, and in consequence of their unselfish co-operation they exercise an influence far beyond their numbers. The movement is but at its inception, but it is a magnificent beginning in bridging the gulf which has heretofore separated the races.

III

The negro exodus, the success of the white women in winning the ballot, and the emotions aroused in the War toward all soldiers, black or white, had each their part in launching the interracial movement. Two years after the Armistice, one hundred white women, leaders in church and civic organizations, came together in Memphis, headed by the wife of ex-Governor Bickett, of North Carolina, Miss Belle Bennett,

daughter of a Confederate general, and other notables. Prior to this assembly, three white women had been sent to a meeting of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs to discover if there really were intelligent negro women, and if so what they were thinking about Southern conditions. These venturers across the color line found much that moved them so deeply that a half a dozen negro women were asked to meet this committee of a hundred and to tell frankly what they thought of life as it affected them, how it felt to be a negress in the South, just when the white-hot irons of prejudice and caste were applied to them, and how much they seared. Three negro mothers stood up without fear, or servility, or truckling. They told the exact truth, but they told it movingly, and dramatically, and with entire self-control. That truth, writes one who was there, "did not contribute to white self-satisfaction." But a hundred fine white Southern women learned a lot about the negro problem and, out of their fineness, faced the facts, disagreeable as they were.

First of all they issued an appeal to the South in which they declared that Southern white women protest against longer being used as an excuse for lynching—"We, the women's committee of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, are overwhelmed with a deep sense of humiliation that this hideous crime is heralded abroad as the only means available to men for the protection of womanhood."—"We further denounce lynching as 'the most flagrant violation of the Constitution of our great nation,' and the members of mobs as 'the greatest of law-violators'"; and what they said has been repeated with similarly uncompromising vigor by the State committees in eleven Southern States, and Oklahoma. These statements astounded Southern men because they came from their own womenkind. Together with the much disliked Dyer Lynching Bill in Congress, which so nearly became a law, they focussed

public attention upon the greatest disgrace to America as it had never before been focussed in the South, hitherto all too ready to think that protests against lynching were merely a symptom of Northern ignorance or ill will.

Out of this protest, and that first conference at Memphis, has come meeting after meeting of intelligent colored and white women. Contacts that it seemed impossible ever to establish have come to pass easily and naturally. To-day there are Southern white women's organizations comprising one and one-half million women who have laid aside their belief that the South knew the negro and his problem, and are to-day "seriously studying negro literature and the facts about negro life, and are eager to know intelligent negro personalities and to improve the conditions of the negroes in their communities." Thanks to this interracial movement, nearly one hundred colleges in the South are offering courses in race relations. In some of the State teachers' colleges courses are being devised which would prepare white teachers in elementary schools to instruct their white children in fair play and tolerance toward negroes. Prizes are being offered in high schools for the best essays on race relations; two years ago the essays of the entire senior class of the Florence, South Carolina, high school were published. This year it is expected that there will be submitted by students some six thousand papers on "America's Tenth Man." All the summer schools in North Carolina have been asked to furnish lectures on race relations and the building of a better spirit between the races. The largest of these summer schools has promised a course for next summer.

As a result of the work of the various women's organizations which are cooperating with the Commission, there are meetings between the races on the finest basis of friendship and good will, one that does not violate anybody's

self-respect. Yes—tell it not in Gath—at these meetings they do not call the negroes by their first names, nor dub them madam or mademoiselle; the Mrs. and Miss slip out with increasing ease and frequency, and no one has noticed any change in the manners of the recipients of this courtesy. There is social equality—the social equality of good manners, good will, friendliness, and mutual respect. It was this that led members of one of the most respected religious organizations of white women in Tennessee to entertain a colored speaker they had invited to address them. They gave him a special luncheon at which the same courtesy was shown to him as to the white speakers. Colored delegates to such gatherings as the National Council of Social Workers in Memphis, and the Louisiana State Conference of that organization held in New Orleans, report that their reception was entirely without discrimination of any kind. It is highly significant that the Southern white women are easier to liberalize in these matters than the men; for it was the women of the Civil War days who were the bitterest in defeat, the slowest to accept the inevitable, and they are still foremost in over-sentimentalizing the Confederacy and its leaders. This is perhaps the most astounding change in the Southern situation, and the most hopeful.

Yet Southern men are not lagging. Take the last Presidential election. It has long been customary to drag the negro into every election in the South; in the dearth of issues and the lack of two opposing parties, demagogues have constantly ridden into office by outdoing one another in abuse of the dark race. So, the anti-Smith movement in the South did not hesitate to circulate stories that he was a “nigger-lover” and had appointed many to office. Indeed, a picture of a colored civil service commissioner dictating to his white stenographer was widely reprinted. But for the first time there was an emphatic

protest. Forty-five of the leading white educators, clergymen, editors, lawyers, and business men, together with eight Southern college presidents and a sprinkling of prominent women, denounced “the injection of the race question into the present political campaign,” these race appeals being “both irrelevant and dangerous.” It was their hope that no Southerner would “allow them to inflame his mind with antagonism toward our negro neighbors, who too long have been pawns in the game of politics.” “Any attempt,” they added, “to influence men and women with an issue so untimely is unworthy of the white man, and unjust to all. If taken seriously, it is the sowing of dragons’ teeth, of which future generations must reap the harvest.”

One such manifesto will not, of course, take the negro out of the South’s politics, but this one is epoch-making and affords fresh proof that men who have felt thus for years are also discovering that the atmosphere has changed, and that they may express now sentiments which they have bottled up for years. Nor must the many outspoken Southern editors, who have long stood up for justice and fair play, be overlooked. There are Julia and Julian Harris, in Columbus, Georgia; there is Gerald W. Johnson, of the *Baltimore Sun*; there are Robert Lathan of the Asheville, North Carolina, *Citizen*, and Roland Beasley, of the Monroe, North Carolina, *Journal*; there are R. Carlton Wright, lately of the Columbia, South Carolina, *Record*, and F. S. Harmon, the fearless and outspoken editor of the Hattiesburg, Mississippi, *American*, and Desha Breckinridge of the Lexington, Kentucky, *Herald*, and numerous others. The honor roll is long, and it comprises some of the finest and most untrammelled spirits in journalism to-day. They are awake to the new order, and they are speaking out for it bravely.

As for individual instances of violation of taboos, there are endless cases which could be cited. A colored bishop of the

A. M. E. Zion Church reported to the Interracial Conference that he had been asked by a white Southerner educated at Emory College and the Richmond Union Theological Seminary to assign him to a colored congregation. Others have occasionally preached to negro flocks; this was the bishop's first application from a white man for a permanent charge. A descendant of one of the most distinguished Southern families has just taken service with an organization largely concerned with negro education and he has fitted himself by free and friendly intercourse with negroes he has come to know and to like, as well as by study at famous universities. His response to threats that he might hear from the K. K. K. in his home town has not prevented his taking service in that very place. I have before me the case of a Southern girl who was told by members of her family that she would risk personal violence from them if she taught negroes. She is teaching them to-day, but under another flag. Another case is that of a white girl teacher in Georgia who was asked to resign because she addressed her negro friends as Mr. and Mrs. She did so and is now teaching in a colored school in Alabama—the number of Southern white teachers of colored youth steadily increases. Still another case is that of a white teacher in a white school, who in his spare time is studying under a negro professor because the latter has so much knowledge to give him.

A young citizen of Georgia, "pure Confederate on both sides" and bearing the names of two distinguished generals, enjoyed a year at a Northern university with a Chinese in a room on one side of him and a colored man on the other. He found that he had not the slightest difficulty in meeting both his neighbors on terms of equality and he enjoyed his contacts with them. Amusing is the story of a "one hundred per cent blue-blooded son of Dixie" who on his arrival in New York noticed several negroes at a table in a cafeteria. "Tak-

ing his chicken pot-pie in hand, he deliberately sat himself down beside the blackest fellow he could find, only to discover that neither his appetite nor his character was ruined by this breach of Southern etiquette." In this, and endless similar cases, we are simply seeing a youthful determination to defy at the first opportunity caste restrictions as to which the youth of to-day were never consulted, which grew out of conditions about which they know nothing and care less. Like their fellows elsewhere in this country, they are distinguished by a desire "to be shown," to accept nothing on faith.

The National Christian Student Conference has steadfastly refused to draw the color line. At its Indianapolis conference a few years ago it defied the K. K. K. and refused to Jim Crow its negro members, just as at a previous Des Moines convention it defeated the efforts of the hotel keepers to exclude the negro delegates. To the Milwaukee convention, in 1927, there traveled in the same Pullman cars and the same diners six Southern State delegations of negroes and whites even below Mason and Dixon's line "in the most pleasant fellowship." The published picture of the thirty Virginia delegates shows a strikingly fine group of young whites who have decided that racial taboos are incompatible with their conception of a Christian mode of life. Christian student groups of both sexes and races constantly fraternize in Southern States where Y. W. C. A. gatherings are on record as refusing to permit any segregation. It would be possible to record here many other striking instances of individual refusal to stay on one side of the color line, of the coming together of young whites and blacks normally, naturally, without the slightest thought of sex, without any unpleasant consequences, were it not that they would be twisted and misconstrued by fanatics who interpret every phase of racial life from the point of view of a possible sex relationship.

Lest it be thought that this revolt is entirely confined to the younger whites, let it be added that this is not the case. A most typical Southerner, long a teacher in one of the South's deservedly historic institutions, receives his colored friends in his home now that he is domiciled in a border State. Not long ago there was a meeting of a scientific association of college teachers at a famous New England college. When three colored delegates entered the dining room of the inn for their first meal there was a moment's hesitation. Then it was three Southern professors who rose from their tables and joined the newcomers—three Southerners to show the gentleman at his very finest. A year ago I attended a dinner to a distinguished foreigner given at a great New York hotel by a group of men and women, Northerners and Southerners, interested in Southern education. No less than thirty per cent of those present were negroes, and there was no thought of their segregation. My contact with this white group began nearly thirty years ago. Even fifteen years ago they would have considered such a dinner utterly impossible. I could not help wondering if a representative of the *New York Times* recalled that when a public dinner of blacks and whites for a similarly enlightened philanthropic purpose occurred in New York in 1908, the *New York Times* denounced it as an "odious exhibition," "mischievous and dangerous," provoking "public disgust and indignation," obviously part of the "propaganda of Socialism . . . giving aid and comfort to agencies of destruction." The effect of this dinner, wrote the *Richmond News-Leader*, must be "not only to vindicate . . . the policy of the South in dealing with the negro socially and politically, but to hasten the day of complete race separation, which is the only solution of the broader negro problem." "This miscegenation dinner was loathsome enough," wrote the now liberal *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, "to consign the whole fraternity of

perverts who participated in it to undying infamy." The surviving perverts can only marvel when they read in the press that such gatherings can and do take place to-day in the South, as well as the North, and that its civilization still survives.

IV

What is it that overcomes race prejudice? Struck by the increasing good-fellowship between white and colored students in the South, George L. Collins instituted an inquiry into how race prejudice is overcome. Fifty of his Southern acquaintances, who are free from prejudice, replied to his questionnaire. It appears from the summary of their answers, published in the *World Tomorrow*, that the student Christian associations had contributed more to their changed point of view than any other influence, not only because of what they learned at their meetings, but because of the contacts with colored people they met there. Twenty declared that injustices to the negro, which they had witnessed, had opened their eyes. More than forty listed as contributing causes their friendships with colored people—eleven being won over by their own negro servants. Negro writings, a closer study of the Bible, the influence of teachers, liberal journals—these are among the numerous other influences given. It is extraordinary how powerful the religious element is and how many of the younger college lads and girls are moved to a different race attitude because of a new interpretation of the teachings of Jesus. A distinguished Southerner has testified that a visit to a summer camp of white college women in the South proved to him that they were more interested in what was their duty to the negroes than any other question. They found themselves, he reported, unable to countenance a single caste or taboo because they could not reconcile them with their day-by-day religious living; they could set no limits to their fellowship. Finally, must

be recorded the increasing attendance of white people at negro athletic contests and similar gatherings. For example, at Atlanta during the football season of 1928, hundreds of white spectators attended the games between Atlanta University and its rivals. They not only enjoyed the matches, but also the college "yells" and the splendid singing of the colored boys and girls who were cheering on their respective teams. There was not the slightest condescension on their part. These whites paid their money for the equality of the bleachers because they had an extremely good time.

The negro on his side has contributed to the crumbling of the color line by a better, more understanding, and more effective leadership, by marvelous patience, and long suffering, coupled with a quiet and determined insistence upon civic and legal rights, and by the winning of pre-eminence by certain individuals. Roland Hayes, the colored singer, perhaps the foremost lyric tenor in the world, has been an ambassador of good will wherever he has sung in the South. White people throng to hear him as in the North; and if there is still segregation by groups in his audiences, those groups sit side by side and not one in the orchestra and the other in the gallery. Mr. Hayes has brought home to multitudes the truth that there is no limit to the possible attainments of the individual negro. The divine spark that is within him is not controlled by any color line. Since he has added to his exquisite voice the extraordinary achievement of being able to sing in three foreign languages, to the admiration of foreign critics, and has shown himself possessed of intellectual powers most rare, even among our foremost concert artists, it is impossible to allege that he is the product of an accidental placing of a good voice in a colored man. No one can question his intellectual achievements. So, too, Julius Bledsoe, Paul Robeson, Charles Gilpin, H. O. Turner, the painter, and many others have demonstrated their

equality with the best artists of the other race. Before such men any color line must yield.

There is to-day far less of a split in the race itself on the question of education than there was in Booker Washington's time. The enlightened white South also recognizes that, while industrial training is of the utmost value, there must be no bounds set to the possible intellectual achievements of colored men and women of ability. The race is taking greater and greater pride in its teachers, its artists, its musicians, its scientists. The attendance at the funeral of Florence Mills in Harlem was reported to have been the greatest outpouring of people in New York City since the funeral of General Grant. The achievements in agricultural chemistry of Professor G. W. Carver of Tuskegee and in biology of Dr. E. E. Just of Howard University—his work has won such marked recognition abroad that he has been asked to lecture at several European universities—these, and numerous others are increasingly known in the white South. No colored leader that I know of now goes up and down the country deriding the intellectual aspirations of the select of the race. There is a united front for equality of opportunity. Hampton Institute itself has graduated from a normal school into a college. And the Southern negro colleges, which are relatively as overrun with students as the white colleges of the North, are viewed with more tolerance where they are not receiving additional aid from Southern white people.

As for the colored people's greater insistence on their rights, that has been especially notable in the courts under the able and effective leadership of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It long ago accepted the challenge of the violators of the Constitution which was thus voiced a year ago by Senator W. F. George (*Liberty Magazine*, April 21, 1928):

No statutory law, no organic law, no military law, supersedes the law of racial necessity and social identity.

Why apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amendments and such statutes as would lead the negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way.

Knowing that the Constitution has been violated in its letter as well as in its spirit, the Association, with the aid of distinguished white lawyers, has won from the Supreme Court of the United States five vitally important decisions. It has established the illegality of the Grandfather Clauses, drawn for the disfranchisement of the negro; it has ended the so-called Texas White primary; it has defeated the efforts to segregate negroes in cities by the Supreme Court's ruling in the Louisville and Louisiana cases; and it has won the Arkansas peonage cases, establishing that a trial dominated by mob passion is not due process of law. In numerous criminal cases it has also begun the building of law to insure to the negro his civil and personal rights. In this campaign the Association is receiving distinct encouragement from Southern sources, and there can be no doubt that its standing guard has profoundly impressed its antagonists like Senator George, who do lip service to the Constitution while stabbing it in the back by cowardly subterfuges. The man who stands up for his rights is bound to win confidence in himself and growing respect from others.

Here an episode in Florida is of interest. A colored school has long existed near a public bathing beach in one of the best known of resorts. The city authorities recently sent for the remarkable woman head of this school and told her that certain restricted premises had been set aside for her, her teachers, and pupils to use for bathing purposes. The principal flatly refused, saying, "You shall not segregate us. You can put us

in jail as often as you please; we shall go back on the beach where we have been for thirty years just as soon as we get out of jail." This attempted segregation has never come to pass. It will be recalled that there was a fierce fight over the Veterans' Hospital at Tuskegee, Ala., soon after the War, when the government proposed that negroes operate and direct that institution. White place-hunters not only declared that the negroes were unfit to manage so large an institution, they even demanded all the nursing places for white women, each white nurse to have a colored woman assistant so that she would not have to touch the black patients! The negroes refused to consider any compromise. So high ran the excitement that there were fears for the life of Major R. R. Moton of Tuskegee Institute, and for the safety of the Institute itself. The government stood fast, and the hospital ranks to-day as one of the most efficient in the United States and it is entirely manned by colored physicians and nurses. The community has accepted the results—as Southern communities regularly do when faced with an inevitable advance of the negro.

It is a happy augury, moreover, that in some Southern communities there is a growing sentiment for justice toward the negro in the courts. Thus in Macon, Ga., a policeman has been tried for arresting a negro without cause, and a negro has actually been freed after shooting a white policeman because it was held that he had just cause for so doing—in many communities lynching would still follow such an acquittal. It is in Macon, Ga., too, that the colored people with white help have so far successfully resisted a determined effort to close a negro amusement park because it is near a white residential section. "The battle on this front in Macon is excellent from the spectator's point of view," writes a white liberal. The same report comes from many other cities.

At times industrial or social changes work for the negroes. Nothing has galled educated colored people more than the Jim-Crow railroad cars for, aside from the segregation, the railroads rarely give adequate service, much less the equal service paid for by the colored traveler, but instead furnish dirty and run-down cars, with inadequate toilet facilities, etc. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, the editor of *The Crisis*, reports having just ridden seventy miles "in a miserably dirty car any decent State Board of Health would condemn." He adds:

My chief joy in these Jim-Crow rides was these empty cars. The automobile is certainly bringing just retribution upon the silly profiteering of Jim-Crow. All over and everywhere the colored people are traveling in their automobiles. . . . I remember once that the venerable Bishop Turner, stricken with paralysis, could, for neither love nor money, hire a Pullman berth from Savannah to Atlanta. They fixed the old man up in a Jim-Crow smoker across two seats. Yesterday, I saw the African M. E. Bishop of Florida. He was gliding along in his Cadillac car with a chauffeur, on the way from Jacksonville to Atlanta. He looked extremely comfortable.

V

Finally, this article must include a reference to the National Interracial Conference at Washington in mid-December, 1928; for no modern gathering to discuss the negro question has ever been as stirring or as full of promise as this one. Many came fearing the usual polite generalities and avoidance of every genuine issue, of any act which might affect some sensibilities—and remained to give prayers of gratitude. Some of us who have been in the work for years agreed that we had never really expected to see anything like this. For here white and colored men and women from the North and the South counselled together and co-operated in remarkable degree. There was not the slightest condescension nor patronizing. There was complete equality of spirit

and endeavor—"pentecostal" one of the most sensitive negroes there described it. It was worth the trip to Washington alone to see Clark Foreman, of Atlanta, a nephew of Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and a colored man bringing in a joint summary of the session on citizenship, and to hear the generous approval given to Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois when he declared that no modern working class "can permanently better itself without political power." Twenty years ago Dr. Du Bois would still have been considered a firebrand, too dangerous to be asked to speak at a conference like this. Nobody won more applause; no one seemed to fit more naturally into that conference.

The only regret was that some of the negrophobes on Capitol Hill could not have been drafted in to hear everything that was said. They would have learned much. Not that there was anything very startling. There was no "oratory," no bombast. Everything was on a purely factual, yes, a scientific basis and the conference was admirably presided over by Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation. It was the *spirit* of the conference which counted far beyond even the unanimity. It was as if generations-old mists of conventional fear of hurting someone's feelings or being misunderstood had suddenly been blown away. Personalities, differences of opinion seemed gone, lost in the harmonious sinking of everything in the cause—the scientific discussion of America's greatest social problem. Color line? There was not a trace of it, to which must be added that four of the best Washington hotels threw open their doors to the negro members of the Executive Committee. It was impossible to leave that Conference without a greatly quickened faith that justice will yet have its day and that the American world of color is moving and with amazing speed.

Not that I would have anyone read thus far and believe that the fight is won. It is still just beginning. A much, much

longer article could be filled with facts pointing the other way. In groups we are still bestially murdering colored men and women in America and no one is punished for it. The burning of a weak-minded negro criminal in Mississippi at the end of 1928 surpassed everything in fiendishness. Nobody punished! The Governor has refused to act. Yet the slow progress of the mob was heralded in the press and the mob photographed as it stood around the charred mass. The color line has only just *begun* to crumble in the South and meanwhile it is tightening in the North, where even the Daughters of the American Revolution bar the descendants of the negroes who helped Washington, notably at Monmouth, to win the Revolution. Everywhere race prejudice, consciously or unconsciously, is the servant of economic serfdom—share-cropping, exclusion from labor unions, peonage, wage exploitation, political chicanery, and the denial of decent housing, decent living, and decent education. It is a far-flung battle-line, and he would be absurdly over-enthusiastic who could feel that the issue has been more than joined.

But the thing to rejoice over is that, while the North grows more prejudiced and reactionary, help comes from the South. That is what this paper has recorded—that there are more and more Southern whites who are coming to the Christian position, whose lips are now unfettered, who are determined to secure complete justice and to remove all causes of race friction. Only a minority as yet—so were the Abolitionists of 1832 a mere handful in the wilderness—but a minority increasing in numbers and influence and so steeped in principle and the doctrine of human brotherhood as to leave no doubt of their eventual triumph. Let the demagogues in high office take note! Against men armed as are these Southern men and women there is no hope of victory.

Best of all is the fact that this change has come from within their own hearts; that it is the result of no Northern and no negro propaganda; that it comes not from the backward “poor whites” but from some of the most favored, often of oldest Southern lineage. In an age of agnosticism here is a religious determination to make the practice of Christianity square with the teachings thereof.



SEPTEMBER SAILING

A STORY

BY ELEANOR HAYDEN KITTREDGE

"**I** HAVE a young American who is on his first visit to Paris to look out for. What shall I do with him?" Ellen questioned.

Thérèse, her French sister-in-law, looked up. "What kind of a young American?" she asked.

Ellen smiled at her expression. They looked alike, Max, Ellen's husband, and his sister, Thérèse. They had the same sharp, tired, distinguished faces, the same look of *race*, of finely drawn skin over good bones; and they were never more alike, Ellen had noticed, than when they were searching for a new amusement.

Thérèse went on, "If he is nice and wants to be gay instead of to see relics, turn him over to me, I am fascinated by all the exaggerated Americans you can't endure."

Ellen seemed to be reflecting. "I am afraid he wouldn't do for you, Thérèse. I've an idea he is solemn. His mother writes that he is fastidiously aloof."

Thérèse laughed and answered, "Decidedly not for me then. I should undoubtedly convince him, quite inadvertently, that Europe is entirely corrupt. Why is it, Ellen, your countrymen consider that French people must be wicked?"

"But they don't—all of them!" Ellen protested.

Thérèse was amused at her tone. "I believe perhaps even you still think we are corrupt, Ellen," she went on; and then the conversation streamed away from Ellen's young man to the general

and peculiarly fascinating subject of the false notions each continent invariably cherishes about all of the others.

With a part of her mind Ellen was listening to her sister-in-law's quick, sharp comments.

"I like your ruthless, unaware Americans," Thérèse was saying. "When they go sensitive they seem to lose the best thing they have—their sublime assurance—and they become just second-rate, subtle Europeans."

With another part of her mind Ellen was still thinking about Margery's letter. She had found it, with the boy's card and his Paris address, earlier that afternoon when she turned into the courtyard after walking home from a tiresome luncheon. It was a soft May day. The chestnut trees in the gardens were in flower, pointing their candlelike blooms to the sky—fantastic spring Christmas trees; and over against the crumbling gray walls Ellen had noticed with sharp pleasure the pink hawthorn. The concierge had come out of her lodge with the letters, and they had talked for a moment about the quality of the day. The concierge liked her young mistress, for they shared a passion for growing things. Then Ellen had taken the letters, smiled, and gone on into the house.

The name on the card meant nothing to her at first, but after a little she had realized with surprise that this was a message out of her own youth—this John Forester of the card in her hand must be Margery Forester's son. She

read the letter with a queer feeling of uncertainty. Was she really old enough to belong to the generation with grown-up sons?

Dearest Ellen (Margery wrote), here is my boy. I know you will be kind to him—at first for my sake and then, after a little, for himself. I've told him so much about you. I wonder if you have ever quite realized how, through the years here, I have loved to think of you, my old Ellen Maitland, become a countess, and living in a setting I can only dimly picture. Of course none of the rest of us could have done it, lived up to it. We should have spoiled it or been somehow out of key, but even at eighteen you had that fairy-tale quality. Lovely romantic things must always have been your destiny. I wonder if you will see in John what I have always seen—a kind of spiritual kinship to yourself. He has the same fastidious aloofness I remember in you and the same eager longing that the pattern of life should be beautiful. Dear Ellen, I feel as if I were making you both a rare gift in bringing you together. It is funny to think this little jog-trot place which goes on so unchangingly should, none the less, have produced you both.

Long afterward Ellen wondered if her restless mood on reading Margery's letter had been due to a kind of second sight, for she found herself far more curiously moved than Margery's own words would have been likely to make her. That old, static, summers-in-Jamestown and coming-out-together affection might be moving enough in a world where almost nothing lasted; but Ellen had known, while regretting her knowledge, that nothing so simple and obvious and tender could move her nowadays: that was perhaps the trouble. And yet Margery's letter made her realize that she still thought of America as an almost mythical place where simple emotions might be possible.

It was queer, Ellen was thinking, as Thérèse, Max, and the others went on talking, that after twenty years of Europe she should be able to visualize the sights and sounds and scents of Narragansett Bay with more vividness than something new she had seen the day

before yesterday. And yet she had never wanted to go back—at first, probably, because she had been too happy and then, after her father died and the War came, because she had felt too empty. There was nothing for which to return now, since she knew that, if she should step on a boat to take her there, the place would only show her how implacably the years had dealt with her. Weren't the relativists saying that time could be bent—that the minute-by-minute passing, of which Ellen was too consciously aware, was merely an illusion because one felt time drifting by in little bits?

The piece of time since 1904 when Max had been a young secretary in the French Embassy in Washington did not seem a mere bent scrap to Ellen. If the War hadn't come, and Max had gone on in the diplomatic service, and they had had children, would her life have had more reality, Ellen sometimes wondered. The ten years before the War had been adequate enough—first Washington, and then Max's post at the Quai d'Orsay. It had been the sort of life that Margery Forester (who had been the only childhood friend who had gone on really caring for Ellen after she had become the Comtesse d'Evreux) probably dreamed about as diplomatic experience in the capitals of Europe. Outwardly that period had had all the conventional glamour but, after 1914 glamour had vanished astonishingly from the European scene. Didn't anyone in America realize that?

The group around Ellen's tea table now realized it, however. How many times had she heard these same phrases, "*Il n'y a rien à faire*"? The old life had gone, and if France—Europe—were to be saved, Max and his generation could do nothing about saving it. They hadn't the hope or the energy. New people were doing it; but, even in their own world, Ellen had seen that the younger brothers and sons had been caught by the American pragmatic success. They laughed a little to discover

that the modern world was exciting—amusing. The very youngest ones didn't even deprecate an attitude toward life that their fathers and grandfathers would have found fantastic. There sat Max's young cousin who was delighted with his post in an American bank in the Place Vendome, and who talked of the Bourse and the New York Stock Exchange with the enthusiasm Max's generation had reserved for a new idea.

"Do you remember Margery, Max?" Ellen asked her husband speculatively. "She was at our wedding and she gave a dance for us a night or two before we were married. She is this boy's mother."

Max tried to remember. There had been so many people about—that September in Jamestown. He had a keen and unpleasant recollection of the bucolic little island and the ugly turreted houses of wood, and the wind—day after day the September wind out of the west. It had always been his impression that they had practically plunged from the bay to the altar.

"I remember I thought, an hour or two before, that we were going to be married in bathing suits," Max said, laughing a little, "and I remember the wind, but I can't say Margery is very vivid."

"I remember the wind." Ellen, too, remembered the wind and the cloudless blue September days. Where had it gone—the feeling she and Max had had then? Until the War he had found—he must have found—her New England seriousness lovable; but, after he had come back from the front, Ellen had seen very quickly that everything about her only bored Max to distraction. He hadn't been able to help it, and she had never felt he should be reproached for it. It was as if his small stock of potential solemnity had been so heavily overdrawn that the very qualities of her character which had once amused and delighted him now merely irritated him with a profound permanent irritation. Even her beauty no longer touched him

—what little she felt was left of it—for his sensuousness had gone with his solemnity, and the only thing for which he any longer searched in a woman was a genuine mirth.

Once or twice Ellen had noticed him almost eagerly watching new women laugh, and, as she had read in his face his quick disappointment at the nervous laughter where he had hoped to find healing vitality, peace, she had understood and been genuinely sorry for him. Why were women so little gay? She had tried, for a time, when she had first understood his need, to meet it herself, but she knew her effort had been grotesque.

They had referred to it only once, in that hectic spring after the Armistice. They had been driving home through the *Bois* one evening in April, and Ellen remembered cowering, ashamed, in the dimness of the car. She had also felt a little sick because she had tried to find in champagne the gaiety to set her bubbling (she, who had gone through the War without alcohol, had begun to wonder whether she could go through the peace). It was stupid, naïve of her to have supposed it would do her any good, or change her. Max had seemed to understand the effort and even to appreciate it, for he had touched the hands crossed on her evening wrap. "*Pauvre Elaine*," he had said, "don't try any more. We are both too dead, aren't we?" His voice had hurt her. It had not asked a question, but Ellen had made the mistake of trying to answer it. "Do you suppose simple people who have to work for the next day's bread have come alive more easily? Would they work at all if they didn't?" Then Max had taken his hand away and lighted a cigarette. Though his expression had been invisible, she had known he was frowning and trying to control his quick impatience. She had tried to analyze and argue about something so empty and gutted that her words merely made him angry. If she had only been able to ripple with laugh-

ter, Ellen thought, and to have answered so that he would have been forced to believe her, "But I am *not* dead!"

They had never again spoken of their conviction that they were ghosts, and their lives had gone on in the routine already established, because drastically changing anything would have been more of an effort than either of them would have been capable of making. Ellen had often wondered if she would have been able to do more for him had she understood him less well. How many other people were there, who had found out, only after the Armistice, that they too were dead? . . .

"I remember there was a terribly ugly church," Max went on at the tea table, "and dozens and dozens of ravishingly beautiful girls."

"How you must have enjoyed it!" Thérèse exclaimed, interrupting her brother, and Max laughed his answer, "I did, enormously!"

Ellen felt as if they were talking about some beloved fairy story she had read when she was very young . . . the clear blue air and the west wind blowing across the island . . . goldenrod pushing up along the white, dusty, island roads, and the tawny reeds bending as the wind swept over the salt marshes . . . and even then Max had been puzzled, she remembered, by her passionate absorption in watching the sea gulls. He had never known why she had found their fierce, wild cries fantastically beautiful. . . . And that church he spoke of! Max had never known how many New England prejudices, kept alive by a half-conscious Puritan aversion to "popery," had been ruffled by the marriage ceremony in that hideous church; but Ellen, even at the time, had been able to imagine the undercurrents and to realize how many people had been saying to themselves, "In France the upper classes are all Catholic. This is different . . . the Comte d'Evreux." They had thought probably of Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame, but they had gone to a garishly

new building where a jovial Father Sullivan had mumbled through the mystery of the mass, and where, ordinarily, only a few of the local islanders and the farming Portuguese found God.

"May I call you Ellen?" John Forster asked one afternoon a fortnight or so after he had first come to tea. He looked toward her and smiled. "My French isn't good enough to call you *Madame* with the proper intonation, and even I know that Mrs. d'Evreux isn't correct, nor exactly pleasant to the ear. I always think of you as Ellen," he said, almost shyly, and then the crinkly smile around his dark eyes vanished, "perhaps because mother has accustomed me to thinking of you like that. I don't suppose you can imagine what it is like to have been sort of brought up in your cult and then to have found you so . . ."

"So what, John?" Ellen questioned. She felt almost breathless. Thank God, he didn't know the counters of the game. He wouldn't make her a banal compliment. He wouldn't know, couldn't guess that she didn't have anything inside her to teach her how to meet his transparent honesty—that she was tremulous, eager, as uncertain as a young girl with him. She waited a second for his answer and when it came it was adequate.

He was smiling again. "So exactly what I dared to expect. I am not silly enough to try to tell you anything about yourself, you know," he added. "I once tried to write a lyric poem and it wasn't a success. It is all right about the name, then?"

"But of course," Ellen answered, "I should have thought of it myself."

John stood up. "Then that's that. And it is still settled for Chartres tomorrow?" he added eagerly.

Ellen looked up at his tall, spare, dark youth. In her old high-ceilinged salon his unspentness seemed oddly out of place. Though she had known, with her mind, that youth went on, she had

never expected to come into contact with it again, to know how it felt, nor to see what the world looked like to the young. She had lived for so long among people who had the courage to look life in the face and accept it gallantly as meaningless, that it was breaking down her reserve, her indifference, to be with this boy who seemed to go forward into his days with the unphrased conviction that life had both significance and astonishing loveliness. She was almost afraid for him. He was so young, he was untried; he came from a young country where hope and dreaming had not become outworn by disaster. To be an optimist in Europe was to be stupid. To be a pessimist in America—was that to be stupid also?

"I'll be ready at ten," she answered.

"You are sure you don't mind my crazy little car?" John was asking. "When mother hears I have dragged her precious Ellen all over France in an open two-seated Citroën . . . !" John's expression conveyed what his mother would think of the affront to Ellen's dignity and his own knowledge that where they were having such a happy time together there could be no question of dignity involved. "I don't believe it dawned on mother that I should be able to make you laugh," he went on. "I think she just expected me to sit at your feet and worship in silent awe."

Ellen laughed again at that. "But that would have been dreadful, John. It couldn't have lasted at all."

John looked at Ellen for a second, then as if he were the elder of the two and she the one who was being naïve:

"Couldn't it?" he asked gently. "You think Americans can't realize that laughter doesn't hurt worship?"

His tone puzzled Ellen a little, but then he smiled again at her solemn expression.

"It is lucky for me that I can make you laugh occasionally," he said. "Otherwise I should be frightened to death of you. You've been away from

home a good while, you know. It changes people."

The words sounded strange to Ellen's ears. "You've been away from home a good while." . . . She had felt for so long that she had somehow mislaid her American heritage that this boy's unquestioning acceptance of her as a compatriot pleased while it astonished her. When he had first come she had often wondered what he might think of her life, of Max, of their whole Parisian milieu. It was important that he should see them all in proportion, for then he would realize without any words how much this unexpected friendship was meaning to her and yet how little it could mean.

He had fitted in quietly and easily enough, had come for dinner once or twice in the rue de Grenelle, and been casually accepted by all of them. Ellen had been pleased when Max found John's silence and quiet courtesy well bred. She had known she was going to like the boy almost at once but she had not been sure whether the sharp tongues in her family might not find his shy dignity stupid. They tore to tatters so effectually the helpless new individualities who fell into their clutches—not vindictively, nor even scandalously, but merely as if by seeing so pitilessly through other people's simplicity and pettiness they recreated the illusion of their own power. They appreciated a *bon mot* about anyone, Ellen had long realized, even more than they ever could appreciate the integrity or intensity or folly which had given the *bon mot* its significance.

John had mentioned Max only once. They had been lunching *à trois* almost the first day, while Ellen was still "trying him out." After lunch Max had gone away, and John had turned to smile at her a trifle dolefully.

"It's funny, you know. I don't exist for your husband. He is terribly kind and polite and charming to me, but I know all the while he is hardly aware I am alive."

Ellen could not quickly find any words

to answer him, and John had gone on hurriedly as if to make sure she understood that there hadn't been even an implicit criticism in his comment. "Of course there's not the ghost of a reason why he should be aware of me, but he makes me feel so young I am positively invisible."

Then Ellen had been able to laugh, but John's words stayed in her mind—"invisible"—she could never have found one word to describe so accurately how Max made *her* feel, but she knew she had to explain.

"It is the War, John. All of his generation are like that. People who haven't had their experience don't exist for them in the same way, though they don't talk about it much."

John pondered over that remark for a second or two. "As if we were impudent upstarts? Yes, I understand that. I suppose it's the way we all feel about children—that they are not to be judged on the same plane—and of course we *don't* understand the War! It is a legend to us—like the "Chanson de Roland"—or merely a great show we missed. We've no conception of the dullness or what the hanging on really meant; and of course the War is so much theirs that we can't even refer to it in their presence without being impertinent."

He had taken out a cigarette then and said to her, "I hope this doesn't sound like awful drivel to you. Of course I know I don't exist for you, either, but because *you are* an American, and kind, you are able to make me forget it."

Somehow that conversation had placed Max and John for Ellen so that their relationship never again bothered her. John was young and invisible to Max, but that was all right. John didn't really mind and he had understood quickly that the War was the only important thing which had ever happened to her husband and, since John appreciated hanging on, that was all right also. . . .

Just as John got up to leave, Etienne

came in to announce Ellen's mother-in-law, and Ellen presented the young American boy to the old French lady. He immediately became shy and silent.

"I'm not much good with your French relations," he had said ruefully one day. "Whenever I move they look at me as if afraid I was going to bite or start breaking the furniture. I never in my life have felt so big and clumsy as in their presence. They don't seem able *ever* to be ungraceful."

And yet Ellen saw that now he was fully appreciating the perfection Madame d'Evreux offered. Ellen could imagine their discussing his impressions on the way to Chartres to-morrow. John would say something fresh and startling about Madame d'Evreux—that she reminded him of his New England grandmother perhaps. In her delicacy and reserve and reticence she was like a New England lady, for Madame d'Evreux clung to her world, her traditions, with the same granitelike persistency. The grit, the stamina were the same though their manifestations were so different. After John had left them Ellen realized that for the first time in years she was seeing her setting through unbiased eyes.

"He is charming, your young man, Elaine," the old countess was saying. "You should have had sons like that. You would have been happier."

Ellen looked quickly at the shrewd old lady. Since Max was only a second son, and the name was safe with sturdy grandsons, she knew Madame d'Evreux could afford to be charitable about her childlessness; and Ellen's American dividends *were* paying for the grandsons' schooling in England. Though her fortune had never been one of the conspicuous American heritages in Europe, it had helped to see them all through the War and the peace. That the d'Evreux clan had been able to keep up the obligations of their rank because of dim but profitable financial operations in America, had always seemed to the old countess a justification not of her own family but of that inchoate, uncivilized continent.

"*Cette pudeur-là n'existe plus chez nous*," the old lady was saying. "Take care you don't fall in love with him, *ma chère*." Ellen's ears turned pink with surprise, but her mother-in-law was entirely casual. She was going on with her tea, intending to do full justice to it. Ellen always had a "*gouter*" for which it was worth while to spoil one's evening soup, she commented calmly. She was a tiny, fragile woman, and Ellen always marvelled as the toast and jam and cakes slipped away.

"I am glad he had the sense to go away, however," Madame d'Evreux continued. "I am too old to be kind to mooning young men over my tea."

"Mooning?" Ellen questioned, in astonishment.

"Yes, mooning," Madame d'Evreux answered placidly, touching one jammy finger with a delicate pink tongue. "He has not yet asked you to fly with him to his new, bold country?"

Ellen's expression answered her. As she reached for a cake, Madame d'Evreux chuckled a little wickedly. "Well he will, my dear, he will. Don't be surprised when it happens."

"But, *ma mère*, he is the son of my childhood friend," Ellen protested. How could Madame d'Evreux not see how ridiculous her words were? Ellen didn't quite know what she stood for in John's eyes—copy, perhaps, for the books he wanted to write, and yet not quite that either. Their friendship was too genuine, but she could readily picture how old and tired she must appear to him. Ellen tried to translate the meaning to this white-haired, rosy-cheeked wisp of a *grande dame*. "But his mother and I—we went to our *bals blancs* together," she said.

Madame d'Evreux waved a tiny white hand at her. "*Tiens, Tiens!*" This almost satirically; then, "But what does that signify?"

"But you won't run away," the old lady added, almost whimsically. "You have too much sense. Here or there, it must be all the same." (She spoke with

the terrible, clear, careless vision of the aged.) "Only here it would be easier. A woman has more props to lean on in Europe than in your country, where they tell me the light is so hard. And with your men it doesn't seem to be a matter of pride to leave each affair of the heart a finished little masterpiece. *Et vos projets d'été, ma fille?*"

After full justice had been done to the tea and the various interlocking summer dates, Madame d'Evreux rose to go. She didn't refer again explicitly to Ellen's new young man, but as she went out she brushed her hand over Ellen's hair. "It is not very gay for you, *mon enfant*—Max so changed since the War. After all, you aren't French really (a touch of pity in that phrase, Ellen found) and what we have all paid for it—*la victoire*—(Madame d'Evreux made a slight grimace at the word) can't seem reasonable to you, but—what would you? There is nothing to be done."

There it was again—the eternal Parisian salon phrase—*Il n'y a rien à faire*—and meanwhile they would all meet as they had met for as long as Ellen had known anything about them, the first fortnight of September *là-bas en Normandie*.

"We shall rejoin you the first half of the month." There was a pause. "Or do you like it better that I should come back earlier, bringing Max, from Evian?" the old countess questioned from the doorway.

Even Ellen appreciated this great concession. How had her mother-in-law divined that only within the last few days she had come to realize that she might be both lonely and unhappy? "But your visit to Savoie with the cousins, *ma mère?*" Ellen answered quickly. She was startled, and a shade annoyed; she must be incredibly easy to read if Madame d'Evreux felt that such a colossal change in the sacred routine might need to be inaugurated.

Ellen's astonishment brought Madame d'Evreux back to a logical appreciation of the absurdity of her suggestion.

"No, it is better as it is. You are always right, Elaine. And of course I should hate missing Savoie," she confessed frankly.

Was Chartres a prop to lean on, Ellen wondered the next day at twilight as the "crazy little car" bounded over the road through Maintenon, St. Cyr, on the way back to Paris.

They had lunched in the garden at Jouy, half a dozen kilometers this side of Chartres, as the "Grand Monarque" in the town was always filled with formidable spinsters with guidebooks and was consequently rather a dreary setting. They had been gay and young and happy together, John openly expecting that the day would be lovely and memorable and Ellen secretly holding to her heart the joy of each swift, rushing moment. She had forgotten that she could laugh, forgotten that a day could be so brimming over with sun and blue sky and radiance. The flat fields of *la Beauce* were not supposed to be particularly radiant, Ellen knew well enough. How wickedly Thérèse would laugh if Ellen should confess she had found them so. The inn at Jouy seemed delightful—the flagged courtyard filled with flowers, the pale pink walls covered with vines, the color looking almost Italian in the clear air. They lunched under a brilliant striped umbrella beneath an almost Mediterranean sky.

"You really ought to see it on a gray day," she said over the omelette and the *vin d'Anjou*. She did not know what she was eating, for she was past caring, and John was too young to have learned yet to care.

"A gray day, Ellen? How *could* it be a gray day when you take me to Chartres for the first time?" he answered. "Of course it had to be like this. Our luck couldn't desert us now."

"Our luck?"—Ellen shivered. When one had forgotten how to meet it, to be feeling again was almost terrible: fire after one had been cold; water after one

had been long thirsty. Did seeds in the spring know this pain when warm life first pricked them awake after the chill quiet of winter mold? Ellen had read somewhere that people who were drowning resented being pummeled back to life, and she found that it was agonizing as one's sensitiveness crept back through one's mind, one's body. Max had been right. She had been dead. What she had felt at the dismal ruin of their own life had been a cold, intellectual apprehension of futility, a sterile regret, not this searing awareness of the quality of being alive.

"I don't believe this inn can be on any map," John said, looking around almost incredulously. "It wasn't here yesterday and it will be gone to-morrow."

With a part of her mind Ellen wondered what his frank, articulate pleasure meant. Didn't he realize how unusual this was for her—this skylarking around in a little car with a youngster who might almost have been her son? Perhaps that was why she was liking it so much—he didn't realize, he took it for granted that she lived always with her eyes open and laughter on her lips and life beating over her in warm, restful waves. . . .

As the flat fields slipped past Ellen tried to forget everything but the day they had just lived through. After lunch they had climbed into the little car again and gone on toward Chartres by the back country lanes. They had entered the town through an old gate Ellen had never before seen and then tried to scale a vertical hill marked "*impraticable aux voitures*." The Citroën had attacked it valiantly but had finally coughed and died and they had rolled ignominiously and, Ellen thought, perilously down hill to make a more conventional assault upon the town from another quarter.

"It certainly is *impraticable* for us," John said happily, "but we saw the gate anyway. *Think* of the people who come to Chartres time after time and go

away and, finally, to their graves without ever knowing that there is a gate."

But his sparkling gaiety was quenched when, after circling around in the blind, narrow, cobbled streets, they finally came out into the *grande place* in front of the cathedral. They stood for a long while with their backs against the wall at the foot of the square, looking up at the *flèches* soaring clear into the blue air like a prayer or a dream.

After a time Ellen said, "Shall we go inside?"

They walked slowly up to the west portal in silence. Ellen wondered how much he knew about Chartres, whether to point out to him the unbelievably tall, thin figures; but, as she watched his eyes roving up and up and a curious surprised expression come into them, she realized that there was nothing she need say.

As she pushed open the narrow, leather-covered door to the right she turned to John and held out her hand impulsively.

"Shut your eyes," she commanded gently.

John put his hand obediently in hers and closed his eyes quite simply, and she led him in until they stood just under the rose window facing the altar, infinitely far away. Then she released his hand and whispered, trembling a little, "Now you can look."

The car swerved suddenly to avoid an unlighted peasant's cart which had loomed up on their side of the road.

"Cold?" John questioned.

Ellen shook her head.

"Curious there should be so much mist rising from the fields after such a hot day," he commented.

She had scarcely noticed the chill air, but there *was* white mist as well as night creeping over the fields. It was quite cold, now John had mentioned it; but how could anyone ever be cold again after the jeweled richness of such a day? Ellen felt almost drunk on color but she could hardly remember anything they

had said. She had answered a few quiet questions about dates and what she supposed France had been like while Chartres was building. Then for no reason she could have analyzed she had heard herself saying, "Is there still arbutus growing in New England woods?" John had looked at her then, his sensitive brown eyes under the heavy brows drawn into a puzzled wonder. "Why did you ask that, here?"

Ellen couldn't have told why. Indeed, what had New England woods in spring—moist, wet earth and trailing, stubborn vines and exquisite, fragile flowers—what had they to do with the quintessence of blueness in the glass before them?

"Perhaps because I was consciously aware of beauty for the first time in the spring once in a New England wood."

Ellen's whisper went up and was lost in the stillness which had taken so many whispers through the years.

John tucked her gloved hand under his arm and patted it. "Dear Ellen," he said. That was all. Then they had gone on to other windows.

It was the old countess who finally had the last words with John. She it was who had given him Ellen's message.

The season had swung her around to the first fortnight in September and to the château in Criqueboeuf, and on arrival she had been mildly surprised to find John and his crazy little car installed in the neighborhood.

"He's sailing from Havre in a day or two," Ellen had said casually. "He's been about here for the last few weeks."

Thérèse, who had been staying there at the time, laughed and looked towards her mother. Thérèse was the only one who commented to Ellen on the boy's being so constantly about, and she had only said, half enviously, half satirically, "What it is, Ellen, to have an impeccable reputation for *sagesse*! You have been wise for so long that you are beyond reproach. You range all over Normandy in a way which would call down

upon my iniquitous head the frowns of the entire family, but no one questions that it isn't Falaise or Bayeux or Caen you are going to see!"

Ellen had been able to laugh at her. "You will never understand how simple Americans are!"

Quite irrelevantly, apparently, Thérèse answered, "You are very beautiful this summer, you know, Ellen. . . . Why I believe you are actually blushing!"

Was she blushing and was she "*en beauté*" as Thérèse said? And if so when had the summer for her begun? Ellen knew herself that July had scarcely counted, for John had gone away in the car to the Loire, to Brittany. She had received scrawled postcards and then his letter from Concarneau: "May I come back and stay near where you are? I've felt like a stupid tourist—blind—without your eyes to help me see. You spoiled me my first weeks here, and I can't get on without you."

Such a baffling little letter! She had written him that it was very tranquil in Normandy but to come if he wasn't afraid of being bored; and he had wired back impetuously, "How could I be bored?" Ellen had been almost frightened by the wire, but then when he had come, everything had seemed so simple and easy and uncomplicated again, at least for a little while. . . .

Madame d'Evreux had seen Ellen's blush. "Don't tease her, Thérèse. She has never grown accustomed to our hardy, naughty tongues. If I can't chaperon my daughter-in-law adequately . . ." She had left the phrase in the air, and Thérèse had laughed again and presently had gone away to stay elsewhere, and Ellen and the old countess were left alone in the aging, beautiful house.

The night Ellen had come in from her long walk in the forest with vague, unhappy eyes, Madame d'Evreux had begun to wonder whether she could adequately chaperon her daughter-in-law. Surely Ellen wasn't going to be

silly and tiresome about this young man. It had been all very well to race over the Norman roads, if it amused her to get dusty and bedraggled; but surely Ellen would finally let him go with the calm dignity she had let everything else slip out of her life. Thérèse had been right in thinking that only Ellen's reputation for being *froide* had saved this summer friendship from appearing ridiculous in all their eyes; but had they been misjudging her from the beginning? Could a young, innocent, almost gauche compatriot unlock doors in her heart which had remained closed to the polished artistry the old countess had seen lavished through the years upon Ellen's smooth, unrevealing self?

The day had been very still. Yellow leaves were drifting down in the garden, for the gardener had complained to her of the impossibility of keeping the driveway neatly swept and raked. The old countess had noticed with very slight distaste the profusion, the rank, luxuriant growth of dahlias and asters and marigolds. The flowers were growing too tall, too lush, with overlong stems, as if in a hurry to push up to the sun before it should be gone. And, though she rarely went outside the park herself nowadays, she knew what the forest was like at this season. It had been in September that Max's father had first brought her here, a shy, almost frightened bride. They had walked the green tunneled lanes and come out upon the golden vistas up the valley. They were a hill away from the sea. The old countess remembered the soft golden haze of light over the stubbly fields, the blue shadows of haystacks and the yellow leaves drifting down.

In the lanes at this season it was still green and summer, with ducks quacking behind the mud-and-root walls, and the sound of pigeons cooing in the *pigeonnier*; but at the breaks in the walls and at the top of the hill in the forest it was already golden autumn. The bracken turned early, and in the apple orchards the trees were laden with ripe fruit. The ap-

ples weren't as vivid a red nowadays of course. The trees, too, were old. They had never again been as red as that first summer. Was Ellen seeing the golden haze from the hill as she had once seen it, old Madame d'Evreux wondered, and would Ellen's disillusionment be as sharp and swift as her own had been? Would the blue smoke always remind her of this one particular autumn here? If Ellen wasn't going to be tiresome, the old countess could feel tender and almost sorry for her, but if she was . . .

She was afraid it was more than likely, for after they had dined quietly together and Ellen had gone upstairs (she said to fetch a book), the old woman heard the car come around in the driveway. When Ellen came back into the room she had on a motoring coat and she looked extraordinarily tired and hard and as if a light had failed inside her. She had a book and a white envelope in her hand.

Madame d'Evreux looked at her daughter-in-law blankly. Had Ellen taken leave of her senses?

"I find I must go to Paris, *ma mère*," Ellen said quietly. "I've already telephoned the rue de Grenelle, so they are expecting me."

Madame d'Evreux still said nothing, and Ellen went on, holding out the book with the note stuck in its pages. "Will you give this to John when he comes to-morrow? He is sailing the next day, and I shan't be seeing him again."

The two women looked at each other in silence, but the old lady's comprehension was beyond words. They were both as aware as if they had spoken of the sea and a ship only a hill away.

"You *must* run away, Ellen?" Madame d'Evreux questioned slowly. Her voice was quite kind, though she herself felt it a lack of fine breeding to admit defeat by running away.

Ellen nodded and repeated her words quite simply. "I must run away."

She bent over her mother-in-law and kissed her quickly and then she stood for

a second in the doorway. The light from the hall was behind her, and Madame d'Evreux could not see her eyes. Ellen paused as if to find some quite simple word, either of explanation or farewell, but the word did not come, and she closed the door quietly behind her without speaking again.

The old countess heard the car go out of the driveway and off up to the Deauville road. She disliked intensely finding herself alone here and she hated these impulsive rushings about. She could remember when the journey from Criqueboeuf to Paris had been a matter of serious planning for a fortnight, and now one had a whim and jumped into a car after dinner. . . . But Ellen wasn't given to whims. It must be a strong necessity that had sent her out to drive until midnight along black roads.

The house seemed very empty and cold after Ellen had gone. Madame d'Evreux was glad she had ordered the fire lighted here in the salon before dinner. She sat listening as the motor raced away in the darkness and soon she could not even hear it any longer.

How strange that Ellen should leave her this task to do—but of course they couldn't have the boy turned away in the morning by servants when he came expecting to find Ellen herself still there. It was an odd task for a mother-in-law, but Ellen had been right to trust it to her, for the old woman knew, despite her own rigid observance of forms and ceremonies, that life never lived up to discreet formulæ. It always broke away somewhere, like water rushing through a dike; but, none the less, dikes were useful and necessary, and she had always done her best to keep them intact as long as possible. She would see the boy and send him away as gently as she could, and of course there probably wouldn't be much she would have to say.

She sat for a long while with the book in her hands. Though she would have liked to know what was in the unsealed letter it was safe with her, but at the book she thought she might honorably

look. She sniffed a little—poetry—only an Anglo-Saxon woman would thus send away her lover. Had he ever been her lover? Madame d'Evreux thought not, for if he had been, then Ellen would not be going away with such wide, tragic eyes. In that case the tragedy would have come only later. But only an Anglo-Saxon woman could have done it with a cold book of poems.

The book fell open at the page where the letter was inserted—Masefield: "On Growing Old."

She read English with difficulty, but because of her curiosity Madame d'Evreux puzzled through the sonnet. What was it Ellen was trying to say to the young man?

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying . . .

The old countess stopped. The phrase came through to her, though the language was alien. . . . She didn't know what spindrift was, but that was what youth assuredly did do.

Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift
flying
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.

I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands nor
your vallies
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squad-
ron rallies,

Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

The beauty of embers? The old countess felt cold and tired. Where were they all? Where had everyone gone, and why was she here alone reading cold English words which chilled her to the marrow, though she could not even understand all of them? Would that young man on the morrow make better sense out of it than she had. . . . before he took his boat and set out across the sea? Why had Ellen gone racketing off through the night to Paris? The young couldn't stay still and accept the inevitable. She closed the book with a shrug of impatience and rang for her *tilleul*. She would never understand this. . . . Why Ellen had never even had a dog. . . .



THE PEPPERMINT YEARS

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

WE were two at tea, with a crackling fire pointing its finger at thin old teaspoons and ancestral white-and-gold china, and warming mahogany to dusky red. The background might have been painted for my hostess—tiny and white; with a frail exquisiteness like that of her own porcelain, she had just celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday.

"So many thoughtful friends!" she murmured gratefully with a gesture covering piles of gifts: books, flowers, growing plants, and candy boxes.

She called the maid to bring forward several of these, which, bedecked and beribboned, appeared innumerable. They revealed every conceivable form of the sugary art—long snappy stems, flower-shaped crystals, little trunk-trays of many compartments filled with amusingly varied beads and pebbles and beans and poker chips of green, white, and pink.

"Dear me!" I marvelled, "never did I dream that the confectioner's art could achieve such infinite variety . . ."

"And," interrupted my hostess gently, "in spite of that same infinite variety, they are all peppermints."

At the moment I did not quite catch the underlying significance, although vaguely I felt it in her voice.

She paused, an odd little smile playing over her lips, a smile just a trifle elfin, as though it peeped from behind a tree at the clumsy gambols of human beings. And then that passed, and there was a touch of ruefulness and a delicate hint of apology in her tone.

"I trust you like them—they are the

only sort here. . . . My friends are so very kind, but there comes a time . . ." Again she paused. Then, still very gently, but, oh, so wistfully, "There comes a time after which people never send you any but peppermints."

Her words dogged me all the way home and trailed me to sleep, and have sounded in my ears ever since. Actually, they related to nothing more important than certain green and white and pink peppermint drops; but, symbolically, they were the cry of all the old among us—the yearning, heart-aching, lonely cry to us of the younger generations—pleading to be one with us, to be friends, companions; to be understood in their desire to share, to be allowed to enter in. The old want what we want; they are willing to court disaster; they do not ask for the safety of peppermints. Let them, too, they beseech, risk the luscious bonbons of life, the wicked, worldly, dangerous bonbons bursting full of richness. And we reply, "No, no, you are children, you must be shielded, you must have mild things that won't harm you. In fact, you prefer the mild things. You may not know what you prefer, but we do. There, there, go suck your peppermint sticks and fall asleep."

And so, in our trampling, blundering, know-it-all, own-it-all, damnably blind youth and middle-age we ride thundering by, sure that the old are safe and content, and that we can comfortably forget them. They have, we assure ourselves, every want supplied. Good heavens! what do we suppose their wants *are*? Food and an easy chair, a sound roof

and a warm bed? Are they pet Persians or Scotties? But, no; we say of the Persian, "The dear creature feels a slight so deeply; she has so much temperament." And of the Scottie, "Watch him! He understands everything, and he all but talks himself. Tell us, Pet, what is it you want to explain to us?" We give time to them, we exercise the sympathetic imagination to learn and gratify their emotional and intellectual needs. We recognize the fact that liver and puppy biscuit are mere physical essentials which in no wise satisfy the higher-life longings of cat and dog. And yet we turn to our old and say, "You are infants, you must be consigned to a nursery where life is regulated by a thermometer and bran. Bran and a thermometer, a thermometer and bran. You have no longer any but the bodily wants of the new-born; and pretty soon you won't have even those. How comfortable you are, how content!"

And, having disposed of them to the satisfaction of our consciences, we go forth to display our intellectual prowess at a concert or a tea to the latest English author, at contract or at an O'Neill play. We discuss Byrd's expedition, and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and American possessions in Samoa, and the relation of the Church to modern thought. We don't, for the most part, say much; but we discuss. Our chests expand at the thought of the countless subjects which we discuss; we are thinkers, we moderns, the adult-minded. We are thoroughly convinced that we are the adult-minded. The infants among us—who are the aged now that we have no other infants to swaddle—of course do not care to discuss. And, if they did, they would have nothing to contribute. That's the word, contribute. We, the adult-minded, must utter a great many words on the topics which are being talked about. It is by so doing that we contribute. Meanwhile our elderly babes are properly cared for and put to bed.

II

Obviously, it was the violent swing of the pendulum that led to this situation. "The day of youth" and "the day of the child" are phrases heard abroad in the land. Amen! It was, undoubtedly, time. The patriarchal and matriarchal tradition of our Puritan forbears, which for generations had expressed itself in such formulas as "Children should be seen and not heard," "Mother knows best," "Spare the rod and spoil the child," and a hundred others, brought on (as does every tyranny in the end) revolution. Youth rose in righteous indignation and demanded its right of self-expression whether or not it had anything to express. Not a single spirited boy or girl under that regime but reached maturity laden with secret declarations of independence to be enforced "as soon as I'm grown up." They fled from stony farms and village stores, from gloomy kitchens and annual child-bearing. Here a youth of twenty, being led to the woodshed for a trouncing, roused at length the latent worm within his soul and returned the trouncing. There a girl vowed to become an author for life because her verses, discovered upon the backs of old envelopes, had been burned in the kitchen stove before her eyes, and she had been sent to her room to do an extra stint of patchwork. . . . I knew a woman who always gleefully plunged her knife into every steaming loaf of cake the instant it emerged from the oven because her grandmother had never permitted her a taste until the loaf had lain shrouded in state for days, after which "she would approach it in solemn reverence and cut me a very small slice as if the cutting were part of the church service." . . . A young man ran away from a Vermont farm to hunt lions in Africa, and, although the issue proved fatal, I have no doubt that he relished the moment in which his prey swallowed him as keenly as did the lion, so weary of monotony had he become.

Now all this is as it should be. Nobody any more anywhere (unless in some isolated stronghold of ancient rule where the name of Darwin strikes terror like that of the Black Douglas, and where Jonah still lingers within the whale's digestive precincts) refuses youth its freedom—or wishes to. The Tyranny of Age has become a dim fact of the past; but in its place has come forward a myth of the present—the myth of Second Childhood. Indeed, owing to our scientific trend to-day, we have represented the progress of the individual human life by a diagrammatic line which ascends from the start, reaches its peak before, or at the middle (according to what the line-drawer's personal age chances to be), and thereafter plunges downward to the abyss.

To be sure, this pyramidal diagram may be correct judged by a physician's tests of blood pressure and albumen, of stethoscopic murmurs and corpuscles. It may also be correct according to an intelligence test. Although I do not know whether there are tabulated figures showing the reactions of the aged to a picture puzzle of dogs chasing a rabbit, or the question, "What would you do if a man gave you seventeen pennies and the kite you wanted cost twenty cents?" I am willing to wager that, if they are the sort of aged whom I number among my friends, they would snort at dogs and rabbit and refuse to answer an idiotic question about a kite and, therefore, would be solemnly set down at some way station between six and seven years old.

But there is another line which ascends persistently to the end. It is traced upon a plane superior to blood pressure and puzzle-solving, a plane where the highest mental and spiritual processes fuse into rich full-rounded thought. To measure these processes we have no intelligence test, but we display scant intelligence ourselves if we refuse to recognize the fact that the old, as one of my college friends astonishingly admits, have it on us. His grandfather,

he concedes, is the entire family cheese. At eighty-two he conducts the manufacturing business which he has built up during a busy lifetime, and every problem is referred to him, from the matter of overhead stock to that of a granddaughter's love affair. Apropos, this college grandson of extraordinary perspicacity once quoted the poet's phrase, "Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." "And," he added, "that whisker-bearing trochee-stepper of a laureate may have done his lyre-twanging in Victoria's day, but all the same he said a mouthful."

He did. For, cruel as is our bludgeon-mindedness, the suffering that it causes the old does not compare with our own suffering by loss. In our madness for knowledge we tear along the highway, grabbing a "course" here, a "course" there, and bringing up with "the tag." We snatch instantaneous French, shortcut cookery, high-speed story-writing, snap-shot nursing, get-quick engineering—anything for that tag. Meantime, while clinging to the racing car of knowledge, we completely ignore that mellow, leisurely wisdom upon which we might regale ourselves in the pauses of frenzied speed. There it waits with our old, shining in the autumn sun, a harvest ripe for our gathering; and we drive ruthlessly over the sheaves and whirl on.

One evening last winter I dined with a family in which three generations are represented. I had long cherished a suspicion that Mr. A, the grandfather, was its most interesting member; and it was through my sympathy with him that I became involved in guilty intrigue. The others were leaving the dinner table to attend the performance of a Spanish dancer whom I had already seen, and I had elected to remain behind for a while and then go home to write letters. As the party set off someone observed, "From what everybody says, it really wouldn't do to miss this Spaniard and her castanets."

"Castanets?" Mr. A inquired with sudden briskness. "I saw a great dancer in Spain when I was young. I'd like to compare them."

The family exchanged glances. "Why, dear, it might raise your blood pressure again," his daughter gently explained. "You'd better have a quiet evening and go to bed early. There's that new book. Such a quaint, pleasant little tale, nothing *modern* about it." This was said with a meaningful lift of the brows, intended to go over her father's head. A whirlwind in the hall, a banged door, and Mr. A and I were alone.

We strolled into the library. He picked up the pleasant tale, laid it down. He cogitated. Then:

"Is this dancer really remarkable?"

"Extraordinary. Her impression of a bullfight leaves you gasping—it's beautiful, it's savage, it's splendid."

The heavily veined hand was on my arm, the faded eyes were alive. "My dear, if you wouldn't too much mind seeing her again—let's go!"

In justice to myself let me state that I really did protest. I recalled that ominous mention of blood pressure. But he was already hurrying into his overcoat. The next I knew we were in a taxi.

Never have I seen a boy glow and throb more than that man of seventy-nine. "It's four years since I've been allowed an evening entertainment," he whispered, the music of those magic heels and castanets trickling through his veins like some rare Spanish wine. . . . It is true that he spent the next day in bed, much fatigued; but to my relief he was soon as well as usual, and our truancy never leaked out. "And, my dear," he stole an opportunity to say to me, "even if I had died I trust you would have felt no qualm of regret. I'd far rather die seeing that dancer than live to read the books which are selected for me."

Now, it happens that Mr. A is the only member of his family who has ever visited Spain, and his memory of it is vivid. He talked with me later on about the native dance as he had observed it there, and compared the interpretation of this new artist, spreading before me a feast of delightful comment. Meanwhile his granddaughters had uttered

their high-pitched "Marvellous! Simply gorgeous! Absolutely adorable!" His son-in-law had grunted, "Say, that hot little mamma of a Juanita delivers the goods all right." And his daughter had hunched her shoulders and gushed, "My dear! Perfectly *astounding*, never heard anything as *amazing* as the symphony that woman produces with her heels and her castanets—positively a *symphony*!" And they had speeded on their several ways to a bridge for the benefit of something or other, a tea for somebody who had won a prize for I don't know what, a directors' meeting, a dressmaker's fitting, a golf-course conference, a shampoo with massage, and a lesson in rhythmic control of bodily poise. They had tossed a glance at the precious stone of art which the dancer had proffered, and flung it away; Mr. A had deliberately cut its facets with exquisite touch and presented it to me to behold in its enhanced gleaming.

III

It is in this deeper, fuller, better rounded form of thought that the old so frequently excel us. For one thing, their memories greatly surpass ours. Memory is one faculty which threatens to be lost altogether if we continue to snap multitudinous exposures upon the film-pack of a single human consciousness at such a rate that the result is nothing but a hopeless muddle of superimposed pictures. The old, having used and hoarded their films more frugally, have an orderly array to bring forth for a fresh printing. Add to this their opportunity for reflection, which comes with more retirement; their tolerance, born of much living and much forgiving both of others and of self; and their sense of humor (humor, indeed, is fading like an enchantment before the bald hot stare of this new literal-minded generation, which has nothing enticing up its sleeve because it wears no sleeve); and they offer a point of view that we can ill afford to lose.

In some cases I have found, too, a modern outlook. For instance, during the witchcraft episode in Pennsylvania I heard the subject summarized by a woman far past her threescore-and-ten as I saw it summarized in no current editorial. She harked back to a period when the Salem tradition was better remembered than now, poking good-tempered fun at two prominent American authors of to-day in whose books occur allusions to the "burnings" on Salem's hill. She covered briefly the history of the fanaticism in both Europe and America. Finally, she threw upon it the searchlight of the new psychology, a volume by one of our leading psychiatrists lying on her table while she talked. More than anyone else whom I heard discuss this subject, she talked with perspective. Perspective, both intellectual and spiritual, is the treasure won by the long and difficult climb to the top of the hill.

And we, with all our prating of "utilization of values," are ignoring one of the highest values that we possess. We labor to conserve everything else—trees and water power and infant health and the softness of our arteries and the by-products of canned soup. Everything except the wisdom of the old, which we cast to the four winds. My attention was recently called to the fact that the World War developed no outstanding young leaders; the great generals were men who remembered other wars, who stood where they could gaze over the whole prospect, past and present, and form a broad judgment not possible to younger men. It may be banal to say that experience teaches, but, like a good many banalities, it is the truth. That is, it teaches the teachable. Those who have been unwilling to learn, who have let the years wither their powers, who have become crabbed, arbitrary, reactionary, who have refused to grow as life led on, ever inviting growth—such have weeded themselves out of the reckoning. But to the fit who have survived we may look for a certain

point of view impossible to us who, still in the thick of the struggle, cannot see the woods for the trees.

Bless the day that introduced youth with its fresh standards of judgment to offset staleness! The open-minded are taking advantage of it on every hand. A girl recently from college is one of the readers for a leading New York publisher who heeds as much her opinion of a manuscript as he does those of his mature editors. Many boards directing large business institutions nowadays include young men; and their conferences are greatly stimulated by the alertness and flexibility of these eager minds. The new mood of giving attention to youth's slant is one of the happiest signs of the times; but why, in availing ourselves of this, should we deprive ourselves of that other and widely different slant of age? Complementing each other as they do, we cannot afford to throw away either.

IV

In every phase of life we are wreaking our blind vengeance for a long-dead tyranny by shelving the old or near-old—who, oddly, are the very generation that won freedom for us. Department-store managers and business heads turn with chilly gaze from a gray-haired applicant. Woman need no longer conceal either her cigarettes or her knees, but her age must be hidden like sin.

Youth has distinct values of its own to offer. Physical attractiveness is important in certain positions. Also, its quickness has rightly caused many employed ranks to be recruited from among wide trousers and boyish bobs. This quickness, requisite in some lines, is partly due to sharper hearing and eyesight, to a more vigorous physique in general; and partly to a different thinking process. Older persons often do think more slowly; but if they are intelligent, this makes for greater thoroughness and balance in the performance.

Employers are arguing that older men have not shown themselves amenable to

the radical changes in industry, that they resist innovation. Why not, then, offer evening courses for the resistant as we teach youth to apply its go-get-it-iveness to those industries which maturity has built? "Adapting the Improved Mentality of Mature Years to the Improved Machinery of the Modern Plant" might start the ball rolling. As for the women: I have questioned a great number of shoppers, and I find the majority preferring the older saleswomen. "The girls find matching a ribbon for me less important than the talkie they attended last evening with the boy friend," is a typical reply.

Here and there we find business and professional men who, in age, hold a place of authority not by the mere clutch of possessiveness but by genuine leadership. Like those seasoned generals who knew better how to guide the new war because they had gleaned from both successes and failures in the old, so these generals of various peacetime battlefields have harvested the past. One, "the grand old man" of finance; another, the president of a great insurance company; and a few similar outstanding figures rouse our cheers. But they are few; probably they possess more health, more stubbornness, or more stock than the most of their contemporaries.

Woman, who possesses less frequently the property rights which may enable a man to hold his place, is even more easily consigned to the nursery. A Mrs. L whom I knew, however, lived beyond ninety and held her own by sheer resistance. Although her appearance was of the utmost fragility, her vitality was amazing. She was impatient, her earrings bobbed, she tapped her dainty foot at a world of sloth, she must be off to an Italian lesson or her piano practice or her embroidery. Never knitting—knitting was for the old, who bored her. They were so elderly. For years she had been spending the summers at a resort frequented by ladies of sixty, seventy, eighty; the last summer, fol-

lowing her ninety-first birthday, she wrote me, "I am going to a new hotel where I hope to find the guests younger and more congenial."

And there, among strangers who set out to patronize her years, she sprang at one leap to the aggressive. She met her juniors critically, a bit scornfully, forcing each to prove himself young enough for her society. "Reactionary!" she scoffed one day, catching a spinster of forty reading Rossetti. "Do put yourself on a diet of Masefield and Sandburg, and see if you can't look less jilted by life." She was outrageously rude at times; rudeness was a weapon foreign to her, and she took it up as a last resort. "If I don't insult the young they insult me by treating me as a child," she confessed.

"Now, there's that young clergyman. He talks with men of affairs and authors and globe trotters, but he patronizes me," she went on. He approached, a man in his early thirties, one already widely known for his brilliant thinking and courageously liberal utterance. A keen, intelligent-looking man, rather the up-to-date lawyer in manner; of the most modern type found in the church to-day; but at sight of Mrs. L the traditional saccharinity spread over his face as if a sweetmeat were being dipped in sugar syrup.

"Good morning, good morning!" He patted her shoulder. "Well, well, we're pretty spry this sunshiny day, aren't we?"

She surveyed him with a glance which caused his hand to drop from her shoulder. "A pity you weren't more spry when you were preparing last Sunday's sermon. Didn't your Seminary teach you the correct pronunciation of 'Isaiah'? And if you will look up that phrase you quoted from *Creative Evolution* you will find that what Bergson says is, 'A beneficent fluid bathes us, whence we draw the very force to labor and to live.'"

To the credit of this young man be it recorded that, having first stared dumbly,

then uttered a "Great Scott!" he sat down beside his challenger and entered into talk as brain to brain. The two discussed schools of philosophy and the higher criticism; they debated, they agreed, they flatly disagreed, but as equals. And they were, from that hour, fast friends. She had opened his eyes, and he was big enough to enjoy their opening. He admitted later that "we ministers, I believe, and doctors too, have a professional habit of treating the old as children."

This is true, although a specialized branch of medicine, dealing with the diseases of age, is now developing. An able young physician whom I know has been led into it through his sympathetic understanding of the old. He says that its greatest difficulty lies in rousing any interest in the fight for health: "The old are not interested in themselves, largely because nobody is interested in them." For years, however, he has been able to hold at bay the angina pectoris of a woman past eighty because her family so ardently co-operate with his medical efforts. "If they had been indifferent, had given her the spiritless, perfunctory care that the old so often have, she'd have gone long ago. Her will to live, backed by theirs, has held her."

Both in the prevention and the cure of disease, medicine and surgery have already lengthened the life span, as hosts of tabulated figures show; and they will, no doubt, lengthen it much farther. What is more important, the physical comfort of old age has been increased by these sciences. We, here in America, are eminently practical. Physicians are attending to old age's health while economists and legislatures are beginning to consider old age's pension, and employment preceding old age. Most properly. Rheumatism and anxiety concerning the rent must be relieved. But while we look to our elders' blood pressure and their annuities, while we give them pensions and acidophilus, let us not neglect the spirit. Let us, instead of coddling them, seek to understand.

Hypocrisy is rife among us. We raise them to a throne. "Grandmamma must have the heart of the celery, the perfect portion of the tenderloin," we sentimentalize. "She is queen among us." We throw a sop to our idea of "filial duty," whereas nothing so bores an intelligent grandparent as the thought of filial duty. Probably the old, as well as the young, nowadays are skeptical concerning its existence; obligation on the part of a compulsory guest seems illogical. But comradeship they do desire. In Europe, where the family remains an institution (as it was formerly in America), where its social life is unified, where grandparents refuse to be relegated to the nursery, one finds them often dominant (sometimes domineering). But with us they are too often swathed in the cotton wool of luxury and forgotten—save when we approach them to converse upon inane topics or to present them with some gift from a fixed list of our own invention, which consists of (in addition to peppermints), mufflers, footstools, and spectacle wipers for old gentlemen, and bed slippers, knitted bed jackets, and small articles colored lavender for old ladies. To say nothing of the products of religion. "Why is it assumed," one asked me, "that we are always pious after seventy, no matter how entertaining we may have been before?" I for my part have registered a vow never to give an old person anything colored lavender or flavored with peppermint or piety.

Even to the opening of the last door do we patronize our elders. Indeed, there is no field of thought where we more profoundly fail to comprehend than their interest in death, which is as normal as a "prep" school senior's interest in whether or no college is to follow his graduation. Death among most of us in America is an improper subject, anyway. One doesn't speak of it. One discusses sex relations and the Oedipus complex and the Wassermann test, but death is indelicate and when it insists upon occurring it is quickly

hushed. I heard a man of eighty, with complete poise and cheerfulness, say to his son who is a college professor of philosophy:

"I should like to talk with you about death, as it cannot be far from me. What would you, familiar with modern thought, say is the consensus of sound present-day opinion regarding the possibility of survival?"

"Nonsense, Dad!" in the tone employed by some when a child normally questions the stork tale. "Don't think about such things. You'll outlive us all. Anyway, death's nothing to be afraid of. . . . You ought to get outdoors more. Get the cook to walk with you if you're wobbly on your pins."

His elder turned away, knowing pursuit of the subject futile. But if that son of many degrees had been capable of reading the contempt upon that fine, haughty old nose, his A.B., A.M., Ph.D., and the rest would have withered to no more than the discarded letters of an alphabet soup. Looking on, I wished the father had the son where he had been (or should have been) forty years earlier: across the paternal knee. Afraid of death! A man who had journeyed through eighty years without once quailing before death's far more formidable predecessor, life. I have been honored with the confidence of many old persons upon this subject, as vital to them as the next step ahead is vital to each one of us, and I have yet to find a noble spirit even touched by fear. Believers and unbelievers alike meet it without morbidity and with interest. In some cases, I fancy, the possibility of what religionists term a "hereafter" offers hope of more congenial companionship than the therefore. Possibly one reason that we do not follow Edison's suggestion, and push toward the scientific proof (if there may be one) of survival, is that its discovery would give the old too great an advantage over us. Meantime they, keeping their thought to themselves, bide on the shelf that we have built, as wistful as a Gaffer and a

Granny Tyl, waiting for our thought to come and summon them.

V

But let us remind ourselves once more that we are the major losers. Can we not, for heaven's and for common sense's sake, salvage for our own use this priceless value that is the essence of age before it is too late? Too late, because, if the habit of disuse continues, it is conceivable that it may disappear eventually, or become merely vestigial, as infrequent as the caudal appendage. We may reduce the old to infancy or imbecility by our insistence. That particular wise, mellow aroma which only time can create may be lost to us forever, while in its place will reek a swollen mass of brain cells inflamed with mechanical information, radio hook-ups, and data on the newest jazz steps.

Can we not, for the sake of all that is precious, create within our midst a mingling that shall blend youth, age, and the between as a chef blends his savors to an exquisite perfection? Europe knows how. Europe accomplishes the feat. And Europe has commented that America has no authentic society. It is fair to reply that America neither has nor desires the same basis for such an institution. We don't possess duchesses and we are not going to start manufacturing them, even in Detroit. But there is a nobility, there is a royalty of mind and spirit, and the sooner we elevate some of our own to the rank where they belong, the sooner may we hope to possess a society authentic after its own nature, an aristocracy supreme by virtue of its very democracy. In fact, we have the advantage. For whereas, over there, some quite intolerable old lady must be permitted to hold forth because of her title, here we may choose our gracious leaders in what once called itself a land of the free but has become a land of the fettered.

Fettered to its follies. They are innumerable, and no one among them is

more ruthless than the institution of age-grading. Society is handled with the same awful efficiency as coal in the sifter, graded meticulously to the last. Even as a lump of egg coal must never by any error slip into the nut-coal bin, or a longing bit of nut coal dream of mixing with the buckwheat grade, so sixty is barred irrevocably from forty, and forty must stay outside when twenty-five is giving a tea.*

This is not society in anything like a rounded-out sense. To be sure, it is rational that the young should meet for dancing, sports, many amusements suitable to their physical vigor and normally youthful tastes. Dancing is, fortunately, much more popular than formerly; but it has been a potent factor in thrusting out the older guest. I am not for a minute arguing against the partial segregation which it brings about; but why put an end to all mingling of the ages? "We can't ask her, she must be sixty-five," hostesses say when they are making out their dinner lists. If they did ask her, an American man observes, it might make for better manners in our midst.

Good manners and good talk. Both of these priceless charms do exist in our United States, despite the cynics, but they exist in narrowly limited circles. So rare are they that the majority have never known them. Those Americans who visit Europe with entrée to its distinguished circles return to stare in dismay at the contrast. There, at a dinner, they have been listening to politicians who understand world affairs rather than campaigns on the radio; to brilliant and sometimes violent and

terrible old ladies who have known great men for half a century and can keep the party going with their personality sketches; to the traveled, the highly read, to men and women ripe in affairs, in sophisticated contacts, familiar with politics, literature, the arts. "I'd rather sit beside Madame C as I used to in Paris, than beside any woman I know of any age, and she was past seventy," someone says. "She had known more personages, and known them well, than any single individual I have ever met, and her reminiscences were a feast in themselves." Madame C, being a Parisian, was invited to dinner, you note. In America she would have been crossed off the majority of the lists. And not only in conversation, but in other intellectual games do the old often excel, such as bridge, whereas the list of many a bridge party would suggest the conclusion that it was selected not upon the basis of skill to be displayed, but of manicured beauty and rings.

We were never so rash as to throw out old-vintage wine because the label had grown shabby, and we no longer scrap early American maple because it is less fresh than the specimen from Grand Rapids. But we are daily committing a far more serious vandalism. Again, for the sake of heaven and of common sense, let us stop it. Let us seize upon and restore to society our human treasures of age as we do our desks and dressers, setting them forth to adorn. We shall do so only when we rouse at length to the irreparable loss that we are inflicting upon ourselves. And the first step in that rousing is to become acquainted with them.



EVE IN THE APPLE ORCHARD

A PORTRAIT OF NINON DE LENCLOS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THREE hundred years ago Ninon de Lenclos was just such a girl as New York breeds to-day by dozens, fearing neither God nor man, daring everything, challenging everything, perfectly reckless of the tattered conventions of a worn-out morality, mocking the tame taboos of a more timid generation, determined to give full development and outlet to every power and vigor of the spirit, to suck from life every drop of rich and varied sweetness that it could possibly be made to yield.

The long life of Ninon or, as she was christened, Anne de Lenclos was contemporary with almost the entire seventeenth century. Born in Paris in 1620, she died there in 1705, and during that time she was intimate with many of the most prominent people in France. Some of the greatest men were her lovers, some of the most interesting women were her devoted friends. At an early period she set out to follow her own nature, as she saw it, not showing her respect for the conventions of the world by an idle battle against them, but simply disregarding them to seek a higher and truer law. Perhaps she never found such; but at any rate she had an inborn instinct of reason and common sense which kept her head steady through the wildest excesses and enabled her after a youth of mad riot to develop an old age of dignity, tranquillity, and peace.

Naturally much that is reported about Ninon's childhood and early

years is more or less legendary; but it is clear that her spiritual revolt began when she was very young. Her social position was fairly good. Her mother was timid, conservative, and pious, and was eager to make the daughter more so, but her father was reckless, careless, dissipated, a lover of life and laughter and especially of song. It was easy to divine which of her parents Ninon's temperament would follow.

The story goes that one day when she went with her mother to church and the priests were chanting the solemn passion music, the child burst out with the refrain of a popular love song:

"Why should we care if we die,
When we die but to live again?"

The congregation was scandalized, the mother was ready to sink with shame, and the priests labored to convert the little heathen—quite unsuccessfully. All they could get out of her was, "What you priests tell us is sheer nonsense. I don't believe a word of it."

She not only reflected freely and fearlessly on the things of the other world, but what was practically more important, she formed her own ideas on the affairs of this world and especially on the conduct of men and women. Just when she formulated her views on such subjects it is of course impossible to say but, according to the report of the Abbé de Châteauneuf, the views were formulated early, were explicit and definite, and served as a rule of life forever after. "As the first use she made of her reason was

to free herself from vulgar errors, she early understood that there can be only one law of morals for men and for women." Which certainly sounds much like the twentieth—and some other—centuries. What is interesting about Ninon is that she tried to apply the principle from every point of view, that is, she not only believed that women had a right to the same sexual liberty as men, but she believed that they should recognize equally with men all the obligations of loyalty, sincerity, and honor; and she made a conscientious effort to put this belief into practice in her own case. The experiment may not have been always in every way successful. She may have overlooked some differences in the training and surroundings of women which tend to make their lapses more serious and more offensive—to men—than those of the corresponding masculine article. At any rate, her experiment was profoundly interesting.

It is naturally not to be supposed that a young girl could work out such ideas from her own unaided brain. We have seen that Ninon's father had an immense influence upon her, perhaps all the more because they were early separated by his exile for an unfortunate duel. Her father set her to reading Montaigne, and it is easy to imagine the effect of Montaigne's skeptical naturalism on a temperament like hers, at once infinitely bold and infinitely pleasure-loving. It was not Montaigne alone. She read all sorts of books, probably with little system or profound or persistent erudition, but with that extraordinarily quick and ready wit which enabled her to seize the essential in things and people and always to adapt it to her purposes. When she discusses love, she can quote a Greek poet or philosopher. When she attacks theology, she has a church father ready to her hand. She probably knew very little about either fathers or philosophers, but she knew enough to serve her need, and she was admirably prompt and eager in the use of it, as she was in everything.

She not only kept in touch with dead authors, but with the living. The very greatest author living in her day was Molière and, if we may trust tradition, Molière used to read his plays to her and take her advice about them. According to Châteauneuf, when the dramatist read her his "*Tartuffe*," she matched it with an anecdote told "with color so lively and so natural that if his play had not been completed, he would never have undertaken it, for he felt incapable of putting on the stage anything so perfect as the *Tartuffe* of Ninon."

However this may be, it is clear that Ninon's liberty was quite as much intellectual as moral and that her independence of conduct had the independence of clear, consistent, and vigorous thinking behind it. Indeed, in her old age she reminds one of her lovers that he used to make fun of her for thinking so deeply; and it is evident that the profound and searching possibilities of thought were never alien to her.

But from any danger of excessive reflection, or of brooding analysis or melancholy, Ninon was easily saved by her intensely social instincts. She wanted people about her, all sorts of people. If there were deep questions to be thought of, she wanted to talk them over with wise and liberal friends. She had scholars for scholarship and authors for literature and unlimited clever abbés for theology. And she was just as ready for the lighter side of talk also. Her wit was as apt as her brain was keen. Innumerable quick touches and vivid repartees of hers have been handed down through the years, some doubtless invented, and some, as it appears to us, rather trivial and pointless, as is so often the case with reported wit, but many sharp and eminently significant, like her swift retort, when someone expressed astonishment at her having so long kept her beauty, "It is because I have never cared for cards or wine or women," or her apt quotation of Corneille to the pompous marshal, who was pressing a

hopeless suit and incidentally praising his own good qualities,

"Oh, ciel! que de vertus vous me faites haïr!"

And to the constant readiness to see the humorous side of others, she added the charming gift which redeems this from acidity—the readiness to make fun of herself.

The sense of fun, of comedy, was even pushed to folly, to lighter trifling, to jests and practical jokes of every sort. But there is a notable insistence that with Ninon the most extreme fooling was not allowed to pass the bounds of good taste. The wildest young nobles of the court might visit her when they pleased, but if they did visit her she insisted upon respect and manners with her as decorous as with the queen.

For it is evident that in everything the woman was an artist, and her latest biographer justly insists that she instinctively made life a fine art. There is something Greek about her, something Attic in her fine sense of restraint and delicacy, even in indulgence, even in encroaching excess. She suggests the best type of Greek courtesan, *Lais*, or the charming *Leontium* of Epicurus and Landor's *Dialogue*, or even the *Aspasia* of Pericles. She had the finest sensibility to beauty in every form, and especially in the most æsthetic form of all, music. How subtle is Châteauneuf's description of its effect upon her: "You followed in her face the different emotions and passions that the musician was trying to express, for she found expression where we should find only harmony, and you would have said that to her every sound was a feeling."

The only aspect of beauty that I do not find registered in connection with Ninon is the appreciation of nature; but I am confident that one who was so alive to the depths and possibilities of reflection must have been capable of enjoying solitary walks in wide fields and deep woods as much as Madame de Sévigné enjoyed them.

In the same way you feel, or perhaps

rather divine, in Ninon the capacity for religious emotion, in spite of her violent outbursts of irreligion. She had queer spells of devotional tendency, which filter down to us through the dimness of biographical record. After her mother's death she had a time of depression which took her to a convent. Again, she sought another such refuge during a sojourn in Lyons. And still again, she was actually incarcerated for a time by the order of the Queen, Anne of Austria. You would naturally say that a temperament so quick and so responsive would feel at least the possibilities of God. But somehow when it came to actual conventual surroundings, Ninon's religion was all dissolved in her humanity. She won the enthusiastic affection of the nuns first, and then gradually a swarm of outside people—women and those fatal men—began to buzz about her, and God was easily and deplorably forgotten.

For she was a creature of this world all over, and the human touch was essential and, on the whole, sufficient for her, as it was for her close contemporary, Madame de Sévigné, who was so different in many ways and yet so obviously sympathetic and admiring on the few occasions when they came into contact. They were both thorough children of the Renaissance, that period of magnificent this-worldliness, which is rampant in Montaigne and the painting of Rubens, but reaches its highest manifestation, for us English-speaking people at any rate, in the drama of Shakespeare and his fellows. The splendor and richness of this world have never been better developed and exemplified than in the horde and herd of Shakespeare's men and women; and Ninon, who was a true cousin of Madame de Sévigné, was also a cousin, a creature, a real daughter of Shakespeare, and one he would hardly have been ashamed to own.

II

Certainly the most intense, if not the most profound or enduring, of the as-

pects of humanness is the aspect of sex, and it must be admitted that sex played a showy and conspicuous part in the career of Ninon de Lenclos. One asks oneself first, had she the physical beauty to justify this? As in many such cases, the actual portraits are not very satisfactory. There is a suggestion of rich voluptuousness, but also of heaviness, which does not greatly attract. The printed descriptions are better and give more of charm. Thus, in Scudéry's *Clélie* Ninon is pictured as the heroine: "Her hair is of the most beautiful chestnut brown that ever was seen, the face is round, the coloring brilliant, the mouth agreeable, the lips very red, there is a little dimple in the chin, which is infinitely becoming, the black eyes are shining, full of fire and laughter, and the whole face is delicate, gay, and keenly intelligent." But somehow this detailed analysis does not begin to give the grace of mobility and responsiveness that appear in another description by a contemporary: "Her countenance was at once open, delicate, fine, tender, and animated. When nothing especially affected her and in the daily course of life, she appeared cold and indifferent; but when even a petty incident roused her spirit from this state of repose, which the multiplicity of her emotions seemed to render necessary to her, her whole person was transformed: her features were touched with passion, the sound of her voice went to the heart, the grace of her gestures and of her poses, everything about her, charmed the feelings and stimulated them to the highest degree."

In any case, there can be no question but that Ninon made good use of her charms, such as they were, and got out of them all they would yield in an amorous career of extraordinary brilliancy and variety, and especially of extraordinary length. It was even said that she charmed the Sévigné's of three generations, though in the last case the charm was no doubt of a social and maternal order, as with the legendary

adventure of the Abbé Gédéon, when the lady was eighty years old. The list of lovers as a whole, however, was anything but legendary. There were men of business and men of pleasure, men of the sword and men of the church, scholars, authors, and philosophers, men handsome and ugly. Their names are largely recorded in the scandalous chronicles of the time and need not concern us here.

But two general points in connection with this eminently disreputable list deserve to be noted. First, there is the delicate question of money. There can be no doubt that Ninon took from her lovers, took largely as she spent freely, and used her prudent foresight to accumulate wisely for more barren years. But she never gave her favor for money alone. She demanded other things with it, and she could and did refuse gifts, even magnificent, when the giver did not please her. Second, she exercised her privilege of rejection at all times. She loved only those who she at least thought deserved her love in some way; and if you did not deserve it, you might beg and sue and plead and pay as long as you pleased, you made no impression whatever. She herself laughingly divided her lovers into payers, martyrs, and favorites; and the martyrs had a hard time of it.

In all this wide and erratic amorousness the chief and prevalent note is gayety and mirth. Ninon refused to take love as a serious thing. Her vast experience of the world, and especially of men, had taught her—or she thought it had—that a man's passion was brief, however ardent, and the more ardent, the briefer. You should taste it, and savor it, and fling it away, and forget it. Otherwise you ran extreme risk of being flung away and forgotten yourself; and this risk she proposed to avoid. Love was an exquisite trifle, it was no more, and her way was to treat it as such. Therefore, her path was strewn with roses and laughter, and she is the center of a garland of gay anecdotes, some

trivial, some dubious, but most merry and light-hearted, and none really cynical or cruel.

Perhaps a rejected lover hurled his scorn at her in verse:

Unworthy of my sighs and tears,
I see at last that I was mad:
My love bestowed, it now appears,
Ungrateful, charms you never had,

and instantly she could toss him back:

Unmoved I see your passion go,
And know that you have loved it through,
If love has charms it can bestow,
Why not bestow them upon you?

Or, there is the story of the weary lover who fell asleep while expecting his lady's arrival. Ninon crept into his room, stole his garments and his sword, and the next morning burst in upon him in mannish attire, with the sword at her side, and threatened his life. And there is the excellent, undying jest of La Châtre. This La Châtre was a grave and serious gentleman, who was obliged to part from his lady for a short journey and begged her to give him a written pledge of fidelity to carry with him. Ninon looked at him for a moment, with a whimsical gravity, which he should have fathomed, said nothing, but signed his paper. No sooner was he gone than she sought lovers where she could, and with every one of them she broke out into a burst of laughter: "Oh, that delightful guarantee I gave La Châtre!" The story went all over France, all over the world, and poor La Châtre has been a laughing-stock for ten generations.

One asks oneself whether the laughter was really all, and whether even Ninon did not have her moments when love unveiled its deeper secrets and passion its mysteries and despairs. Surely no one would have been more capable of understanding them than she. The delicate analysis of the subject in her brilliant little story "*La Coquette Vengée*" would seem to suggest something of the kind, and even, in referring to the misery of another, she is said to have observed that "matters of

tenderness produce more of suffering than they can ever give of joy." There are rare hints of jealousy, also, and it might be possible to find an occasional suggestion of satiety or disgust. Above all, in one instance love seems to have taken a deeper hold. Whereas most of her fancies were brief, and she herself designated them as caprices, light and whiffling breezes that merely fluttered the rippling surface of her soul, she did have an affair with the Marquis de Villarceaux which lasted three years, apparently with a notable and romantic fidelity. It is in connection with him that the pretty story is told that, when he thought he had occasion for jealousy, Ninon cut off all her beautiful hair and sent it to him as a token that she was constant. The details of their parting are obscure but would seem to have more elements of tragedy in them than Ninon commonly allowed to disfigure or transfigure her affections.

If this was so, she had learned her lesson, and she did not permit it to sour or embitter her life. Once more, and more than ever, she determined to identify love with laughter and with song. So taken, it could be made the grace and ornament and charm of existence. Wreath smiles and jests and good-nature about it. Fill it full with light airs and merry, lilting verses. In other words, make it your servant, not your master, and it will serve you with grace and delicacy and delight. If she had known it, I am sure she would have reveled in the mirth and magic of the great Shakespearean love song of the world,

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter.
Present mirth hath present laughter.

What's to come is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty.
Then come kiss me, Sweet and Twenty.
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

III

But at an early period of her career Ninon made up her mind that, while love

might be worth trifling with, there were other matters that demanded more serious thought, things that did endure, the solid loyalty of affection, the assured and lasting comfort of mutual understanding. She always honestly and earnestly insisted that if women were to have masculine privileges they should also fully recognize masculine duties, and it is said that her daily prayer was, "*Mon Dieu, faites de moi un honnête homme et n'en faites jamais une honnête femme.*" "Dear God, make me a good man, but never a good woman." The delicate observation of La Bruyère, "A lovely woman who has the qualities of an honest man is the most delicious character in the world; you find in her all the merit of both sexes," is said to have been made with reference to Ninon de Lenclos.

This charming loyalty and fidelity are obvious in all the aspects of Ninon's human dealing. They show in her relations with her family. To be sure, as happens in so many other cases, she and her mother did not quite understand each other. The mother was timid, Ninon was reckless; Ninon lived for this world, her mother for the next. Yet in her mother's final illness no daughter could have been more devoted, and the mother's death was for the time a cause of acute distress.

With the father there was more natural sympathy. We have seen that to his early suggestions Ninon owed much of her general attitude toward life, and the sympathy was probably by no means diminished by the father's years of exile. When he returned to die in his daughter's arms, the words attributed to him on his deathbed are a perfect epitome of the daughter's apparent philosophy of life: "You see that all that remains to me at this moment is a dreary memory of pleasures that are quitting me. Their possession has been fleeting and that is all I have to complain of. . . . But you, who are to survive me, profit by the precious time and be scrupulous not so much about the number as about the choice of your pleasures."

The glimpses we get of Ninon as a mother are vague and elusive, culminating in the legend of the son who made love to her in her later years and was driven to suicide when he discovered his horrible mistake. But the correspondence in which she appeals to a high functionary for financial and professional assistance for the boy who was an officer in the navy has all the dignity and courtesy of an honest man and all the tenderness of a good woman.

Ninon appears to have been equally gracious and considerate with those who served her and to have been correspondingly beloved by them. In the will that disposed of her moderate possessions she left six thousand francs in different sums to her various domestics.

In money matters generally there was the same kindly wisdom and the same practical business sense. Ninon did not care greatly for either the riches or the honors of the world, at least did not care enough to make sacrifices for them. Perhaps if she had been willing to take the trouble, she might have climbed as high as her intimate friend Madame de Maintenon, have been the mistress of a king, or at least the lady of a great estate. She knew too well the burden of these things, as Madame de Maintenon came to find it. She believed in supplying the necessary, but not the superfluous, and she knew that the really exquisite things of life cannot be supplied by prevision at all. In one of those touches of delicate insight that are so characteristic of her she sums up this view, "We should take care to lay in a stock of provisions, but not of pleasures: these should be gathered day by day."

Nevertheless, in money matters she was thrifty and careful. She did not want riches; she did want independence and to secure comfort and freedom in her old age. Therefore, she administered her little patrimony and her savings with shrewd discretion and had enough put by for any number of rainy days that might occur.

As to spending she was equally prov-

ident. She was simple in all her tastes. She prided herself on keeping a good appetite till old age, but it was because she had always eaten temperately. In the same way she rarely touched alcohol. With her natural vivacity it was not needed, since it was said of her that she was intoxicated from the first taste of soup. But she abhorred a drunkard and would have nothing to do with one. Her dress was as unpretentious as her food, no display, no extravagance: "costly garments did not suit her, but what was always of the most elegant simplicity and the most exquisite freshness."

Though she was careful and frugal, she could however spend freely when the whim took her, and above all she was generous. When a friend was in trouble and wanted money, others might fail him, not Ninon. She was not only willing, she was usually able, which is less common; and her prudent habits ensured a stock of funds that could be called on at need.

The masculine business habits involved not only generosity but reliability and the certainty of response to obligations that had been incurred perhaps a long time before. There may be some legendary amplifications in the story of Gourville, but confirmatory evidence substantiates the general drift of it. This Gourville was obliged to leave Paris for a time and, not wishing to take his money with him, left half of it in deposit with a clerical friend and half with Ninon. When he returned, he went at once to the priest, but there was delay and haggling and difficulty. If the church would not pay up, what likelihood was there that anything could be got from such a one as Ninon? Nevertheless, Gourville went to her. Ninon quietly turned to her strong box and counted out the money, which was probably her idea of praying daily to be a good man. It may have been God's idea too.

The loyalty was not merely financial, and Ninon, who flitted from one lover

to another with the utmost lightness, never betrayed, never deserted, never forgot a friend. The consequence was that she had friends, men and women both, in all classes of society, who were equally devoted to her and were as ready to do her service as the world ever allows, which was probably all that Ninon ever expected. Queen Christina of Sweden visited her when she was shut up in the convent and sent word to Cardinal Mazarin that the Court lacked its greatest ornament, since Ninon was not there. Madame de Maintenon, who in her early years of poverty had lived in the closest intimacy with Ninon, never lost her affection for her, and would have bestowed gifts and honors upon her if Ninon had cared to receive them.

What drew people to Ninon was not only her loyalty and fidelity, but the social grace and charm which I have already indicated and emphasized. It was her wit, her vivacity, her unfailing high spirits, and underneath these lay a profound, spontaneous appreciation and enjoyment of life, such as she herself expressed in one of her exquisite flashes of insight when she said, "*La joie de l'esprit en fait la force.*" "It is the joy of a soul that makes its force." Ninon had a gift for receiving joy as rich as her capacity for imparting it.

The interesting point is that with all the wit and all the merriment and all the keen sense of the humorous side of things, which so often estranges the foolish and disconcerts the proud, Ninon never lost a friend. One who keenly appreciated the sharpness of her sallies and the point of her satire makes this assertion with full knowledge of the facts. And the explanation is obvious, that underneath all the mirth and laughter there lay still deeper a wealth of tenderness and human understanding and sympathy, such as appears in another of her golden phrases, "I believe that I go farther than most people do in everything that touches the heart." She touched hearts because she naturally loved them, because she

turned to them with sympathetic curiosity and handled them with a gentle and affectionate skill and found in them no weakness and no folly that she could not parallel in herself. In consequence she had the rare and delightful faculty of entering into other generations besides her own, and young people turned to her more readily than even to those of their own day and type. Altogether, it must be recognized that few men or women have been more widely and heartily beloved.

IV

Thus it would appear that some of the accepted conventions of morality are pretty thoroughly contradicted in the case of Ninon de Lenclos. After a youth of riotous excess and wild license like hers, she should have had nothing but a decayed and degraded and disreputable old age. Instead of this, she passed all her later years sweetly, serenely, and with the consideration, admiration, and respect of the best people of her time. Only, as Sainte-Beuve justly points out, her case must by no means be taken as typical. There is not one young girl in a thousand who could start as Ninon did and end as she did, who would have the sanity and sense and judgment and clear vision of future possibilities to steer through so many perils and difficulties to a final port of peace.

But Ninon unquestionably did it. When she was getting toward fifty she settled herself in a modest house, with a modest, dignified establishment, and there she passed her remaining years in a noble and cultivated leisure, seeing what was best worth seeing in the whole Parisian world. The testimony as to her conduct and her standing during these years is too general and too solid to be for a moment disputed. Madame de Sévigné, whose husband and son both had had hard work to escape from Ninon's early snares, writes of her later popularity, "The women run after Mademoiselle de Lenclos as the men

used to do," and again, "Corbinelli tells me wonders of the good company that he finds with Mademoiselle de Lenclos; in her old age she gets together everybody."

Perhaps the most enthusiastic witness is the Abbé Fraguier: "The old loved her from their memory of her past, but not so much from the memory of her charms as of her virtues. The young loved her for the grace and the beauty they still saw in her. . . . It was her fortune to draw to herself the most worthy people of the Court and of the City, but she drew only the worthy . . . and no one would have forgiven himself for wounding her in anything. There grew up a natural bond, an intimate friendship among all those who were intimate with her: they esteemed and loved each other naturally on that account." And if the ardor of this praise sounds a little suspicious, one can turn to the supreme recorder, the profoundest analyst of human nature, Saint-Simon, who spared no fault and overlooked no weakness, though his pen was equally powerful with grace and charm. Saint-Simon says of Ninon's social circle: "She thus had for friends all that was most select and most lofty in the Court, so that it became the fashion to be received by her. . . . There was never any gambling, or loud laughter, or disputes, or arguments on religion or politics, but a great deal of wit, of the most delicate quality, old and new anecdotes, bits of charming gossip, but without ever a trace of unkindliness. . . . Ninon's conversation was delightful. She was disinterested, reliable, secret, could be counted upon to the very end. . . . And all these qualities gained her a reputation and a consideration that were altogether unusual."

But the crowning document in regard to Ninon's old age is her correspondence with Saint-Evremond, which, though much too brief, remains one of the delightful and significant epistolary exchanges of the world. Saint-Evremond himself was one of the men most fitted to understand Ninon and to enter into her

view of life and attitude towards it. He had been a casual lover in the early days, but he was early and late an attached and sympathetic friend. He himself had destroyed his political career by an indiscretion and had been obliged to seek refuge in England, where he remained until his death, a shrewd, philosophical observer of human nature, his own as well as others. Sainte-Beuve, who found in him a peculiarly sympathetic spirit, has analyzed both his character and his relation to Ninon with delicate skill, and no one has better appraised the fine qualities of both. Saint-Evremond's broad, skeptical insight and his sympathetic humanity are well shown in his comment on belief and disbelief, which illuminates so much of Ninon's attitude as well as of his own: "The most devout cannot succeed in believing at all times, nor the most profane in always disbelieving, and it is one of the miseries of this life that we can have no assured reliance upon another." Perhaps he might have added that it is the supreme misery.

There is no more attractive portrayal of Ninon than that which appears in the letters written to her by Saint-Evremond. To be sure, there is at times a certain exaggeration of compliment, making the tone less genuine than that of the letters of Ninon herself, but in the main it is obvious that Saint-Evremond's attachment and respect are as profound as they are lasting. How delicate is his penetration of her character in the remark, "If I had been told that you had become devout, I should have believed it. It would be simply passing from human passion to the love of God and finding a natural occupation for your soul: not to love at all would be a void that a heart like yours could not endure." It recalls the complaint of Catherine the Great, that her heart could not live an hour without love. And how vivid, further, is Saint-Evremond's reading of all Ninon's story in her eyes: "I do not doubt that our friend found you with the same eyes that I used to see, in

which I could always see the conquest of a lover when they shone more than was their wont."

There is an even greater grace, candor, and intensity in Ninon's letters to her friend in England. There is the regret for the passage of youth, for the flight of years and the vanishing of charm and beauty. "Ah," she sighs, "the days pass in idleness and ignorance, and these same days destroy us and rob us of all that we have loved." Memory has its charm, lasting friendship has its charm, but the things that are gone, what can bring them back? Yet if she has much to regret, she has nothing to repent. What a strange mistake is it of Matthew Arnold's, by which, in lauding chastity, he quotes a well-known sentence of Ninon, "If anyone had proposed such a life to me, I should have hanged myself," as if she were referring to her past, when the context shows clearly that it is the present she condemns, in thinking of her past success and triumphs. No, there is little in the past that she would change, and her attitude is precisely that of her father, who regretted nothing about vanished pleasures except that they were so brief and that they could never be renewed.

Equally wise and serene with her acceptance of the departure of youth, is Ninon's recognition of the coming of age. She is too clear-sighted not to appreciate all the drawbacks. The drooping of the spirits, the stiffening of the muscles, the decay of the faculties, and the loss of those we love—no one understands these things better than she. But it is the course of life, and must be met as such, with a cheerful smile and a larger comprehension. There is no trace in her of Sainte-Beuve's fierce appraisal, "Ripen! Ripen! We never ripen. We rot in some places, we harden in others, we ripen never." There is not even the milder complaint of Shakespeare:

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

It is rather the serene naturalism of Ninon's great teacher, Montaigne, "I have seen the sowing, the blossoming, the fruiting, and I now see the falling of it—happily, because naturally." Surely this is the attitude of the spirit which could declare that "it is the joy of a soul that makes its force."

And if there is a tranquil acceptance of life, so there is also serene equanimity in the face of death. There is no delusion. Ninon let the priests bustle and chatter about her, like the rest of the world, but they did not impress her, late any more than they did early. The best she could find to say of the future was that it would be pleasant to believe, with Madame de Chevreuse, that one might spend it in converse with one's friends; but when she lay upon her deathbed, she is said to have written these verses:

*Qu'un vain espoir ne vienne point s'offrir,
Qui puisse ébranler mon courage.*

*Je suis en age de mourir,
Que ferais-je ici davantage?*

I put your consolations by,
And care not for the hopes you give:

Since I am old enough to die,
Why should I longer wish to live?

Still—happily, because naturally.

So, in this wild and wayward woman, who flung herself into life as a girl, fearless and independent, and lived it out to the last grip of old age, just as independent and just as fearless, I think we may trace something of the splendid spiritual poise that Matthew Arnold celebrated in the greatest of the Attic dramatists:

Whose even-balanced soul
From first youth tested, up to extreme old
age,

Business could not make dull nor passion
wild,

Who saw life steadily and saw it whole.

But I prefer to associate with Ninon the untranslatable loveliness of the line which Sophocles himself puts into the mouth of Antigone,

οὔτοι συνέχθειν ἀλλὰ συμφιλεῖν ἔειπεν

I was not born to hate, but born to love.

No epitaph could be fitter for Ninon de Lenclos.





PIONEERS

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ARCHIE CABOT had no idea but that he loved New York. Tamman Krokaw loved New York. Two of Archie Cabot's great-uncles went west in the wagons of the Fifties, one to Nebraska, the other to California, pioneering; they loved New England but they wanted elbow-room. Elbow-room has moved in seventy years. When Archie Cabot started out to "digge after gold & trayde with the inhabitants" he packed a kit bag with clothing, a golf bag with clubs, and a dispatch-case with his new pet South Carolina Canal and Power Development paper, taxied to the Grand Central, and got up into a Dixie-bound Pullman; for, though he was as young as the uncles had been, his race was older in the land.

Tamman Krokaw's was not so old. He loved New York but he wanted to be "in on the ground floor" somewhere. On the running boards of the super-annuated Cadillac taxi he had bought from his cousin Felix Poululos, all his goods and gods were tied in bundles; inside of it he had Rachel, his wife, and little Tamman, little Rachel, little Greta Garbo, little Henry Ford, and little Al, and still one other little somebody, for Rachel was big. And in his wallet, in his pocket, Tamman had a draft for ten thousand dollars.

They would much rather have turned back. They were homesick. Hive-dwellers, the open spaces frightened them. But now they couldn't turn back. The covered wagon had them.

Archie Cabot would have been amazed

to be told that he did not altogether love New York. Where one does well one is naturally happy. In the eleven years since his graduation from Carnegie Tech, which had been twenty-three years after his birth in Nantucket, Massachusetts, he had forgotten Carnegie and he had forgotten Nantucket Island, and he had done as well as the next young man in the financial district; the evidence of the trust the Firm put in him was in the semi-independent "flyer" in the shiny, fat cowhide dispatch-case.

The case was no fuller of it than Cabot himself was. One with his age, "bull-minded," shrewd salesman, yet it was good to know that this was not a thing that had to be "put over" on anyone. Obvious destiny was his selling-point. South Carolina, Power, Development—mathematical. No, there would be no call for anything but a straight eye in saying his say to the people down there in Charleston and the Sea Island country, "Finest harbor on the South Atlantic Coast . . . logical, inevitable outlet of the industrializing Piedmont . . . Not that this wouldn't be underwritten in a day in the New York market; but we feel that the bigger the block that's covered here in Charleston locally, the bigger your stake in your own power-development, the solider a proposition it's going to be for our subscribers from Maine to California. By that much, it's up to you. That a man can't lift himself by his own bootstraps, that's un-American and it's bosh. There's no other way up."

Cabot's young enthusiasm was puissant precisely because it was pure. Though he hadn't been south, he could see the thing ahead of him vividly. Fallow fields and sleeping money, sleeping men. Then of a sudden, harnessed water, channelled lightning, fields astir, chimneys rearing, smoking, men and money awake and working. . . .

It was still daylight through New Jersey. Forests of chimneys. It came daylight again in the Piedmont of North Carolina. Chimneys. Hives of glass and steel and concrete against the skyline; trunk-lines of copper walking from horizon to horizon on cantilever legs. In the washroom Cabot apostrophized a fellow-shaver, "You know, by Jingo, this state pays the second biggest internal revenue in the Union. Yes, it does."

But where were the sleeping fields, the dreaming men?

The land lost altitude. Red clay, blue hills and black smoke-towers gave way to dunner hues, browns and grays, the only brightness left, the brightness of the green. The swift cathedral chill of a cypress swamp; sudden lowering of the pulse-beat: accolade.

And here they began at last, the sleeping fields, half-planted squares, half-whitewashed cabins, sun-drugged negroes blinking after the train. Or wider clearings, wraiths of clearings, regrown in briar and dogwood, mounds of centenary live-oak avenues leading in to scars of brick-dust and fallen pillars. Or still again, penumbral on the edges of slow yellow rivers, memories of laborious rice-squares forgotten under the reconquering reeds, mile on mile, thousand-tinted, giving up marsh fowl in staccato flight.

Cabot felt strange: the hollow at his midriff was like a kind of sickness.

The road that kept a wiggling pace alongside gave him the blue devils with its emptiness. Sometimes a mule, a nodding black man, a wagon with wobbly wheels; once in a while a car, but nearly always at a standstill, having a tire changed. Cabot would have liked to laugh, but he couldn't. It wasn't simply

the depression; it was the internal queer-ness, the feeling that something mysterious was about to grab hold of Archie Coffin Cabot of Nantucket, Pittsburgh, and Broadway, and do something funny to him, and he didn't know what it was. He tried to lay it on the livid moss that wept from all the trees. "It gives me the willies!" He thought it was the idiot meandering of that sun-white road. "Look there now; still another fellow with a flat tire. Can you beat it!"

Nevertheless, that one came nearer to giving him the relief of a guffaw than anything else had, because the stalled car, its running-boards swollen with belongings and its insides stuffed with frowzy heads, looked so like a super-annuated New York taxi gone pioneering, lost in the wilderness.

When Tamman Krokaw had got the tire changed he was too worn out even to scrape the grease from his hands. He had changed so many. Climbing in, he put his foot on the starter. A dying gasp, and the battery was dead. He sat there deaf to the sixfold despair of the family, resting desperately a moment. Then he got out and cranked.

The next two or three miles it was easy going, one of those breathing-spaces without which Tamman would never have got so far. At a crossroad, always fearful of going wrong, he hailed a black man, who, with another, basked in sun-soaked idleness, "Whatcha say, boss, would I be going right yet for Charleston this way, yes?"

The negro, white eyes for incredulity and white teeth for mirth, could only give him half a nod. "Do-Jedus, hear dat t'ing de white man do call dis-yuh niggah, he call me 'boss,' he done do."

Tamman, as he rattled on, wrung sweet water of hope out of that episode in the desert. It went like that; the minute the dream of the pioneer was nearly done with weariness, some little fillip, and it glowed a dream again. To another the sight of those able bodies loafing the good day away while earth

lay fallow would have augured but drearily for the Promised Land ahead. To Tamman, who, with his rounded shoulders, greenish temples, and skinny chest, asked no more of Heaven than to be let work the eight hours the world worked, and eight more while it played, and then the third eight, even in his sleep dreaming how to save—and to Rachel, horn-of-plenty of a woman, indefatigably fruiting, her handsome, dark, insect-mother eyes wanting nothing of the future but room on earth, room for her eggings to grow in, batten on, and in their hour fruit a dozenfold—to these two the sloth of the Philistines was milk and honey for their busier, hungrier hands to take.

That was the trouble with New York. It seemed as though teeming ten thousands were as bent on it, eight hours and eight and eight, sweating, scheming, fecundating as industriously as they, weazening the profits, narrowing a man's room as fast as his elbows could make it. When Tamman had got a little fruit-drink stand, then a second to go with it, then four in a chain, what good? A big chain of a hundred began to reach his way. He might have fought, might have just survived. So might his parents have done before him, and just survived in north Hungary, if they had been content to. They too had loved their town.

One reason Tamman loved New York was that he knew it. He knew the streets, the ways, the peculiar chances and perils. He was a timid fellow and he felt safe there. So did Rachel, and so did little Tamman, and little Rachel, little Greta Garbo, Henry Ford, and Al. Out here there wasn't a mile that might not be the end of them, and no end of miles. The swamps were the worst.

They came into that big swamp a little while after Tamman had hailed the negroes. Where there had been sun on the road dust, now there fell a shadow on ruts with threads of glimmer in them, like glimmers of cold sweat. It wasn't simply the shadow of the sun shut out, it was more a Thing; it got into the throat

and started to say "Ooooo!"—then stopped and was very quiet. At first Rachel and the children held so, very quiet, watching Papa. He had to keep those wheels turning in the slippery ruts, keep them going somehow, or else—"Good night!" He had to do it all with his two weedy wrists and the two greeny-white cords at the back of his neck, or else . . . There was nothing but a lake of water as black as black ink and as still as black glass, mirroring the innumerable gray boles of cypress trees, and the "knees" they breathed with, and the pale, long, windless hangings of the moss. "Good night!"

When the car did stall, even yet for a few seconds the children kept still. The only one that moved was the one without a name, and Rachel felt that one bumping against her heart. And catching at herself in panic, in all weak, wicked mutiny the woman thought, "This is a swell business, this is! Why for God-sake should it have Tamman, that fool, such a dumb head we should give up a good enough home and ride around nowheres like a lot of bums like this? Now we gone and done it! Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" But she only thought it, and kept her mouth shut and, when Greta got a breath for yelling, she gave the girl a good one on the side of the head to hush her. Hush? With that, front seat, back seat, the whole kit of them let it out with all their lungs.

Well, then. Tamman Krokaw could yell a little, himself. He laid about him with the strength of his completed terror. "Shut up the mouths! Take that! I'll give you! With this here wrench I'll give you. Such a cry-babies! *Mama!* You got it a stomach-ache, you got? What would *I* got it, you think? Henry, if you wouldn't stop crying, Papa going to give you a—aw, listen, give Papa a minute he could get out of here and *fix* it."

Tamman started to open the door beside him, so weak it took all his strength. Then he quit and sat. He had never seen a snake alive in his life. Thirty

yards ahead a five-foot moccasin flowed in a soft, slow wave across the drowned ruts and entered the water on the farther side without a ripple.

But there was a ripple, by and by. One ripple. It came from somewhere beyond sight. Here the pediment of one cypress took a piece out of it, there another took another. But in a queer way the undulant black water mended itself; wider and wider the ripple ran.

One of the children began to yell.

A man has to be alive these days to sell anything. Archie Cabot had the names of a few Broad Street men. At the full tide of three that afternoon he started out to establish his Charleston connections and, because he had not yet got rid of his mysterious "willies," he took care to make his feet ring sharply on the pavement of the wide, low-built, harmoniously colored place of affairs. It would have been better to walk gently and raise no echoes, for the echoes from the soft old walls of the "sea-drinking city" came back and got into a lump in his stomach, like cold milk on a hot day, swallowed too fast.

Seeing him so headlong, the genius of the Low Country smiled a little, withdrew, and took him in ambush. The first and the second of the offices on his list he found as dead as dead, save for the negro factotum, whose "More bettuh you come back to-morruh, suh; he done jes' now gone home foh he dinnuh," where it should have exasperated him, only confused and depressed him, at the same time that it so strangely excited him, the more.

"Dinner! Three o'clock in the afternoon! And *this* is in *America*?"

The third, and set down as one of the best, of his prospects was a lawyer, Tradd St. Julien. When Cabot had climbed one steep flight of hollowed stairs through the half-night of a building perfumed by the legal ruminations of a hundred years, it came to him, "Why, no, it's not within a thousand miles of America." When he had climbed a

second flight, knocked on a dim door, and found St. Julien actually in he was almost sorry for the anticlimax.

St. Julien, sensing it, apologized with a twinkle. "We dine at two-thirty at home; ordinarily I try to be there by three. But we law fellows are as bad as doctors. I've some rather important clients coming here, supposedly at two o'clock, and so I . . ."

At the word "clients," Cabot was up quickly to go, but St. Julien would have none of it.

"Sit down, sir, and tell me how you like our Charleston. We've hours of time."

He was about of an age with the Northerner, yet in a way he seemed twice the years. Cabot had known two or three old, admired men in the Street who had made so much money that they could afford the luxury at last of a clear-eyed, mellow-minded pessimism. This fellow, St. Julien, still half in his youth, had amazingly the look of that. Surrounded by the gracious, grimy paneling, the high brown shadows, the gray-brown, green-brown books of this office that was like no law office in Cabot's experience, as fit in the hollow of his leather chair as if in truth it had taken himself two hundred years to shape it, his long young face was not so much lined as deeply bitten, cordial, cynical, museful, balanced, and in a glint of away to puzzle the other, devil-may-care. For whatever he had, it was not in any sense a negation of living. In the regret he expressed that Cabot could not have come to the Low Country at an earlier season, when the ducks were flying, and the snipe and partridges, and the deer running, and the 'coons and 'possums climbing and shining in the chill red torchlight, and toddies and Hoppin'-John a-steam in the sylvan halls, and beauties dancing, there was betrayed a simple gusto of living as exciting as is the measured sipping of an old, strong, mellow wine.

"But you are just in time for the gardens," he said, and there was a gusto in that too. And he went on, "I'm glad you've come to Charleston, sir. You

were born in Nantucket, you tell me. Well, Nantucket and Charleston were as different as two places could be, I imagine. And yet, in a way, sir—well, they were alike in this: they knew how to live with a certain comeliness. They could walk without running, talk without shouting, take without grabbing. And they built their houses roomy and strong and beautiful, to last them a long, long while. I'll bet, sir, you've lived in yours there for half a dozen generations; there's that in—how do you whalers say it?—the cut of your jib. There are a good many 'Americans' through here, nowadays, in a hurry to get to Florida. Charleston, to them, is quaint, it's slow, it's amusing, it's 'not America.' But I'd like to lay a wager, sir, that to you coming to Charleston will be like coming home."

Cabot felt his face getting hot. Ridiculous, but what could he say? He couldn't break out guffawing, "Nantucket! Good Lord! I left there when I was hardly more than a kid; there was the old house, to be sure, but I've hardly thought of it in years; we in our business haven't time for that sort of thing." He got hold of his dispatch-case with a grab, like the drowning man, his straw. Desperately he tried to marshal his talking-points. Power! "The finest harbor . . . inevitable outlet . . . Piedmont . . . untapped resources. . . ." Harnessed water, channelled lightning, fields astir, chimneys rearing, smoking. . . .

It wasn't St. Julien's fault that it didn't seem to go quite as it had gone in rehearsal. He listened with an impeccable interest, his eyes, slightly wrinkled at the corners, fixed on the talker's. It was apparently with regret that he said then, "I'm sorry, but I think I hear my clients coming at last. No, please don't go, if I may ask a favor of you."

The clients were in, an old, very black, dried-up woman, hugging a basket of eggs, and a strong black man, her son, she turbaned with a towel and a

hat with a feather on top of it, he in overalls and a starched shirt, a miscellany of root-vegetables and live fowls clutched in one hand, a soiled, folded paper in the other, and the dust of all the way from John Island on everything but his shoes, which were painful and obviously just now put on.

What a hullabaloo! What volleys of perfectly incomprehensible words, and what a gamut of grins and tears! "Important clients"! Cabot was human; he didn't like to be had.

By this and by that, the much-folded paper was signed at last, and Cabot, asked to witness the two crosses, did so, a little hot, but not so hot as he was sick with the mysterious lump of swallowed echoes that seemed to be growing bigger and bigger all the while in the hollow pit of him. Old Venus Gaylord and her son departed then, vociferous in joy, ferocious in a last-minute squabble with St. Julien, who would *not* have their grateful turnips and squawking hens left on him, confound them! but compromised finally by accepting the eggs. When they were gone he explained to Cabot.

"A Chicago man, an Italian, was by way of getting some acres away from them. That spikes his guns, I think. But I must keep track of it. They've always been our people."

St. Julien took up his hat and the basket of eggs.

"If you'd be good enough to drop in some other time, Mr. Cabot, about the Power—"

"To-morrow morning?"

I'm sorry, to-morrow I must go to Castle River Plantation; it's Grandmother Tradd's birthday. The day after is Saturday; then there's Sunday. But if, some time early in the week . . . I'm walking toward the Battery, sir, if you happen to be going that way."

Cabot was not used to walking around town for nothing, and especially he was not used to walking so with an impeccably dressed young gentleman carrying on his arm a country basket of

Adam-naked eggs. St. Julien himself did not seem aware of anything incongruous, however, nor did any of the few friends to whom he nodded or spoke in passing, queer fellows. Why "queer"? Cabot undertook to analyze it. Then he perceived it was because it was like the last refinement in stage armies, always the same man, doubling around in front again, so much these Carolinian Americans were all alike in conformation and speech and bearing, and so strangely, to the eyes of Manhattan, they were American.

For a man already an hour late to his dinner, St. Julien kept to a grave pace. At the corner of Meeting Street, turning south under the pillared shade of St. Michael's, he found time to put back the iron lace of a gate and step inside the high-walled yard. Bright as it was outside, the sunshine seemed brighter here, asleep on the grass and the ranked white headstones. He stood there so careless of the sliding minutes that the great, time-soft bells in the tower were chiming four when he spoke.

"Didn't I tell you, Cabot, it would be like coming home? For I've no doubt that in Nantucket, too, you've a churchyard where, wandering, reading the names on the stones, you wonder why they sound so familiar, and wake up to discover that you've been reading pure pages in American history. Eh?"

It made Cabot miserable and it made him mad. Had it been St. Julien with whom he was angry, the two might have conversed politely for weeks without its ever showing. It was precisely because it was not against St. Julien, but because, with a sudden intuitive flair, he saw himself and St. Julien, himself and this yard full of dead men who had known how to live in a certain way, himself and this worn, defiant, contained, and beautiful city that stood at bay between its colonial rivers on the shore of an English sea—it was precisely because he saw himself with them, all in the same boat, that he could turn so fiercely.

"What about it? What the devil has

this got to do with my trying to sell you Power?"

It was amazing. Something had clicked. Now it was as if they had known each other, not for their years, but for their generations. St. Julien grinned belligerently, sadly.

"What's it got to do? For the life of me, I can't say. Can you, Cabot?"

"No, I can't. Just because some of us keep up with the parade, and some of us—"

"Well, well, perhaps you're right. Come on along."

They went out and down Meeting, St. Julien less than ever in a hurry. Cabot had had to do with many kinds of "boosters"; he had been shown some towns. He had never been shown like this. Little said. Here, "The Lucas wisteria is flowering heavily this season, isn't it?"—so much, and no more, for a garden like no other town garden on earth, glimpsed through an iron tapestry of gate in a yellow wall, a garden of blossoming wood breaking up in one great, caught, breathless wave against the tiered, slenderly-pillared galleries of Berkley House. And there, for the wind-worn heights of Laurel Court, despair of living architects, "The wild gobblers are gobbling this month, I see; Cousin Will Pinckney's blinds are shut, and they've all gone up to the turkey woods on the Santee." And as little, with a machiavellian wisdom, for twenty others. And nothing at all for the green of trees and blue of water filling the bottom of the warmly noble vista.

Once, before another gate to another garden, St. Julien paused and lifted an aimless, unintelligible hail. When an old and ragamuffin darky had come slipper-flapping out of nowhere he put the egg-basket in his hands. "See here, Mingo, take that in to Cousin Lou Rutley. Tell her they're no good and she can throw them away if she wants to; certainly *I'm* not going to lug them around any more. . . . And now, Cabot, if you don't mind just stepping over into Legare Street, there's a gate

I'd like to have you see. I'm curious to know if you-all in Nantucket have got a finer one."

"St. Julien, look here, I left Nantucket when I was fifteen. I don't know one thing about it and care a damned sight less. And I thought you were late to your dinner."

"Well, I've decided I'm not very hungry yet."

"But that doesn't alter the fact that it's waiting for you all this while."

St. Julien appeared to wonder at him. "What of that? It's a great deal easier for *it* to wait than for *me* to hurry, isn't it? I eat my dinner; my dinner doesn't eat *me*." But then a fine, satirical line went down around his lip. "I see what you mean. When all this is gone—" he waved a hand over the spacious, gracious edifice—"when we've bought your bonds and you've built our chimneys, strung our wires, deepened our rivers, and torn all this wreckage down, then it will be my dinner that eats me."

He began to laugh as he walked westward, as if at a great joke. "Do you remember when Marion jumped out of the window, Cabot, when the Britishers were after him?" He pointed with a shoulder. "That is the window."

"Yes, but I still think you ought to be at dinner."

"And now, getting down into Legare Street—"

South of Broad, east of Orange, north of the Ashley's sea-turn, and west of the Cooper's tide—Legare, King, Meeting, Church, East Bay, East Battery, Atlantic and Lamboll and Water, the streets of the peninsula lie in a maze and a dream. Not asleep, not altogether quiet. Negro children dance in the sunny mouths of areaways, and white children with hair as blond as Swedes, and long, long knees like French children, tow their enormous-bosomed black "dahs" toward the pleasance of the Battery. There is a melodious laughter of older young girls behind a garden wall. There is a small, unhurrying come-and-go of straight, lean people, punctilious

in the amenities, sensuously alert, pre-occupied not with yesterday, in this town of yesterday, nor with to-morrow, but with to-day's half-past-four and its errands, melancholy or pleasurable, its drifting scents of tree-flowers, and its slanting rays of sunshine that lengthen the arabesque shadows of high, slim balconies on warm old plasters bearing scars of wars.

Cabot had entered this maze with the trouble already in him. He came out with it established, a nostalgia no logic could account for, a sickness, not of a man, but of a race.

For logic protested, "My stock and their stock, my New England and their Carolina, manners, aspirations, anything—what the devil had they in common?" He remembered the white villages of his hard-mouthed, hard-handed coast; here, wherever his eye went, it found only conflict of colors harmonized by sun and time, terracottas and faded beryls, ivory and primrose and rain-streaked pink. Once he spoke his puzzlement aloud.

"It isn't, either, that they didn't like to make money. You did, and so did we."

St. Julien nodded gravely. "I've thought about that a lot, too. Maybe it's like the dinner-eating; maybe it's simply they didn't like the money to make *them*."

"I don't know. I don't even know if the older thing was actually better, but damn it—"

"Come in here, and ask." St. Julien had stopped before a tall, pink-washed East Battery mansion, slender handrails leading up in perfect congruity to a massive door. "My Great-aunt Elinore Rutley will be serving benne-cakes and rice wine just now; she and Great-uncle Edward will love to see you. Great-uncle ought to know about the money-making, for he's never made any. He would have loved a little money if he could have loved it enough. The trouble is, he loved too much to fight—he was the handsome aide to handsome Beauregard—and next to fighting he

loved fair women, and he loved camellia japonicas, and most of any, perhaps, he loved chemistry, and he taught it seven bad years for nothing at the College."

"Wait!" Cabot grabbed his arm. "That reminds me. I had a grandfather. He was a whaler. He never made the money he would have liked to make, and partly it was because he loved ocean currents more than he loved the sperm. What he should do was to chase the whale; what he *had* to do was to discover a lot of little coral specks and map upwards of a million square miles in the South Pacific that had never been honestly mapped before, and the whales wouldn't always go with the currents where the new islands were. I remember him in the big house on Orange Street, a quiet-voiced, red-cheeked, sitting man in broadcloth and hard linen, in a big, quiet room with ivory-white panels to the ceiling, and his neighbors and relatives around him—an aristocrat, St. Julien, if ever there was one. . . . And I remember my grandmother there, in silk, because she was a fine lady, and gray silk because she was a Quaker, serving vanilla wafers and elderberry wine. And discussing—Lord! how long since I've thought of it—Emerson and Whitman and free love."

St. Julien grinned and opened the door, "Ask Great-uncle Edward. And then if you want the truth of it all, ask Great-aunt Elinore."

Cabot gazed about him at the sumptuous austerity of the Georgian hall. "This house is not anything like that old house in Orange Street. And yet, damn it, St. Julien, there's something—Say! I didn't know it was a *party*!"

"It's not. They just drop in."

Figures a little shadowy at this hour that got on toward dusk in the vastness of drawing-rooms, fiercely gentle old people and people in middle-age, bowing with a cordiality enriched by reserve when his name was given, and among them, as if to confound him the more in his nameless nostalgia, not a few youngsters, boys of college years, and

pretty girls, and merry ones, showing by no sign that they were not content to waste their priceless, irretrievable moments in such staid amusement.

Oh, but it was a bad place for Archie Cabot, cog in a polyglot wheel, to find himself.

"Why, these, damn it! *these are my people!*"

Now that Edward Rutley, who had loved fighting, women, camellias, and chemistry, was an old man, he sat in a chair. But when his young kinsman, speaking with a glint of mischief for his Yankee friend, wondered why the living in other days should have seemed handsomer than the living now—no matter if it was bad for the old gentleman—spleen had him up. Erect, gaunt, transfigured, "the handsome aide to handsome Beau-regard," he stood and struck out, not bludgeoningly, but in passionate quiet, like the swordsman of an old, pure race wielding a thin blade. And Archie Cabot was thrilled, and the more fiercely thrilled when he perceived that the argument was little better than invective, and the blade was blind.

Let it be blind! Who cared! Hit 'em! Slit 'em! The go-getters, the boosters, the hundred-percenters, the melting-potters, the high-gear fellows, the efficiency boys.

Caught in the grip of an amazing atavistic loyalty, Archie Cabot of Nantucket saw red.

"And then, if you want the truth of it all, ask Great-aunt Elinore."

Of a patrician poise, a tranquil humor, a beauty still arresting at eighty-odd, Elinore Rutley had perhaps done more fighting than her lord, and loved it less.

"Who knows whether it was handsomer or happier or better? I'm only a little over eighty. When I'm a thousand I may dare say." She put an arm around St. Julien. "It's not that it was better, or worse, but that it was ours." She had been studying Cabot with her shrewd eyes. She laid her other hand on his shoulder of a sudden, making them

three. "And we are growing old," she said.

"*I!*" Cabot protested to himself, rebellious. "I am *not* growing old!" He could understand the alarm in it; what he couldn't fathom was the melancholy sweetness, the tragic thrill.

"You should have opened up your Power in there," St. Julien mused, when they were out of doors again. "For doing your business in a lump, that was your God-sent chance."

"That house! Those people! No, by God! sooner than tamper with that priceless—"

"Wait a second. Let me see the names you have." When St. Julien had read the list of prospects in Cabot's notebook, his malign grin deepened. "They were there, nearly every one of them, and nearly all my kin."

For a moment Cabot felt really scared, really sick.

"Damn old man Morganthaler, why did he let me come here? I hate this town."

It was only a step to the Battery. On the quiet walks under the trees, or on the pavement at the water's edge, hundreds of people loitered to watch the changing sky. The ray of the sun, on top of the St. Andrews woods, came down the sea-turn of the Ashley and emptied into the broad room of the harbor. As it cooled, as it withdrew the heart of its fire from the water level and swept it higher and higher up the sky, it left only the islands out there burning, jewel-size and jewel-bright.

"That one," St. Julien pointed, elbows on the sea-wall, "you ought to know. Sumter."

"Fort Sumter?"

"Fort Sumter."

"Lord! Is Fort Sumter *real*? Somehow I always thought of Fort Sumter, well, like Washington Crossing the Delaware and the Pilgrims Landing—a picture in a book, in black and white, with shells bursting—"

"Didn't they, though! We licked you there."

"Licked us! Say, if you want to talk of *lickings*, what happened at—"

"Of course, with all your factories, and your money. But we were in the right."

"Right, nothing! You ought to know by this time. Listen, Johnnie Reb . . ."

Old men in the twilight. No heat, no bitterness, only a divinity of fraternal raillery, old children playing with old lead toys turned gold.

"You couldn't hold it as a fort, you Yanks, so you'll hold it as a Sight-to-See. You couldn't take it with gunboats, so you'll take it with excursion-steamers, like a Coney Island, lugging your lunches with you, and your brats, by your thousands—"

There was an interruption, amazing.

"Please to excuse me, gents."

A face with greenish temples and narrow-set, excited eyes came up beside them.

"Please to excuse me, but I heard what you said already. Please, you should tell me, they got it a concession already out by that island you talk about?"

"A—what?"

"Concession. You don't know? Like you should be a licensed vendor you should sell ice-cold drinks and nut-bars and gum and magazines. Didn't I heard you, you says it was excursioners? . . . Excuse me."

When he had left they eyed each other and snorted. The sun was gone with its fire; the peace of dusk lay over the water and the town.

When Tamman Krokaw left them he went back to what was left of the taxicab, parked by the sea-walk, spewing out its freight. Little Tamman, little Rachel, Greta, Henry, all out on the concrete of the Land of Promise under the fabulous sky of Journey's End; big Rachel and little Al, in arms, half through a window, gaping.

There was something strange about the way Papa walked. It wasn't that he walked like a tired man, for they had grown used to seeing him do that in the

days of the migration whose beginning began already to be dim—a very glutton. Papa, for weariness and fright. No, it was that he did *not* walk like a tired man, dull-eyed, but shiny-eyed like a man who has taken a drink of whiskey on an empty stomach, his feet stepping high.

"Look it, Rachel! What a dumb-heads, they don't know even what it is a concession. They got it an island already for excursioners like Coney Island with steamers, and is it so much as one news-stand or soda-fountain on that whole island? Not!"

"Oh, Tamman! Oh, Tamman, we got here. Could you believed it yesterday?"

"Got here!" Papa had shoulders and a chest between them. "Why wouldn't we?" Papa had biceps. "Who would stop us, please you would tell me, Mrs. Krokaw!"

Mama looked out the other way. "My, it's a lot of people at that, but so funny; they got nothing to do with themself, only loaf around; no amusements. It reminds me my mother, the town she was born before she come over, and that one wouldn't have so much as five hundred inhabitants in the town."

"Wait!" Papa looked momentous, mysterious. "You would be a little bit thirsty, eh? Wait a minute I should go there where it's the people I should buy a pineapple drink and maybe a bag peanuts by the refreshment stand. You'd like?"

Chorus: "I'd like." "I'm hungry." "I want a piece apple pie."

"Yi! What a joking! You find for Papa a place he could spend a nickel in this here park, he would spend you a dollar, each and every one."

"And it's such a nice park here too, Tamman; for the ocean breezes and the lovely foliage the Battery could be no better."

"The Battery! You talking about New York, are you yet, Mrs. Krokaw? If you would not be so ignorant—wait a minute—give a look." His fingers all thumbs with eagerness, Tamman un-

folded the map of Charleston he had got at a gas-station. "Give a look."

"I never could see much from a map."

"What it got here printed, eh? '*Battery*!' Give a look the shape the city—squint up careless the eyes. Suppose now, listen, where it says printed '*Cooper River*' I should print it '*East River*,' and where it stands '*Ashley River*' it would stand '*North River*'—wait a minute—and look it this street it runs down through to the Battery—what it says? '*Meeting Street*,' eh? If I would take it and print it '*Broadway*'—so? Eh?"

"Could you believe it! '*King Street*' it would be Sixth Avenue, and—I would write Miriam Shuber she should come here she should live cheap in the Bush Terminal Building."

"I would write Alex, and yet his brother Steffin, they should come right away down here they should rent for nothing an entire building on Broadway, they would have the market to themselves in Misses' Outing Creations. . . . Rachel, you don't got it the stomach-ache no more now; you look better in the face."

Why shouldn't she look better? No more worry about Tamman's worry, no more road-bumps to look forward to with the bitten lip of terror. All the lines as fine as hair were erased from her face and the color brought back again, like the rich color of the fruits pouring out of a picture of the Horn of Plenty. Supper? A roof and a bed? Yes, of course, presently. But just for now, like Tamman, so drunk with weariness she forgot she was weary, she wanted nothing but to roam, weave fantasies, and build castles.

Just so, on the night in the Fifties when Cabot's Great-uncle Bancroft reached San Francisco overland, he was so dead-beat he could have slept in a gutter, it seemed. Yet all that night long he went roaming through the golden camp, laying out kingdoms and dreaming palaces. And so, on the night when Bancroft's cousin Adam out-spanned on the Nebraska prairie, he could not rest

his racked bones beneath the wagon canvas, but had to be out in the starlight, shooting at coyotes' shadows, peering here, there, and everywhere, at the way his dominions folded down to the winding river, feeling with his soles the firm softness of the womb of the wheat. And so, probably, their fathers before them, room-hungry, land-hungry men, rolling up their axe-arm sleeves against the morrow in the beauty of the dark New England forest, pioneers.

But if the primeval forest was beautiful to those pioneers, how doubly beautiful was this wood of Charleston to these, Tamman and Rachel and their young, where the great, clattering trees stood already girdled and sap-dried for them, so easy to the axe!

"What a out-of-daters! You wouldn't lose it a lot, you would give a foot and push all this old, homely-looking, overgrown shacks of houses down, so then you could put up some modern lofts and apartments, with the unemployment it looks here, cheap. A man would be a go-getter in this town, he would be willing to work hard and look ahead, he would own it. Don't let me forget, Rachel, I should write it a letter to my brother and Felix Poululos, they should sell out and come down here quick to get in on the ground floor."

"Look it . . . look it!"

This wasn't Meeting Street they drove up; it was a Broadway for the making.

"Look it!"

"Look it where that window has got some boards over, a man would put a tailor shop in there for day-and-night valet service, and no competition. I would maybe put your cousin Berg in there, Rachel, he should make his fortune and bring us in some profit."

"What a loafers, Rachel! Can you imagine, that grocer store there, a fine residential corner, shut up for business at here seven-thirty P.M.! He should sell out cheap, the money he would lose, such a loafer. I would go in there, I would put in a nice line delicatessen for the evening trade. . . . Look it, the engine it's

gone and stopped again. . . . No, I got my foot on it, I tell you. Out of gas; a leak maybe in the feed-line. What to do?"

"You would go in this apartments, inquire where it is the nearest gas-station."

"Apartments!"

"Well, it wouldn't be a loft building, or yet a theater, would it, so it could be only apartments, so big. Because it is dark in front? Go then by the rear, in the gate there, Ignorant, you would find maybe somebody home in the rear."

When Tamman had been gone for some minutes, they heard his voice coming back through the huge old gate. "Rachel, come right away in here."

"I should come in there, I can move hardly? . . . Wait now, you children, if one of you would so much as put it one foot from this car, I'll give you . . . Yes, I'm coming."

Wonder smote Rachel as she entered the garden, an immensity of vine and blossom silhouetted against the beginning stars to open her eyes, a fragrance to dilate her nostrils. She almost forgot Tamman. The Promised Land? No, something ran back farther. The Garden of Eden, the very Garden, and she walking, dreaming, possessing, the regnant, pregnant Eve, got back somehow or other past the flaming sword, and into it again.

But there was an Eve already. She was to be seen as no more than a slip of gray in the shadow cut by lamplight from a kitchen window at the rear of the pillared gallery.

Tamman loomed at Rachel's shoulder.

"She would be maybe bashful or maybe scared a little to talk with a man. So ask her."

"Mrs., excuse me, but the car it's out of gas, we should want to know simply—"

The interruption from the gallery was as colorless and quiet as the figure there.

"I have no car myself, so I really can't say where the nearest gas-station is."

"I know, but wouldn't it some other

family in the building could tell us maybe?"

"Other family? There's no other. It is my house, and I live in it alone."

"You live, excuse me, you mean to tell me—but look it, my gracious, Mrs., you must got it twenty rooms at the very least."

"I believe I have just ten."

"Just ten. Just simply a mere ten, Tamman, you listening? We would have this house, we would have not only a living room with a separate dining room, we would have for each one a separate bedroom so big it would be a house for an ordinary family, one for us, one for Tamman, one for Rachel, one for little Al even, and this lovely garden—Mrs., listen—Tamman, you would wait a second—Mrs., would you rent to us one or maybe two rooms, we would make you no trouble?"

"I'm sorry, I don't rent rooms. You might ask about the gas-station next door if you—"

"Wait, but *listen!*" Here was passion. "What a wastefulness; even for yourself it ain't right, lady. Even you would have money already to burn, you would be foolish—"

"Money to burn!" A sound of queer mirth in the shadows. But then quickly, half imploring, half sharp. "Please! Oh, do, whoever you are—they may pick a few of the flowers if they want them—but do please don't let them break the vines!"

Invasion. Stealthy patterings. Whoopings under the breath. Lootings in the fabulous half-lights. Vandals. Scandals.

"Tamman! Look it your children, you stand there, be ashamed. . . . Children! Out! The idea! Is this your property already? Greta, you would say excuse me to the lady. Rachel! Rachel, you would let it be the vine and you would give it the flower into Mama's hand. Such a shame! . . . Give a look, now you done it, in the gate there, the policeman maybe."

In the gateway, beyond which a street-

lamp had come on, two men stood silhouetted, their voices, as they communed, clear in the sudden hush of guilt.

"Cheer up, Cabot; to-morrow you'll be your rational, practical, hard-boiled self again."

"Not here, I won't. Not if there's a train out for the north. If I stayed here, I'd have to—why, I couldn't even make a living as a street-sweeper, because I don't want even the dust on the streets disturbed. If Charleston had a neck, I'd wring it, for what it's gone and done to me, St. Julien. No, if anybody's going to re-pep and re-prosper your good-for-nothing burg, it's got to be somebody else but the idiot I am. Damn it all!"

The woman in the gallery called, "Cousin Tradd."

Tradd St. Julien turned an ear. "Cousin Lou? Get the eggs? What's wrong?"

When he perceived the serried Krokaws, he roughened it, "What's wrong? What are you doing here, you people? Tell me at once. Or else, get out."

Tamman Krokaw was a timid man. But he had his bigging mate there, and his young.

"You should talk so to us, what we done? We ask simply, of the lady, where it is a gas-station. You look at me, you think I'm a bum, but I am no bum. I am an American citizen. I come here to settle with my family, do some business, and I got a good deal money I would invest it in this town. So, that begins to make a difference, yes?"

St. Julien's eye went to Cabot's. He laughed, a wry, malign, satiric merriment.

"Come, clear out," he bade Krokaw, "out here, and I'll show you where the gas—yes, all you little tikes, out here—but where's the woman gone? She started with us."

They went back into the dark and found Rachel at a corner of the fair old house of many rooms, looking up at it with a light of covetous patience in the darkness of her insect-mother eyes.

per of American athletics is constantly called upon for "constructive ideas" by the authorities in charge of men's sport. "Do not," they say, "be destructive. Do not harp upon what is wrong, upon the many errors inevitably committed, the mistakes unwittingly made." Well, gentlemen, here is your constructive idea. Moreover, it is a constructive idea put forward by a constructive body of women who have no ulterior motive but are merely interested in seeing that sport for girls remains a recreation and

does not become a vocation or an industry, in having it supervised by women who best know the needs and limitations of their own sex. It is by no means an easy task that the Women's Division of the N. A. A. F. have before them; but they can tackle it in the confidence that all who care for real athletics the country over are behind them in their efforts to keep women out of that great new commercial undertaking of the twentieth century: The Business of Sport.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

*NOT in slight nor in derision,
But with pencil-point precision,
He who made Pythagoras
Made the snake that parts the grass;
Made the texture of its skin
Parchment to work problems in.
He who drew an adder's spread
To a rhomboid at its head,
Let no ferrule falter loose
On the straight hypotenuse
Obliquely slanting the dull eye
Of the snake that rustles by.
Not the rod of Roman lictor
Could lay lashes any stricter
Than the stripes, exact and neat,
Parallels that will not meet,
Running straight from tip to tail
On a buckling coat of mail
Fashioned out of lozenges.
And as intricate as these—
Pointed triangle and square,
All the rigid shapes that are,
Octagon and pentagon,
He has deftly patterned on
Some unscrolled and rippling back
As a method of attack
Till every scale and single joint
Proves some problematic point,
Working out with subtlety
A divine Geometry.*



THE TENDENCY TOWARD PURE POETRY

BY MAX EASTMAN

IN a previous essay I described "modernism" as a tendency of poets to keep the values of their poems to themselves—or offer them to the reader incidentally, to be enjoyed as a kind of colored puzzle. If all literature may be described as a verbal communication of values, the modernists may be described as absorbed in the values to the neglect of the act of communicating them. They are unsociable poets, unfriendly, and in extreme cases their language approaches that of the insane or idiotic. Indeed, the word *idiot* means in its origin nothing more slanderous of the character of much of their poetry than "private."

But that describes only one-half of its character, the unlovely half. The modernists are distinguished not only by their absorption in values, but also by the kind of values in which they are absorbed. It seems to me that what they are cultivating in their privacy—and what they communicate at such times as they do consent to a social relation with their readers—is the values of pure poetry, isolated, so far as that is possible, from values which belong properly to practical, or scientific, or prose language.

By pure poetry I do not mean a "mystic essence" supposed to reside in certain lines which happen to be beautiful or moving, or to suggest perfection, for reasons not easily analyzed.

"La fille de Minos et de Pasiphaë"

is the line usually chosen by French critics to illustrate this mystic essence. (You will destroy it neatly if you neglect

to sound the final *e*.) In English we have "Kubla Khan," or

"The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

And lately we have been instructed that T. E. Hulme, with the few rather watery poems he published in a volume with Ezra Pound, entered into the inner shrine of the temple of this mystic essence. To my mind this way of talking about poetry, proper to the age of alchemy, has in this day a rather sophomoric flavor, and I mention it merely to avoid a misunderstanding. By pure poetry I mean to designate a real thing—a way of using words that can be identified, and to some extent at least explained, by the psychologist.

Perhaps the best way to see what poetry is in its own nature, is to imagine it originating in the incantations of medicine-men or magicians. Names are supposed by all primitive people to have an occult power over the thing named. They have the power of evoking the being of that thing and compelling its obedience. But in order to do that, they have to be just the right names. And the medicine-man or shaman or poet-magician, who had also some of the gifts of the quack-doctor, would get the idea spread abroad that he knew the right names of things. He could bring rain, for instance, by standing out under the sky and saying the right words. That is a very wonderful and exciting way to use words, and yet totally unrelated to science or everyday practical communication. The ordinary way to use words when the garden goes dry, is

to say, "Well, don't you think we'd better find the old sprinkling pot?" And the scientific way is only a little more elaborate, "Let's build a dam and dig ditches and irrigate the whole valley." But the sorcerer, the poet, this wonderful and deep-eyed man who is in touch with the heart of reality through language, gets out there in the middle of the valley, and spreads out his hands, and says words which *do not mean a thing*. And then the rain falls. Or else it doesn't. In any case it ought to. And among almost all primitive peoples, all human tribes who have not yet passed under the affliction of statistics, the opinion is that if the poet has got the right words, the rain does actually fall.

Mr. Briffault tells us that the Greek words *ode* and *epode*, the German *lied*, the English *lay*, and similar words in other languages, have meant in their origin a magic spell or incantation. The Latin *carmina* meant indifferently verses or "charms." *Vates* was a magician or a poet. In several languages the word for magician, like the word poet itself, means "maker." And so we infer that the poet was so named, not for any of the edifying Carlylian reasons that we tried to believe in when we went to school, but because this sing-song man was supposed to be able to bring things into being by naming them. He was a sorcerer; his rhyming language was a magic spell; his function was not to edify soulful people, but to "produce the goods."

That was undoubtedly the principal mother-lode from which poetry arose. But that is not what poetry is. In the mind of that verily gifted magician, naming the raindrops out of the sky, there was an actual vision of the drops he named. His words did have the power to evoke the being of things—in his imagination. For him, moreover, the line between imagination and sense was not too clearly drawn. He was not entirely a sorcerer, but something also of a child. And he had an *interest* in raindrops, an absurd and altogether important interest in raindrops, which had

nothing whatever to do with agriculture or the problem of watering the soil. He had a like interest in the sky. It is not too much to say, in view of what we know about his successors, that he sometimes loved the sky, in a mournful way, even when it failed to rain. Whether with joy or sorrow, he loved—or was fascinated by—the whole business of "being" in this world. And, like all people who love a thing, he enjoyed calling it pet names. Set free by his profession from any other very steady occupation, he developed a great habit of sitting around thinking up pet names for things—the names that would most exactly and vividly evoke them into his imagination. That was how he kept awake when he was not working, and that was pure poetry.

The American Indians believed that a good poem could accomplish almost anything. Putting a child to sleep was a mere hint or routine application of its almost omnipotent occult powers. And yet there were pure poets among the Indians also, as is shown very aptly by Natalie Curtis in her *Indians' Book*. She quotes the following song or tuneful incantation designed to bring rain, from a young Navajo poet:

Yellow butterflies,
Over the blossoming virgin corn,
With pollen-painted faces,
Chase one another in brilliant throng.

Blue butterflies,
Over the blossoming virgin beans,
With pollen-painted faces,
Chase one another in brilliant streams. . . .

Over your fields of growing corn,
All day shall hang the thunder-cloud;
Over your fields of growing corn,
All day shall come the rushing rain.

The magical intention or, at least, the surviving form of such an intention, is here quite obvious. And yet the poet, when he was questioned by Miss Curtis as to the "meaning" of his song, had nothing whatever to say about this form or intention.

"My song," he said, "is about butterflies flying over the cornfields, and over the beans. One butterfly is running after another like the hunt, and there are many."

I set this answer apart from my text, because it is, in effect, another poem—another pure act of realization through language. The poet is asked for the meaning—or as Walt Whitman would say, the "purport"—of his poem, and he only attempts again, and by a fresh manipulation of the magic contained in names, to evoke into consciousness an experience of the being of the things he named.

II

It is to this original and pure form of poetry that the modernists, with all their sophistication and their city things, are tending back. They too are abandoning purports, themes, meanings, preachments, all that so recently and extravagantly admired stuff of edification that led Matthew Arnold almost to the definition of poetry as a "criticism of life." In place of a criticism, these poets are offering us in each poem a moment of life, a rare, perfect or intense moment, and nothing more. They offer us awakening—they even offer to keep us awake for the few moments while we are reading their poem—and that seems to them enough. Poetry is a thing like music or the morning, which stands in no need of meaning anything for those who are sensitive enough to perceive it. Edith Sitwell, in her *Poetry and Criticism*, says that "the modernist poets are bringing a new and heightened consciousness to life." Hart Crane describes the whole province of the poet's art as "added consciousness and increased perceptions." Neither of these poets clearly conceives what he is saying as a psychology of poetry, or holds with any continuous force to its implications. But at least for a moment they forget the mystic essences, and speak of their art with the same modern intelligence with

which we speak of "locomotives and roses." For the length of that moment they confess themselves to be devotees of pure poetry—understanding by that term the original simple thing as it emerged from the practical employments of the magician.

Paris; this April sunset completely utters
utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward lean magnificent face
the streets turn young with rain,

spiral acres of bloated rose
coiled within cobalt miles of sky
yield to and heed
the mauve

of twilight (who slenderly descends,
daintily carrying in her eyes the dangerous
first stars)

people move love hurry in a gently

arriving gloom and
see! (the new moon
fills abruptly with sudden silver
these torn pockets of lame and begging colour)
while

there and here the lithe indolent prostitute
Night, argues

with certain houses.

It is only necessary to select such an example as this—where by accident, or by some momentary act of grace, a modernist poet has actually communicated his whole poem—in order to see what in their privacy these poets are trying to do. They are trying to surrender themselves, more utterly than this has been done before, to the mere uninterpreted qualities of experience. And it seems quite possible—to judge, at least, by this exquisite example from E. E. Cummings—that they are succeeding.

Of course all poets have written pure poems upon occasion. No genuine poet has ever accepted the obligation to support with a criticism of life his every offering of an increased perception of it. Mr. George Moore not long ago compiled an *Anthology of Pure Poetry* which contains verses from all the great periods of English literature. Through a predi-

lection for lyrical song—or perhaps through an influence from the mystic essences—Mr. Moore left out of his volume some of the more rich and slow-moving of pure poems. He left out Keats' "Ode to Autumn," which says absolutely nothing throughout thirty-three lines except just this one very thing—Autumn. But, upon the whole, his anthology accords with our definition, and it proves that there is nothing new in abandoning meanings, or the problem of adjusting man with his environment, and devoting oneself to the pure art of heightening or diversifying his consciousness.

The new thing about the modernists is the extreme to which they carry this devotion. Pure poetry is not an occasional exploit with them, but a regular duty. In all their poems you feel, not so much a tendency as a determination, to avoid all valid or verifiable judgments or opinions about anything. In their critical essays they boast of this attitude of detachment. They call it "intellectual" or "classical"; but I do not think we need to take that very seriously. When T. S. Eliot dismisses Bernard Shaw and Bertrand Russell as "emotional" and offers in the name of "intellect" to replace their arduous thinking about important problems with his wilfully meaningless poetry, his narrowly literary learning, and rather pedantic prose, it is quite obvious that words are being misapplied. Still more obvious, when our American propagandist of modernism, Gorham B. Munson, lays Randolph Bourne away among the "emotional," and brings forward Ernest Hemingway and E. E. Cummings as showing a revival of interest in ideas! In my opinion, if Mr. Eliot and Mr. Munson had the intellect of which they boast, they would not be found, fifty years after the birth of genetic psychology, still taking seriously this old-fashioned dichotomy, intellect versus emotion. Virginia Woolf repudiates her predecessors as resolutely as T. S. Eliot, but she puts her finger more knowingly upon the line which divides her from

them. In order to complete their books, she says, "it seems necessary to do something." The reader must "finish them actively and practically for himself." The kind of book she admires in contrast is "complete in itself; it is self-contained; it leaves one with no desire to do anything." In short, it has no meaning, in the technical and matter-of-fact sense of the word.

The modernists not only abandon meanings more persistently than other poets, but they abandon, whenever they want to, those logical and grammatic forms which are the established vehicles of meaning. They allow their poems to move without the support of these emptied vehicles—without a certain false dignity that they have in the past imparted to the procession of the poet's images. Let us compare, for illustration, a pure poem by E. E. Cummings with one by William Shakespeare. And let us give Shakespeare—for the moment—the precedence. Here is a pure poem which he contributes to Mr. Moore's anthology:

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

This is, you see, in its grammatical form, not a poem at all, but a scientific observation. *When* all those first things happen, *exactly then*, simultaneously with them, the owl sings, "Tu-whit; tu-who." That is, I believe—provided neither the owl nor the roasted crabs are moving with the speed of light—an accurate observation. And even people who do not know what poetry is would be able to read it through with composure, and concede that Shakespeare was sane and of sound mind, and that he might perhaps have discovered something original or important about owls—about the hibernal habits of the *strigidae*, I should say—if he had carried his

observations a little farther. Poetic people know that the scientific observation, as well as the grammatic form which conveys it—the compound declarative sentence—is a mere accidental convenience, a piece of old clothes-line upon which the acts of imaginative realization are strung.

Now the great revolution accomplished by the modernists, in their more extreme and Presbyterian devotion to pure poetry, has consisted of occasionally throwing that piece of old clothes-line away. In Mr. Cummings' realizations of a mouse, for instance, we are not led astray from the poetry by any compound declarative sentence, or by any sentence whatever:

here's a little mouse) and
what does he think about, i
wonder as over this
floor (quietly with

bright eyes)drifts (nobody
can tell because
Nobody knows, or why
jerks Here &. here,
gr(oo)ving the room's Silence) this like
a littlest
poem a
(with wee ears and see?

tail frisks)
(gonE)
"mouse",

Here the scientific people will throw up their hands in disgust—the thing doesn't make sense. But poetic people will be satisfied to receive the mouse, and leave the business of making sense *about* mice to the zoölogist.

In still another way the modernists carry pure poetry to an extreme. Pure poems in the past have always been single or closely unified moments of realization. If two or more of these moments were united together, some narrative or argumentative connection was supplied. The modernists unite them arbitrarily, at the dictate of taste or a purely creative impulse. They pile up poems out of imaginative moments as

architecture is piled up out of blocks of stone and stone images. T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" appears to me to be such a work of purely creative architecture. Most of his admirers—dominated by the traditional opinion that long poems must be held together by some narrative or conceptual thread—find it necessary before they can enjoy this poem to tell themselves that it is a treatise on the futility of human enterprise, or the decline of western civilization, or the discontinuity of modern life. They attribute this meaning, not to anything the poem says, but to its *structural character*. But in order to write a treatise on the discontinuity of modern life you do not have to write a discontinuous treatise. In order to expound in poetry the thought that human enterprise comes to nothing, you do not have to compose poetry that comes to nothing. For me the essential distinction of "The Waste Land"—in so far as it is something more distinguished than a "passionate cross-word puzzle"—is that it expounds nothing. It means nothing. It is a symphony of pure poems composed as freely in the air as symphonies of musical sounds and phrases are composed. The attempt to attach a meaning to its very meaninglessness—to make of T. S. Eliot the prophet of a sort of philosophy of fragmentism—is but the last gasp of the practical intelligence drowning in a sea of pure poetry.

T. S. Eliot himself, to be sure, has not wholly escaped from the bondage of the meaningful tradition. He feels obliged to pose in his "Notes" as a sort of scholarly wizard with meditative deep thoughts and purports which the *cognoscenti* may pretend to understand. This also, I think, should not be taken too seriously. Other modernists in their character as critics have made the same mistake. Allen Tate, in discussing his friend Hart Crane's poems, says that "the vision often strains and overreaches the theme." To this the English modernists reply that, on the contrary, "Mr. Crane is preserving his vision from

a theme . . . the movements of his poems are the fluctuations of surfaces: they give a sea sense of externality: the moon, frost, tropical horizons. . . ." That is the true way, and I think the only way, to receive the values of these wilfully pure poems—poems which steadily refuse to criticize life, which abjure even grammar and logic as a bondage, and which evolve upon threads of connection as tenuous as those of a musical symphony. Remember that they are the legitimate children of a magic incantation. They have abandoned their pretense to call forth actual events and objects into the air; but they have not on that account acknowledged the empire of practical science. They remain proud. They refuse to deck themselves out with meanings. They stand there, offering you nothing—only themselves, and that only if you will surrender to an invisible spell.

III

It is absurd to describe this arrant and absolute revolt of the motive in the heart of all poets against the central mechanism of practical civilization, meaningful language, as a neo-classic revival, a return to the eighteenth-century tradition, a revolt against the tyranny of the general reader. That is a poor and weak way to defend a crusade that takes its force from the aboriginal fountains of life. The revolt is not against the tyranny of the general reader, but against the tyranny of the practical mind. Instead of describing it as a return to the eighteenth-century tradition, it would be more adequate to say that there have been throughout human civilization three fundamental schools of poetry—three distinct positions of the poet.

First he employed his meaningless but life-enhancing words, under the impression that they performed a magic function. He so justified them to the practical common sense of the race. That was the first school of poetry—the incantation school.

When the belief in word magic declined, he began to offer his words as a kind of colored clothing in which to dress up meanings, and make them more alluring and exciting. Even when he did not actually intend a meaning in the creation of his poem, he would look around until he found one and stick it in somewhere (as Poe confesses he did), because it was now only in this way that he could justify himself to the practical common sense of the race. That was the second school of poetry—the meaningful school. It has held the center of the stage throughout the historic period.

The people in our world to-day who are most boldly gifted in the poetic use of words are attempting to go back to the forms of the incantation, but without the pretense that their words have power to evoke real objects or events. They form a third "school" of poetry—the modernists, as they happen to be called, although their hearts were old when civilization began. They should be called by some name to indicate that they are interested in poetry as a thing by itself—a realization of life through imagination and language—distinct both from science and sorcery.

If this is a true account of the tendency toward pure poetry, its association with a more trivial Cult of Unintelligibility was natural and almost inevitable. The commonest function of words is to communicate practical meanings. This function has determined the whole growth and structure of language; poetic communication has been ritual or incidental. To cease communicating these practical meanings without also ceasing to communicate would require a rather dexterous discrimination. It would require at least that the poet should know what he is trying to do, and that he should have some sense of the special nature of his material. A poet who knew that he was trying to get rid of the practical meaning in words—their perfectly, automatic stimulation of action, or active attitude, in those who hear them—and yet preserve

their power to communicate experience, would devote a great deal of attention to the *strategy of communication*. The modernists, who do not know exactly what they are trying to do, and who talk about words as though they were a material as simple in its values as dyed chalk or porcelain, have followed the opposite course. They have abandoned meanings and at the same time ignored the strategy of communication, as though these two things were one and the same. It is against this obtuseness of theirs, this foolish confusion, that I have attempted to initiate a gentle rebellion of the reader in these two essays on the Cult of Unintelligibility and the Tendency toward Pure Poetry. . . .

IV

It seems to me that the tendency of poetry to make itself independent of meanings is deeper and has endured longer than the movement called "modernist." It began in the "art for art's sake" talk of the nineties—if not long before that, in the abandoned sentimentalism of the pre-Raphaelites. An impression prevails that there was an effective moral reaction, or reaction of social intelligence, against the devotees of art for art's sake. But I think, in the world of artistic creation, the opposite was true. There was a realization that in their preoccupation with sin, their exaggerated delight in a freedom from moral meanings, these people of the nineties were feeble in their own impulse and superficial. They were exemplifying the very bondage to morals which they denounced. They were failing to see, moreover, that morals is but one kind of practical thinking. The deeper tendency, of which their sinful and delightful excitement was a mere top-ripple, is the tendency of art to declare itself independent of, and irrelevant to, all practical thinking and all actual truth. Artists are no longer sages, and they no longer wish to be. They offer us no guidance, no instruction, not even a

directed inspiration. They offer us a "heightened consciousness," an "added or increased perception." They deride us as antique and rural bumpkins if we ask them what it "means." In short, the other arts are not only aspiring, but in our day they are actually moving, toward the position occupied by music. Painters can find no more contemptuous name for a painting which they do not like than "literary." Poets can find no language but that of painting in which to express their own new aims. It is a universal flight from meaning in which the poets—because meaning inheres in the very material of their art—inevitably lag behind. But their revolt, although so recently become violent enough to assail its last enemy, the logic of grammar, is only the culmination of a deep and general tendency of all contemporary art.

There are two reasons for this tendency, and for its culmination in modernist poetry. One is that the meanings which poets used so confidently to clothe in the bright colors of their experience are no longer convincing. The old codes and creeds have ceased to command the artist's mind. The intellectual world is disillusioned—deeply, as never before. I think we may assert that Hart Crane has not had to put up a very stiff fight in order to defend his vision against a theme. There has been no vast multitude of themes besieging his restless pillow, begging him with the old passion and conviction to give them a poetic utterance. It is so with him, and it is so with the other poets—the older ones going back to Arthurian legends to escape the problem of meaning anything in this modern world, the newer ones bluffing it out with a hollow-voiced glorification of the machine—a mere piece of bravado.

What could be more pitiful than the attempt of civilized man to make an ideal of the tool which he invented? He invented the tool to create with. What then shall he create? An imitation of the tool, an expression of the influence of

the tool, a reflection of the age that is dominated by the existence of the tool. What a reduction to absurdity of the grandiose ambitions of an ingenious and self-bewildered savage! A creative artist really at home in a machine age would not ask himself: What are these machines doing to me? He would ask: What shall I do with these machines? The poets and dramatists of the New Masses and the New Playwrights Theater, in their loudly conscious attempts to exemplify the effects of machinery upon them—to make a crusade of this subjection to influence—seem more distracted than revolutionary. You feel that in the depth of their hearts there is one poem they would sincerely love to be able to utter:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He restoreth my soul.

Deprived by their education of the possibility of saying that, they are, like the modernists and like those who have fled to the legends of Arthur, saying essentially nothing. Poetry is abandoning meanings because there are no meanings enshrined in the poet's heart as truth.

That is one reason. And the other is perhaps only the same reason more thoughtfully expressed. Science is becoming unintelligible to the poet, it is becoming *absolutely* alien to his art—and science is the one thing we do securely believe in to-day. We believe in the new physics, the new chemistry, the new astronomy. We believe in Bohr and Lorentz and Einstein. But *we cannot understand them*. Teachers of the new systems are kind-hearted enough to tell us that Newton and Copernicus were as difficult for the people of their day as Einstein is for us, but we know that this is not true. You can draw pictures of the Copernican universe. You can make diagrams of the Newtonian physics. When it comes to units of "space-time" and curves passing into the fourth dimension, the imagination drops back.

It is not geometry any longer, it is algebra. And algebra is the farthest that you can go in language from suggesting the experience of things. It is the farthest from poetry.

The ordinary intelligence by which men live is at a loss among these meanings abstracted from life. The poet's intelligence, disposed by its essential character to cling to the experienced qualities of things, is still more at a loss. The minstrel cannot sing the truths we believe in to-day because he cannot understand them. And if he could understand them, he would find that they cannot be sung. They cannot be realized by the imagination. The intrinsic and aboriginal conflict between the two ways of using words, the poetic and the practical or scientific way, has become absolute. Einstein is unintelligible because he has gone to the extremes of pure science. The modernists are unintelligible because they have gone to the extremes of pure poetry. The common man, the survived savage, his mind a quaint mixture of color and meaning, of poetry and science, stands bewildered between these prodigies. He does not know what to put in the cup of his curiosity or his life thirst. . . . He is wiser in a way than either of them, for he knows that there is a conflict, a trouble, a slightly insane separation of knowledge from experience, a problem to be solved.

Poetry will not die in this conflict, nor stand still while awaiting the solution of that problem. Like other artistic movements—although less quickly than some people imagine—modernism will give place to new creative tendencies. Grown-up poets will not permanently content themselves with writings, no matter how rich in vividness, which seem as deliberately impotent as words without an active meaning seem. An impulse to make their poems virile will prevail over the impulse to make them pure. And out of this there will arise—if I may be foolish enough to attempt a prophecy—two new schools or tend-

encies in poetry. A mystical reactionary school will profess to have a meaning planted in these modernist poems, an ultra-logical, arduous, occult meaning, an escape from the confinements of the cerebrum, not by returning to the varieties of pure experience, but by flying out through the skull into some supernal region inhabited by a knowledge still more pure. There are signs that this school of poets, linked with the "mystic essence" school of critics, have begun already their work of retarding the progress of human intelligence. William Carlos Williams tells us that the great task of the twentieth century will be the placing of "literature" on a plane superior to science. "Literature will lay truth open upon a higher level." And Gorham B. Munson, professional

evangel of modernism, leads us by the gentle strings of literary criticism straight into the dancing prayer-meetings of Gurdjiev and Orage—professional evangels of anti-science, wizards of the cult of the new psychosophy.

Another kind of poet will emerge, I think, from the weariness of modernism—a poet more like Goethe than any other poet of the past, though not too like him. He will know the difference between poetry and science. He will know when he is doing one thing and when the other—when and to what end he is combining the two. He will know what he is doing. In that he will differ sharply from the modernists. But his language will be brilliantly enriched and liberated by these experiments in pure poetry lying behind him as a tradition.





BOY'S HEAD

A STORY

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

THE trolley grated sulkily to a stop at the Brown-House corner. Maplewood people still called it the Brown-House corner, though ex-Governor Brown had moved his family to the city years before, when his son got mixed up in that dreadful scandal. The motorman got out, changed the switch with a long iron rod that hung on the front of the car, tossed the rod back on its hook, and climbed in again.

Sixteen minutes before the hour.

At her upstairs window, Miss Fanny Meers replaced the red-ribbon marker in *Daily Food from the Scriptures*. Would that be sixteen to two or sixteen to three? Miss Fanny seldom looked at a clock. During the ten years she had been living in the Brown House she had come to regulate her life almost entirely by the trolley, which passed every hour coming out from the city. The squeak of the wheels and the clatter of the iron rod divided her day into neat segments—time to stop this and begin that.

It was sixteen to three. Esther was coming up the driveway from school, to do her practicing. Miss Fanny watched her. The child must learn to stand up straight. Miss Fanny rapped on the pane with her signet ring and motioned Esther to throw out her chest. Through her mind passed the memory of Miss Laura Brown's sharp voice.

"Fanny, look at that child. Pale as a cup and saucer. It's that hair, I tell you. Any fool could see all her strength's going into it. If you take my advice, you'll have it cut off."

Miss Fanny had shaken her head stubbornly. The other girls Esther's age in the neighborhood, Mrs. Green's child and that Jean Alger, had short hair. Loud, forward children they were, too; you couldn't tell them from boys by their heads or their actions either. Even the sidewalks weren't safe any more, with them whooping and whizzing everywhere on their roller skates; Miss Fanny was thankful her niece was not like them. She herself had had just as heavy a head of hair at Esther's age, she reflected. It ran in the Meers' side of the family. Laura Brown had been envious enough of it in the old days when they were in school together. She and Laura were second cousins; but on the Brown side it was the men who seemed to get all the good looks.

Miss Fanny smiled, recalling the time Laura had tried to turn Harold Frey against her by telling him she put something in the rinsing water to make her hair more yellow. She had never thought of such a thing, of course.

With sudden decision, she straightened up and called Esther to put off her practicing for an hour. They would walk down street and deposit the money from last night's church concert with Mr. Frey at the bank. Miss Fanny was treasurer of the Presbyterians' committee to raise the money for a new organ.

They walked down Maplewood Street, past the Baptist Church and the Oakwood Hotel, past the old harness shop that had been remodelled into a moving picture theater, past Rohrbach's grocery

and the drugstore with its desirable piles of remedies, tooth-paste, and soap.

Esther skipped a little, gravely, excited at the thought of seeing Mr. Frey. Mr. Frey was the nicest man in Maplewood; everyone said so. Everyone knew there were plenty of women, even married, who made up excuses to go into the bank and talk to him. He was always the same, always polite—listening carefully and answering in his deep, interested voice. She could hear his voice now . . . "Good-afternoon, Miss Esther." . . . As they neared the dry-goods store she watched for the first glimpse of herself in the plate glass. The sun glinted on the top of her head, brightening the pointed, fallow little face, spinning the fine threads of hair into a gold-lace cap.

It was a hot afternoon, unusual for May, and there were few people out. There was no one else in the bank. As Esther and Miss Fanny entered, Mr. Frey looked up and then came round from behind the teller's window, smiling his nicest smile.

"Well—good-afternoon, Miss Esther. How is Miss Goldilocks this fine day?" He bent his head, as though he were talking to her alone.

Esther looked at him as steadily as she dared; not directly at him but at his lovely, even teeth, the shining white points of his collar, his hands with their smooth square nails. She could not answer him. She never could. She nodded and looked away quickly, hearing Miss Fanny reply that Esther was very well.

"Do you know," Mr. Frey was saying to Miss Fanny, "Esther will be a real young lady before we know it. I was thinking of it last night at the concert. That lovely hair." He lifted one of Esther's braids and weighed it in his hand admiringly. Esther trembled. He had never really touched her before, even though he sometimes shook hands with her in his ceremonious, grown-up way. She felt happy and queer.

Miss Fanny said that would do now.

The child was vain enough already; he was not to spoil her. If he kept that up she'd have to have Esther's hair bobbed like the other girls. Laura Brown had been plaguing her to do it for over a year.

Mr. Frey laughed—a rare, youthful laugh.

"Never you mind, Esther," he said. "I'll stand up for you. We won't let them cut off that beautiful hair. Esther's my girl, anyhow, aren't you, Esther? You're going to wait for me, aren't you?" His hand slipped across her shoulders.

Esther could not drag her eyes upward from the floor. Still holding her protectingly, Mr. Frey turned to Miss Fanny and spoke in a lowered voice. About Laura Brown, he said, he had heard that she was planning to run up to Denver in a few days. Miss Fanny said, "Oh, really?" and told Esther to go over and stand by the window.

Her eyes still burning, still shaky and feeling his touch on her shoulder, Esther stood tying and untying knots in the window-cord, blinking at the dusty sunlight that poured in pale grains through the glass. With his words sounding in her ears, her mind raced ahead to the time when she would be tall and slender and not afraid to talk to people any more.

She smiled secretly. In her imagination she was walking down the street, alone, hatless, wearing a beautiful, fluttery dress, going into the bank and straight up to the teller's window to speak to Mr. Frey about something important. The immensity of the idea made her wriggle against the wide bank window. . . . "Good-afternoon, Miss Esther," he would say. "You're still waiting for me, aren't you?" . . .

Waiting for him? "Oh, yes!" Her forehead against the hard glass, she just dared whisper the words softly to herself, drawing her breath with a sharp stab of happiness. She would wait for him. Oh, she would always wait for him. She felt tears coming in her eyes and she

twisted the window-cord so that it made a white mark around her hand. The interior of the bank and the street outside seemed to have receded to a great distance, leaving her standing alone.

It wouldn't be so long. Mr. Frey was thirty-five, her aunt had told her. In six years she would be eighteen, old enough to get married; thirty-five and six made forty-one. Mr. Frey would be forty-one when she was eighteen. That wasn't old for a man, though it was awfully old for a woman. Aunt Fanny was thirty-three and said herself she was getting to be an old lady.

Esther wheeled about, startled, when her aunt spoke to her. They must go along, Miss Fanny warned, so Esther could get in her practicing.

Back behind the teller's window, Mr. Frey was emptying the church money from Aunt Fanny's beaded bag.

"Well, Miss Goldilocks," he said, "playing at the concert again next month?"

She was, Miss Fanny answered. She added that last night's concert had paid better than any of the others; nearly a hundred tickets had been sold. She would bring the rest of the money down and deposit it as soon as that Jean Alger turned in what she had collected from the Sunday School. She never felt safe with church money lying around the house.

On the way home Esther's eyes traveled brightly over the shop windows. He had smiled just at her as they left. Miss Goldilocks, he had called her. A row of gaily striped boxes in the drug-store window reminded her of her new hair ribbons. She would wear them next time they went to the bank. The dry-goods store window displayed household linen with a large placard—For the June Bride.

"Is eighteen old enough to get married?" she asked her aunt.

"Why, I suppose so." Miss Fanny spoke absently.

Esther drew in her breath, swallowed it, and drew it in again before she had courage for the next question.

"Why isn't Mr. Frey married, do you suppose?"

Miss Fanny seemed not to hear. She hesitated. Then she pressed her lips together resolutely.

"Mr. Frey is married—that is, he was. He is divorced."

Esther's heart beat fast. Divorced—that meant a man and his wife didn't live together any more. One of them went away, like Anna Green's father, who had gone to the city to live. Anna never saw him. At school the other day she had said she wished her mother would get married again.

"Aunt Fanny," she ventured, "don't people marry again after they have been divorced?"

Miss Fanny was severe.

"Never," she said. "If they do, they are committing a sin. The Bible expressly forbids it. It says plainly that if a man puts away his wife he shall not take another unless his first wife is dead."

"But Anna Green—" Esther began. Miss Fanny cut her short. The trolley would be coming. Esther must run on home and practice. Miss Fanny had some more errands to do.

Esther waited for the trolley to turn the corner; then she went up the driveway and into the house. Her mind full of exhilarating thoughts, she forced her fingers in uneven march through the scales. Up and down the keyboard, wrists low, knuckles high, thumbs crossing under at the right places, right hand tugging to get ahead of the left. Then the Czerny exercise in the thick yellow book. How she despised it! At last she could start on the new piece—"The Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser"—the one she was to play at the next concert.

Mr. Frey would be there. Suppose this were the concert and Mr. Frey were here, sitting in the big chair in the corner, listening. Smiling to herself, her solemn eyes sparkling, she ran into the hall and faced around. Now to cross the stage. She walked back primly to the piano and seated herself on the stool, letting her

skirt fall properly on the side toward the audience, as Miss Fanny had showed her. Then, her fingers tingling, she went through her piece, quite fast, putting in all the expression. Where the left hand crossed over the right she arched her wrist with deliberate grace. She held the last chord, gazing raptly at the ceiling, letting her hands drop in her lap, as she had seen her music teacher do. She fetched a little sigh. Then she rose, bowing and smiling toward the armchair, and hurried off the stage. Fun to practice that way, pretending he was listening.

As she reached the hall she saw Jean Alger hobbling up the gravel driveway on her roller skates. Jean had brought the money for the concert tickets, she said, digging one screwed-up lump from her middy blouse pocket and another from the pocket of her skirt. Some of the Sunday School classes had been late handing theirs in. She asked Esther to come and play, but Esther shook her head. Miss Fanny didn't allow her to play in Jean's yard—she had a slide and a bag swing, regular boys' games, Miss Fanny said, that ruined your clothes and were dangerous besides.

Esther put away the money and hurried back to the piano. Now they would surely go to the bank again to-morrow. She sent a gay little nod over her shoulder at the big chair in the corner as she began glibly to tick off the harplike arpeggios of Tannhäuser's accompaniment, half-singing, half-humming the words of the serenade, printed in small letters above the notes . . . "Oh, *thou—um umm—sweet eve—ning ummm* . . . Good-afternoon, Miss Goldilocks . . ."

The hour passed swiftly. The squeak of the trolley around the curve cut short poor Tannhäuser in the midst of his lay.

"Time to catch your car." Esther beckoned importantly to the armchair as she jumped off the stool. "Be quick, now."

From the porch she looked down Maplewood Street in the direction of the bank. Mr. Frey and his mother lived

out in Maplewood Highlands; he took the street car home every evening. The bank closed at four. That gave him just time to close up the books and lock the safe before catching the sixteen minutes to five trolley. Sometimes he walked slowly up the street and stood waiting at the corner five or ten minutes. At other times the work at the bank was heavier, and he was late.

He was coming now, hurrying. He would have to run; the motorman was slamming the rod back in place. There; he was inside. The car moved off and Esther sat on the top step looking after it.

She wondered what his wife had been like. Horrid, probably, if Mr. Frey hadn't wanted to live with her any longer. Perhaps she had been loud and forward. . . . Suddenly Esther remembered something—a chance remark overheard and immediately forgotten. Aunt Fanny entertaining the Ladies Aid; one of the ladies pausing, her cocoa cup almost to her lips . . . "A common little thing with short hair—put me in mind of Aileen Frey. That type."

Why, Aileen Frey must be his wife. He had no sisters; his mother had sent Aunt Fanny a check for the church organ signed "Sarah M. Frey."

"A common little thing with short hair. . . ."

Drawing herself up with delicious superiority, Esther pulled her braids forward over her shoulders. She poked her fingers inside the curls at the ends of her braids and smoothed them all around. Then she leaned back against the porch railing, erect and proud in the late afternoon sunlight, her eyes far away and shining.

Six years. It might be even more; his wife might not be dead in six years. She would wait, no matter how long, until she herself was an old lady. She pictured herself smiling gently and shaking her head when other people asked her to marry them. Handsome men with deep voices who came from a great distance. They bent over her hand

and sadly turned away. She felt dreadfully sorry. Her heart ached for them, but she could never love anybody except Mr. Frey.

Next day she beat the trolley home from school. As she finished brushing her hair and tying on the new striped ribbon bows, she heard her aunt calling her.

Miss Fanny stood holding the morning paper, folded back to one of the center pages. She was half expecting Cousin Laura to-day, she said, and didn't want to be out if she came. It was possible Laura might drive out instead of coming on the street car, though she disliked driving. Esther should do her practicing now, until the next trolley. They would go to the bank just before closing time, if Laura hadn't come by then.

Miss Fanny moved restlessly about, shutting the newspaper inside the table drawer, putting the Sunday School money in the beaded bag and handing it to Esther. She had somehow lost an hour that day, she told her niece. She had been sitting at the window reading her chapter in *Daily Food*, and the trolley must have passed without her noticing. She had meant to spend the hour tying up the ramblers. She followed Esther downstairs and sat in Mr. Frey's arm-chair, saying she would listen to the new piece; but in the middle of it she rose distractedly, took the shears and garden gloves and went outside.

As soon as the screen door slammed behind her aunt, Esther jumped up to make her entrance from the hall, repeating yesterday's game. She pranced a bit, feeling very smart in her new ribbons, though she was half sorry she had put them on. Mr. Frey wouldn't notice them if they went to the bank just at closing time. He was always busy then; the storekeepers came in, wearing their white coats and aprons, holding their pass-books and rolls of change wrapped in colored paper.

At last, released by the sound of the

approaching trolley, she dashed through the hallway and out of doors. It was just possible Mr. Frey would leave the bank at four o'clock and walk to the corner with them.

The car stopped. Keeping careful hold of the beaded bag, Esther started down the drive. Then she paused. Of course Miss Laura would have to come and spoil everything. Now they couldn't go.

Resentfully, she watched the two women as they came, arm in arm, toward the house. She would have to sit on the porch with them now, while Miss Laura eyed her out of her shiny glasses and asked questions, and Aunt Fanny told her to speak out and not act as though she hadn't any tongue.

"Wondering if you wouldn't come to-day . . . been waiting to hear," Miss Fanny was saying.

Miss Brown's face was serious.

"Yes, Fanny," she said, "It's all over. Very suddenly, too."

"God's will be done."

Miss Fanny was breathless. She halted as she saw Esther carrying the beaded bag.

"You may as well go down to the bank with that by yourself, child," she said. "Just tell Mr. Frey what it is and hand it to him. Hurry, now, the bank will be closing."

Esther stared stupidly for a second. To the bank—by herself? She couldn't believe it. The thought—its infinite possibilities—made her feel giddy. Was she to open the door and walk straight up to the teller's window, alone, just as she had so often planned? Oh, but she didn't dare. She couldn't. She could never go across the floor alone. Yet, at another warning from her aunt, she started down the drive as fast as she could walk, feeling Miss Laura's eyes on her back, her legs moving stiffly, her braids thumping against her shoulders at every step.

She was to walk into the bank and up to the window; speak to Mr. Frey. . . .

"Just tell Mr. Frey what it is and hand it to him." . . . Here is the—Aunt Fanny said—This is the concert—Yes—Good-afternoon . . . Could she say it? Could she say anything? Would she get there in time? Only a few minutes . . . *Swiftly over the ground.* . . . She must get there in time.

It was a thousand years before she reached the dry-goods store. Her legs ached. The back of her neck felt so strained that she could hardly turn to glance at her reflection in the window where the striped bows bobbed reassuringly. She was breathing fast. There was a clock in the drugstore window—seven minutes to four. She would be in time.

The tension relaxed, panic swept over her. Her legs moved automatically. Cowardice whispered that she could go slowly, loiter until too late; then she wouldn't have to do it at all. Fifty more steps to the bank, maybe sixty. She forced her feet forward. Must not think, now. Just *do it*. Like walking onto the stage at a concert.

The bank door swung out before John Rohrbach, the grocer. It shut, and Esther saw that the shades were drawn. Mr. Frey must have closed early.

She put her raised foot down slowly, instantly calm again. She didn't have to do it. She didn't have to. Everything was all right, just as it always had been. . . . Oh, *thank* you, God. . . . She released a long, whispered breath and wanted to laugh in sudden freedom.

She could go slowly, beautifully, home. Nothing had happened. Nothing was going to happen. She could watch Mr. Frey from the porch steps, pretend he was sitting in the big chair while she practiced, plan things to say to him when she'd grown older. To-morrow she would come down with her aunt, as usual, and deposit the money. She felt the grateful, accustomed thrill of anticipation, secure in the haven of Aunt Fanny's voice, answering questions and talking for her. She was safe.

She loitered up the street and paused

in front of the picture theater, walking around in the front lobby to glance at the tall posters. She was standing there, half-concealed, when Mr. Frey passed. At the same moment the doors of the theater opened, and two women came out. Esther recognized Anna Green's mother.

"H'm. There goes Harold Frey. Leaving the bank early." Mrs. Green paused before the mirror; she examined her chin critically and powdered it. "Well, now that Aileen's dead, I suppose he and Fanny Meers won't waste any more time. Ye gods, imagine it! Waiting around more than ten years just because Fanny was too religious to marry a divorced man—while the rest of us . . . What in the world does he see in Fanny?"

"Oh, I don't know." The other woman had taken advantage of the dim lobby to straighten the seam of her stocking. "For that matter, what did he see in Aileen? Crazy little fool, kiting off with Governor Brown's son like that. The paper said she ended up in a T. B. sanatorium. I wouldn't wonder. Too bad Harold didn't marry Fanny in the first place. 'A lover's quarrel,' old Mrs. Frey told me once—how's that for quaint? Lord, this town will be the death of me yet."

They strolled up the street. Esther followed slowly, her eyes on the pavement, the heavy beaded bag knocking against her knees. Aunt Fanny and Mr. Frey . . . a lover's quarrel. . . . It couldn't be true.

But, yes, yes, yes, it was. She remembered now. How often they went to the bank, sometimes without any reason; how nice Aunt Fanny always was in front of Mr. Frey; how she would smile and laugh, not at all strict the way she was at home. She had always thought her aunt was so old, though; too old to be in love, much too old to get married.

Mr. Frey was standing in the yard, talking to Miss Fanny and Miss Laura. Miss Fanny was looking at him, opening

and shutting the scissors, sometimes giving little snips at the rambler rose bushes. Esther walked up the driveway slowly, wishing they wouldn't notice her but knowing they would. She dreaded Miss Laura's voice, and hurriedly straightened up, hoping to escape it.

But she was too late. Miss Laura turned with relief from tragedy to the accustomed scolding.

"Positively *hoop*-shouldered! Fanny, I don't know what you can be thinking of to let her carry around that load of hair."

Miss Fanny started, looking as though she did not quite recognize her niece.

"Oh, Esther," she said. "Here, child, suppose you take the gloves and shears in the house for me. I'll be right there."

"Don't you agree with me, Harold?" Miss Laura demanded. "Esther's hair should come off. If she were my niece . . ."

Mr. Frey laughed. "Cut off that hair, Laura? Never in the wide world." He put an arm around Esther and drew her toward him. "Why, Esther wouldn't be my girl without that beautiful hair; she'd be just like the rest of the Maplewood tomboys. Isn't that so, Esther? How is my girl to-day, anyhow?" He leaned down, smiling at her. Miss Fanny was smiling, too.

"I'm *not* your girl!"

Her heart bursting with anguish and anger, Esther jerked herself free and ran blindly toward the house. She reached

her room and stood before the bureau. Her sullen eyes looked back at her from the glass.

How she hated them all! How she hated *him*! Always smiling and talking and never meaning what you thought. That lovely, *nice* way he had of saying things, what he had said yesterday—he hadn't meant it for her at all. He'd meant it for Aunt Fanny. Making love. They were all against her; now he was against her, too. When they smiled they were really laughing at her. Now he would be laughing. "Esther's jealous" . . . "My, what a sulky little girl!" He and Aunt Fanny.

They would not laugh at her! She'd show them. From this very minute she'd be different, run away from them, have roller-skates, *be* a tomboy.

Yes, and he shouldn't talk about her beautiful hair any more, either. He shouldn't! He shouldn't! Furiously she raised the garden shears. Desperately she hacked at the nape of her neck. The other girl in the glass, panting with fury and exertion, did not even look at her.

The sixteen minutes to five trolley had just left as Miss Fanny entered her niece's room.

"Esther," she called, her voice gayer than Esther had ever heard it. "Why, *child*!"

It might have been a boy's head that lay, shaking with sobs, on Esther's pillow. It looked for all the world like that Jean Alger's.



THE MYSTERY OF OCEAN CURRENTS

BY HARALD U. SVERDRUP

FOR most of us the sea has only two dimensions. It is the restless, glittering surface we see from the shore or from a ship, rippled by gentle breezes or lifted to foaming waves in a gale. Even men of science have confined most of their knowledge to such things as the temperature and salinity of surface waters and the motions of surface currents. They know little about the deep sea except that strange fishes live there in ways mysterious and unknown. The topography of the sea bottom is less charted, even, than that of Central Africa or of desert Mongolia.

Only a few years ago everybody thought that the bottoms of the great oceans were flat; that such differences in level at short distances as make the mountain regions of the continents did not exist. The reason for this misconception was that the depth of the sea had been determined in only a few places. The distances between soundings were too great to disclose steep valleys or steep peaks. To make new soundings with wires took a long time. At a depth of three thousand fathoms about an hour and a half was necessary to let out and to haul in the wire.

Modern science has supplied a new method—that of measuring depth by the time required for sound waves to travel downward from the keel of the vessel and for the echo to be reflected from the bottom of the sea. Some time ago the German scientific vessel, the *Meteor*, on one cruise in the South Atlantic took 33,500 soundings with this sonic depth finder. Had these soundings been made in the old-fashioned way, the time required would

have been more than seven years for the soundings alone, not counting time for travel.

The sonic depth finder has shown already that the bottom of the deep sea is far from being flat. Valleys, peaks, canyons, and mountain ranges offer a wide field for exploration by oceanographers. New knowledge of the world's underwater scenery may easily lead to significant new conceptions of the development of the continents and the history of the earth.

The circulation of the ocean waters, both at and beneath the surface, is another matter now being revived by new facts and new ideas. One interesting fact about North America is the striking difference between the temperatures of the water at the east and west coasts. The sandy beaches of Santa Monica lure thousands from sunny Los Angeles to a refreshing dip in the long rollers of the Pacific. Refreshing it is; the water is often so cold, indeed, that after a short swim it is a pleasure to plunge into the heated water of the swimming pool in the club house in order to get warm again.

Wilmington, North Carolina, lies in the same latitude as Los Angeles, but on the east coast. Here the temperature of the sea water in the month of August is about fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, above the water off California. No one needs swimming pools with heated water.

Why this difference? The chief answer is that the water off the coast of southern California is cold because it was chilled in the Antarctic, where Commander Byrd's expedition is now doing

its exploring. Five hundred or a thousand years ago, before Columbus took the first step to make Los Angeles a possibility, that Antarctic ice water sank out of sight into the depths of the South Pacific. It traveled northward as a very slow deep-sea current all the way across the Pacific Ocean. It was heated somewhat on the way by mixing with warmer water; but now that it has reached the surface off the Californian coast it still retains so much of the Antarctic chill that bathers find it cold.

This water that wells up on its beaches is perhaps the coolest and the oldest asset of warm, brand-new California; for its chill has been transported six thousand miles, and perhaps ten centuries, in the vastest but slowest refrigerator car which Mother Earth possesses.

Nor is the only effect of this deep oceanic flow of refrigerated brine the cooling off of overheated Californians. A similar northward flow of Antarctic water exists in the Atlantic Ocean. These vast circulations are the greatest factors in equalizing the climates of the world. That the famous climate of California is manufactured partly in the ice-bound Antarctic has a strong appeal to the imagination, but it must be remembered that the exchange of water between these latitudes is an extremely slow one. If a radical change in the Antarctic climate should take place now, the California real-estate dealers would not need to be alarmed. The effect on the up-welling deep-sea currents of the Northern Hemisphere would not be perceptible for many years.

Conditions in the Antarctic certainly do not alter the climate of Europe or of California week by week or year by year. That they affect it century by century is extremely probable. Among the most significant data to be expected from Commander Byrd's present exploration may be those which will indicate the increase or decrease of Antarctic ice, the movements and changes of the currents of the southern oceans, and other matters which may permit us to make deductions

regarding future variations of the northward flow of cold water.

The motive power of this deep-sea refrigerating machine, like the motive power of almost everything on earth, is the sun. In the tropics the surface of the oceans receives great quantities of solar heat. The summer temperatures of this surface water are high. There is no reason whatsoever why the sea water should be cooled by contact with the bottom. On the contrary, we must expect a very slow heating to take place from below. In the tropics, therefore, we should expect to find the ocean composed of warm water from the surface to the bottom. In the Arctic and the Antarctic, on the other hand, the water is cold because cooling by radiation of heat into space is dominant.

Such conditions, imaginable enough in theory, would not be stable. The lighter warm water would rise and spread over the cold water. This cold water, being heavier, would sink and spread underneath the warm. Thus a circulation would be set up to carry warm surface water from the tropics to the polar regions on the ocean's surface and cold water from the poles to the tropics along the ocean's floor; like the two eddies which one can set up in the water of a bathtub by stirring it upward at the center and downward at the two ends. The whole vast thermodynamic machine is kept running by the fact that solar heat is supplied at the tropical center and removed by radiation at the two cold poles.

II

In the actual ocean conditions are not so simple as in a bathtub or on a uniform, ocean-covered globe. Some of the complexities are due to the rotation of the earth. Others result from the fact that the basins of both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans are unsymmetrical. Both of these oceans are in free communication with the Antarctic Ocean. Both are narrowed and restricted toward the Arctic, the Atlantic especially by the

great submarine ridge which soundings have disclosed stretching from Greenland to Scotland.

That is one reason why the circulation of water in both the Atlantic and the Pacific is also unsymmetrical, so that Antarctic water comes as far north as California before it wells up to the surface. So far as the general circulation of the ocean is concerned, the climatic Board of Directors sits at the South Pole. Arctic conditions are fundamentally important, however, in affecting the local surface currents of the North Atlantic.

The world's oceans seem to display, in reality, two distinct systems of currents. One system includes the deep, majestic general circulation like that which brings the Antarctic water north along the bottom. The other system is superficial, relatively local, and much more variable. This surface-current system is more or less a reflection of the prevailing winds.

In the Atlantic, as in the Pacific, the deep northward course of the cold Antarctic water can be followed by the thermometer. Temperature soundings show a cold Antarctic current at an intermediate depth of about 500 fathoms. This Antarctic water submerges at about 50 degrees south latitude, and can be followed northward through the South Atlantic Ocean and across the equator to about 30 degrees north latitude. The cold water of this current rises to the surface at two localities—off the west coast of South Africa and off that of North Africa, where conditions are similar to those off the coast of southern California. In these regions the surface water of the ocean is carried away continually by the trade winds and is replaced by the upwelling cold water which has been cooled in the Antarctic and has traveled thousands of miles north as an intermediate deep-sea current.

The upwelling water shows another characteristic besides temperature to indicate that it has traveled a long distance as a deep-sea current. This is the

amount of oxygen in the water. Wherever sea water comes in contact with the air a certain amount of oxygen is dissolved by the water. Close to the surface, the microscopic plant life of the ocean produces additional oxygen. This oxygen is of the same importance to the fishes as the oxygen of the air to the land animals. But both the absorption of oxygen from the air and the production of oxygen by plants take place only in the upper layers of the sea. The fact that practically all deep-sea water contains some oxygen indicates that the water once upon a time was close to the surface, for in the depths of the oceans oxygen is continually used. Dead organic substances, remains of plants and animals are falling all the time to the bottom of the sea and are decomposed as they fall and afterward at the cost of the oxygen present in the water. For this reason the amount of oxygen in the deep-sea water will decrease as time goes on, especially if exchange of water with the higher-lying strata is impossible.

This is precisely what happens to the Antarctic water which comes north into the Atlantic. Examining the water of this intermediate Atlantic current, one finds that its percentage of dissolved oxygen decreases steadily toward the north. The upwelling water off the coast of Africa contains virtually no oxygen, not only because the water is "old" and has given up all its oxygen to the living creatures and organic debris met during the century-long journey from the Antarctic, but also because the stratification of the ocean's levels during the last part of the journey virtually prevents any supply of new oxygen from the air above. The upwelling Antarctic water off the coast of California has also been bled empty of its oxygen, which is one of the reasons for the opinion that the cold water off the Californian coast is also an immigrant from the farthest south.

Since the intermediate cold current of the Atlantic continually carries Antarctic water to 30 degrees north latitude, we

must expect to find North Atlantic water carried back somehow to the Antarctic. The Atlantic's surface currents, determined largely by the prevailing winds, do not replace this northward flow sufficiently. Accordingly, the Atlantic is found to have a third very deep current, running southward along the sea bottom underneath the northward cold current and adding another wheel to the complicated machinery of the ocean.

III

These deep, inexorable creepings of the ocean's life blood back and forth between the tropics and the poles are far more constant and dependable than flighty surface currents like the famous Gulf Stream. This current is sometimes called a "river in the ocean," entering the Atlantic through the Strait of Florida, following the eastern coast of the United States to the north, and finally crossing the Atlantic to flow along the western coast of northern Europe toward the Polar Sea.

That some such surface current crosses the Atlantic is indubitable. This is proved not only by the logs of ships but also by the fact that floating relics from the West Indies are found sometimes on the coast of Norway. But this surface current is irregular and changes with the shifting winds, as several ship's captains seem to have been astonished to learn last summer when for a few weeks the Gulf Stream was reported as mysteriously vanished. Nor does this surface current carry the great bulk of the warm water which flows continually into the Norwegian Sea through the channel northwest of Scotland. The great mass of this warm water comes partly from the intermediate strata of the North Atlantic and partly from the Mediterranean and the ocean between Africa and Spain. There is really a kind of European rival of the Gulf Stream, following the edge of the continental shelf of Europe northward until it enters the Norwegian Sea.

This system of currents in the North Atlantic is maintained partly by the prevailing winds, partly by the temperature difference between the North Atlantic Ocean and the Arctic Ocean. We meet again a vast thermodynamic engine, running because heat is put into it in the Atlantic and lost in the Arctic. The Atlantic represents the boiler of the engine; the Arctic is the condenser. The climate of northern Europe is in one sense the machinery which the engine has to help drive. In Scandinavia it is possible to grow rye in 70 degrees north latitude, while the corresponding limit on the east coast of North America is 49 degrees north. On the coast of Norway the mean temperature of the coldest month of the year at the Arctic Circle is 32 degrees F. At the coast of Baffin Land, the corresponding location on the American side, the equivalent temperature is 13 degrees.

The importance of this warm Atlantic circulation to the climate of Scandinavia is even more evident from some recent geologic speculations. Scandinavia was covered with glaciers in times geologically very recent. The evidence shows one glacial period followed by a period of comparatively warm climate, then a new glacial period followed by another warm period, and so on. Geologists now discriminate six glacial and five interglacial periods. The question naturally arises whether this succession of cold ages and warm ages can be referred to changes in the Gulf Stream.

Perhaps it can if the elasticity of the earth's crust is taken into account. We have reason to believe that the crust of our planet has a certain springiness about it; when a very great weight is placed upon it it will sink, when that weight is removed it will rise. At present Scandinavia is rising, measurements on the Bothnic Gulf showing a rise of about three feet in one hundred years. What will happen if the whole northern region reaching west of Scotland and Iceland is rising also?

If this is what is going on, the channel

between Scotland and Iceland will become continually more and more shallow. The inflow of warm water from the Atlantic into the Norwegian Sea will decrease. This decrease will gradually change the Scandinavian climate for the worse, the temperature will sink, glaciers will form where the land now is free of ice. As the process continues, Scandinavia, and perhaps the greater part of Northern Europe, may be buried under ice. A new glacial period will have come. The earth's crust, however, is not stable enough to be satisfied either with a glacial period or with the absence of one. The rise of the land and the damming of the Gulf Stream will gradually decrease and stop, as the great weight of ice added to the land loads down the upward-bulging crust. Finally the movement will be reversed; the land will begin to sink again as the earth's crust begins to yield under the weight of the ice. As the submarine dam sinks again, the warm water will find its way once more into the Norwegian Sea, the climate will recover, the glaciers will begin to melt away. In some such way as this, it is not impossible, were created the glacial and interglacial periods of the past. Perhaps another one is being created now. In another 10,000 years, it is conceivable, Europe may again be buried in the ice.

Any such radical change in the system of ocean currents in the North Atlantic would be apt to affect the climate of North America also. Walling off the Gulf Stream from the European coast would probably lead to no improvement of American climate. On the contrary, it is likely that the whole Atlantic system

of surface currents would shift toward the south, making the climate of the east coast of America colder and realizing, for America, the fate proposed for northern Europe by fictional individuals who have suggested the impossible task of damming the supposedly riverlike Gulf Stream before it crosses the Atlantic. One indication that this is how things work is to be found, perhaps, in the conclusion of the geologists that the glacial periods in Europe and in America occurred at about the same times.

We are now becoming acquainted with only the roughest features of the oceanic circulations. Very little is known about the velocities of the currents or about their changes from season to season and from year to year, still less about the influences which such changes have on the prevailing weather or on such directly economic matters as the yield of fisheries. Wider and completer knowledge of what goes on in the oceans would not only satisfy our yearning to understand Nature but might help toward greater economic safety, thanks to better and more far-reaching predictions.

Suppose each of the navies of the world assigned one or two vessels for oceanographic research every year: to cross and recross the Atlantic—to mention the Atlantic only—determining depths, temperatures, salinities, and currents; gathering knowledge which in course of time would lead to understanding. It should stimulate such research if everybody remembers that no spots on earth except a few small parts of the Arctic and Antarctic are more completely unexplored than the oceans which cover three-quarters of the earth.



\$50,000 CANNON BALLS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

SUPPOSE during the Great War there had been constant danger that Sir Douglas Haig or General Pershing might lead an army across No Man's Land and join the Germans; that Hindenburg might turn his Big Berthas on Berlin instead of Paris—what a complication that would have made for war correspondents as well as the vast citizenry behind the various armies!

Yet reporting the recent Mexican revolution involved just this complication, for newspaper correspondents as well as for the Mexicans themselves. Many generals and political leaders wouldn't stay put; the canny correspondent found it necessary to cover the gossip-front even more diligently than the battles. The "Who's Who" of the revolution was important, but "Who's on Which Side To-day," was the chief issue.

If the news came jerkily to the public, without continuity; if rebels, who one day were reported ready to overwhelm a community, were the next day in full flight or had surrendered, the surprise was due to the fact that the correspondents had been covering the battle-front rather than the gossip-front.

When the last revolution broke out over the border, I made it my early duty to call on Don Francisco. In El Paso, on the American side of the river, Don Francisco had been for five years my favorite revolutionary conspirator. Rarely in that time had he missed confiding in me a single lurid detail of the latest secret atrocity of the hated federal government. Weekly and monthly he kept me informed of the circumstantial

progress of the exile juntas' plans for the government's destruction which never came off.

Don Francisco, I knew, was justified in these enthusiasms by the embarrassing matter of the warship. Sometime during the revolutionary decade following the Diaz debacle, the Mexico City marine ministry of the moment sent him to France with the money in his trunk to buy a second-hand cruiser. The cruiser, it was supposed, might prove helpful in overawing the seacoast revolutionists of the current season.

It was most awkward then, that before Don Francisco could discharge the social obligations of a sovereign republic's naval commissioner and get his business on foot in Paris, the revolution spread inland and upset the government. Don Francisco naturally did not care to buy a cruiser for himself. As the loyal representative of a regime that no longer existed, he could not turn the purchase money over to the covetous marplots who had usurped the Mexican legation at Paris. To bring it back and restore it to the master corruptionists holding sway in Mexico City would have been cowardly, if not suicidal. So, as a man of honor whose pay and allowances had been stopped by traitors, Don Francisco did what was logical. He stayed in Paris to protect the treasure. Incidentally, he paid himself the cost of guardianship out of the thing guarded.

When the cruiser money was gone—it lasted several years—he returned to the border, necessarily a perfervid revolutionist. Nothing short of a revolution could sweep into power a government capable

of receiving sympathetically a cruiserless naval commissioner's accounts. Meanwhile the juntas of wealthy political exiles provided vague jobs for a talented, if indigent, publicist.

So now that a revolution had come, Don Francisco deserved my felicitations as a friend, while I, as a press and magazine correspondent, needed the last word of his rebellious sophistications. I approached his office on a business street of the American town's Mexican section, and all was as it should be. In new suit, spats, cravat, and fedora, Don Francisco stood on his curbstone radiating jubilation in chaste pearl gray and engaged in ardent conversation with six Mexican gentlemen. In order to enjoy his eloquence the more thoroughly, the gentlemen were craning their necks out of the windows of a battered, high-bodied Ford sedan of the design of 1922.

Don Francisco hailed me with extreme urbanity and presented me. The gentlemen, it appeared, were four generals, a former state governor, and a former national senator. Because of having taken the unfortunate side in various previous revolutions, they were exiles all. They were the utmost in graciousness—but would I mind if they continued their discussions in Spanish?

It was permitted, and after five minutes of torrential Castilian the incredible fact dawned on me through the simpler phrases that Don Francisco was pleading with his fellow-exiles and conspirators to declare themselves loyal to the federal government. Don Francisco had already done so, he informed us with an air of conscious rectitude. Hence, though the revolution was less than seventy-two hours old, amnesty had been wired him from Mexico City, his account as naval purchasing agent had been listed among the government's uncollectible assets, and he was at liberty to draw on the national treasury for the costs of conducting federal propaganda on the border, presumably including the purchase price of a complete new pearl-gray wardrobe. The federals when in distress, was the

burden of Don Francisco's argument, were bound to pay well for the support of their natural enemies.

II

In Mexico, as Anglo Saxons sometimes misunderstand, revolutions are periodic industries manipulated to yield extra dividends to the shrewder patriots. Political issues and military operations provide an interesting, if somewhat illusory, stage setting. But the main function of a revolution is to provide circumstances in which it is sweet and decorous to take money both from one's country and its enemies.

The day following my call Don Francisco sailed off, at the federal government's expense, in a chartered airplane to ply further persuasions in the hotbed of revolutionary sentiment about Nogales. After this evidence of how generously loyalty pays a professional revolutionist, I was at first surprised to learn that one of the generals of the curbstone junta had crossed the river to Ciudad Juarez and offered his services to the locally triumphant rebels. The others, it seemed to me more sensibly, had won pardon and regained rank by the simple formality of registering in El Paso at the federal consulate.

The next week's developments, however, measurably improved my understanding. On a dark night the general who had gone rebel waded the river and appeared at the federal consulate to register as a loyalist. For public consumption he had the excuse that he had been forced into the rebel army by kidnappers threatening his life. Meanwhile, he had been to Torreon to see the supreme military chief of the new revolution. The supreme military chief had given him a command and \$30,000 for its preliminary expenses. Except for a small outlay on necessarily roundabout traveling, the patriot had returned to the safer side \$30,000 to the good.

Such backgrounds make the task of reporting a Mexican revolution unusual

but absorbing. It is not half so important for the journalist to know the strength, position, and fighting condition of armies, or the attitude of a popular politician on church or agrarian issues as it may be to know what motives a given statesman or field commander has for restraining himself in the line of duty. Mere political pronouncements and field operations require to be viewed from the angle of President Obregon's heroic aphorism that "no Mexican general can resist a \$50,000 cannon ball." The canny correspondent must cover the gossip-front even more diligently than the battle-front.

For example, shortly after Don Francisco proved his superior opportunism by turning federal, a general by the name of Olachea came ramping eastward along the Sonora border at the head of one thousand Yaqui infantry, breathing fire and slaughter against the federals. But not, naturally, against the federal agents who were conducting their part in the military operations from chartered airplanes and expensive hotel suites on the American side. When General Olachea, a stocky, hard-muscled little Indian with his practicality unmarred by devotion to causes, established contact with the enemy on the persuasion front, it was more significant than if he had met the federals in overwhelming artillery force in southern Chihuahua.

Entering Naco, he was struck amidships by an inspiration resembling an Obregon fifty-thousand-dollar cannon ball, and he promptly sat down with his Yaquis to hold one of the vital junction points of the north—for the federals. Meanwhile, as things turned out, it was possibly more important that a certain insurgent general of the Sonora revolt known as Manzo had been in touch with the federalist junta in Nogales, Arizona, than that he was about to go with his army to attack the strategic Pacific seaport of Mazatlan. Señor Manzo's division conducted itself during the attack with a reluctance charming to the federals. Immediately after, Señor Manzo

himself retired with some haste through revolutionary territory into the United States with fairly visible evidences that an unsuccessful campaign had not ruined his personal fortunes.

But the symptoms of ulterior motives must be sought also in the civil politics. Out of Chihuahua, when it declared for the revolution, came flying a certain political boss of the north, the wealthy proprietor of a few million ranch acres, who, for the sake of mutual confidence in the ranks of the loyal, will be called Don Pascual. For four weeks Don Pascual strode the most expensive El Paso hotel lobby, calling down vengeance for his woes and impoverishment as a refugee, and protesting his unalterable loyalty to federalism. At the same time he was receiving every few days from Mexico a small delegation of vaqueros, presumably reporting the depredations committed on his herds by the rapacious rebels.

The presumption was blasted, however, by a Mexican newspaperman who recognized one of the visitors as the trusted ranch foreman of the rebel governor of Chihuahua himself. The governor's properties conveniently adjoined Don Pascual's, and his foreman was there to report that plans for driving a few thousand of the gubernatorial cows daily on to the neighbor's ranges were being successfully executed. If the revolution lost, the conquering federals would find no cattle to confiscate on the governor's ranches, and the governor and Don Pascual could split the sales proceeds of Don Pascual's enlarged herds on whatever basis such favors warrant. If the revolution won, the favor greased the ways for the forgiveness of Don Pascual's federalism and insured his ranches against confiscation by indignant rebels.

The luck of war, as it happened, kept Don Pascual consistently pro-federal, and for reasons of discretion his situation did not make a Mexican, or even an American, news story. But the common sense of his little arrangement with rebellion perhaps justifies a generality.

If Mexican generals during revolutions are often to be found where the \$50,000 cannon balls fly thickest, Mexican civil politicians will exert themselves no less heroically to choose the side which saves the most cows.

III

It all goes back, no doubt, to Don Felipe's explanation that in Mexico there never are more than three revolutionists at a time.

Don Felipe composed this epigram the day after last spring's battle of Juarez in a café where at that very instant workmen were busy replacing a bullet-shattered window. It was said over his seventh, or possibly his eighth, copita of brandy, so my first impression was that too much good cognac after a long abstinence had affected his naturally accurate judgment. Don Felipe, I theorized, was indulging in a flight from reality because the revolution in whose provisional cabinet he had once briefly served as war minister had died in the paper stage, and Don Felipe had never known the enjoyment of exercising his official functions in Mexico. Naturally, he wished to rationalize a concrete revolution out of existence.

But, no, Don Felipe was both analytical and good-humored. The three genuine revolutionaries who could at the utmost exist at a time in Mexico were, he said, three "big generals," three of the regional commanders, three *divisionerios* who were honestly indignant at the government. Three *divisionerios* were always honestly indignant at the government because their pay and expense allowances for their commands or their rake-off from the gambling and entertainment concessions in their territory did not seem sufficient; or because they were aware that any one of themselves or their pet civilian politicians was slated to be counted out in the next race for the presidency. If the three *divisionerios* could get together on a program and a tentative division of the spoils, they would make a revolution.

Other big generals might join the plot after the plans were made, but they were not true revolutionaries. They were in it only because the revolution's prospects looked promising, or because they thought they saw their way clear to double-crossing their principals, or because by taking their place on the rebel firing line they hoped to be hit by one of the government's \$50,000 cannon balls.

The sub-generals counted even less, Don Felipe continued. When the *divisionerios*, with their greater troop concentrations and their command of the pay front, told these little fellows to bring up their few dozen or few hundred *pelados* from the local garrisons and fight for the *Plan de Como-Se-Llama*, what could they do? They came up, of course, and if the chance arrived to let the government mow them down with ten-, five-, and even three-thousand-dollar cannon balls, they were happy to be mowed down. Otherwise they fought, but as subordinates, not as revolutionists.

And the civil officials? Don Felipe asked scornfully. When the army turned rebel in their provinces were they going to lose their jobs and their rake-off by yelling *vivas* for the *federales*? The mere private citizens? Were they going to risk confiscations and the firing squad for the sake of an illusion called law and order?

So, said Don Felipe emphatically, you could work up a revolution with twenty-five thousand men in the ranks—and just three revolutionists. The practical politics of insurrection were settled when three *divisionerios* agreed to insurge.

Warmed by another cognac, he nursed his paradox lovingly. "Not even when they have the best of reasons to revolt are they real revolutionists," he mourned. "A bishop who had been deported for seditious activities came to El Paso last year. I am, as you know, a clerical revolutionist—though not a *divisionerio*.

"I said to him, 'Father, what are you doing here?'

"‘I am deported,’ said the bishop.

"‘Very good, father,’ I said to him, ‘but what are you doing here?’

"‘I *said* I am deported,’ the bishop answered, getting angry.

"‘But, father, I see you have two legs. Surely a shepherd of your strength and courage can wade back to his duty across so small a river?’ I said this sharply, getting angry myself.

"‘I *say* I am *deported*,’ the bishop roared at me. ‘Is it not persecution enough? Do you want me to be shot also?’

"‘Better men than you have been shot for this church,’ I reminded him. And he reported me to my bishop for contumacious disrespect of the clergy. . . .

"‘*Cobardes!*’ Don Felipe hit his fist on the table. ‘Except for the generals who see millions of pesos in it, there *are* no revolutionists.’

Don Felipe’s revelations, however, had a paradoxical sequel. Somewhat later in the day Don Enrique, who was briefly enjoying rebel hospitality in Juarez while making up his mind that federal allegiance might be more profitable, plucked me by the sleeve and proffered expert advice.

"‘If I were you I would not be seen here much in Don Felipe’s company,’ he said. ‘The revolutionists are watching him, and the federals, as you know, if they were here, would kill him. Don Felipe is good company and for a few days nobody will interfere with his having his cognac. But as a professional *Catolico*, both sides suspect him of being a dangerous counter-revolutionist.’

IV

Since, then, in Don Felipe’s Pickwickian sense, there are no revolutionists, revolutionary struggles tend to be conducted, to put it mildly, in an atmosphere of considerable illusion. Necessarily, for one thing, the anxiety of both sets of partisans to pick the winning—or the paying—side before courting an

inconvenient death in battle affects the fighting.

In last spring’s revolution at Juarez, for example, the federal garrison commanders decided after a long day of polite sidewalk debate with the rebelliously inclined civil administration that the federal cause had the better chance in the long run and that the town must be defended. Accordingly, the leading hotel was fortified as a citadel, and fifty soldiers stationed on the roof in charge of four officers to defend it from imminent rebel assault in force. The rebels arrived on schedule and were temporarily halted in the lobby by the proprietor’s regretful—and wholly deceptive—information that the elevator was out of order and could not safely be used as a vehicle for a charge.

The federal officers decided that the time had come to launch a counter-offensive down the stairs and so gave orders. They had reckoned, however, without the Mexican private soldier’s prejudice in favor of surviving mere strategic actions. Consequently, while the officers dashed downstairs presumably at the head of a phalanx, their troops were climbing down the fire escape at the rear and retreating hastily and safely to the river. The luckless officer corps sustained seventy-five per cent casualties before troubling to inform themselves, as a Mexican eye-witness described their folly to me, which the winning side was.

Such deplorable recklessness was avoided, however, at the revolution’s crucial battle of La Reforma in southern Chihuahua. A lucky hit from a bombing plane exploded a lone dynamite car in a string of empties in the rebels’ rear. Hitherto the battle had gone fairly evenly, but the noise of the explosion suggested to the army that it might have been surrounded by federal heavy artillery. Being revolutionist by orders of its *divisionerios* rather than by sentiment, the army did not care to die merely to provide the rebellion with an heroic tradition. In fact, the retreat which

began when that dynamite blew up did not seriously slacken until it reached the seacoast of western Sonora.

These fallacious appearances—the fact that fifty soldiers may not be there to defend a roof when you have just seen them there, and that drawn battles between equal opponents on equal ground may be lost by the roar of a distant explosion—make war news peculiarly difficult for the journalists who choose to travel with the armies. If accurate accounts of relative numbers, strategic dispositions, and terrain conditions are sent, the military censors permitting, they are as unreliable as rumors. They include no information as to how the best of military opportunities may be bungled, as to who will sulk or for frivolous reasons retreat in battle, or who at the first salvo will frankly rush over and join the enemy. But then, accurate accounts of the military situation rarely can be sent. Few modern Mexican commanders would, perhaps, go to the length of the late Francisco Villa in arresting a correspondent for giving aid and comfort to the enemy because he declined to send a dispatch chronicling a victory in an as yet unfought battle. But, possibly to make up for the lack of revolutionaries, the air about a field headquarters is full of plausible and strictly official deceptions.

Airplanes, vast ammunition shipments, thousands of reinforcements have arrived at a base just a trifle too distant for a correspondent of curtailed traveling privileges to check up on without a special train or cavalry escort, which will be furnished at the commanding officer's convenience after, of course, his news reports have transmitted the official announcement. Surprisingly decisive victories have been won by flanking operations from outlying bases which it is regrettably impossible for the correspondent just now to visit, but the *jefe supremo* will gladly show him all the telegrams. The reports of the defeat and surrender of the rearguard are inaccurate since, as the following day's dis-

patches will show, it has invaded enemy territory and is just now cutting three hundred miles of railroad vital to the federal supply system.

Even when, manifestly, the army is in full flight, the correspondent, surrounded in a Pullman compartment by eleven plausible generals, must be persuaded that it is all a strategic retreat to bring about a juncture with the force which has been sweeping up the country on the other side of the next mountain range. After all, it is the generals' official statement, not the correspondent's, and it is all that the censors will let him send. In the end he drifts into a routine of chronicling colorfully desperate marches through deserts and improvising war pictures from sham battles and air raids. Or he realizes that field headquarters in Mexican warfare regard a correspondent simply and solely as a propaganda vehicle, and so he retreats to the border. There at least he can compare two conflicting sets of propaganda daily, and with the aid of luck, a sixth sense of intrigue, and some more or less factual knowledge of what commanders are in touch with the other side's fiscal agents, he may concoct an occasionally rational account of how things are proceeding.

For the present he leaves accounts of unwitnessed battles, air-bombing successes, and of pistol duels between left-handed generals (who were verifiably somewhere else at the time and are known to be right-handed) to the type of reportorial gentlemen whom revolutions infallibly attract and who insist against all contradiction that they are under contract to write three unsigned articles for some great but unnamed magazine.

When the rebels report a victory with two thousand prisoners, and the federal communiqués fail to mention it, he knows that it either did not happen or that it was too serious for government admission, but that in any case he is no longer forced by his acceptance of hospitality into believing in it without seeing it. He appreciates now that such trifles,

whether the creations of strategy or fantasy, will not decide anything. No military actions, he knows, will decide anything so much as the shrewder patriots' hunch as to who will win in the end. In short, having ceased to be a field correspondent, he is in a fair way toward becoming, as a peculiarly inexact phrase goes, an expert on Mexico.

V

When a revolution loses its last military hope, there is still the financial front. It stretches up and down the sea-coast or the border wherever rebel arms still command the ports of entry—and exit.

In the territory formerly under their jurisdiction the revolting generals have collected taxes in advance from helpless commerce and industry—a few hundred thousand or a few million pesos. They have also “borrowed” from the banks at their mercy a sum coinciding exactly with their specie reserves. Much has been spent on the army and the propagandists, but a good deal remains.

When a rebellion is dying, it is sensible to remove this cash remainder from Mexico and place it in foreign lands to the credit of the revolutionary leaders. Otherwise, it would fall, quite unnecessarily, into the hands of the rapacious federals. Revolutions in that case would pay dividends to winners only and would lose half their charm as periodic business ventures.

So after the dynamite car had blown up the last revolution as a military experiment, the “supreme chief of the renovating armies” came in the dead of an April night to the financial front at Juarez. Guarded though he was by a pageant of a thousand jaded veterans, he faced there this time unusual difficulties. The strongly pro-federal American government was on the lookout for treasure imports of doubtful ownership. Threats had even been made that money loot found in American safe-deposit vaults might be returned to its source in Mexico

on the ground that the republic had experienced an epidemic of bank robberies.

I do not know how these difficulties were solved except that the border is long and difficult to guard against treasure, and that the *jefe supremo* had already taken the precaution of opening an unsupervised bank account in Canada. But such matters are not customarily discussed with *jefes supremos* while an emergency on the financial front engages them. They are inquired into more effectively from the dissatisfied hangers-on of magnificence after the disappointments of exile have soured the loyalties of mutual-interest.

So on the morning when the generalissimo attacked the financial front, the press merely requested that his excellency enlighten them on the revolution's political and military status. But in the bridal suite of the hotel which had recently been the federal citadel, the *jefe supremo* and all his spokesmen remained incommunicado.

Seeking for copy among the jaded veterans, we talked with private soldiers. Was the report true, they asked us, that the federals were feeding their prisoners? Their captain had told them they shot them to a man. In a revolution, a man did not know what to believe. . . .

We gathered up a red-headed American aviator—flying for the rebels for seventy-five dollars a day, he said, but plainly happy to borrow two from us. He had been drinking the Mexican cactus liquor, tequila, for and since breakfast, and babbled a humorously incoherent account of the battle at La Reforma. But it was difficult to stay long with him. He was a pleasant-spoken youth who might have been fired from an expensive preparatory school as late as last Christmas. But in the Globe saloon tequila mastered his inexperience, and we had difficulties persuading him not to shoot the horns off the Rocky Mountain ram's head over the bar. At length, accepting the cartridges out of his .45 as remembrances,

we dropped him. Rebel ammunition was running low and the sheep's head, we knew, was safe until he could see the general of ordnance.

We encountered a paymaster general who seemed depressed enough for veracity. He won our confidence by being the first Mexican to admit that the revolution was smashed at La Reforma. What, then, would we advise him to do with the pay-roll he carried for a brigade of one thousand whom death and surrender had reduced to twenty-three?

We urged him ribaldly to cross the boundary with it. "No," he protested, "I am a soldier." But, perhaps . . . yes, certainly—he would send his family to safety to-morrow. And would one of us have the kindness to give asylum to his bulldog until he himself could honorably escape and claim it? We consented and drank to his health and prosperity, possibly at the expense of the nine hundred and seventy-seven missing soldiers.

Down the street a fanfare of bugles sounded, and in front of a Chinese restaurant an honor guard presented arms. In the doorway the *jefe supremo de los ejercitos de la revolucion renovadora* took the salute, and emerged flanked by

his staff and no longer in need of any conceivable refreshment.

We surrounded him. What were his supreme chieftainship's plans?

He looked us earnestly in the eye and affirmed in precise, deliberate English:

"I will stay here several days, perhaps a week, to buy supplies. Then, gentlemen, I will return to Chihuahua to resume my major offensive against the impositionist, Calles."

Two hours later, when the dispatches on this explicit utterance were safely filed, the *jefe supremo's* train left, heading the westward retreat into Sonora. Chihuahua and the Calles impositionists lay two hundred and twenty-five miles to the south.

VI

Next day, as the last of the rebels were evacuating Juarez, we kept our rendez-vous with the paymaster general and his bulldog.

The paymaster general came, but alone.

"One of my captains," he apologized wistfully, "deserted last night to the federals. The traitor has stolen the dog."

The Lion's Mouth



FIGHTING BLOOD

BY JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

MR. BANNISTER sat in his club and looked out the window. He was thinking. At least he assumed he was thinking, for he was quite certain that he was not doing anything else. Every afternoon for ten years he had sat in that same chair and looked out upon that same scene. It was a comfortable chair, he found, and the scene was satisfactory—people and things going by.

One of Mr. Bannister's forebears had swooped down out of the North with the Visigoths and carried off two Roman wives, leaving behind him a trail of blood and rapine. He had stormed back into the German wilderness and fought his way to the leadership of a tribe. On a dark night one of his sons knocked out his brains and ruled in his stead.

Mr. Bannister closed his eyes.

There was another ancestor who was credited with having killed two hundred Moors on the Iberian Peninsula. He was captured by the two-hundred-and-first and sold as a galley slave in an Algerian market. When he had grown tired of rowing, he ripped a two-pound staple out of an oak plank, leaped overboard, and swam half a mile to shore with the iron gyves still about his ankles.

Mr. Bannister swung one knee over the other.

Several centuries later there was an ancestor who made quite a stir in Florence. He was a passionate fellow—which is the only reason for doubting that he was related to Bannister. He fell in love with an artist's daughter who was already engaged to two other men, and threatened, unless she capitulated immediately, to throw himself from the highest tower in Florence. She laughed at him, and he carried out his threat. But before he went he poisoned the lady.

Mr. Bannister readjusted the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

There was a minor poet. His name was Bannister, but he changed it to Wrenn. His wife thought him the greatest pastoral poet of all time, and perhaps he was, but no one ever heard of him. They lived joyfully together in a tiny cottage in Ditton, until he wrote a sonnet to an imaginary "Lucy." A rival poet, slightly tipsy, expressed sentiments in the tavern which were interpreted as insults to the fictitious Lucy's honor. A duel ensued, in the course of which Poet Wrenn was stabbed in a vital spot.

Mr. Bannister shifted the angle of his chair to avoid a draft.

There was one ancestor the Bannisters never mentioned. Single-handed he had held up the mail as it came off the Dover boat, and it cost the King the lives of three husky bailiffs to capture him. As a last gesture of defiance, he kicked the hangman in the teeth while he swung from the gibbet. To cut short the disgrace, his brothers stole the body from the gallows after sundown and threw it over the cliffs into the sea.

Mr. Bannister moved slightly and glanced at the figure in the chair beside

him. "I see," he said, "where *American Can* rose five points to-day." No answer.

Back in the Civil War there was a Colonel Bannister who had fought Indians in the West and who distinguished himself at Shiloh. When the war was ended he founded a large metropolitan newspaper and invented an iron mailbox, which he sold to the government for enough money to enable several generations of Bannisters to sit and look out windows. At eighty he still rode horseback. He died of acute indigestion in a valiant attempt to down a large porterhouse steak.

Mr. Bannister stirred uneasily and looked about him in mild dissatisfaction. Then a slow gleam came into his eyes. Was the blood of the Visigoths leaping in his veins? Was he feeling the urge of the crusader and the poet and the Dover highwayman, of passionate adventurers and doers of deeds? Perhaps, for a scowl of determination was growing on his face. With a sudden impulse he thumped the arm of his chair.

"By God!" he cried, struggling to his feet, "Let's do something!"

The other members, dozing like ancient pussycats, dropped their papers in alarm and sat up in their chairs.

"By God, let's do something. Let's . . . Let's . . . Let's have a game of bridge."



CARDLES EXHIBITS

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

THE after-dinner coffee had scarcely been downed before Cardles began to put up the screen. We had been warned in advance at the table: Cardles had a few moving pictures, taken by himself, that he knew we should like to see. Cardles was quite modest about them.

"I know that everyone thinks his

homemade pictures are pretty good," he remarked genially, "but I don't believe I'm fooling myself a bit in thinking that ours are really unusual. They are, aren't they, Amy?"

Mrs. Cardles was sweetly emphatic. "They really are. Of course, we had simply wonderful subjects. The trip west, Yellowstone Park and then, last year, the boat and Europe and all that." She waved her hand vaguely.

My wife and I nodded, silently agreeing that Europe, even taken alone, was quite a subject.

"You see," Cardles continued, "it's all in knowing your camera. Now I know mine from A to Z: but there are a lot of people who don't."

He paused, giving us time to contemplate an unfortunate host of people who did not know their cameras.

"How silly of them!" exclaimed my wife in her sprightliest tone, feeling some comment was expected.

Cardles beamed. "Isn't it? But you see they don't make a study of it, and I've always said that to do anything well you have to make a study of it. You can't just go ahead slap-bang. Well, let's adjourn to the living room and have our coffee and then get things set."

As I said before, Cardles began to put up the screen, which consisted of a sheet tacked across one end of the room between two window frames.

"I wouldn't stand on that chair, Harry, it isn't very strong," remarked Mrs. Cardles as he began operations. Cardles grunted and chose another chair.

"There, that looks about right," he remarked, descending to view his handiwork. "It hangs nice and smooth. Of course, a real silver screen would be better and give you a clearer image—they are making them now for home use, and we are going to get one—but this does pretty well, doesn't it, Amy?"

"It really does," agreed Mrs. Cardles.

"Now," said Cardles to me, "if you will help me move this table into position we can be ready in a jiffy."

"You'd better take the things off it

before you try to move it," suggested Mrs. Cardles.

We took the things off (a pile of magazines, a dozen books, two book-ends, a bronze paper-cutter, several ash trays, a humidior, a crystal elephant, and an unintentionally purloined hotel key which Cardles had placed thus prominently so that he wouldn't forget to "drop it in any mail box") and moved the table to the spot designated by Cardles. That done, he set to work adjusting his projector, chatting pleasantly the while.

"These reels haven't been functioning quite right lately, but I'll have them fixed in a minute. Put the lights out, Amy; I can work by this lamp. Amy has seen these pictures twenty times, so you two get the best seats. Move up good and close. That's it. Now, a little nearer the center: I don't want you to miss anything."

Obediently, we moved.

"Close the door, Amy, and shut out the light from the hall. I'll try the focus."

An oblong of light appeared in the upper right-hand corner of the screen; Cardles fumbled, and it slid down toward the center.

"It looks a little faint, dear," suggested Mrs. Cardles. "Why don't you move the projector a bit nearer?"

"It's all right where it is," answered Cardles shortly. "The flicker isn't working properly, but I can fix that. Now I'll thread the first film, and we'll see what we shall see. The first part shows us leaving the house for the train, and then come various stages of the trip west. Try to get in the mood. We are off for the station. All aboard, all aboard!"

There was a buzzing sound as the projector went into action and the film began to unroll, and then, before our astonished gaze, there flashed upon the screen the nude figure of an infant of about two months.

"Damn!" exclaimed Cardles. "That's the wrong film."

"I didn't think I recognized the station," I murmured; but no one heard me.

"It's Betty," cried Mrs. Cardles delightedly. "Oh, do show it, dear; there are some lovely pictures of her."

"Well, they are pretty nice," agreed Betty's father. "You see, we take a picture of the youngster every month or so, and these show her up to the age of two. Would you like to see them?"

"We should love it." My wife sounded actually interested. She is a most remarkable woman.

And then we saw them—Betty, taking one bath after another, looking very much the same in each; Betty, rolling on a blanket on the lawn; Betty playing with a rag doll; Betty taking her bottle; Betty, always and invariably in a state of innocent nakedness.

"Isn't she too cute for words?" gurgled Mrs. Cardles. "See the way she lies on her back and kicks her legs in the air. Don't you *love* it?"

"Adorable," replied my wife, while I reflected that Betty would certainly "love" these pictures when she was a young lady of eighteen or so.

"The sequence is wrong here," Cardles explained. "I made a mistake when I was clipping and joining. This picture shows Betty when she was eighteen months; it really should come after the next one, that shows her at sixteen months. But it doesn't make much difference when it's explained."

So far as I could see, it made none at all, even if it weren't explained.

"Well, that's about all there is of Betty," announced the exhibitor. (It was difficult to imagine that there might be more.) "Now we'll re-wind this and get on with the western trip."

There were difficulties with the re-winding; but after five minutes the projector was buzzing again, and Cardles had begun his lecture.

"Here we are at the station. You can't see very much, of course, because there wasn't enough light, but you can get the idea. There! That's Amy, getting on the train. It's pretty blurry, but anyone could recognize her if they knew who it was going to be. See?

She's turning around and waving her hand. The first part of the film didn't come out so well because I hadn't got used to the camera. Now we are looking out of the train window, just after starting. It's confused, but that's the way the country looks from a train anyway—it just rushes past you. There! That's a good picture!"

Upon the screen appeared an ugly, commonplace frame building, carrying across its dingy front a bold sign: LEMUEL PERKINS—HAY, GRAIN, AND FEED. This notable structure held the center of the screen, and continued to hold it for what seemed like minutes.

"That was outside of Detroit; we stopped off there to see friends. Of course I held the camera on the store too long, and I don't know why I decided to shoot it at all; but the light was awfully good, and the building happened to be there. You see, I was still experimenting. This sort of thing takes a lot of experimenting. Amy was supposed to be in the picture, too, but something happened. There! That's Amy's back now. She's walking down the station platform at Minneapolis. It's pretty clear, isn't it?"

As a portrait of a female back it was perfect.

"I was so self-conscious," confessed our hostess. "That's why I walked so funnily, I guess."

"Now this section of the film," Cardles continued, "is badly light-struck, but there wasn't much of interest in it anyway. The fun begins when we get to Yellowstone."

For a minute or two the machine ground along, producing nothing more than a confused flicker of light and shadow; then suddenly there flashed upon the screen what looked like a great column of water, which vanished almost instantaneously, leaving blankness behind.

"That was Old Faithful!" cried Mrs. Cardles.

"That was Old Faithful, the geyser," announced Cardles, not noticing her.

"It should have been a perfect picture; but I was too near it, and I'd forgotten that I'd almost used up the film, so I only got a flash. I tried to take it another day, but the light wasn't very good. You could get the idea, though, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I got the idea," I assured him.

"Now we come to the real film," said Cardles. "This one was all taken in Yellowstone and it's extraordinary. You haven't been there, have you?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, this will make it live for you."

"It will, indeed," chimed in Mrs. Cardles. "Wait until they see Inspiration Point."

"And Artist's Point," said Cardles.

"And Tower Falls," said Mrs. Cardles.

"And Dragon's Mouth," said Cardles.

"And the Paint Pots," said Mrs. Cardles.

"And the Morning Glory Pool," said Cardles.

"And that perfectly darling 'Hold-Up Bear,'" said Mrs. Cardles, thereby apparently scoring the last word, for Cardles did not respond. Instead he busied himself with re-winding the old film and adjusting the new.

"Now we are all set," he proclaimed. "First we see some of the hot springs. Would you believe it, you can catch a trout in a stream and flick it back into one of these springs and cook the fish without ever taking it off the hook. Now—watch close."

The projector buzzed, the light flickered on the screen, there was a sudden crackling, sizzling sound, and then complete darkness.

"Damnation!" shouted Cardles.

"Oh, Harry! What *have* you done?" piped Mrs. Cardles.

"Don't be a fool, Amy! What do you think I've done? I've done nothing. It's a short circuit, that's what it is."

"But you *must* have done something wrong."

"Well, I didn't. See if you can find a candle."

"Won't any of the lights light?"

"No, they won't. They are all out in this room and in the hall, and the worst of it is that there isn't an extra fuse in the house."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," bleated Mrs. Cardles. "That means we won't be able to show the pictures."

"I am afraid it does," agreed Cardles heavily. "I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you like this," he continued, and we could feel him turning towards us in the dark; "but it simply can't be helped. You will forgive me, won't you? And you will come over again soon, so that you can see the Yellowstone film?"

"Of course we forgive you." Our answer was a chorus.

"And don't forget the pictures of the European trip," Mrs. Cardles reminded her husband.

"No, we mustn't forget those," said Cardles. "We can show them the same evening. Now let's see—what day would be convenient next week?"

"Oh, you must dine with us next time," protested my wife. "We are simply crazy to see the pictures, but you must come to us first."

"All right, we will," said Cardles heartily. "And what's more, we will bring along the projector and the films. How about it?"

For a moment silence enveloped the darkened room; the proverbial pin would have dropped with a boom like thunder. Then, to my own surprise, I heard myself saying in an absurdly thin voice, "Great, old man, great. Why—that will be perfectly—great!" And it was.



PROBLEM NO. 222

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

I MAY set the reader's mind at rest immediately by assuring him that I am not thinking of any of the really Big Problems that torment men

to-day—Reparations, Prohibition, The Opium Trade, How to Prevent the Decay of Civilization, and What About Religion? To begin with, there is nothing that you or I can do about any of them, and, in the second place, these problems are solved nowadays by one of two methods: (1) Somebody offers twenty-five thousand dollars for a solution. (2) A committee of about a hundred prominent persons somehow gets itself formed. They rent expensive offices and engage a large staff. They send out what, for some obscure reason, is known as literature. There are Meetings and Banquets and Speeches and Conferences. After months of this sort of thing a highly intelligent, hard-working, and anonymous assistant in the office works out the scheme which is finally accepted and named after the first honorary chairman of the committee.

My problem is smaller, but not less perplexing. It is this: What to do with the Sunday paper? (Or, if you are one of those unaccountable persons who take two, What to do with *two* Sunday papers?)

Every Sunday morning there is deposited at your doorstep and mine about a quarter of a ton of assorted reading matter. The children fall upon it first. They rend and eviscerate the still breathing corpse and carry off great collops of Funny Pictures. At breakfast you read the Sports, while your wife looks through the Rotogravure department. After breakfast you spend a few minutes glancing at the headlines of the first News section. The members of the family then disperse to their various occupations, leaving sections II-X, XII-XXVIII, and XXX-XXXV untouched. During the day the paper somehow suffers general disintegration until by late afternoon most of the available chair- and floor-space is littered several inches deep. Movement becomes a shuffle. About nine o'clock your wife says, "Where is the Literary Supplement? I haven't had

a chance to look at it yet." Pointing to a disordered heap in the corner, you say, "I was sick of seeing the paper lying around all over the place, so I folded it all up neatly and put it over here." She begins to claw through it, but before she has surmounted even the lower slopes of the Financial Range the effort proves too great and she gives up exhausted.

Each Sunday evening finds the householder beset by the recurrent problem: What to do with this mass of paper that threatens to overwhelm him?

Let us consider some of the solutions that have been proposed.

(1) "Burn it." Have you ever tried to burn a Sunday paper in bulk? (Life is too short to take it to pieces.) It won't burn: it just smolders, like a fire in a mine, and at the end of a week, when another paper is due, it will still be smoldering sullenly. Unless you want a perpetual crematorium in your back yard, you will not try this method.

(2) "Save them up for the Salvation Army." But the agents of the S. A. are so erratic in their calls. Their passion for paper seems to blow in gusts. Sometimes they will come clamoring for it twice a week, and then again they may leave you unvisited for months, while the cellar grows more and more congested with back numbers. No, the Salvation Army is a broken reed to lean upon. (3) A friend of mine suggests that, since the Sunday papers are published exclusively to display the advertisements of the department stores and of the makers of automobiles, the interests of domestic order and of retaliation may be combined by mailing the paper, collect, every Monday morning to a selected firm. This suggestion is ingenious and morally exhilarating, but it is not practical. It takes as long to wrap and mail a Sunday paper as to burn one. (4) A committee of my neighbors has had this whole problem

under investigation for several months. I have just resigned because they would not accept my solution. To show you how absurd they are, I am going to reveal the scheme they have finally adopted

It calls first for a large bath or trough in the basement—though at a pinch the wash-tubs would do—and for some wooden molds about 18" x 10" x 10". Put two or three Sunday papers into the bath and let them soak in water overnight. The next day take a masher or pulper and mash them into a pulp about the consistency of tooth-paste. Keep on adding papers and water until the bath is almost full. A few handfuls of raisins and a yeast cake or two will hasten the chemical processes (whatever they are) involved. At the last moment pour in plaster of paris to taste. Ladle the stuff into the molds, but be careful to grease them first. In a day or two, if it sets, you will have a collection of hard paper briquettes. ("If it doesn't set?" you ask. Ah, that is problem No. 223.) At the end of a year you will have enough of these briquettes to build a garage.

Now that is what I call a grotesque proposal. Think of the labor. Think of the unspeakable mess in the cellar. Think of raisins in the wall of a garage. And suppose you don't want a garage? (My own belief is that our chairman originally submitted this as a household hint to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, hoping to get a dollar for it. I don't think it's worth a dollar. *The Ladies' Home Journal* didn't think so either. That's why he tried to foist it off on our committee.)

I somehow feel that none of these schemes really goes to the heart of the matter. And that leads me to my rejected solution of the problem. Draw a deep breath now, for this is revolutionary.

Don't take a Sunday paper.



Editor's Easy Chair



MORE THOUGHTS ON THE LEADING TOPIC

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. HOOVER'S disclosure to the newspaper men in an address late in April that there was a scandalous amount of lawbreaking in these States, and that something deeply and effectually corrective ought to be done about it, was generally approved by readers and commentators. It is a fact that our criminal record is shocking. Mr. Hoover compared it to that of Great Britain and was justly mortified at the contrast. He begged everybody to obey the laws, called for an improvement in the administration of justice, and gave out that he would presently appoint a commission to inquire into what ails us and suggest proper remedies for our deplorable condition. He saw that violations of law had been increased "by inclusion of crimes under the Eighteenth Amendment and by the vast sums that are poured into the hands of criminal classes by the patronage of illicit liquor by otherwise responsible citizens"; but that, he said, was only one segment of our problem, because, "of the total number of convictions for felony last year less than eight per cent came from that source." He thought we were facing to-day "the possibility that respect for law as law is fading from the sensibility of our people."

That does appear to be what we are facing. Law is not respected as it was, and what is the chief cause of this loss of respect? Apparently it is the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement

acts. When law makes it a felony to carry a bottle of wine across the street, that law is not respected and never will be. That law is nonsense. When, moreover, a preponderant share of the police power of the government is directed toward the enforcement of new liquor laws (which the minds and morals of a large proportion of the community reject) common felonies like murder and robbery have the better chance to flourish.

Possibly Mr. Hoover knows all that but, as President and chief of law enforcement in the United States, does not feel that he can admit it. But, on the other hand, it may be that he does not know. Hopes are high for Mr. Hoover's usefulness as President. He has made some excellent appointments. He tackles hard subjects like farm relief. He has courage; he has ability; he knows a great deal about various things. But there is a great and important branch of knowledge which is described as understanding of life. Does Mr. Hoover possess that knowledge? Has he understanding of life? Would his training as engineer be likely to give it to him?

It has been suggested that it would not; that as an engineer he would look upon human beings too much as factors in the construction of what he wanted to make, and not enough as souls with knowledge of good and evil and an endowment of free will, inhabiting more or less unruly bodies. How does Mr. Hoover think of us—as children

of God, or as subjects of Volstead, of Congress, of the Courts, of the enforcement agents? He said to the newspaper men that you cannot pick and choose what laws you will keep; nor can an officer of government pick and choose what laws he will enforce. In his inaugural address he said the same thing. "Our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support." But is that true? There have always been laws that officials have not enforced nor citizens supported. What is the remedy? To compel citizens to support all the laws and officials to enforce them? Or to try to discover what laws will be supported by enough citizens to make them enforceable?

Citizens are not made for laws. Laws are made for citizens. The trouble with these new rum laws is that in order to accomplish an end which seems to have merits they made crimes of actions which to a large proportion of the people of the country were not crimes. Their felonies were not felonious; their "Thus saith the Lord" had no moral strength. They brought all law more or less into contempt, and this has been a deplorable consequence of audacious ignorance on the part of the lawmakers.

The rum laws seem to be the chief cause of lawlessness in this country. They have debauched the public mind to an appalling extent. Are we all to walk in sackcloth and put dust on our heads because we don't keep the laws better, or are our brethren who got these new laws up and put them across, to have the sackcloth suits and put ashes in their hair? Still they are not the only cause. The times are extraordinary. The war, of course, was demoralizing. Mankind has come out of it with his powers constantly increasing while the moral checks on them have been badly weakened. What about the automobile makers? What about Henry Ford, who flooded the country with cheap cars so that every farmer's

boy could spend the night twenty miles from his job and his mother, and get back to his job in the morning? Is Henry to blame too? Bootleggers' profits, high wages, cheap cars, good roads, and possibly tabloids and the movies all have contributed to our criminal record. While these contributions are being made, what have the great popular churches, the Methodist, the Baptist, and more or less all the rest except the Roman Catholic, emphasized as the chief concern of human souls? Their emphasis has been on law enforcement. They had a gospel that could cure drunkards. They used to work it impressively for that purpose. They work it now for the enforcement of liquor laws, and their success is by no means as impressive as it used to be.

THINGS are not going any too well in these States. Since Mr. Hoover is going to appoint a commission to inquire what is the matter with us, let us hope he will be able to obtain one that will speak with power, the power which comes of understanding of life as well as understanding of law. Once there was a teacher of whom it was remarked that he spoke with authority. That is what we want now, an instructor who speaks with authority. But he will never get that needful authority from legislatures.

Where Prohibition, as we have it, falls down is that it treats man as body, whereas the predominant factor in man is spirit. The Prohibition law does not attempt to do anything about spirit. It does not attempt to change the will of man; it merely attempts to make it impossible for him to get what he wants. That used not to be the method of religion. One verse of a hymn sung the other day in church seemed to at least one worshipper to carry teaching proper to the times. It ran:

Not might, nor power, Thyself hast said,
Can vice destroy or virtue spread:
Thy Spirit, Lord, this work must do
Who only can our hearts renew.

That hymn belonged to days when religion aimed not so much to remove temptation from man as to make man safe in the presence of temptation. The Methodists used to do that. No doubt the Baptists too, and sound operators in all the denominations. There are symptoms that the religious prohibitionists are getting back to the notion that there was something valuable in their old method. One finds Dr. Clarence True Wilson saying at the Annual Methodist Conference in April at Poughkeepsie that the opposition to Prohibition is getting too strong to be beaten by law alone, and declaring that ministers must return to the old-fashioned temperance sermon, and that temperance should be taught in the Sunday Schools. Another clergyman at that meeting said the same thing. If the reverend Methodist brethren are getting back to exhortation and persuasion in their battle against rum, and losing faith in legislation, that is like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds. If one result of the great prohibitory effort is an increase of doubt whether Christ can ever be organized, legislated, and enforced by the police, that will be an important and valuable gain. Perhaps a conclusion will finally be reached that the smaller the unit which undertakes Prohibition the better. The ideal unit is a single person who, if sufficiently desirous of enforcing it in himself, may succeed.

Really we should get something for our pains in the rum battle. We might naturally enough wish that the liquor dealers and the rum baiters might go behind the barn and settle their dispute and leave us in peace to think of something else, for indeed there is a lot else to think about; but perhaps if the contention were as private as that the public would miss its lessons. There is a great lesson about the Constitution—what is fit to be in it and what should be kept out of it. One may perhaps be excused for the opinion that the whole Dry outcry about the sacredness of the Constitution since it got the Eighteenth Amend-

ment into it is insincere. For William Lloyd Garrison the Constitution was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell so long as it recognized slavery. For the Prohibitionists it has been holy only since they got Prohibition into it. The truth is it is not very holy and never was, but it tied the country together, provided Federal government, produced a mechanism that has worked fairly well, and gave us ample reason to be grateful to our fathers who set it up. But at times it is embarrassing, sometimes because it is abused by intrusion of partisan amendments; sometimes because of difficulty in adjusting its original provisions to the needs of changed times. However, when popular opinion concludes that some detail of the Constitution should be stood on its head, the Supreme Court presently makes interpretation to that effect.

SENATOR CAPPER, of Kansas, is strong for law enforcement. He has been talking about it over the radio. He has said, "We have evidence of a growing thought among the people in recent years that any law a man dislikes he may disregard with impunity. They forget that if one man can disobey a law because he does not like it, that any other man has the right to disobey the same law or any other law for the same reason, and the end of the whole matter is anarchy."

Oh, no, Senator, not anarchy, merely more jails. But when you get too many jails, more than the country thinks it can afford, and too many people in them who, observers think, would be more usefully employed outside, then attention begins to be attracted to the laws which they have violated, and the thought intrudes that perhaps they are not good laws. One of the greatest factors in killing bad laws is that they get too many decent or half-way decent people into jail. One of the greatest means of correcting mistakes in legislation is and always has been to go to jail or otherwise get into trouble by violating such legislation.

Who is Senator Capper that he should speak with such authority about the need of obeying the laws? Who is he? Why, he is one of those persons who makes the laws that he thinks we ought to obey. The Ten Commandments were headed by the declaration "I am the Lord thy God which hath brought thee out of Egypt," but Senator Capper's declaration for Prohibition enforcement is headed "I am Senator Capper, the law-maker from Kansas." Oh, well, great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet in Kansas so far as beverages go; but when the Senator says, "there is no half-way obedience to law nor does the Constitution provide for a fifty per cent Americanism" he takes law, and the Constitution too, just a grain too seriously as the basis of human conduct in the United States. One would think it was regulated by law. Ninety-odd hundredths of our behavior is quite unaffected by law or the Constitution either. Most of us do not abstain from murder or from stealing because it is against the laws of the United States, but because we think those actions are wrong and that it is bad for us as well as other people that we should be thieves or murderers. The proportion of our citizens who need statutes to regulate their ordinary behavior is fortunately still pretty small. Even Senator Capper must be aware that obedience to law is far from being all that is required of us if we are to develop in this life as we ought to. Even Senator Capper would probably admit that a man may keep all the laws and still be a poor creature and that another man may break quite a number of them and be a valuable member of the community. If the Senator won't admit that, let him read some of the testimony of St. Paul on that subject, for St. Paul would have admitted it.

Two new lives of John Wesley, that wonderful man, have lately been published. A reviewer, who finds that between them they give a fairly complete

picture of him, reports that Wesley was worried in his lifetime about the progress and the processes of Wesleyanism in America. He did not approve apparently of all that the Methodists did in this country even in his own time. What he would have thought of the contemporary activities of the denomination that sprung out of his labors is a subject which deserves examination by the large and important body of persons who profess to be his followers in the United States. It does not appear that he intended to start a new denomination at all, but rather to infuse new life into the Anglican Church, of which he was a member and a minister. It is the rule in religion that the religious bodies founded by great teachers inevitably become corrupted in their progress. It is held that St. Paul, for all his zeal and for all his loyalty, was no more than an imperfect expositor of the teachings of Christ. Loyola is said to have been seriously disgruntled in his lifetime by the doings of the order of Jesuits which he founded. It would be nothing surprising to discover that Bishop Cannon and the Rev. Clarence True Wilson are no better than imperfect expounders of the mind and soul of Wesley.

What now is the thing to do about Volstead and the Eighteenth Amendment? Certainly it is to get better laws than we have and approach the whole subject in a better spirit. Prohibitionists give out that everybody who is opposed to Prohibition is working secretly or openly in the interest of rum sellers. That is nonsense. A large proportion of the existing Wets are hardly less concerned to lessen the evils of alcohol than the Drys are. They want laws that will work and do good. They will examine the report of Mr. Hoover's commission as hopefully as they dare. They know that the evils of rum can never be eliminated by compulsion. They will look for laws that will do the most good to public morals at the least cost of liberty and self-respect.



Personal and Otherwise



HAVING temporarily forsaken Brooklyn for London—where he is working on a new book—*James Truslow Adams* compares the European civilization about him with that of his native country, and puts his finger on the essential point of difference: the ascendancy of the business man in America. Readers will recall that Mr. Adams is one of our most distinguished historians, that his *Founding of New England* won the Pulitzer prize for history in 1922, that he has followed it with three other volumes, *Revolutionary New England*, *New England in the Republic*, and *Provincial Society*, and that he has written several excellent articles for HARPER'S, including "The Mucker Pose" (November, 1928) and "The Cost of Prosperity" (December, 1928). They may not recall another fact which is pertinent in view of his present article: that Mr. Adams was himself for many years in business, having been until 1912 a member of a New York stock exchange firm.

Howard Linn Edsall is now with the R. E. Lovekin Corporation, a Philadelphia advertising concern, and was recently with the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. But before that he had spent six years in travel, from the North Sea to Bungo Channel, in all weathers and on many ships, and thus had made the acquaintance of many seafaring men. It is the story of the experience of one of these men as mate of a rum schooner which Mr. Edsall now puts on paper. The editorial note which precedes the article emphasizes the precautions which Mr. Edsall took to make sure that his written narrative followed the facts accurately.

The editor of the *Nation* and former president of the New York *Evening Post*, *Oswald Garrison Villard*, may be said to inherit an interest in the negro problem: he is William Lloyd Garrison's grandson. Readers of "The Crumbling Color Line" may not all approach

the problem from the same point of view as Mr. Villard, but they will agree that the social change which he describes is of the first importance.

The first story of the month comes to us from a new contributor, *Eleanor Hayden Kittredge* (Mrs. T. B. Kittredge,) who has had newspaper experience in this country but now lives in Paris.

"The Peppermint Years" is a defense of the old to be read by the young—for their own sake as well as for that of their elders. Its author, *Sarah Comstock*, portrayed Aimee Semple McPherson for us in December, 1927, and since then has written an article on Los Angeles and another called "What Makes a Play Succeed?" (October, 1928). She published last year a volume of American travel, *Roads to the Revolution*; her novels include *Speak to the Earth*, *The Soddy*, and (newly published) *The Moon Is Made of Green Cheese*.

Gamaliel Bradford's portrait of Ninon is the third in a series which will ultimately be collected in book form with the title, *Daughters of Eve*. It is one of the happiest examples of Mr. Bradford's skill in what he himself has called "psychography." He has written full-length biographical studies of Lee, Darwin, and Moody, but most of his books are made up of shorter sketches: the most recent of these books being *As God Made Them*, and perhaps the most widely known being *Damaged Souls*.

Last month John Crowe Ransom contributed an article on the heritage of the Old South. This month *Wilbur Daniel Steele's* story takes that heritage as its central theme. Mr. Steele has spent the past two or three winters at Charleston, South Carolina, where the old tradition is strong. He is not a Southerner, however: he was born in North Carolina, but only because his family were temporarily resident in Greensboro at the

time, he has lived most of his life in the North, and still spends half the year at Nantucket. Mr. Steele's career as a short-story writer is familiar to our audience. Since *Meat* appeared serially in HARPER's he has contributed two stories, "Never Anything That Fades" and "Satan Am a Snake," published respectively in June and August, 1928.

John R. Tunis has written several articles for us on sports, among them "The Great Sports Myth," "The Great God Football," and "The Mother of a Champion." As the readers of those articles are aware, Mr. Tunis is a determined opponent of the tendency toward commercialization which—as he says in his present article—he fears is now spreading from athletics for men to athletics for women. He is the tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post*.

In our April issue *Max Eastman* criticized the "modernist" poets of the day in an article entitled "The Cult of Unintelligibility"; his present contribution is a companion piece setting forth what he believes to be the most valuable contribution of the modernists to poetry. Mr. Eastman's career as a political radical and one-time editor of *The Masses* is perhaps more widely known than his distinction as a literary critic; but *The Enjoyment of Poetry* remains one of the best books in its field.

Frances Warfield, a new contributor, sends her story from West Hartford, Connecticut.

Harald U. Sverdrup of the Geophysical Institute of Bergen, Norway, is both a trained and skilful physicist and an experienced explorer—a rare combination. In the Amundsen Arctic Expedition of 1918 he had charge of the magnetic and similar scientific work; from 1922 to 1925, with the assistance of Dr. Malmgren (who died on the ill-fated Nobile expedition), he made explorations in the Arctic north of Nome. For several years Dr. Sverdrup has been a consultant and research associate of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institute at Washington. On the subject of ocean currents he writes as an acknowledged authority.

As former editorial writer for the *El Paso Morning Times* and free-lance journalist along

the Mexican border, *Duncan Aikman* has had plenty of opportunities to witness with his own eyes the *vera bouffe* of Mexican revolutions. His "850,000 Cannon Balls" offers a contrast to his recent articles on "Ladies and Lawlessness" and "Our New Sub-Plutocracy."



There is only one poet this month: *Margaret Emerson Bailey* of New Canaan, Connecticut, author of several HARPER stories, whose poem "Unseasonable" appeared in the May issue.



The Lion's Mouth brings together *John Ogden Whedon* of the editorial staff of the *Forum*, a new contributor; *Ben Ray Redman*, author of a biography of Flaubert and other books and translator of many a French and Italian volume; and *Charles A. Bennett*, professor of philosophy at Yale.



The frontispiece of our March issue was an etching of a night scene at a New York street-corner entitled "Relics," by *Martin Lewis*. This month we reproduce another of Mr. Lewis's prints in which his ability to make the most of effects of light and shadow is equally manifest. It takes as its subject a scene in the Tudor City development in New York.



Mrs. Gerould's article, "The Unsocial Christian," has plunged many of our readers into exegesis. We have received a number of replies taking issue with her Biblical interpretations line by line and precept by precept. There does not begin to be space in these pages to cover all the points in these replies; the best we can do is to quote a few paragraphs from a letter received from *Henry D. Coe* of Scarsdale, New York, which sets forth some of the chief arguments advanced by most of Mrs. Gerould's critics:

Mrs. Gerould's main thesis is that the true and consistent Christian must renounce absolutely the world, i.e. social, political, business and intellectual relations, if he is to remain a Christian. She makes

the statement that "the essence of Christ's teaching is the complete renunciation of the world and its materialistic or intellectual advantages." What does she do with "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's"? Matt. 22:21. And what about, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them from the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil (one)"? John 17:15. And what about the application of those words commonly called "The Golden Rule," Matt. 7:12, of which it has been repeatedly affirmed that its consistent practice would solve all industrial and social problems? . . .

Surely Mrs. Gerould's "world" is different from that censured in Christ's teaching. His "world" is one of selfish principles and practices, where covetousness and greed and wrong-doing rule. His "worldliness" consists in making material things the *summum bonum* for life. Gal. 5:19-21 gives an excellent idea of this. There is a difference between the principles, motives, and objectives of a life lived for material things first and foremost and a life lived for the great and high things of the Kingdom. This is clearly set forth in Matt. 6, where it is shown that the concerns of the Kingdom are to be considered first and material things are to take a subordinate place. Mrs. Gerould quotes from that chapter the expression "take no thought" as though it meant that we should be improvident, imprudent, and careless about things and the future. If only she would investigate the original Greek, or familiarize herself with a modern version of Scripture, such as American Standard Revised Version, or Moffatt, or Weymouth, or Goodspeed, she would instantly discover that Christ is urging against worry and anxiety about things and the future and pleading for trust in the unfailing thought and love of a heavenly Father. Surely a marked difference.

Does Mrs. Gerould really believe that Christ desires and commands his followers to sacrifice their financial, social, and intellectual possessions? Where does He so teach? Possibly she accepts his words at their "face value." Why so blind to figures of speech in the Gospel records? What kind of a Christian would her Christian be? A sort of depersonalized jelly-fish or a piece of unformed primitive protoplasm.

Mrs. Gerould holds that in Europe for the past two thousand years Christianity is and has always been essentially a lower-class religion. It is true that it has appealed to and has been appropriated by the poor, the illiterate, the obscure, but at the same time many, many leaders in all realms of thought and activity have been true followers of Christ. Just a glance over the history of art,

science, literature, music, and politics will show this. Christianity is for all classes and conditions of men. It has a universal appeal.

The primitive Christians did not care about the community? What of Acts 4:32-37, the first attempt at a kind of Christian communism?

"His counsels, if taken at their face value, destroy not only the state but the home," says Mrs. Gerould. Crass literalism. Repeat these words, and as you do so think of Christ in Peter's home; of Christ with Lazarus, Mary and Martha; of Christ on the cross committing his mother to the care of John. . . .

Why throughout the paper stress the idea that Christ would have his followers renounce the world, destroy state and home, and then laud Him as possessing "eternal and convincing beauty," and set Him forth as The Way, The Truth and The Life, when surely the consummation of his purpose in the lives of his followers (according to the paper's thesis) would be the destruction of the foundation and superstructure of all society?

Mrs. Gerould seems to be a bald literalist when she comes to interpret the Gospels, failing to see there figures of speech, which is odd in that she is a woman of letters: she is so Western in her training and habits of mind that she overlooks the fact that the Gospels in their literary makeup are an Eastern product; and further, she is eisegetical in her method of interpretation, for she puts her own ideas into Gospel words and phrases, and then brings them forth as though they were there originally.

Before writing another paper on such a theme, it might be well if Mrs. Gerould took a good, stiff course in New Testament interpretation.



Not so many feminists would be "slightly tired" if there were enough men of the right sort to go round:

May I thank you for the opportunity of reading Lillian Symes's "Still a Man's Game" in the May number? I belong to the same generation as Mrs. Symes, and to the same general group, with the same background and ideals; and I can testify to the somewhat unpalatable truth of her statements.

As a lesser instance, I am reminded of a friend of mine who tried a small experiment. For six months she refused to go anywhere with a man unless she paid her own way. At the end of that time, her male acquaintances were divided into two classes—those who would not go anywhere with her again, and those who expected her to pay their expenses too!

In other words, what we need are more "men

men" reared on the lines suggested by Professor Allport. There are a few of them, and they are the precious salt of the earth; but there are not nearly enough of them to go round among the women who can be happy only with their type. Perhaps Mrs. Symes will awaken the potentialities of a few others who have not realized their failure to live up to the standards they have professed.

Those who live in a transition period, such as this, will always be "slightly tired"; but, tired or not, they will keep on fighting, for there is no other way by which they can live.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

Margaret Lee Woodbury of Bayside, Long Island, advances two interesting arguments against Mrs. Blair's contention (in the May issue) that well-to-do parents should not force their children to start financially where they did:

As everyone knows, the salaries of professional people are outrageously low, and their struggle to make both ends meet is often a cruel one. What could be more unfair than for those young men who have rich fathers or fathers-in-law to accept such salaries as pocket-money while their poorer colleagues are foregoing meals and sleep to keep body and soul together? If salaries remain at their present low ebb, the professions will be entered only by rich young men who can regard their salaries as pocket-money, and the professional man who has his own way to make will be even more handicapped than he is at present. Which will be bad for him and bad for the profession.

With the rest of the bourgeoisie, I applauded the famous heiress who was going to do her own housework. If you have any sympathy at all for the struggling army of the world's toilers, you will bear a small part of the burden whether you have to or not; you will find out what it feels like to be your own plumber and your own washerwoman. If you either inherit or make a fortune, to what better use could it be put than the endowment of a college or the founding of an art museum? The toilers need culture just as much as the cultured need toil.

The Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, George Arthur Foster, suggests that Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission might listen to the wisdom of Jack Black:

Jack Black, writing under the title "What's Wrong with the Right People?" in the June *Hampden's*, might well be one of the first witnesses summoned to appear before President Hoover's recently appointed commission to investigate law enforcement.

The author has made a very valuable contribution to the study of a subject which must have the best thoughts of our "right people," and which, to be solved, must be approached at least fifty per cent from the standpoint of the "wrong ones."

Just before reading this article I had seen newspaper accounts attributing to Governor Harry S. Byrd of Virginia a suggestion that special sessions of legislative bodies be held to consider only the repeal of many of the existing laws which have been enacted throughout the nation. This agrees with a theory I have long held, and I believe it ties in with the article of Jack Black's. . . .

The article contains much that should give pause to those earnest citizens who believe every wrong can be righted if a new law is passed, as well as to those who still believe in the old fashioned forms of punishment for crime, with many "improvements," giving no thought to the removal of causes.

The same article is also applauded by Charles De Lacy, editor of *Police "14-15,"* published by the Chicago Police Department, who says Mr. Black "has hit nearer home than any criminologist in a long while." Mr. De Lacy, referring to Mr. Black's praise of a New York policeman who instead of prosecuting a delinquent youth secured him a job, points out that thousands of Chicago boys are placed in positions every year through the Boys' Employment Bureau, consisting of one hundred policemen who do nothing but canvass shops, factories, and offices in search of jobs for youths.



JEAN MARIE

By Franklin T. Wood

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harpers Magazine

THE ANIMAL IDEAL IN AMERICA

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

LIFE has passed through many phases since it first made its appearance on our cooling planet. Each age is characterized by what palæontology calls "leading fossils" — the predominating types of animals and plants. There are characteristic leading fossils for each phase of life's evolution on earth. But if one surveys the latter from the highest possible point of view, from which only the most general outlines are visible to the eye, then one is led to say that there has been a predominance on earth, in turn, of the cartilaginous fish, the amphibian, the reptile, the marsupial, and eventually the mammal.

This is the current teaching of palæontology. But is it really true that the age of the mammal is the last we know of? Let us apply the time-honored notions of geological formations and leading fossils to our modern age. Then we cannot help admitting that we no longer live in the geological period of the predominance of the mammal in general, but in the geological period of *Man*.

If ever there has been a creature show-

ing all the qualifications needed to deserve the honorary title of "leading fossil," it is modern man. No giant saurian ever put its stamp upon its age in any such degree as modern man does. Man changes the course of rivers and drives tunnels through mountain-chains, not to mention his subjugation of all other living beings. But on the other hand, this is true of *modern* man only. If the statement of the Bible is correct, man was already proclaimed the Lord of Creation in Eden: as a matter of fact, he was nothing of the sort even two short centuries ago. Indeed, from nature's point of view, he was just one creature among others, superior in intellect always, but so weak in other respects and, above all, so deficient in numbers, especially in his most gifted varieties, that only blind conceit could make him believe that he actually ruled the earth. And as a matter of fact those religious and philosophical leaders whose ideas gave the basic note to all pre-modern life never thought of man as an earthly power. Within the Hindu system, natural man was just an animal

among others, and his soul could easily transmigrate from a human to an animal body. Within the Chinese system, the cultural history of man stood on the same plane as the succession of the seasons. And the truly Christian Age (it is past to-day) did not look on man as an essentially powerful, but as an essentially weak creature, entirely dependent on Divine Grace for his prosperity. To-day, however, man *has* attained the position assigned to him in Eden. To-day he is the Lord of Creation. Which chiefly accounts for the fact that the religions and philosophies in the basic conceptions of which man appeared without any predominance whatever within the rest of creation are irresistibly losing their hold on the minds and souls of men.

We are, then, no longer living in the age of the mammal in general, but in the age of Man. Once we have realized this, we perceive the exact significance of the technical age we are living in: it is not only a phase in human evolution, it means much more: *it means, geologically speaking, that from the pre-human stage man has reached the human stage proper. For it is science and applied science and nothing else which has made of man in the course of the last centuries the Lord of Creation in the natural or earthly sense of the words.* But on the other hand, it was precisely the possibility of the development which he has now actually reached which always distinguished man as an animal from other animals; this is why prophetic spirits could visualize him as the Lord of Creation even in pre-Babylonian days. Man has really come into his own with the technical age. This, then, explains why the age of so-called progress has been characterized by such an unparalleled vitalization of those who participated in it as pioneers: they felt that it was their privilege personally to reach the goal for which the whole of mankind had been groping for millions of years. This also explains why the age of progress has been an age of unparalleled speed: man

felt himself to be in a situation similar to the finish on the turf; after having gone more or less evenly for a long time, so as not to exhaust the resources of his horse prematurely, he now saw the winning-post before him and went full-speed to reach it.

But it explains many more things. It explains why technical civilization irresistibly conquers our whole planet. Mortal man is an animal among others: this is the meaning of the current saying that human nature never changes (as indeed it does not). The elementary instincts which call for expansion and power and lust rule man's conduct as primarily as they rule every beast; if there is nothing to check them, they run wild. And there has been nothing to check them on the plane of technical development: for no religion or philosophy of the pre-human days (I am again using the word in the geological sense) foresaw its possibility. Thus technicized man started to conquer the earth as ruthlessly as any saurian did; and as ruthlessly as any gigantosaurian trod down minor cousins which stood in his way, did technicized man conquer and enslave or else exterminate such races of man as had not attained his own degree of technical development. However, this was only the first phase of the process. Soon all human races, black, yellow, brown and white, realized that technical civilization really was the heritage of man as man: much more so than political freedom, since the latter was obviously of little use when not allied to power. This, then, explains the tremendous rush for "technization" we have been witnessing since the Great War (which, by weakening the European nations, gave the others their first great chance) all over the world. The real soul of Bolshevism is not a particular form of government but the promise to give to all and sundry of the oppressed races the benefits of technical civilization without making them the slaves of foreign capital. The same applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the emanci-

pation-movements in the whole East. It is also the real motive power of all radical social programs, whatever the country in question be. To that extent these movements are *irresistible*: man as such will not be kept out of his own as the leading fossil of the geological Age of Man.

There is, therefore, no possibility of stopping or checking technical progress, as so many idealists hope for. Should a form of civilization, even the most beautiful, stand in the way of the animal aspirations in question, it will be destroyed, as indeed the Chinese, the Turks and the Russians have already destroyed their own old traditions; the animal impulses are always the stronger the more primitive the race.

Obviously a new geological epoch must assert itself most clearly where man made an entirely fresh start at the beginning of that epoch or soon after it had set in. Here lies the explanation of the most important difference between America and Europe. But this also explains why Bolshevik Russia and America are so much alike. Russia has violently shaken off all the fetters of its past traditions, and although the Russian soul is entirely different from the American, the fact of a new animal ideal has of a sudden drawn Russia quite close to the United States. And the same will be the case with all those rejuvenated races which have thought it necessary to shake off their past in order to begin a new life. In a very short time all of these will gravitate either toward the center, the symbol of which is America, or toward Russia.

II

But it is high time now to explain clearly why I call the American ideal an animal ideal. Is it not an essentially human ideal? Does it not make for better living, for what Americans mean when using the word democracy, for higher civilization? Of course it does. But it makes for all that only for man

conceived as an animal, and not as a spiritual being.

America's most essential and most representative ideal is that of a high standard of living. Now there is nothing whatever to be said against this ideal as such. It is obviously better to live comfortably than uncomfortably. This is finally and conclusively proved by the mere fact of the general good will, the lack of jealousy, envy, and resentment in the United States as opposed to what we see in all poverty-stricken countries in which poverty really does mean privation of what makes up the joy of life (which it does not in the tropics, for instance). But what animal, if it could think, would not enlist under the banner of the highest possible standard of living?

Almost all the typical manifestations of present-day American life are not only expressions of the ideal of a higher standard of living—they *really start from the assumption that man is nothing else than an animal* and must be dealt with accordingly. Which again goes far to explain the likeness between America and Bolshevik Russia.

In order to make quite clear what I am driving at, I must insert a few general remarks about the difference between man and the other animals. Every organism is, on the one hand, an essentially responsive being; its life evolves in response to stimuli and is to that extent conditioned by the external world. And on the other hand, every organism is a being which lives in its own right as the expression of a qualified autonomous life-force. It is impossible to explain any phenomenon of life without recurring to both of these two factors, which are essentially independent of each other. But the autonomous life-force in the case of all plants and animals is, roughly speaking, a constant factor; it manifests no more initiative than does heredity with man. The latter's problem is different. In man the life-force, which is autonomous everywhere, becomes (or can become) focussed in the

conscious endowed with free imagination. And although what I said of the animal organism holds also true of man, namely, that the direction of his life is determined by the stimuli it responds to, yet personal initiative plays the decisive part. It does not play a decisive part along the lines of his animal life—but wherever specifically human problems arise, wherever the meaning of facts seems more important (as it does in the case of all properly human issues) than the facts themselves, the initiative of the spirit and not the pressure of the surrounding world is finally decisive. And the higher man rises as a man, the more important does this meaning-giving quality become. The sage is almost independent of outward events; to him they mean exactly what he makes of them, not only in the subjective but also in the objective sense, as is exemplified by the lives of all truly great men who have met with and conquered adversity.

It is characteristic of the American outlook, that it almost entirely overlooks the properly human side of man. There are, of course, many exceptions to the rule; indeed, there are very powerful counter-phenomena. But the very exaggeration with which the autonomy of the spirit is asserted there—I am thinking of course of Christian Science, New Thought, and all that is akin to them—goes to prove the strength of the prevalent point of view. This point of view has found its adequate expression in the theory of Behaviorism. Every representative American of to-day (except, of course, the opposition already mentioned) is a Behaviorist at heart, whether he knows and acknowledges it or not. John Dewey is also essentially a Behaviorist, only he knows too much about the soul to be a Behaviorist pure and simple. In John B. Watson the typical American attitude has become fully self-conscious and it has expressed itself with all the exclusiveness and one-sidedness required from the point of view of style as well as of successful action. I do not doubt that one day

John B. Watson will be considered as one of the foremost representatives of what the United States stood for in the Twentieth Century.

What is the essence of Behaviorism? That man is an animal like any other. That spiritual initiative and free will play practically no part in his make-up and conduct. That concrete "habit" stands for the whole of man's vital activity—there is no beyond-it in the sense of a possible metaphysical or otherwise spiritual reality. And that habit can be explained, determined, and ruled and changed entirely from without by external influences.

The most interesting part of a theory is hardly ever to be found in its intrinsic truth—most theories are lamentably one-sided or short-sighted—but in its psychological significance. In this sense the most interesting aspects of Behaviorism are its mere possibility and its representative quality. That there could be anything like Behaviorism and that it should be such a success, proves that Americans *do* look upon themselves in the light of animals; they find nothing within themselves that should necessitate any other theory. Behaviorism holds that any phenomenon of life can be explained and brought about from without, by external influences, and that spiritual autonomy plays no part. There are hundreds of thousands of Americans and hundreds of institutions which officially proclaim the contrary belief. But all the facts combine to prove that the *real*, and in many cases the national, point of view is that of the Behaviorist.

During my stay in the United States I had to consult a doctor because of symptoms possibly due to over-work. He said to me: "You needn't stop doing mental work; just go ahead; your brain is used to that. Mine is as good as yours. But it has never formed the habit of thinking." This sounds rather crude, but if one were to render what John Dewey has to say about education, about the forming of the right kind of habits beyond which he, too, does not recognize

any metaphysical reality—his last premise is society—in the phraseology of the average American, used to thinking in headlines and slogans, I doubt whether one could find a set of phrases more expressive of the real situation than the above quotation. Man is not different, in principle, from any other animal. Partly for that reason Democracy, as the doctrine which teaches that all human beings are originally equal, carries conviction to most Americans. Man has no unique soul, for doubtless no animal owns one; all differences depend on surroundings, wherein training is included. The last resort is the “community,” the highest values they know of are social values. My readers will note that here again Americanism converges with Bolshevism. That Bolshevism is a distinctly materialistic creed and that Behaviorism is not, makes no difference as to the essence of the matter.

There is something entirely novel in mass-education as it is practiced in the United States and Russia. This novelty consists in the fact that man is *consciously* treated as an *animal*. From the idea of appropriate surroundings, whatever belonged to the concept of traditions—and traditions formed the bulk of pre-scientific educational environment—is excluded. Man is supposed originally to be just an animal; what he develops into is thought to be entirely a matter of natural stimulation in about the same sense as the frog in the laboratory inevitably responds to specific stimuli in a specific way. Education is to “build in” satisfactory habits and to “un-build” unsatisfactory ones, exactly as chemical compounds can be synthesized and broken up.

To a man in whom ancient traditions are alive, this idea of turning out the desirable type of man by mechanical processes sounds absurd, as indeed it would be a preposterous presumption to imagine that *his* type could be created by such methods. But things are very different in the case of types without a cultural past. The whole American na-

tion is beginning its historic life on the new plane of existence of the geological Age of Man. This is an entirely new, an unheard-of state of things. Before the geological Epoch of Man, increased knowledge always meant higher development on the lines of a tradition begun before the Age of Man proper; since the latter epoch has set in, scientific development has become the starting-point of a new phase in the existence of *animal* man. And since it is this animal quality that actually predominates, it is only logical that in all respects man should see himself in the light of an animal and, as a matter of fact, he does so whether he interprets his attitude in terms of materialism or Behaviorism or even the most spiritual form of pragmatism.

III

There can be no doubt whatsoever that this new way of envisaging man purely as an animal is the way of preparing the road toward a higher level of existence for mankind at large on the new basis of the geological Epoch of Man. Traditional education no longer calls out vital forces except in the case of exceptionally creative individuals. Henceforth, all the cultural and spiritual problems must be re-stated and reset in the right relationship to the new basis. Mankind *has* returned to the animal stage for a while. It must first get settled upon its new basis. And in the meanwhile it really can do no better than evolve the animal nature on animal lines, with the utmost energy, by means fit for animals.

We know to-day that most bad habits in the widest behaviorist sense are due to pernicious external influences; we also know that most psycho-analytical complexes which develop in later life may be prevented from developing in youth by the right kind of education. We know, moreover, that a tremendous number of the desires and actions which men imagine to be the result of purely inward necessity are in reality the results of a

combination of social opportunity and necessity. Therefore, we should take every possible advantage of the opportunities offered by the possibility of influencing life from the outside and by scientific method. And here again we see why it is that young countries like America and Russia must be the leaders in this movement: those in which the traditional culture is still alive cannot see man in the light of the animal only; they know too much of his spiritual nature to do that; they cannot make up their minds to that one-sidedness which alone leads to success. Not that they are by any means done for—far from it; as we shall see later, their task is even more important henceforth than it ever was before. But it remains true, nevertheless, that on the line of the new adjustment of animal nature which has become necessary the young nations play the leading part.

The wonderful progress and expansion of the United States not only in business and on the lines of material and technical development, but also on those of education and scientific research, are primarily due to the primitiveness of the American. He could shut his eyes to the other side of the problem, the one belonging to the spirit, because in the process of rejuvenation he could no longer visualize its reality. This circumstance enabled him to go ahead as an animal with a self-assurance no man of spiritual consciousness could afford. Of course, the American has spiritual needs; but these he satisfies, in accordance with his true state, by primitive forms of religion and philosophy. Christian Science, from the scientific point of view, is a form of Shamanist religion; Fundamentalism is one of the crudest expressions of Tabooism I know of; and the Reverend Billy Sunday plays upon the instrument of the savage tribesman's fear-mechanism with the most consummate skill. I mention these forms of religion because I have an impression that the more normal churches really no longer play a part worth mentioning in

spiritual life: they have become too much of a success for that and are developing too much on the general lines of big business. As to their members—most Americans undoubtedly belong to their churches in no other sense than they belong to their golf club, or their luncheon club, or their Rotary Club.

There is, then, progress in the absolute sense in most American achievements which are psychologically based upon Behaviorism of some kind. But as is always the case, here too complete success breeds danger. The more primitive a man, the more he is inclined to generalize; here lies the root of all superstitions. And if he can solve so many problems to his satisfaction by considering man in the light of a mere animal, he is naturally inclined to believe that all problems can be solved in the same way. The soul of American institutionalism and educationalism and, to-day indeed, the active soul of practically the whole nation, is the belief that everything can be changed and perfected from without; that environment means everything; that the autonomy of life and the free initiative of the creative spirit can be completely discarded. An amusing simile may help to reveal the peculiar quality of American institutionalism. The Abbé Mungier, one of the rare Frenchmen I have known who still embody the finest spirit of the Eighteenth Century, was once asked by a *dévoté* whose life, I am afraid, had not been altogether blameless, whether he was sure that there existed such a thing as Hell. His answer was: "*Ma chère enfant, évidemment il y a un enfer puisque notre très sainte Eglise l'enseigne, mais la miséricorde de Dieu étant infinie, je suis à peu près sûr qu'il n'y a personne dedans.*" When present-day Americans think of making their nation musical, they believe that they have done everything that is required when they have built a beautiful institute and endowed it with millions. That the existence of music depends entirely on the talent of a few personalities, that institutionalism entirely misses the point

where spiritual values are concerned, rarely occurs to them. Very few American Mæcenases realize that to pay men of science and art less liberally than railway presidents, in a country where a high standard of living is a national ideal, inevitably makes for mediocrity on scientific and artistic lines. The same applies to capacity for statesmanship and government; this, too, is shockingly underpaid in the United States, which circumstance largely accounts for the lack of talented men in the political field. In Europe a talented statesman, scientist, or artist could and can be underpaid because he always was and still is considered so immeasurably superior in quality to any man merely able to make money, that inferiority in material means really only compensates overwhelming advantages. There is no equivalent to this point of view in American public opinion. The latter simply does not believe in the intrinsic value of genius and talent. It does not really believe in it even in the domain of business, although exceptional talent is recognized and paid here as it is nowhere else. Exceptional salaries are paid simply because such salaries are proved to be profitable and remunerative to those who pay them; no employer knows or would admit that talent is of value in itself.

The soul of American institutionalism, then, is the belief that institutions as such are everything and the creative soul of man means nothing. Man always becomes what his environment makes of him. Under these circumstances it is, of course, perfectly logical to give everybody what is considered to be the best education and to expect that thereupon the general level will inevitably rise in every respect. But as far as my observations go, all thinking Americans realize that the general level has not risen. We have given the reason: American institutionalism looks upon man in the light of an animal. *And this must needs make of him as much of an animal as he is able to become.*

IV

I wish to repeat once more that I consider it an unequivocally good thing that animal man should be able to attain to such all-round satisfaction as he attains to in the United States. And the fact that there is so exceptionally little ill-will, resentment, envy, jealousy, and pettiness in American life proves conclusively, in my opinion, that it is a good thing not only from the point of view of the body, but also of the soul. To that extent there is even nothing to be said against uniformity and standardization. If all men are to live comfortably, then a large amount of uniformity and standardization of material life is inevitable—you can make millions equally comfortable only if their requirements are alike to a large extent—and the disadvantages of that necessity are doubtless smaller than its advantages. But the disadvantages begin to be seen when the spiritual requirements, too, are taken care of by methods appropriate to animals only. This is the fundamental vice of American civilization: its *topsy-turviness*. Lafcadio Hearn and Basil Hall Chamberlain have described the Japanese solution of the problem of life as being topsy-turvy from the European point of view. Yet the Japanese topsy-turviness is nothing as compared to the American. The latter's topsy-turviness consists in this, *that it attacks almost every problem of life from the wrong end.*

If marriage is to be a success, one should obviously begin by marrying the right person. The Americans apparently do not think so; they try to cure bad marriage by better divorce. It seems desirable that a sense of the beauties of nature be developed: the Americans then create what they call beautiful surroundings, entirely ignoring the fact that there is no beauty except when man sees his idea of beauty into the things; nature seemed beautiful to an earlier civilization, because nature's objects were thought of as incarnated Gods. The American nation is to become

musical: the finest institutions in the world are being created—never mind whether there will be anybody to live in them.

After my first lectures, I was again and again perplexed by the experience that people came up to ask me: "Wasn't the audience wonderful?" In Europe it would be an insult pure and simple to talk to a speaker who gave his best—whatever this best may have been—about the merits of his listeners. But soon I understood. The idea was simply this: if this man could attract a large audience, and if this audience remained attentive for an hour, then he must be a good speaker. In the same way a best-seller must be a good book; or—as an American Mæcenas recently put it—one can prove the value of great art in dollars and cents. From this there is only one step to the conception that a book which is not expensive or a best-seller, or a man who doesn't make much money, can be no good, and that money provides the right standard on all planes and lines. This has nothing to do with dollar-madness: it is simply an illustration of that topsy-turviness which is the most salient characteristic of present-day Americanism. The American nation has been so consistently educated to believe that spirit can in no wise be the cause, but that it is an effect in the sense that it responds only to stimuli and can do nothing without them—that it involuntarily thinks and acts *as though* the effect were the cause even where it knows better.

Here lies the real root of that national belief which most Americans simply explain by the word "democracy"—the belief that the judgment of the man in the street provides the absolutely right standard. This belief really means that there is no such thing as an autonomous spirit which has claims in its own right, and that there is no standard of value which might be considered valid independently of its standing the pragmatic test of material success. If the public does not like a thing or a man—why,

then, it or he is bad or wrong or useless. On the other hand, if the public likes it or him, then there "is money in it or him." This, again, adds to the prestige of the idea that money-worth provides the real standard. Moreover, money always makes for comfort. And if money is made under the assumption that the taste of the man in the street counts first, the making of it by one or a few really is of profit to all.

When we remember that the American ideal is originally an animal ideal, we are ready to understand that the topsy-turviness is question must be exceedingly difficult to cure. It *does* stand the pragmatic test so well! And its disadvantages are detrimental only to the few, not to the many. And even to the few they are not materially detrimental, for with the help of good advertising the highest qualities can have a higher market value in the United States than anywhere else in the world and, therefore, the spirit finds more support there than anywhere else. This is quite true. But it is equally true that this topsy-turviness, just *because* it leads to good results in all sorts of lines, blinds the eye for spiritual reality and its intrinsic laws. A typical American cannot understand why a spiritually conscious man will rather be hated by all and sundry than conform to the prejudices of the masses. He cannot see why "being liked" by, or even making for the happiness of others cannot be, for the spiritually conscious man, an aim worth aspiring to.

Yet, if the spirit is really powerful in a man, he can succeed in America in spite of the aforesaid, because of the exceeding suggestibility of the American nation. But there are very few who have sufficient suggestive power. And worse still: human nature being weak, most creative spirits unfortunately give up their best for the sake of their family, or whatever the pretext may be, when they are successful. In any case with every successful year the *nation* develops more and more on the lines of spiritual blindness. The salesman's point of view prevails

more and more. Many Americans told me, when I talked to them about that extraordinary book in which Christ is represented as the model of a good salesman, that it meant nothing and that the writer was just a fool. I do not think so. America at large really does think that way. The idea of the book in question is that Jesus Christ did not succeed in Christianizing the world because He had a great and true message to deliver, which later on inevitably resulted in "good publicity," but that from the outset he thought only of the latter. All my personal experience makes me believe that this is the real because the involuntary general American point of view. Were it otherwise, would newspapers and publishing houses think almost exclusively of what the public wants? Would they think that the pure business point of view is the legitimate one for a man who is demonstrably capable of commanding and directing public opinion? Were it otherwise, would the sales-manager play a more important part in American business than the inventive spirit? The inventor's position is a truly "ancillary" one, as was that of philosophy with respect to theology in the Middle Ages. From the point of view of the spirit as the creative essence of life, such a life-view is topsy-turvy in the absolute sense. Yet it would be the normal view, if man were an animal. This, then, brings us back to the central argument of this article. America would not be topsy-turvy if man actually were an animal. But unconsciously Americans view him as one. And the aforesaid topsy-turviness in its turn helps toward the materialization of this belief. It makes for the progressive animalization of the American. The American really becomes a product of his existing institutions. He does so, because he believes in their unlimited power.

This is why Americans become more "likeminded" and "normal" with every succeeding year. And with that likemindedness the tendency to conform to existing institutions in its turn inevitably

increases. If the belief that externals account for everything is strong enough, they do indeed. Here lies the chief reason of American suggestibility. The Americans would not be more suggestible than other people, and on the basis of it, advertising would not be so immeasurably more successful there than anywhere else, were it not for the Behaviorist belief that man's life is nothing but "habit" and that every habit is the outcome of given external influences. In this connection, the life of the United States presents the image of one single, gigantic, vicious circle.

V

Now let us proceed a step farther. If "environment" is believed to account for everything; if, accordingly, it achieves as much as the laws of nature permit; if, on the other hand, standardization is a fact and uniformity an ideal, then man's life must become very much like that of ants and bees. It has often been said that ants and bees are the most "human" of animals. The reverse, too, is true: if civilized man reverts to an animal-type, then he does not become an ape or a dog, but an ant or a bee. For these insects are the most social and at the same time the most hard-working of animals; they are, moreover, the animals most bent on specialization and the most rigid in their routine. They do not in the least resemble primitive or savage or even cultured man—these have their animal counterpart in the lion or the fox or the race horse, as the case may be. But they do resemble technicized man. It is the distinctive quality of the latter, that routine-work plays the principal part in his life. Now the routine of the ant, and in particular that of the termite, is wonderfully adapted to the rhythm of the Universe. The termite has so far held its own as no other creature has and it will probably continue to do so to the end of our world. The same may happen to technicized man. Only if it does, it will be at the expense of all free initiative.

It is a fact well worth meditating, that most Utopias written of late, which were based on American conditions, foresee a future state of utter serfdom; freedom of will practically would count no more. This will indeed be the case if the Lifeless is to give the law to the whole of Life. This will be all the more so the more perfect the antlike co-operation grows. If human life becomes essentially a routine, the rhythm of which fits into that of the world at large, then a state of tremendous stability must follow. For such a life inevitably stands the pragmatic test. It cannot help being a complete success. It must become more successful with every step on the line of standardization. Everything will prosper—except man's spirit. The latter must decay.

For spirit lives only in the dimension of free initiative. And this must needs diminish in extent and power as American life develops on its present lines. The animal side must needs grow to ever greater bulk and power. Facts as such must more and more become the one thing that matters.

When I came to the United States my first inquiry was: which are America's most current superstitions? I always inquire into the superstitions first when wishing to understand a nation, because they are much more representative of the unconscious, which is a very non-rational thing, than anything reasonable. Then I found to my amazement that Americans believe in—facts; everywhere and in every possible connection. I never have come across so quaint a superstition. In the domain of life facts never are primary things; significance creates them on the one hand, and on the other, they derive all their value from the significance they embody. And significance is never inherent in the facts themselves. Every institution originated from an invention which was not a fact in the beginning. The power of a government is based upon the authority it has—and that, too, is not a fact; it depends on belief. And so does the

value of the most objective value on earth—gold; if people did not believe in it, its "facts" would mean nothing. Exactly in the same sense does the fact-side of "democracy" depend on what it means to men. Whether physical love is a beautiful or an ugly process depends on the meaning attached to it. And so on. The belief in facts is, from the point of view of man conceived as a spiritual being, really the quaintest and at the same time the grossest of superstitions. It can be explained only by the topsy-turviness of American thinking.

But since in reality significance creates the facts, and not vice versa, the topsy-turvy belief actually does create a world in its image. And this again means that the animal side in man, as opposed to the human side proper, grows stronger; the significance of the facts, which really makes them human, grows ever less important. The final result is that man must become a higher animal pure and simple.

Are we not alarmingly near such a state? Love is already being considered as a purely biological function; health is the supreme ideal. The American is progressively losing sight of the fact that what distinguished man from the beast is precisely his lack of equilibrium, for that alone enables him to keep on striving beyond himself. Health is a purely animal ideal. It was one of the deepest truths given by Christianity that ill-health is a more normal state for spiritual man than health. The latter means a stable equilibrium. But an equilibrium can be stable only if there is no change. If man progresses inwardly, a destruction of the equilibrium previously existing inevitably follows. The more spirit, which is Movement Eternal, predominates in man, the more unstable must his state of balance be. This is the reason why from the point of view of the man in the street every spiritual man has always been less "good" or "nice" than any fool. Besides, spirit acts on earth only by means of tensions (as op-

posed to harmonious relationships). In this respect health is really an anti-spiritual ideal. The idea of health, then, contributes in its turn to the animalization of the American.

But the same is also true of education, as it is generally understood. It is becoming more and more a form of training such as animals can be submitted to. The ideal of a high standard of living will eventually end—if the process should reach its natural goal—by becoming the general denominator of all ideals. Herewith man would retire from the adventure of human life proper and revert to simple and safe and secure animality.

Viewed from this angle, the American habit of appraising everything in terms of the dollar seems a very dangerous thing indeed. For it simply means that the ultimate significance of all human ideals and values should be to make an animal feel comfortable. And this again would imply that the charming human qualities of the American, his directness, kindness, and simplicity, would have to be attributed not to higher human development but to a prehuman stage; there are no vicious or pretentious or malicious beasts.

This is the great danger which threatens the United States. Russian philosophers, true to the doctrine of Early Christianity which they all unconsciously profess, have raised their voices several times to warn mankind against the American ideal; their idea is that there are two kinds of Satanism. The one expresses itself in terror and cruelty, the other in comfort. And the latter is by far the most dangerous. No doubt, inertia is the law of matter as opposed to spirit. Wherever routine predominates, spirit dies. And very likely the routine of comfort is the most stable of all routines. The condition of America is no doubt more critical, from the point of view of spiritual progress, than that of Bolshevik Russia, because the terrible material condition of the latter country must needs keep the spirit awake. Rus-

sia can be reborn at any time. A tremendous effort will be required, if the same is to happen in the United States. . . .

But now let me add at once: *if* spirit should conquer there, this victory would mean more for the general progress of mankind than any previous spiritual conquest. For then spirit would for the first time find itself secure upon the basis of accepted material comfort, which it never has been heretofore.

VI

Before I end, I wish to draw the attention of my readers to some other dangers. Man, developed into the Lord of Creation, is the most dangerous animal that ever lived. Not only for others, but also from the point of view of his own welfare. He conquers and destroys everything he cannot use. To him nature is nothing but raw material. Of this, again, present-day America provides the best illustration. In America there is no sense of beauty as a motive power of any national importance. But such a state of things is highly dangerous. Beauty is the result as well as the expression of right proportions. If there is ugliness, this always means that the right equilibrium has not been attained, or else it has been destroyed. Now man, however powerful, still remains a child of nature; if he acts as her master only, repudiating his childhood, she will take sooner or later a terrible revenge. We Europeans have realized that mere intellect, if developed at the expense of life, becomes its enemy, bound to destroy it as a quality first, and eventually as a fact. The creative powers atrophy. But American technicism presents a still greater danger. If only business counts—I use the term in its most general sense—then none of the purely human powers, as opposed to the animal forces, have any chance to grow. And since the life-source of man lies in the spiritual, this must lead to physical devitalization.

To my mind, this provides the ex-

planation of many things which every intelligent observer of America must notice when taking the measure of American man. Notwithstanding the tremendous energy which he shows in special fields, he is very much less vital than the European. If he is not infantile he more often than not looks disproportionately old. We said that one possible goal of American civilization is a termitoid state. The termites are the most ancient of all creatures. But when they live their termite-life they still live out their whole nature. Man as a termite would not. He would leave unexpressed, more and more, all human powers. And since his real essence is human, he would probably die out. A life which is untrue to its own meaning never lasts.

This largely accounts also for the neurotic state of an appalling percentage of American business men. And many of them have become truly antlike. They can see no other point of view than their own. They can do one thing very well and rapidly, but beyond that they can do nothing. Very quick in their accustomed lines of action just as the insects are, they are incredibly slow in all others. Will the Americans become ants, after all?

We said that this could not happen because they would probably die out first. But there is a more hopeful outlook and with this I will conclude this paper. Very likely the animal ideal of a high standard of living will reduce itself automatically *ad absurdum*, making room for a higher ideal before it is too late. The higher the general standard of life becomes, the more difficult will it be to find human beings for the lower tasks of life, which will always have to be fulfilled. Then, one of two things is bound to happen. Either foreign slaves will be introduced in large numbers, or else the nation will make up its mind that it is not possible to continue forever in the assumption that material progress must indefinitely go on. And in both cases the only possible solution will be to restore spirit to its true place. One can rule slaves only if man as such means more than the "thing"; if initiative means more than adaptation. And man, as an essentially striving being, can inwardly put up with stationary conditions, and not very satisfactory ones at that, only when he seeks and finds satisfaction for his striving nature in dimensions where there is no question of comfort and success.



THE CENTIPEDE

A STORY

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

PALAMÚ was a one-man island, and Crashaw was that man. A cub like me did not count. I was there, indeed, less than a year, and I have never been back. For a few months, after my leg healed, I was in Crashaw's employ, as was everyone, more or less, but I was so useless that I could hardly be said to have any part in the life of the island. I had been spewed up on that strand by an accident of the sea, and Crashaw took me in, healed me, despised me, and eventually got rid of me. You would think, perhaps, that Crashaw, saddled with me, would have repaid himself with the companionship of an educated and well-intentioned youth. He didn't. An educated and well-intentioned youth (grateful, to boot) didn't come into his scheme of things. I was a plain nuisance. He never took me into his own house, he never talked to me of any but immediate practical matters, he never showed any desire for my society beyond the dictates of common convenience. I was in and out of his compound, necessarily, on errands. Beyond that, nothing. It was as if, from the beginning, he had determined that I should be of no value to him. I am sure that as soon as I turned from a dying into a living person he began to plan my exit from Palamú.

If Crashaw had any questionable business in or about Palamú, I never knew it. Indeed, I doubt if he had. In some of his absences, he may have carried on a secret trade in pearls, but that is only a guess. I am sure that he

had nothing to do with blackbirding—even financing it indirectly. If he kept an occasional rendez-vous, on the lonely windward shore of the island, with queer canoes or lousy schooners, I doubt, as I say, that it was for anything more sinister than pearls—perhaps, indeed, only Marquesan jade. Nor if you brought evidence of crime against Crashaw could I confute it. Nothing was ever so secret as that sculptured column of a man. Everyone on Palamú worked more or less, as I have said, for Crashaw; and his regular business in copra was sufficient to account for a fair-sized income. Crashaw did not make the mistake of trading with the natives: the store was run, on his sufferance, by a Portuguese half-caste named Manoel, and Crashaw was only the lordliest of customers. He had arrived on Palamú, I understand, before the colonial office had had time to administer these smallest and remotest spawn of its South Sea catch; and the fussiest of bureaucrats would have had to admit that there was not room on Palamú for more than one lordship—nor was Palamú worth a controversy. He paid his taxes, undoubtedly, and they let him alone.

I had a history of my own—you don't come from a home like mine to a place like Palamú without making history on the way—but Crashaw never asked to hear it. I might have been inanimate, instead of living, jetsam for all he cared. Curiosity was not in the man; or, if it was, it concerned itself with choicer matters than I offered. A man in Cra-

shaw's position (though there are few so solitary and free) usually assimilates himself to his context, finds this or that outlet for himself. I couldn't see that Crashaw did. He never had any of the native girls living with him; he was never the worse for liquor. He denied himself even the intoxication and mystery of the spoken word, using the native tongue and the local pidgin for business only. It was a patriarchal life with none of the patriarchal intimacies and complications; and Crashaw would have been hard put to it to look like a patriarch, anyhow. He can't have been much over forty, and he was good-looking, in an adaptable, non-Nordic way—no blond beast. A steel blade had at some time slashed his left cheek from temple to upper lip, without, however, making his face sinister, since the cut had not twisted the modelling of any feature. It only made him more definite. He was fairly tall, strong, and darkish; aquiline in general effect; curiously supple for so solid a person. That is all I know about Crashaw. If, from what happened on Palamú, you can deduce anything, you're welcome. I've often wished I could deduce more. The natives all thought he was God. I didn't think he was God; but he was, obviously, the Government. I was moving in that scene, and should move off it, precisely as Crashaw decreed. He was waiting for the right schooner to deport me, I knew, for he had very definite ideas as to the best destination for me. There was no sense, he once said, in sending me anywhere except to some place where I could get a boat for a big port. Crashaw never thought the South Pacific was any place for me: all I could do with it was to drown in it.

It was not often I could tell Crashaw anything that interested, much less surprised him, and I remember the thrill as of treasure-trove, when, coming back from my morning bath in a pool up a ravine (Crashaw had a shower in his house, which I had never been invited to use), I saw, as I rounded the curve of

our little bay, a motor boat carefully beached. I had taken a short cut through the palm groves to my pool, but had returned by the shore because never, in all my time on Palamú, did I tire of the iridescent waters breaking on black volcanic sand. I ran out to the edge of the strand, to look at this stray from civilization. It was a smart little motor boat, too small for business in those waters, with *Idalia* stenciled in gold on the bow—obviously one of those things yacht owners use for going ashore instead of oar-power. There was no yacht in sight. The object, however, could not have crossed any considerable part of that ocean on an independent venture: it was the child, the messenger, of the *Idalia*, whatever *she* was. It had no cabin worth the name, and concealed nothing.

I breakfasted first, for as I sobered down (on the run) I realized that it must have been brought there by human beings, and that if they had disappeared, they could have disappeared only in the direction of Crashaw himself. That island had a magnetic pole of its own, and Crashaw was its name. He would have sent for me if he had wanted me. I might as well satisfy a hearty hunger first. But in my hurry I drank my coffee boiling and splashed myself with mango-juice. The *Idalia*—I couldn't get it out of my head that she might even make a difference to me.

I found Crashaw alone on his shuttered porch, smoking a cigarette. He nodded at me, and I dropped on the porch step, panting, and told him about the motor boat. He nodded again.

"Mrs. Dicey and Mr. Merrion. I've sent her back to the hut yonder" (he referred to a small structure at the bottom of his compound) "with some girls to look after her. He's gone to the store to buy her some clothes. She arrived in full evening dress. Cast up here at dawn they were, according to his account . . . I have to go over to the other side to-day" (of Palamú, he meant, of course) "but I've ordered lunch for them.

They'll want to sleep, after a night like that. I've told Merrion he can rest here, on the verandah. You'd better come back here by cocktail time. Let them alone till then."

"Nothing I can do for them?"

He shook his head and rose. "Leave them alone. He's told me the story—a story. I'll see. If the yacht should come in while I'm gone . . . He says it won't, but I'm not sure." He reflected a moment. "Tell Manoel to send some boys down to get the motor boat into shelter. They came that way—they may have to go that way."

Just a few grudging sentences, incoherent yet weighty, on his way to the stained Ford that he was to drive off to his secret appointment. He didn't tell me their story, and I wasn't encouraged to ask them for it in his absence. I first met Mrs. Dicey and Merrion as Crashaw, at sunset, was shaking the cocktails.

Her speech betrayed her. It had the lack-luster precision of training. Stella Dicey was, clearly, not born to good English. She was very pretty, with delicate, small features that would eventually (I imagined) be mounted in fat. She was obviously in a state of extreme annoyance—a *bisque* doll in a temper. Merrion evidently had been born to good English, but he had corrupted, I judged, whatever in his heritage was corruptible. Mrs. Dicey was really delightful to look at, in a physical sense, and she had reassumed, for dinner, the orchid evening dress and silver slippers in which, I gathered, she had arrived on Palamú. Crashaw's house was comfortable—when you considered where it stood, it was luxurious—but it had nothing to do with this lady, who had obviously not left the *Idalia* without her vanity case. Perhaps it was in deference to the tropics that she was so much made up. Merrion, in his yachting things, a little crumpled and stained, to be sure, looked a gentleman ill at ease, twice too good to be saddled with this bathing beauty. I disliked both of them at sight, though her feminine lure (she was all feminine

and all lure) quickened my starved and celibate pulse a little. She was common, and Merrion, I faintly felt, would stick at nothing, though he'd knife you with a certain grace, no doubt.

I heard their story from Mrs. Dicey, who seemed to want to tell it in her own words. Mr. and Mrs. Steve Dicey were cruising on their yacht, Merrion being their guest. The night before, after dinner, Dicey being tipsy, Merrion had suggested their running over in the motor boat to an island where they had all picnicked earlier in the day. They had sat there comfortably and talked, by the light of the ineffable moon, watching the swaying lights of the yacht. To their amaze, disgust, horror, the dipping lights had veered . . . the yacht had turned . . . as they stared, they saw now only the stern lights . . . the *Idalia* was leaving them.

Of course they had rushed for the boat, they had screamed, shouted, given chase. In vain. Steam had soon taken the *Idalia* out of their reach. After tossing for hours in attempted pursuit, they had beached themselves, before dawn, on Palamú—of which they had never heard.

"And how long do you expect it will take your husband to comb these islands for you?" asked Crashaw. There was nothing of the willing host in his tone.

Useless to ask her to compute or forecast anything. She bit her lip and did not answer.

Merrion spoke for her. "If you ask me, Mr. Crashaw, I'd say longer than it will pay us to wait for him. I'm sorry, my dear Stella, to force our personal affairs on this gentleman" (he ignored me completely) "but I think we owe him the truth."

"The truth is that Steve was drunk," she cut in; "and when he woke up, someone—that beast Hawkins, probably—made out to him that we'd done a sneak. He was furious and he ran away and left us. When he has sobered up he'll be sorry."

"How long does it usually take your

husband to sober up?" Crashaw turned his head in her direction.

Again, she could not answer a specific question. "I don't know just how drunk he was last night," she muttered.

Merrion spoke again. "I consider that we are castaways—public charges." He smiled. "Therefore, I say, Stella, the truth. The fact is that, while Mrs. Dicey and I have broken no laws of any land, we've been extremely interested in each other. Drunk or sober, Dicey had probably noticed. . . . Very likely he wouldn't have done such a dirty thing if he'd been quite himself—he may be thinking better of it. But if you want my candid opinion, he'll be too glad to get rid of us to start searching."

"Steve? Glad to get rid of me? It's not true, Conrad!" She was very near tears.

"Perhaps he isn't tired of you, Stella. Time will tell. But—he up-anchored and ran. . . . I don't advise you to look for rescue from Steve. He hasn't any real case in a divorce court, but I imagine he's steaming towards one as fast as he can. He'll trust to our nonappearance—which we can't help—to give him grounds. We're as innocent as you like, you and I, but Steve has got the money, he's got the yacht, he's got freedom of movement. We've got nothing—except what Mr. Crashaw will give us."

"You don't think any too well of Mr. Steve Dicey," Crashaw commented.

"I think he played a damn' dirty trick when he turned his wife adrift by night in the South Seas, in a rotten little boat, with no money and no clothes."

Stella Dicey began to weep softly at this picture of herself. Her mouth quivered with self-pity, spoiling the cupid's bow she had painted on it.

"I can't believe Steve would do it," she whimpered.

"But he's done it, Stella! Moreover, it's exactly like him. You didn't get anything *but* money when you got Steve, you know."

"He would probably not know Palamú," said Crashaw.

"He's not trying to improve his knowledge," muttered Merrion. "He certainly wasn't looking for clues last night—running away from them as fast as he could."

"It's a queer thing for a man to do." Crashaw seemed to be weighing the extraordinary action. Merely seeing Crashaw meditate set me to furious wondering. Had they deliberately eloped? Had they perchance killed Dicey? Was there any Dicey at all? The evidence before me appeared to defeat these crude surmises. This lady would never have eloped without a trousseau, and the large gesture of murder would have been quite beyond her. There certainly was an *Idalia* somewhere, and it must belong to someone. Why not, as they declared, to her husband?

Crashaw rose. "There's no way of getting you off Palamú to-night," he reminded them. "For a few days, we'll wait. Could you get Mrs. Dicey what she needed at Manoel's?"

Mrs. Dicey rose too, pouting. "I shall look like a native, but he brought me some things, yes."

"You had money?" He turned to Merrion.

"Enough for that."

"You can't be very flush—taken unawares. I'll settle with Manoel. Get what you need—the two of you. Wilton"—he turned to me for the first time—"tell Manoel Mr. Merrion is to have the quarters over the store. You'd better go down there with him. There's only the one shack in the compound—where Mrs. Dicey is."

Now I knew there were rooms in his own house where he could comfortably have sheltered Merrion or anyone else; but, with Crashaw, a hospitality he did not offer was a hospitality that did not, even hypothetically, exist. The single room with a verandah, at the back of his garden, which he had given to Mrs. Dicey, was the nearest a guest got to him—and I had never known that occupied but once. He was not going to corrupt

his solitude for Merrion, any more than he had done for me.

Crashaw moved away to his own quarters to get some things for Merrion, having ascertained his needs. I stood, patient and uncomfortable (only one word had been flung to me, by anyone, since we drank our cocktails) in the shadows of the porch, beyond the hot glare of the hanging lamp, watching a lizard-fight on the rafters. They had probably forgotten me. Otherwise how could she have turned to him and begged?

"Conrad, I can't stay in that horrible hut alone! Make him put another cot down there. You mustn't leave me. I'd die of terror. This place frightens me anyhow. There'll be animals, natives, noises, creeping things! I *can't*. You must stick by me, or I'll go off my head."

"My dear Stella"—he came forward and took her hand—"suppose Steve does come after us? I don't think he will, but suppose he did? You'd be fatally compromised if you had been sleeping in a two-by-four hut with me."

"I don't care if I am compromised," she wailed. "I'd rather be compromised than die! Besides, you needn't . . ."

He cut into her hesitation. "No, as you say, Stella, I needn't make love to you. But who is going to believe I haven't? Steve? If Steve thought yesterday I'd been making love to you, what would he think if he turned up here after a week and found us occupying Mr. Crashaw's guest-quarters?"

"If he comes back he'll be so ashamed of himself that he'll have to believe the truth."

"And just what will the truth be—if he comes back?"

"I've never been unfaithful to Steve. I'm not that kind, Conrad Merrion! You both ought to know."

"What Steve knows and what I know would fill two very different books," he murmured. The words evidently meant nothing to Mrs. Dicey, but,

Crashaw returning just then with an armful of assorted objects, she turned and flung herself upon his manifest strength.

"Mr. Crashaw, won't you have another cot taken down where I am, for Mr. Merrion? I'm afraid to be there alone in the dark. It's awful, all this . . . I'm sorry to be a nuisance, but I couldn't help any of it—and I'll just die of fear in this wilderness by myself." She was actually shivering as with ague.

Crashaw looked at her, then at Merrion. "Are you her lover?" he asked bluntly. His voice sounded as if lovers were something less than human.

"Not as yet." There were mockery, deprecation, innocence all mingled in Merrion's strange smile.

"Or ever—you beast!" she shrieked at him suddenly.

Crashaw indulged in a gesture which was rather a disturbance of shoulder muscles than a shrug. "It's nothing to me. I'll have another cot moved down. It'll be narrow quarters, but that's your lookout . . . Mrs. Dicey."

I saw Conrad Merrion considering. He had turned from the others and did his deciding in private—not realizing I was there, opposite. Little impulses chased one another across his features, visible reflections of his course of thought. He wouldn't—he would. There was private triumph in the smile he quenched as he turned to them. "Very well, Stella, I'll come. If Mr. Crashaw would give me a pistol, it might be well."

Crashaw shook his head. "I use no firearms when they're unnecessary. There's neither beast nor human on Palamú to touch you—not in my compound." He strode off to give an order about the extra cot. I saw it, heaped with bedding, mosquito-nets, and Merrion's borrowings, preceding the couple down the hard coral path. Crashaw did not accompany the procession. As a guest, I had to take leave, and this I did when we were left alone.

"It's a queer business, young Wilton," Crashaw said. Had he not used my

name, I should not have known that he was addressing me, for he was looking lazily elsewhere. "I hope the husband will turn up—if there is a husband. There's no room for waifs on Palamú. Good-night." He went inside, and I was left to digest his tactful farewell.

I have hinted that I was not often invited to be Crashaw's guest; and the advent of the motor boat made no difference. Indeed, he kept me busier than usual, I thought, about the copra sheds. Merrion, I inevitably ran into often, for he could be caged in no compound; but I suspected, after a fortnight, that Merrion avoided me. He grew very intimate with the storekeeper, Manoel, and I would sometimes see them colloquing privately at the back of the warehouse with a bottle of square-face. Mrs. Dicey kept herself to herself, as the colloquialism goes, and except for an occasional turning over of all Manoel's stock in trade, she seldom appeared in Palamú town. I heard that, what with hammocks and curtains and a parrot in a cage, she had made the shack fairly comfortable, and that she spent a large part of her time turning Manoel's muslins and calicoes into clothing for herself. I suggested a picnic once to Merrion, but he shook his head. "I'll come with pleasure, but nothing will persuade Stella that there's anything up these heavenly ravines but snakes and vermin. She won't even go to the nearest pool to bathe."

"Does she use Crashaw's shower then?" I asked sarcastically.

Merrion smiled, with a twist. "He's never offered it. No, she doesn't wash, except in a basin. Has a native woman come in and use oils and herbs on her. They can massage anything out of you—except dirt. I don't know about that."

From that speech, and that only, I gathered that Merrion's suit (for all he shared her house) had not gone well. I had known, as well as I ever want to know anything, that when he agreed to protect her he had hoped for compensa-

tion. If he jeered at her abstention from the pool, it was because she had kept what she would have called her virtue. In the surrounding mystery of Palamú—its whichness and whyness and howness, set, alone and tiny, in the immense desolation of ocean—the few things you could know, you knew with extreme clearness. Yet the island, its philosophy, its overlord, its destiny, still seem to me one of the real secrets of the planet.

In a few weeks there was work, even for me, for a schooner was due to come in for copra, and there was a fury of gathering, breaking, and drying; and Crashaw did not scruple to use me for any job where hands were needed. I staggered under the sun, where the piles grew, and at twilight was too tired for anything but hasty eating and loglike sleep. When the schooner arrived, Crashaw, typically, dismissed me, for he liked to transact business quite alone. He had the condescension to tell me that the copra-boat would not serve my turn, but that he expected to speak of me to the skipper, who might, at some larger port in the copra area, prevail on another captain to call in at Palamú. A man, Killoran, was even mentioned as the definite recipient of the message. When Killoran heard Crashaw wanted him, he would come. I suspected that Crashaw had reasons for wishing to see Killoran himself; for I was hardly good enough to divert Pacific traffic. Anyhow, I was to wait for Killoran. It was Crashaw's opinion, I knew, that the more directly I made for main-traveled roads the better. I should be as badly off on the Solomons or the Carolines as on Palamú. I made it a point of pride to show no curiosity and to leave him to his dirty captains. Indeed, I indulged in ostentation: I went off by myself to the other end of the island on a three-day loaf. I had enough of the native speech to ask for food or shelter in any village, and I knew where were the high places which I must avoid.

I came back, after three days, quiet

in mind. Doubtless Crashaw did know best, and it was wise to wait for Killoran. Crashaw would have a real reason for shipping me wherever he decided to ship me. Moreover, he was ready to pay my way. I held no cards to justify me in trying to play my own game. The shade, the sunlight, the waterfalls, the fruits, the perfumes, the tender, naïve, dark gentry—all the benignity of the unspoiled, unmissioned tropic—soothed me, and I swung into Palamú town on the third afternoon, in a gay and gentle mood.

Yet, once back in my own tiny shack, I began to wonder. You could not see the smoke, the flaunting vines, the roof-thatches, the very pigs of the little port, without being aware at once of Crashaw, and wishing uneasily to know his state of mind. Some places depend, for their peace, on natural resources, some on religion, some on government, some on health, and some on gold; but Palamú took its weather only from that dark, imperturbable person. A one-man island: I'll say so! I did not have to ask for news: there was a message for me. I was to dine with Crashaw. So I smartened myself with clean linen and went to his house, for the sun was nearly spent, and you swallow your cocktails in the five minutes before the dark crashes down.

I found him alone on his porch and, for the first time in six months, he looked glad to see me. He even shook hands with me. "Killoran will soon be here for you, young Wilton," he said.

I tried to find some deprecating words of gratitude and all, but he checked me.

"No—no. He'll be late, perhaps, for I've sent word to him to stop by Papeete and fetch some fineries for Mrs. Dicey."

Evidently, in three days, he had come to regard Mrs. Dicey's needs more seriously than he had shown any earlier sign of doing. To be sure, it was a fortnight since I had seen her; but Merrion had given me no hint of Crashaw's regarding the girl (she was very young, Mrs.

Dicey) as anything but a pest. I tried not to smile, but the thought of what Killoran might buy curled my lips in spite of me. I think Crashaw noticed the quiver.

"She made a list, and I've sent it to Killoran. There'll be French dresses and shoes, anyhow, in Papeete."

I felt fogged. There had, clearly, been a shift of values in my absence. "Why didn't you send Merrion to shop for her? He'd probably do as well as she would herself."

"Merrion left with the copra."

"Merrion?" I stammered. "But where is *he* going?"

"Ask those that know. He did his dealing at night—through Manoel, probably. Anyhow, he got off in secret. He must have had cash on him he never told about, for Shedd would never have taken him for charity, and Manoel's a good go-between, I don't doubt, but he's no money-lender. Merrion's left Mrs. Dicey high and dry, and there's no one except me to fend for the woman."

"I always thought he was a bad one," I murmured.

"So she says."

"And"—I ventured much—"there may be no harm in her, but I wouldn't trust her too far. She's no truth-teller, I imagine."

"Women are not notable for truth-telling, young Wilton—or men, either. I'd trust Killoran as far as any man I know. But best trust no one."

Perhaps Crashaw's unwonted frankness went to my head, for I had never before had man-to-man speech with him. I probed further into the situation. "What does she do down there, timid as she is? Do you want me to go and sleep on her porch?" Indeed, my chief memory of Stella Dicey was her clear terror of tropic fauna and flora. The mere metallic rustling of a royal palm would set her shivering if she was alone.

"There's no need for you to bother yourself with Mrs. Dicey. She's in my house and under my protection."

I bowed. So that was it! And Mer-

tion had flown—in a jealous rage, perhaps? Crashaw's next words, however, did not bear that out.

"While Merrion was there I didn't interfere. In spite of their mysteries, I thought they might be lovers. But she must have stood him off. I believe she *has* a husband and a yacht—though I doubt if she ever sees them again. She doesn't appear to miss Merrion—not since I told her she could come up here."

The cocktails were now shaken up; and walking to the house door, he pushed back the beaded curtain and called, "Mrs. Dicey! We're waiting for you."

Stella Dicey emerged and shook hands with me—the gesture of a hostess, I said ironically to myself, for she had never in her life, until now, saluted me in any way. She looked very pretty, in some pink thing she had fashioned straightly out of one of Manoel's bolts of muslin, and her feet in their straw sandals were beautifully arched.

Crashaw lifted his eyebrows. The scar twitched a little. "Sorry, Mrs. Dicey . . . I thought I sent you word of a guest in time for you to dress."

"I've only one real dress—the one I came in. And those slippers shrank with the wet. They hurt."

"You don't have to walk far in them now," he reminded her. "You look very charming—but too much on the native side. However, I am sure Mr. Wilton will excuse you this once."

He had evidently, in spite of his magnanimous, unprecedented gesture of giving her house-room, placed her where he had long since placed the rest of us—at his orders.

"I shall feel less unconventional," he went on, with a hard smile, "if we try to keep up some of the decencies. I've never had a woman in my house before, and such formalities as we can manage, I think we had better adopt. When Killoran arrives, he ought to bring some clothes for you."

We drank our cocktails, Mrs. Dicey shuffling her lovely feet uncomfortably as if to keep them from being clearly

seen. Crashaw's words had got under her skin, evidently. Two cocktails gave her courage, for the blood came back beneath her cheek to blend with the rouge, and she began to talk.

"It is unconventional for me to be here, Mr. Wilton, but if I had stayed in the shack, I'd have been dead from fear. I saw the biggest spider, the very last day . . . Silly of me, I know, but I always have been the timidiest thing." She offered her timidity as a grace to offset the pink shroud of a dress, the native sandals.

"I told you you could have Kané to sleep there," Crashaw reminded her.

"Oh, but a native—and only a woman."

"Any native woman can take care of a spider."

"It's queer"—she chattered on, brisked up by the liquor—"how hard it is for one woman to trust another. It's natural for us to be taken care of by a man."

Crashaw did not smile, nor did I. You saw that she meant what she said. The fact that two men, within recent weeks, had pointedly refused to take care of her made no difference in her lovely, empty smile. Crashaw was taking care of her at present, wasn't he? There is a virtue which is as loose, as promiscuous, as vice; and Stella Dicey had it. I had met Stella Dicey before, far away, clothed in other flesh, and had suffered from her. I tell you, I recognized the mixture at once, though my Stella had been dark-haired and older. That first night, when I saw Mrs. Dicey's mouselike hands, furtive, quick, and petty, I knew that the creature had risen before me again. I could have fallen for her easily enough had not my unhealed stripes throbbed a warning. Women like Stella Dicey are promiscuous, since they see none but a cash difference between man and man. They make no real choices; they have no taste. I have put this in because you won't understand my account of things unless you know that I despised her, and

why. You can, of course, accuse me of anything you like.

It was clear to me then, and on other evenings when I joined them, that she was doing her best to charm Crashaw and, so far, boring him to death. He didn't see her, all day, I make out, but had to dine with her, and couldn't endure a tête-à-tête. And yet—do I really know? Would he have taken her into his house at all, broken his sacred habit, if he hadn't responded faintly to the lure of her? She was perfectly safe in the shack, and Crashaw wasn't the man to bother about the terrors of safe people. After that night she always wore the orchid dress and silver slippers, and Crashaw used to sit staring, not at her face, but at her body and feet. I thought she had the value of a mannequin, for him—all civilization expressed in a woman's evening attire. Yet, hang it, he could have afforded, I believe, to live on his income in any capital of the world, and watch the whole damn aviary! He had money enough to turn his sword-cut into a grace. Then the thought of Crashaw anywhere else would, in the instant of its birth, destroy itself. He was Palamú, as the king used to be "England." There couldn't be any Crashaw without Palamú, or any Palamú without Crashaw. It was no longer a choice; it was an indestructible fact. Every palm tree and waterfall and hibiscus on that darned island was just another way of saying "Crashaw." You don't give up a destiny like that; it is intertwined with your very being.

I had just one talk with Mrs. Dicey, on a day when I went seeking Crashaw on business and found him absent and her alone. Instead of withdrawing, she welcomed me to the verandah, sent for drinks, and indicated Crashaw's own pet chair.

I was uneasy at first, for I didn't know what she wanted of me. It seemed, however, that she could take thought for the morrow, like anyone else.

"Mr. Wilton, do boats ever come here?"

"Copra boats. Like what Merriion left on."

"Boats *I* could leave on, I mean."

"I've been here some months, and there has been, as yet, no boat for me," I answered. "Perhaps you could bribe this Killoran man when he turns up with your trousseau from Papeete."

She smiled a little—and she was good to look at, if you demanded no assurances save of the flesh.

"What I want to ask you"—she bent forward and turned on (forgive the correct mechanical phrase) all her physical charm—"is whether you, knowing Mr. Crashaw, think there's any chance of his helping me to get home—will he give me money, and tell some dreadful ship-person to take me somewhere? I haven't a cent, myself."

"Neither have I." I considered. "Frankly, Mrs. Dicey, you must, by this time, know Crashaw better than I do. You've seen more of him than I ever have. He'll do what he damn pleases—and how should I know what he'll damn please to do about you? Does he like you?"

Her doubt was pitiful. "I don't know. He never said so. But he wouldn't have let me come up here to stay if he'd hated me, would he?"

Privately, I agreed—yet you couldn't be sure. "He's human. If he thought you were going to faint from fear down there, he might, out of kindness."

"I wish I knew." She was almost fretful.

There it was. I suppose it was the first time in her life that a man had failed to disclose his intimate personal feeling for her. She had been turned down—shed like refuse; and she had been desired: she had never before, I imagine, met a manner that left her in doubt. I should guess that she had never had, or wanted, friendliness from a man.

"Have you asked him to help you get off?"

A makeshift handkerchief came out, and she began almost to whimper. "I don't dare ask him anything. He frightens me! I thought perhaps you could tell me something about him."

"Not a thing," I replied smartly. "I have never even been inside his house."

The big blue eyes opened. "Really? Well, there's nothing there. Would you like to see?" She half rose to conduct me.

"I will wait until Mr. Crashaw invites me, thank you." Did she think I was going to ally myself with her by doing little, spying things?

"There's a bath, and three bedrooms, and a living room he uses in the rainy season. The boys sleep in the kitchen wing beyond the passage." She *would* inform me.

"Thanks. I don't even care to know. . . . You'll have to ask Crashaw, straight, what he'll do for you."

She eyed me queerly, and I began to see. She was not only afraid enough of Crashaw not to want to ask him for anything he hadn't offered—except as stark immediate fear of a spider might set her yammering; she didn't care to imply that she desired to get away from him. After all, he might be the only man left to her. I followed up my suspicion.

"Do you think there's any chance of your husband's coming back to look for you, Mrs. Dicey?"

"He'd come unless his mind was really poisoned against me. He'd never have done this if he hadn't been drunk—and Hawkins talked to him. But of course the longer it lasts, the more he'll think Conrad and I eloped, and when he gets home he'll get a divorce, just as Conrad said. How can I get my alimony if I'm not there to fight it?"

I began to be almost sorry for her. Naturally, she would have to have alimony, until she acquired another man. But alimony sounded ridiculous on Palamú, even to me, and I couldn't imagine it would move Crashaw an inch. Of course this poor weak thing must

think of her poor weak future. Yet to think of your future, on Palamú, was a difficult business, as I well knew.

"I can only suggest that you ask Mr. Crashaw. He must have something in the back of his mind. Try to find out what it is."

I got up to go. She wouldn't ask Crashaw, I knew. Not having anything very promising to go home to, she wouldn't beg him to send her. Crashaw himself might be the only chance she had. What she really wanted was that I should ask Crashaw. Well, I'd be hanged if I would. I didn't even ask him about myself.

All this Crashaw stuff may sound foolish to you. You'll have to take my word for it. He had life and death power, in fact; and, more than that, he was the biggest moral phenomenon in sight. He was so secret and so calm. Crashaw, I believe, was not much taller than I myself, but I always think of him as a giant. That shows you, a little.

Less than ever did I wish to be dragged into it, now that Mrs. Dicey had talked to me. I was afraid that she would somehow put me in the position of questioning Crashaw—elicit some remark that sounded as if I wanted to know his intention with regard to her. I took the liberty of refusing Crashaw's subsequent invitations to dine—I could, as they came by messenger. I didn't wish to be made to seem a knight of Stella Dicey's; and she could give one that look very easily, with all her little female tricks.

Then one day Crashaw raided my place in person. "What's struck you, young Wilton, that you'll never come to the house any more?" he began, in my doorway. I felt immediately that I had been insubordinate. (Craven? Well, when you owe a man your means of subsistence, your silly life itself, how do you manage not to feel inferior? He could have made me a cadging beach-comber by lifting a finger. There wasn't a native on the island who would

have touched a man Crashaw had tabooed.)

I muttered something about feeling *de trop*, thanks all the same.

"*De trop?*" Crashaw wrinkled his sword-cut in a laugh. "Do you think Mrs. Dicey and I have much to say to each other? Or are you sulking?"

"There's nothing for me to sulk over, as far as I know."

"Glad to hear it." He gave me an odd look. "Then I'll expect you—a little before cocktail time, by the way. I think you've never seen my house. Killoran ought to turn up any day now, and it may be possible to send you off very soon."

"Are you going to send Mrs. Dicey off with him, too?"

Crashaw laughed again, that rare laugh of his that held mirth but somehow never shared it with anyone else. "Let her elope with you? My dear young man, what would you do with her? If she wants to go with you, I'll see what can be done—but I don't think she's quite so foolish as that."

"I loathe her," I said curtly. "But even I can see that Palamú is no place for her."

"Palamú is a good enough place for anyone if I choose to make it so," he informed me.

He spoke like Prospero; yet I didn't doubt his veracity. A queer kind of loyalty brought out my next words. "If you'll excuse my speaking so about a friend of yours, Mr. Crashaw, I mean that she's not good enough for Palamú. Whatever there is here she's incapable of liking or understanding."

"I don't doubt you're right, young Wilton. But I don't find myself much interested in the range of her understanding. You mustn't ask too much of primitive people. Mrs. Dicey's as backward as Kané. Before sundown, then. . . ." His shadow grew long across my little pathway.

When I reached Crashaw's place, Mrs. Dicey was outside, sitting beneath a banana clump with some sewing.

She wore the orchid dress and the silver slippers, I noticed. Crashaw called to me from the house, and I entered. I was not without curiosity as to what he had made of his island habitation, but he gave me little time to look at his furniture. He showed the place like a hurried house-agent. "Bathroom, extra bedroom, Mrs. Dicey's room, my room"—he led me quickly from one to the other. On the threshold of his own room he stopped and pushed aside a beaded bamboo curtain that I might look within. I saw what he had wanted me to see: some garments of Mrs. Dicey's on a chair, her vanity case on a dressing table. That was that. We went out to the verandah for our cocktails. I remember resenting the fact that never, in all these months, had he offered to lend me any of the books in his living room—and now it was too late. But I couldn't exactly resent the way he had chosen to inform me of their relations: how else, after all, could he have done it better?

That knowledge made a difference, yet I had not to show the difference, of course. The difference, I may say, was not in Crashaw, secret and imperturbable as ever. As for Mrs. Dicey, her changed status, as far as I could see, had given her neither confidence nor joy. She was evidently still baffled by Crashaw; had acquired no conscious empire over him. In love? Well, if you ask me, a woman like Mrs. Dicey never *is* in love. I decided he was not personally antipathetic to her, for there was no hint of aversion in any motion or tone of hers. Of course she must have pleased him, after some fashion, or this would never have come about. As I've remarked before, he wasn't a man to be enslaved by his appetites; if they had come to this conclusion, the two of them, it had not been, I felt sure, by reason of violence.

All the same, it wasn't a pleasant party for me, and I was glad when Mrs. Dicey left us and went in. The odor of frangipani flowed into every cranny of

the moonlit dark—Crashaw had extinguished the lamps when the moon rose—and I began to feel, as I always did, alone in the scented night, the reality and rightness of Palamú. The populous sunlight was different. Crashaw was smoking a cigarette that barely impinged on the surrounding perfumes. I wriggled in my chair. I must go, before he sent me, yet, just once, I wanted to speak to him with my head up. I never had. I probably shouldn't have then if my days on Palamú had not been, by his own admission, numbered. There was another world—not so good, perhaps—and in it people sometimes spoke their minds. Since he wanted me to know the facts, he couldn't resent my comment. I pulled myself up to it.

"Before I go, Mr. Crashaw . . . It's none of my business, and I don't know why you've dragged me into it even as much as this. But since you did, may I ask if you are going to marry Mrs. Dicey?"

He stretched back farther in his deep chair, and it creaked. "I can't marry her. She has a husband."

"Who will presently divorce her, I take it?"

"I dare say. But it would be rather difficult for me to ascertain, wouldn't it?"

"Not in the least." And, as he emitted an interrogative grunt, I went on, "I know nothing of your affairs except that you must be in communication with people in big places. It's not difficult for you to find out anything—it only means time."

"Quite so. But it would mean putting machinery in motion—I don't know that it's worth it."

"Surely she will want to know what her position is?"

"Do you think so?" The voice was deep, but careless.

"None of my business," I mumbled again, "but the lady can't stay forever on Palamú. She'd go raving crazy. Her kind belongs where there are shop windows and movie theaters and cabarets.

She—she's not good enough for you, Mr. Crashaw."

I suppose all that queer, disappointed loyalty of mine lurked in my voice, for he chuckled a little. "Then I'd certainly better not marry her, had I?"

There was no getting at him. I sighed. Yet I wanted to warn him (me, warning Crashaw!) that the end of infatuation comes soon. And you can't put people on the doorstep in Palamú. I rose.

"It's not my business," I repeated once more. "But I know what she is like. The towns are full of them, not worth their keep. She'll whine, all over the place, and some day you'll kill her, to quiet her."

Crashaw laughed slowly in the dark. "So you think me a violent man, do you, young Wilton?"

"No." I started down the steps. "But a man Stella Dicey couldn't appreciate to her dying day. And a man who could be maddened by being isolated, intimately, with sheer vulgarity."

"You have quite a vocabulary"—he did not rise, and the voice followed me down the coral path—"but this matter won't be settled by phrases."

"That's just what I'm afraid of," I retorted, from my safe distance. Unpursued by a reply, I drifted into the night.

I stayed away from the big compound during the next days, and Crashaw did not raid my quarters again. For some reason, he had wanted me to know of their relations; I knew; he had no further use for me. Killoran did not come; but you know how it is when you are scheduled for departure: you can't settle down to the old, tranquil rhythm. I hung about the port, those days, looking for Killoran's schooner. I talked with Manoel and other notables of Palamú town. I sat on the pier and kicked my heels. I didn't dare go off into the bush, for fear my boat should come. In the course of my loafing, I learned that Crashaw's new household arrangements were perfectly well known. His serv-

ants had talked, I suppose. Crashaw was not the man to forbid them. What he wanted to keep secret, he saw to it that no one knew. I took what Manoel told me as news—news that did not interest me. However ill I might think of Mrs. Dicey, I wasn't going to gossip with a half-caste about her—as I gathered Merrion, earlier, had done.

After five days of this loafing existence, it came. "It"? Well, the crash. Fate doesn't go on temporizing forever. Something always happens—eventually.

It is queer that the only thrills I ever had on Palamú (I was too weak to be thrilled by having my life saved) came to me from Steve Dicey, whom I never saw. First, the sight of his motor boat, beached by Merrion; then, weeks and weeks later, as I emerged from the palm groves after a walk, the vision of the *Idalia* herself. With my own eyes I saw her riding at anchor beyond the native outriggers and all the sprawling, palm-infested beach life, and a white dinghy drawn up to the rickety fishing-pier. The rowers were defending it, in friendly fashion, against welcoming Palamúans. I made my way to Manoel's, and found him serving a gin fizz to a man in the yacht's uniform.

"Mr. Wilton, he know Crashaw," Manoel vouchsafed, and the man squared round to look at me.

"Say, is Mrs. Steve Dicey on this island?"

"There is a lady here who calls herself that."

"What do you know about that?" He sank his ferret face into the tall glass. "We ran across Mr. Merrion in Raratonga, and he said she was here. They did a bunk together somewhere in these parts. I don't know what Merrion told the boss, but he's come looking for her. And you say she is here? Well, that beats everything. Never supposed Merrion would tell the truth—about anything."

He cocked his empty glass forward with an insinuating gesture, and Manoel replenished it.

"Any Mrs. Crashaw up there?" he asked me; and I did not like the manners of this officer of the *Idalia*. This might, it occurred to me, be "the beast Hawkins."

"There is no Mrs. Crashaw. Mr. Crashaw is the only white man on the island" (hard on Manoel, but I had to say it) "except me, and I'm here only temporarily, by accident. He owns the whole place, and is the only person who can give aid and comfort to a castaway. As far as I know, Mrs. Dicey is the only white woman who has ever set foot on Palamú. When the *Idalia* abandoned her and Merrion, they were in luck to hit a place where they'd be kindly treated. Merrion lit out one night on a copra boat, no one knows why. Mrs. Dicey has had a pretty raw deal."

His sharp, narrow face puffed visibly with the dirty words he was prepared to exhale upon me, but I turned on my heel and took my leave. This person had evidently just arrived at Manoel's place, but Manoel's eyes had a greasy glitter, and I was afraid Dicey himself, preceding this creature, had had more chance . . . I didn't go to Crashaw's house, where I certainly would not be wanted. Instead, I made my way to the other side of the little bay, where the *Idalia's* motor boat still rested under its neat bamboo shelter. I sank down tailor-fashion on the sand, my head against its side. Sooner or later, someone would come for that motor boat.

So the story had been true: there *was* an *Idalia*, vehicle of destiny for at least four people. Dicey had sobered, in time (a long time); enough to believe Merrion when he met him in Raratonga. I could imagine the terms in which Merrion had sworn. . . . And the poor little cat just hadn't waited long enough. Who would have dreamed the two men would meet? And if they hadn't, her husband would never have come scurrying back for her. Merrion had undoubtedly cashed in heavily, off there in Raratonga, on his own innocence. I found myself hoping, positively, that

she'd be able to bluff it through. If prayer is the soul's sincere desire, I prayed that Mrs. Dicey might convince her husband. Then she and Crashaw, both, could resume their natural destinies.

The man Hawkins (of course he may not have been Hawkins) came for the boat, in a great hurry, about sunset. Two natives ran behind him, carrying petrol. He squared his shoulders truculently when he saw me. "Here, here, get away from that boat. Have you been tampering with it?"

"I haven't touched it. Mr. Crashaw has had it kept in excellent order—and built a shelter for it, as you can see."

"He probably expected to keep it—along with her." The ferret eyes grew foul. "But it belongs to the *Idalia*, and I'm taking it back there—*pronto*." He had the boys shove it into the water (the tank had now been filled) and he gave the little engine a turn or two.

"I suppose you'll take this back for Mrs. Dicey. Keep straight out for sixty feet and you'll get draught enough. Then you can take it in to the pier."

He straightened and wiped his hands. "Where do you get that? The boss has gone back in the dinghy. You didn't suppose he would take her away from the man who's keeping her, did you?"

"Didn't he come to take her away?"

"More fool he. Merrion pitched him some kind of a yarn. But she's living with the man who owns this——island, ain't she? Well, he's welcome to his——as far as we're concerned. That's all. I'll trouble you to get out of the way while I start her up."

"Look here!" I shouted—for he was starting the boat. "Your boss is a swine if he's gone off and left that poor thing a second time. If she never listened to Merrion, do you suppose——"

I didn't have to finish my sentence, for the rat was crouched over his wheel, making out into the bay.

Less than ever would I be wanted at Crashaw's, but I ran straight for the

compound, notwithstanding, and entered as surely and swiftly as if I had been sent for. Dinner was laid—but uneaten—on the big verandah, and the cock-tails stood warm in the glasses. Crashaw sat heavily hunched in a big wicker chair, his back towards me. He did not speak to me, and I realized that he was unaware of my presence. I edged into the shadow by the steps, wondering whether or not to give a sign.

Somewhere inside an hysterical woman was pacing the floor and now and then raising her voice to reach that figure on the porch. Weeping, weeping—and then a wild, weak complaint. "Why couldn't you lie to Steve?" Tears, and an uncontrolled gagging in the throat. . . .

"When I got here, it was too late to lie. He had pushed his way into my house. Your own face was enough, for that matter. Did you lie to him?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, he didn't believe you. Small blame to him. If ever anyone looked like a guilty woman, it was you."

"I'm *not* a guilty woman." More sobs.

"No . . . But you looked it. He had probably heard gossip before he got up here. And—he saw the room."

"You could have explained to him . . ." She choked, and went on. "I came to you because I was afraid. That horrible thing across the mat . . . My God, people can die from centipede bites!"

"I killed the centipede."

"How was I to know there weren't more of them?"

"Did I not search every corner of the house?"

She wailed, within, but did not deny. "A gentleman . . ." I heard the vicious strangle with which the words came out.

"Very few gentlemen would have refused a charming woman who pleaded so to be taken." He spoke with as little irony as if he had been pronouncing a mathematical formula.

"I was afraid to stay alone."

"I could have sat up all night outside your door, had it been necessary."

Anger evidently dried her tears for a moment. She spoke quite clearly now, within the curtain, "You never offered to."

"No. I didn't. It wouldn't have been courteous. For you made it quite clear what you considered the only adequate protection against centipedes."

Her voice broke again. "I can't think what made me—I was mad with fear. . . . I've always been a good woman. . . . I stood Conrad off, over and over."

His voice grew suddenly tired. "Woman, woman, why not admit that you kept your virtue until the odds were too great? I'm not blaming you, you poor thing, for seducing me, am I?"

"Seducing you? Oh—oh!" Stella Dicey had evidently never heard such terrible words before.

"I don't know what else you'd call it. You—" he recited to her, in brief phrases, what her procedure had been. She began to cry frankly again. Still I lingered there, unable to move, with the untasted meal in the fringe of my vision.

"Perhaps you think I like having my life interfered with by a centipede that arrived ten days too soon," he went on coolly. "But there's no use crying over spilt milk. Dicey's gone, and he won't come back."

"He'll divorce me."

"Certainly. But meanwhile Killoran is bringing you all the loot of Papeete. Try to cheer up."

The curtains clinked, and she came almost into the verandah—not quite, because (I suspected, that is) she was a tear-sodden wreck.

"When I'm free will you take me to Papeete and marry me?"

Crashaw rose and drank a warm cocktail, then stretched his arms. I moved farther back into the deep shadow of the bougainvilleas.

"I am not a social animal, Stella.

But I won't sink to the shabbiness of a husband. When I send you away, I'll at least give you money for the trip."

Was there anything in Stella Dicey, I wondered, holding my breath beneath the verandah rail, that could distinguish between strength and rottenness? I waited, to learn.

"You've taken away my good name forever, you've—"

He cut her short. "Tell that to the Pacific Ocean, Stella! It never heard of your good name."

"Everybody on Palamú will know, now, that Steve has been and gone."

Crashaw suddenly laughed aloud, not unkindly, but with that unsharing mirth of his. "Palamú will take you up a mountain and make magic over you and bring you down a goddess, if I say so, Stella. If you had had eyes in your head, you'd have known, weeks ago, that there's no public opinion on Palamú." I thought of Manoel, but Crashaw himself forestalled my thought. "They know you're my mistress—and what of it? It only means that you're much more important than you were before. There's no Palamú column in the Hong Kong papers."

A strange comment came from within the house. "If I stay here with you it will only be because I consider myself your wife in the sight of God."

"Make it out with your God as you choose. Of course, I don't know what He's been thinking these last ten days. But it's none of my business. However, I'm glad you don't intend to sulk. If you sulked, I should have to go off on a cruise with Killoran and leave you here alone."

He sat down at the table then and placed some food before himself. "Are you going to eat any dinner? No? Then I advise you to go to bed and sleep. You've had a trying afternoon."

No sound of motion came from within the house, and presently he called into that stillness. "Without vanity, Stella, I'm a better man than Steve Dicey. And for ten days you've been telling me

so." I heard a soft slow sound of withdrawal. She had no retort. Crashaw was left, save for the unknown eavesdropper, quite alone.

I don't defend my eavesdropping, yet I don't particularly regret it. What harm could it do Crashaw? It was accident at first, and later I could not have revealed my presence. Now, he must never know. So I stood there, cramped and aching, until finally a boy came to clear the table, and he rose and went within. I saw him light a lamp and sit down with a book. When he at last settled down to steady page-turning, I departed with infinite care.

Two days after, Killoran came. I never saw Stella Dicey again. After Killoran's cargo was carried to Crashaw's house—the boys were rushed on that job—the lord of Palamú bent all his efforts to getting Killoran off again. I did not hear their talk, but I had orders to be ready, at a moment's notice, to leave.

Crashaw came down to see me off and to receive, inevitably, my thanks. My gratitude had to cover a period of six months, as well as the immediate future, which he was financing, and it was difficult to phrase. He stopped me with a wave of the hand.

It would have been impossible for me not to speak of Mrs. Dicey—Crashaw himself would have had to think it strange. But what to say, knowing what I knew—and his not knowing that I knew it?

"I hear Mrs. Dicey's husband came—and went. I didn't see him, but I saw his boat. She is still here."

"Yes?" The question mark in the voice put it up to me again.

"Nothing you want me to do in that connection, when I get home?"

Crashaw frowned. "What in the name of heaven could you find to do?"

"I might let you know whether he has got his divorce."

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "Young Wilton, if you break the peace of Palamú with mails and such"—he

took his hand away—"I shall regret that I ever saved you from the sharks. Better a foul death than such impudence as that."

I was leaving Palamú forever, in a matter of minutes, so I spoke without fear. "I wish to do nothing whatever except to serve you. As for impudence—I cannot help knowing what has happened here."

"Mrs. Dicey, from first to last, has done as she chose, on Palamú. If she had dreamed that sot would come after her, she might have chosen differently. But mistaking the future happens to us all."

I hung my head. The boys were waiting, paddles poised, to row me out to the schooner. I must be off—yet it had to come out. "If I thought she was worthy of you, fit for you, I can see Palamú might be paradise. But—" I looked up straight into his grim smile.

"Will you stop worrying about me, young Wilton? There is no paradise—here or hereafter. But Palamú is, and will be, what I choose to make it. What the lady wants of a man is easily given: I am quite sufficient to it. What I want of a woman is so little that there is no room for disappointment. If you want my assurance that she won't be allowed to suffer—she won't. Will that satisfy you?"

I flung back my head. "No! I want some assurance that she'll never make you suffer."

He looked positively helpless for an instant. "You damned young fool . . . Thank God you're leaving. Into the boat with you! She hasn't it in her power to make me suffer. Get that into your silly schoolboy noddle, or I'll tell Killoran to shove you overboard, the first dark night. There's really no tragedy here, young chap—except that she got scared out of her wits once by a centipede. I killed the centipede. But somehow that wasn't enough for her. Damn you, do I have to tell a worthless young cub who can't even dry copra properly, that she flung herself at me

... after she knew she was safe?"

"And then the *Idalia* did come," I muttered, as I turned my back. I might not care, but there was irony enough in it.

"And then the *Idalia* did come," he agreed. "But, centipede or no centipede, she wouldn't have lasted ten days more. Her fear goes deeper than centipedes, young man. She's afraid to sleep alone."

I got into the boat then and seated myself. "And you pitied her," I flung, from that safe refuge.

"I don't pity people, but I try to grant reasonable requests. The world goes better so."

We could not, at the last, shake hands, for the boat was already rocking away from the pier, though no paddles would

be dipped until Crashaw gave the sign. "She'll make you miserable, yet," I called, over wreathed Palamúan heads.

His head went back as he laughed aloud, full to the throat, it seemed, with the volume of his mirth. "When I feel that coming on, I'll ship her to you, with a dowry. Perhaps then you'll stop worrying."

He waved his hand for a signal, then turned his back and strode off. The regular swing of the paddles brought me quickly to the schooner. I watched him, all the way, but he never looked back. Of Palamú, with the eternally closed lips, I have never, since, heard a word. I do not even know, on my own side of the world, whether Steve Dicey got his divorce.

LONELINESS

BY EDWARD SNELSON

WHEN I think of the things I may not know,
 Strange tongues, and shores that I shall never see,
 And life's long puzzling flow
 That tells me nothing, and the strange eternity
 That sets me free:

And more than these, when I think how the deep
 Long struggle of mankind brings us to die,
 Yet after winter sleep
 The Spring comes stifling in our desolate sky
 Her speechless cry:

And when I look into man's little store
 Of knowledge and his vast uncertainty,
 And see his deepest lore
 Lost in the world and sounding fruitlessly
 Life's deeper sea:

Then am I lone indeed, and see all men
 The same, all comrades in a blank distress
 Ready to help, but then
 Snatched out into the dark, whose secretness
 No man can guess.



THE DUTIFUL AND DAMNED

A PLEA FOR THE MIDDLE GENERATION

BY ELMER DAVIS

EARNEST persons who worry about what they read in the papers have had plenty to keep them busy of late. Law enforcement, the tariff, war debts, the argument as to whether the farmer should be relieved or abolished—any one of these might reasonably cause a good deal of head-shaking among those who Take the Longer View, even if their faith is so strong that they have not yet begun to wonder what has become of the abolition of poverty which was so positively promised last fall. But as an offset to any clouds that may overshadow the future, consider this ray of light—we no longer hear much about the shortcomings of the younger generation.

Only a few years ago, viewing the younger generation with alarm was one of our foremost national sports. Any professional moralist could earn half a column in any paper by a little exhortation of hip flasks, petting parties, short skirts, and bobbed hair. When a church conference assembled in those days you could be fairly sure that, after passing a resolution proclaiming the Volstead Act a great success, and a second resolution denouncing the widespread violation of the Volstead Act which was undermining the republic, the brethren would settle back comfortably to listen to a good hot sermon about the misdeeds of the boys and girls. But that item is likely to be missing from the program to-day.

Why? Well, it would be gratifying to believe either that the boys and girls are behaving better or that the moral-

ists have acquired a higher flash point and no longer explode on such slight provocation. The first of these may very well be true. Most of my acquaintances are over thirty-five years old or under ten; but I hear from those who are more familiar with the intermediate age groups that the younger generation of these times shows an inclination to modified forms of earnestness. But I am afraid that any hope that the moralists are cooling off would be illusory. Some of them are not saying much just now because they wore out their vocal cords last year, denouncing Al Smith and the Pope; but plenty of others are still in eruption. Only, they say little now about the young people; their fulminations are aimed at the generation that is just breaking forty, the generation to which I happen to belong. And that is not fair. We served our term of conscription as the objects of head-shaking and viewing with alarm fifteen or twenty years ago. Why must we go through it all again?

II

It is our misfortune, I venture to believe, rather than our fault. We happened to be born about twenty years before the history of manners turned a corner, and thirty-odd years before a certain psychological theory trickled out from the narrow circle of expert opinion and became part of the common belief. This is the view that environment counts for so much more than heredity that the way people behave is a consequence of

the training given them, and the example set, by their elders. It is no new idea by any means; it goes back at least as far as Jeremiah, who remarked that because the fathers had eaten sour grapes the children's teeth were set on edge. It may be right, it may be wrong. At any rate, it was out of favor when my generation was growing up; we happened to be the last of those who were blamed for their own shortcomings, and the first who had to take the responsibility for what was done by their successors. We have caught it coming and going; we are ground between the upper and the nether millstones.

Back in the administration of President Taft our elders said about us all the things that elders have been saying about youngers since the Stone Age—more, I suspect, than young people of to-day have had to listen to; for by now parents seem to have given up hope of being able to do much about it and are saving their breath, which is beginning to get short anyway in the course of nature. But in 1913 the older generation was still unlicked, and it was convinced that never in history had any older generation had such a set of young hellions to contend with.

That was not quite true, but it was intelligible; for 1913 marked the peak of a movement that had begun two or three years earlier. In those days a rising politician named Woodrow Wilson was beginning to talk about something he called the New Freedom. This particular movement was not what he was talking about; but it was a new freedom too, and possibly had greater consequences. For ages it had been an axiom that boys would be boys; but along about 1911 the girls suddenly decided, for the first time in several centuries, that they would be boys too.

The particular phenomenon which became known about 1913 as the Modern Girl was not appearing for the first time in history. She was described, in those days, by Owen Johnson and Robert W. Chambers, as she has been described

since by Michael Arlen and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But she had already been described in great detail, and in almost exactly the same likeness, by one P. Ovidius Naso two thousand years earlier. The girls with whom Ovid used to make dates at the Roman Circus would fit into any younger-generation novel from 1911 on to this day. She was described again in the *Arabian Nights*; for the conditions that produced her in New York and Chicago, London and Paris were the conditions that had produced her in previous ages in Rome and Bagdad, and no doubt in Alexandria and Babylon too. The Taft administration was not even the first appearance of the type on the modern scene; as long ago as 1904 Robert Herrick depicted what would have been called, twenty years later, a typical Scott Fitzgerald girl. But about 1911 the type suddenly began to occur in quantity, and it had a better chance to get around.

For about that time there was a great and sudden relaxation in manners, in the larger cities all over the world; it must have been stewing for a long time, but not till 1911 did it boil over. In terms of New York, it might be described as the period when the Bowery moved uptown; when respectable women, previously recognizable by their whereabouts, took to going out with their husbands (or other women's husbands) to cafés which husbands had previously visited alone; when what in those simpler days was called Vice moved out of its restricted district and began to check its wraps over the same counter that received the habiliments of virtue. In the old days, if your wife had a prurient curiosity to see Diamond Lil she had to go down to Gus's joint with a slumming party; but by 1913 she and Lil could be found at adjacent tables in the Plaisir de Paris Cabaret on Times Square, dressed alike and drinking alike. Girls who a few years earlier would have had to sip a glass of sherry at home if they wanted a drink between meals (assuming that well-brought-up girls would have any

such abhorrent and untimely appetite) could now go down town to drink stingers at Rector's or Forbidden Fruit at Bustanoby's; they could smoke at restaurant tables, which a few years earlier would have checked them off as Bad Women. And for the first time in a century, Sex became a permissible topic in mixed conversation. Young people of to-day may wonder what mixed company talked about before Sex was taken off the ice. The recollection eludes me. Possibly there was less talk; which would not have been such a bad idea.

So far as I can see, this Great Emancipation of 1911 to 1913 was the beginning of all that has happened since; for when the girls were once let out nobody ever got them penned up again. My generation had nothing to do with it, of course, except that we arrived just in time to receive it with open arms. If what the reverend clergy, and the professional head-shakers in general, said about us was true, we were a pretty tough lot. In fact we were rather tame, by post-war standards; but we were told that we were tough, and with a great and soul-filling joy we believed it; and before we had begun to get tired of thinking about our toughness the War came along and gave us something more urgent to think about.

Eventually the War was over, and we could go back to our old interests; but those of us who tried it discovered that something appalling had happened. We had become the Pre-War Generation, as antique and outmoded as Jonathan Edwards or Savonarola. The young people of 1920 lumped us with our elders who had lately been abusing us, and the elders no longer paid us the compliment of abuse. They simply ignored us and flung epithets past our heads at a new crop of young people who seemed better worth abusing. We felt the degradation rather keenly; but as by that time most of us were settled down in the suburbs, and more concerned about the baby's Grade A milk than about the bootlegger's Grade Z Scotch, we re-

signed ourselves to the march of events, went about our business, and forgot our ancient pretensions to iniquity.

III

But now that our children are growing up, the moralists once more deign to notice us. All the epithets that ricocheted off our tolerably thick heads when we were younger are coming back at us on the rebound, and hitting us where they hurt more. For somewhere in those lost years when the Younger Generation of 1913 was busy Making Good in a Big Way at the office or in the nursery some fiend in human form resurrected the theory that if there is anything wrong with the young people it is their elders' fault.

I wish they had known this in my younger days; but that was the age of old-fashioned individualism, when every man was supposed to stand on his own feet and take his own medicine. If the son of righteous parents cleaned out the cash drawer and eloped with his neighbor's wife, the righteous parents received the condolences of the community for the effort they had wasted on an ingrate wretch who had proved unworthy of a Christian home. When that happens now the head-shakers look hard at the parents and wonder what was the matter with the way they raised the boy. Twenty years from now society may have gone the whole length of logic, and decided, in such cases, to turn the boy over to a psychiatrist to be re-educated in a comfortable sanitarium, staffed with nurses pleasing to the eye; while the parents will be sent to jail for life on the charge of criminal mismanagement. That may be the right way to handle them; I am only contending that it is hard on us who were born about 1890 and came along just in time to absolve both our parents and our children from blame.

The Middle Generation was more humanely treated fifteen or twenty years ago. The most outstanding phe-

nomenon of the Great Emancipation was the revival of dancing. Till about 1911 dancing had been in the main a sport of limber youth; when you had begun to carry weight and your joints had stiffened a little, the waltz was apt to be too much for you. Then came what were called the new dances; they were ungainly and awkward enough, but they did have this advantage, that anyone could dance them. (The tango was an exception on both counts; a thing of beauty when done by experts, but possible to experts alone.) But anyone could manage the bunny hug, the turkey trot, and all the other maneuvers that eventually condensed and simplified themselves into the one-step. A fat lady of sixty, to be sure, looked rather ridiculous when she was dancing them; but she did not look much more ridiculous than her light-footed granddaughter. Before that time most people had laid away their youth in moth balls when the first baby was born; a renunciation which was not only respectable but almost inevitable. But in the Taft administration the Middle Generation came back to life. Men and women resumed dancing who had not danced for thirty years and, instead of confining their performances to formal evening parties, they became addicted to what were known as dancing teas, though if you ever saw anybody drinking tea at one of these affairs it was something to write home about.

The Middle Generation has been dancing and drinking ever since, in such time as it can spare from the prosaic but unavoidable occupation of making a living; and now the head-shakers begin to tell us that we are to blame for all the trouble. If the young people drink it is because they learned it at home; if they stay out all night they can put up the excuse that they have been touring the roadhouses in search of father and mother (or somebody else's mother). Whatever the young people do that anyone does not like is due to the evil example set by the Middle Generation.

If Willie or Geraldine, brimming with synthetic gin, assaults a traffic policeman, don't blame Willie or Geraldine. The culprit is the slightly stout, slightly bald gentleman who is sitting at his desk down town trying to figure out how he can meet the interest on the mortgage, the next installment on the car, and the income tax.

As I write, for instance, there comes to hand the pronouncement of a New York pastor, worthy of note not only because it is one out of many but because this particular clergyman happens to be known as, on the whole, a rather moderate and reasonable person. "Children," he says, "are to-day what children always have been." Not so we who are somewhat elder. "Instead of training the child in the way of his going, we are training him in the way of our going. The way of the child's going is the way of purity, faith, ideals, religion." (What has become of Adam's Fall, in which we sinned all, this eminent theologian does not explain; nor does he seem to know a great deal about children. But let that pass.) "We train our children," he says, "in the way of impurity, infidelity, and hypocrisy; we train them in the way of realism and irreligion."

I do not suppose that all of the reverend gentleman's clerical brethren would endorse his implication that realism and religion are incompatible; but most of them would agree with his view that the purity of the new generation has been contaminated by contact with those whited sepulchers who are their parents.

It may be so, but if it is so our elders, or some of them, must have set us a bad example in 1913. If they did, nobody abused them for it; in that more tolerant age it was generally held that it was a fine thing to see Father and Mother getting a second dose of youth. They might look slightly absurd as they waddled around the dance floor, but everybody gave them three cheers for trying; and nobody cheered more en-

IV

thusiastically than we who were then the Younger Generation, for we knew that when Father was on the party Father would take the check. That was supposed to be rather praiseworthy; the financial burden of entertainment was being lifted off the shoulders of the young people who were just making their start, and laid on shoulders which had got so used to burdens that one more did not matter.

Nowadays when we pay the check we set a bad example; but apparently nobody ever set a bad example to us. We must have been totally depraved by nature.

There is a difference, you may say: drinking to-day is an ingredient of crime; in 1913, if reprehensible, it was at least within the law. So it was, but that did not restrain the moralists of 1913. Whatever was being done was wrong, if you believed the moralists. Dancing was wrong, smoking was wrong; the ankle-length skirts that were slit up to the knee for convenience in dancing were just as wrong as the knee-length skirts that came along a decade later. Bobbed hair was unknown in 1913, so the moralists did not have that to preach about; but now that short hair is general, one hears of small towns where a girl who lets her hair grow is promptly set down as a bad woman.

No, the moralists we have always with us; and being abused by the moralists is something that every younger generation has had to endure in the past, as normal and inescapable a part of the painful process of growing up as high-school algebra and puppy love. If the incidence of blame has been shifted to the middle generation, being abused by the moralists is part of the normal human burden that every middle generation will assume hereafter. But I still do not see the fairness of loading a double burden on a generation whose only especial and extraordinary turpitude is that it happened to be born about ten years before the nineteenth century went out.

Well, what of it? Very little indeed, so far as the moralists are concerned. They shout, and if their bite were as bad as their bark they might make most of us extremely uncomfortable; but complainants against the intolerance, the censorship, the Puritanical repressions of American life commonly overlook the fact that most of this is taken out in talk. The greatest triumph of those who are, in current parlance, known as reformers was the Eighteenth Amendment; and persons who have been seriously discommoded by it do not seem to be very numerous. No, the excoriation from the pulpit and the platform could be ignored, perhaps even welcomed as something that tends to toughen the skin and promote a better sense of proportion in the victims of all these jeremiads. But some of us who are indifferent to the earthquake and fire of the shouting evangelist feel a little disquiet as we hear the still small voice of the educational psychologist. The business of the reformer after all is with the castigation, and if convenient the punishment, of what he regards as sin rather than with its prevention. If there were no sin there could be no reformers. But prevention is the business of the educator, and in his task of looking after the generation that is coming on, he is apt to make the generation that is moving toward the exit rather uncomfortable.

The purpose of education, said Mr. Mencken a year or two ago, is to set the young mind on a track and keep it running there. Mr. Mencken ought to know, for he has stayed on the same track for a long time, and very profitably; nevertheless, I venture to suspect that he is confusing two things. The purpose of school education, as anybody who has any contact with progressive schools must know, is to keep the young mind from getting on a track for as long as possible. What puts most of us on a track is the business which is somewhat comprehensively known as Life, and

specifically that part of it which is involved in making a living. That too is education, or ought to be, though inasmuch as most of us pass off the scene about the time we feel at last that we have begun to know something, it does not appear to be of any great practical use.

Most of us, at forty, are on a track, and there rarely seems much point in getting off. Running on a track cuts out some of the variety in the scenery you may observe as you go along; but you go farther, and get there sooner (wherever it is) and ride a little more smoothly. Whether your locomotive is a Mogul or only a switch engine, it will do better on the rails than if it set out across country. Granted that the moralists who say your track leads straight to the everlasting bonfire have a chance, even if only a thin one, of being right, you might as well stay on it and see what happens.

But the educators are thinking about the next generation, not this one; so of late years they have gone in for educating not only the children but the parents as well. And the sort of adult education that you are likely to get from these well-meant endeavors to keep up with your children tends to drive the middle-aged mind off the track into the ditch. If the faults of the child are due to the ignorance or mismanagement of the parents (and very likely they are), the school which tries to make something of the child must know first of all what is the matter with his home environment. They put it more tactfully, of course; they ask you to fill out questionnaires, and to join the Parent-Teachers Association. But it is a rare questionnaire, or a rare Parent-Teachers program which does not contain some item that leaves you with the suspicion that everything you have been doing so far is wrong.

Suppose that is true—at forty you probably feel that it is too late to go back to the crossroads and take the other turn. If you have laid a track, you are probably pretty well satisfied

with the scenery along the way, regardless of the more magnificent vistas that might have been observed on the other side of the mountain, where the grade was a little steeper. But some of these questionnaires, which the conscientious parent must fill out because they give the teachers a better chance to do something for his child, would leave any man or woman of spirit with the feeling that most of the things worth seeing were on the other side of the mountain. That is not the intention, of course. The intention is to find out what the child's background is like—an excellent thing for the teacher, but sometimes a little disturbing for the two people who are the background, and might prefer to let sleeping dogs lie.

I have seen a questionnaire which flatly asked the parents if they were adjusted in their home life. What self-respecting woman over thirty would admit in writing that she is satisfied with her husband? She may be, most of the time; or more likely, if she is wise, she has never analyzed her feelings, since the matter probably possesses at the moment no more than an academic interest. But there is the question in black and white; and like a harried witness in court, she must answer yes or no, with none of those shadings and qualifications in which truth is most generally approximated. If she says yes, some inner voice may ask her, Is that so?—and she is apt to feel that the psychological expert who looks over the answers is going to set her down as a female vegetable, wholly lacking in initiative. If she says no, there is her answer on the record, and in her more morose moments she may feel that she ought to live up to it.

The most devastating questionnaire which has come to my attention is one which sought to illuminate the child's background, quite innocently and quite reasonably, by finding out what the parents did with their spare time. It covered a week, during which father and mother were supposed to set down the

amount of time they devoted each day to any of some forty or fifty occupations (work being excluded). The object, it turned out later, was to discover how many people are leading provincial lives in New York—behaving, with all the attractions and opportunities of Manhattan around them, as if they still lived back home in Brownsburg. Till I studied that questionnaire I had never realized how many things are being done in New York that I had never thought of doing; nor how many of the things I do in my spare time—with amusement and profit, as I had unscientifically supposed—were pastimes which a psychological expert regarded as simply unworthy of mention. I filled out that questionnaire because it came from a school that was rendering invaluable services to one of my children; it was only a piece of bad luck that I filled it out in the hottest week of summer, when it would have been absurd to do anything if I could help it but sit around smoking cigars and listening to the phonograph. But as I looked at those long blank columns I felt pretty sure that the experts would set me down as one on whom New York was wasted, who might as well have stayed behind in Brownsburg. And as often as my liver is out of order, I wonder if they may not be right.

It is not good to be made to feel that, at forty. You are on a track, and if the roadbed is fairly smooth and the general direction satisfactory you gain nothing by being derailed. But I cannot sit down now to smoke a cigar and listen to the phonograph without wondering if I shouldn't be out at a meeting of the

Rotary Club or the Statistical Association, or doing something else that the enlightened mind found worthy of putting into that questionnaire as the sort of thing one might be doing.

V

We who were once the Younger Generation of 1913 are bearing the burden and the heat of the day; we go to the office every morning and keep the wheels going round in the glorious squirrel cage that is called American prosperity; we pay the taxes that enable prohibition agents to take their wives to the night clubs which we and our wives cannot afford, and we try to bring up children who shall know a little better than we did what it is all about, if anything. We are doubtless to blame for a good deal, and shall be to blame for some of the shortcomings of our children; but to saddle us with the guilt of everything that has gone wrong since 1910 and everything that is going to go wrong up to 1950 seems excessive. No doubt faulty home training has had a good deal to do with some of the errors of each generation; but I am not persuaded that the present tendency to throw all the responsibility back on the parents is any more practically useful, however more plausible it may be from the scientific point of view, than the earlier doctrine that carried it back to Man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree. It will not do the next generation any harm to take at least some of the responsibility for its behavior on itself.



ROUND TRIP

A STORY

BY W. R. BURNETT

IT WAS about ten o'clock when the look-out let George in. The big play was usually between twelve and three, and now there were only a few people in the place. In one corner of the main room four men were playing bridge, and one of the center wheels was running.

"Hello, Mr. Barber," the look-out said. "Little early to-night, ain't you?"

"Yeah," said George. "Is the boss in?"

"Yeah," said the look-out, "and he wants to see you. He was grinning all over his face. But he didn't say nothing to me."

"Somebody kicked in," said George.

"Yeah," said the look-out, "that's about it."

Levin, one of the croupiers, came over to George.

"Mr. Barber," he said, "The Spade just left. He and the Old Man had a session."

George grinned and struck at one of his spats with his cane.

"The Spade was in, was he? Well, no wonder the Old Man was in a good humor."

"How do you do it, Mr. Barber?" asked the croupier.

"Yeah, we been wondering," put in the look-out.

"Well," said George, "I just talk nice to 'em and they get ashamed of themselves and pay up."

The croupier and the look-out laughed.

"Well," said the croupier, "it's a gift, that's all."

Somebody knocked at the entrance door, and the look-out went to see who it was. The croupier grinned at George and walked back to his chair. George knocked at Weinberg's door, then pushed it open. As soon as he saw George, Weinberg began to grin and nod his head.

"The Spade was in," he said.

George sat down and lighted a cigar.

"Yeah, so I hear."

"He settled the whole business, George," said Weinberg. "You could've knocked my eyes off with a ball bat."

"Well," said George, "I thought maybe he'd be in."

"Did, eh? Listen, George, how did you ever pry The Spade loose from three grand?"

"It's a business secret," said George and laughed.

Weinberg sat tapping his desk with a pencil and staring at George. He never could dope him out. Pretty soon he said:

"George, better watch The Spade. He's gonna try to make it tough for you."

"He'll try."

"I told him he could play his I. O. U.'s again, but he said he'd never come in this place as long as you was around. So I told him good-by."

"Well," said George, "he can play some then, because I'm leaving you."

Weinberg just sat there tapping with his pencil.

"I'm fed up," said George. "I'm going to take me a vacation. I'm sick

of Chi. Same old dumps, same old mob."

"How long you figure to be away?" asked Weinberg.

"About a month. I'm going over east. I got some friends in Toledo."

"Well," said Weinberg, "you'll have a job when you get back."

He got up, opened a little safe in the wall behind him, and took out a big, unsealed envelope.

"Here's a present for you, George," he said. "I'm giving you a cut on The Spade's money besides your regular divvy. I know a right guy when I see one."

"O.K.," said George, putting the envelope in his pocket without looking at it.

"Matter of fact," said Weinberg, "I never expected to see no more of The Spade's money. He ain't paying nobody. He's blacklisted."

George sat puffing at his cigar. Weinberg poured out a couple of drinks from the decanter on his desk. They drank.

"Don't get sore now," said Weinberg, "when I ask you this question, but listen, George, you ain't going to Toledo to hide out, are you?"

George got red in the face.

"Say . . ." he said.

"All right! All right!" said Weinberg hurriedly, "I didn't think so, George, I didn't think so. I just wondered."

"Tell you what I'll do," said George; "get your hat and I'll take you down to The Spade's restaurant for some lunch."

Weinberg laughed but he didn't feel like laughing.

"Never mind, George," he said. "I just wondered."

"All right," said George. "But any time you get an idea in your head I'm afraid of a guy like The Spade, get it out again, because you're all wrong."

"Sure," said Weinberg.

After another drink they shook hands, and George went out into the main room. There was another table of bridge going now, and a faro game had opened up.

The look-out opened the door for George.

"I won't be seeing you for a while," said George.

"That so?" said the look-out. "Well, watch your step wherever you're going."

George got into Toledo late at night. He felt tired and bored, and he didn't feel any better when the taxi-driver, who had taken him from the depot to the hotel, presented his bill.

"Brother," said George, "you don't need no gun."

"What's that!" exclaimed the taxi-driver, scowling.

"You heard me," said George. "You don't need no gun."

"Well," said the taxi-driver, "that's our regular rate, Mister. Maybe you better take a street car."

Then he climbed into his cab and drove off. George stood there staring at the cab till it turned a corner.

"Damn' hick!" he said. "Talking to me like that!"

The doorman came and took his bags.

"You sure got some smart boys in this town," said George.

The doorman merely put his head on one side and grinned.

There were three men ahead of George at the desk, and he had to wait. The clerk paid no attention to him.

"Say," said George, finally, "give me one of them cards. I can be filling it out."

The clerk stared at him and then handed him a card. George screwed up his mouth and wrote very carefully:

Mr. Geo. P. Barber,
Chicago, Ill.

The clerk glanced at the card and said:

"You'll have to give us an address, Mr. Barber, please."

"Allard Hotel," said George. "Listen, I'm tired, and I can't be standing around in this lobby all night."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "About how long will you be here?"

"I don't know," said George. "It all depends."

As soon as George was settled in his room he unpacked his bag and undressed slowly. He still felt tired and bored.

"Some town," he said. "Why, the way them birds act you'd think this was a town."

He turned out the lights, lighted a cigarette, and sat down at a window in his pajamas. It was about twelve o'clock and the streets were nearly empty.

"Good Lord," he said; "why, in Chi it's busier than this five miles north."

He flung the cigarette out the window and climbed into bed. He lay thinking about The Spade and Weinberg. Finally he fell asleep.

He woke early the next morning, which was unusual for him, and discovered that he had a headache and a sore throat.

"Hell!" he said.

He pulled on his clothes hurriedly and went across the street to a little Italian restaurant with a green façade and an aquarium in the window. The place was empty. He sat down at a table in the front and stared out into the street. A waiter came over and handed him a menu. The waiter was tall and stooped, with a dark, sad face. He studied George for a moment then addressed him in Italian. George turned and stared at the waiter. He did not like to be reminded that he had been born Giovanni Pasquale Barbieri.

"Talk American! Talk American!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "You a stranger here?"

"Yeah," said George.

"I seen you come out of the hotel, so I thought you was."

"Yeah," said George, with a certain amount of pride, "I'm from Chicago."

"Me, too," said the waiter. "My brother's got a plumbing shop on Grand Avenue."

"Yeah?" said George. "Well, I live 4000 numbers north on Sheridan."

"That so? Pretty swell out there, ain't it?"

"Not bad," said George. "Say, what do you do around here for excitement?"

The waiter smiled sadly and shrugged.

"That's what I thought," said George.

"If I ever get me some money I'm going back to Chicago," said the waiter.

George ate his breakfast hurriedly and gave the waiter a big tip. The waiter smiled sadly.

"Thank you. We don't get no tips around here like that."

"Small town, small money," said George.

The waiter helped him on with his overcoat, then George returned to the hotel. He didn't know what to do with himself, so he went to bed. When he woke up his headache was worse and he could hardly swallow.

"By God, if I ain't got me a nice cold," he said.

He dressed in his best blue-serge suit and took a taxi down to Chiggi's. Chiggi was in the beer racket and was making good. He had a new place now with mirrors all around the wall and white tablecloths. The bouncer took him back to Chiggi's office. Chiggi got up and shook hands.

"Hello, George," he said. "How's tricks?"

"I ain't starving."

"In bad over in Chi?"

"Me? I should say not."

Chiggi just grinned and said nothing.

"Listen," said George, "does a guy have to be in bad to leave Chi?"

"Well," said Chiggi, "the only guys I ever knew that left were in bad."

"Here's one that ain't."

"That's your story, anyway," said Chiggi, grinning.

The bouncer came and called Chiggi, and George put his feet up on Chiggi's desk and sat looking at the wall. From time to time he felt his throat. Once or twice he sneezed.

"It's a damn' good thing I didn't come over on a sleeper; I'd've had pneumonia," he thought.

Chiggi came back and they organized a poker game. George played listlessly and dropped two hundred dollars. Then he went out into the dance-hall, got himself a girl, and danced a couple of times. The music wasn't bad, the floor was good, and the girl was a cute kid and willing, but George wasn't having a good time.

"Say," he thought, "what the devil's wrong with me?"

About two o'clock he left Chiggi's, got a taxi, and went back to the hotel. It was raining. He sat huddled in one corner of the taxi with his coat collar turned up.

He went to bed as soon as he could get his clothes off, but he didn't sleep well and kept tossing around and waking up.

At eleven o'clock the next morning he came down into the lobby. He went over to the mail clerk to ask if he had any mail; not that he was expecting any, but just to give the impression that he was the kind of man that got mail, important mail. The girl handed him a sealed envelope with his name on it. Surprised, he tore it open and read:

"... as your stay is marked on our cards as indefinite, and as you are not listed among our reservations, we must ask that your room be vacated by six to-night. There are several conventions in town this week and it is absolutely necessary that we take care of our reservations. . . .

W. W. HURLBURT, *Asst. Mgr.*"

"Well, tie that!" said George.

The girl at the mail desk stared at him.

"Say, sister," he said, "where's the assistant manager's office?"

She pointed. He went over and knocked at the door, and then went in. A big, bald-headed man looked up.

"Well?"

"Listen," said George, "are you the assistant manager?"

"I am," said the big man.

George tossed him the letter.

"Sorry," said the big man, "but what can we do, Mr. Barber?"

"I'll tell you what you can do," said George; "you can tear that letter up and forget about it."

"Sorry."

"You think I'm going to leave, I suppose?"

"Well," said the big man, "I guess you'll have to."

"Oh, that's it," said George, smiling. "Well, try to put me out."

The big man stared at him.

"Yeah," said George; "try to put me out. I'd like to see somebody come up and put me out. I'll learn them something."

"Well, Mr. Barber," said the big man, "as a matter of fact, it is a little unusual for us to do anything like this. That is, it's not customary. But we were instructed to do so. That's all I can tell you."

George stared at him for a moment.

"You mean the bulls?"

"Sorry," said the big man. "That's all I can tell you."

George laughed.

"Well," he said, "I'm staying, so don't try to rent that room."

He went out banging the door, ate his dinner at the Italian restaurant across the street, talked with the waiter for a quarter of an hour and gave him another big tip, then he took a taxi out to Chiggi's. But Chiggi had been called to Detroit on business. George had a couple of cocktails and sat talking with Curly, the bouncer, about Chicago Red, who had once been Chiggi's partner, and Rico, the gang leader, who had been killed by the police in the alley back of Chiggi's old place. At four o'clock George got a taxi and went back to the hotel. All the way to the hotel he sat trying to figure out why he had come to Toledo. This was sure a hell of a vacation!

The key clerk gave him his key without a word, and George smiled.

"Bluffed 'em out," he said.

But when he opened his door he saw a man sitting by the window reading a magazine. His hand went involuntarily toward his armpit. The man stood up; he was big and had a tough, Irish face.

"My name's Geygan," said the man, turning back his coat. "I want to see you a minute. Your name's Barber, ain't it?"

"Yeah," said George. "What's the song, flat-foot?"

Geygan stared at him.

"You talking to me, kid?"

"There ain't nobody else in the room that I see," said George.

"Smart boy," said Geygan. "Come over till I fan you."

"You'll fan nobody," said George. "What's the game?"

Geygan came over to George, whirled him around, and patted his pockets; then he lifted George's arms and felt his ribs; then he slapped his trouser legs. George was stupefied.

Geygan laughed.

"I thought you Chicago birds packed rods," he said.

"What would I do with a rod in this tank town!" said George.

"All right," said Geygan. "Now listen careful to what I say. To-night you leave town. Get that? You birds can't light here. That's all. We've had some of you birds over here and we don't like you, see? Beat it and no questions asked. You stick around here and we'll put you away."

George grinned.

"Putting it on big, hunh?"

"Yeah. You better not be in the city limits at twelve to-night or . . ."

"Listen," said George, interrupting, "you hick bulls can't bluff me. Just try and do something, that's all. Just try and do something. You ain't got a thing on me."

"All right," said Geygan.

Geygan went out. George took off his overcoat and sat down in the chair by the window.

"Can you beat that!" he thought. "It's a damn' good thing I got my rods in the trunk. Why, that mug actually fanned me. Yeah. Say, what kind of a town is this, anyway? No wonder Chicago Red hit for home!"

He got up and unlocked his trunk.

There was a false bottom in it where he kept his guns and his liquor. That was safe. Well, they didn't have a thing on him. Let them try and put him out. All the same, he began to feel uneasy. But, hell, he couldn't let these small-town cops scare him.

He was taking off his shoes when somebody knocked at the door.

"I wonder what the game is," he thought.

Then he went over and opened the door. Geygan and two other plainclothes men stepped in.

"There he is, chief. You talk to him. He won't listen to me."

"Say," said the chief, a big gray-haired man, "they tell me you've decided to prolong your visit."

"Yeah," said George, "indefinitely."

"Well," said the chief, "if you want to stay here, why, I guess we can accommodate you. Fan him, Buck."

"Say," said George, "I been fanned so much I got callouses."

"That's too bad," said the chief. "Go ahead, Buck."

Buck whirled George around and gave him the same kind of search Geygan had given him, with this difference: he found a gun in his hip pocket, a small nickel-plated .32. George stared at the gun and began to sweat.

"Geygan," said the chief, "you didn't do a very good job."

"I guess not," said Geygan.

"You never found that cap pistol on me," said George, staring hard at Buck.

"Will you listen to that, Buck!" said the chief. "He thinks you're a magician."

"Why, you planted that gun on me," said George. "That's a hell of a way to do."

"Well," said the chief, "when your case comes up, you can tell it all to the judge."

"My case!" cried George.

"Why, sure," said the chief. "We send 'em up for carrying rods over here."

George stood looking at the floor. By God, they had him. Wasn't that a

break. Well, it was up to Chiggi now.

"Listen," said the chief, "we ain't looking for no trouble and we're right guys, Barber. I'll make you a little proposition. You pack up and take the next train back to Chicago and we'll forget about the .32."

"He don't want to go back to Chicago," said Geygan. "He told me so."

George walked over to the window and stood looking down into the street.

"O.K.," he said, "I'll go."

"All right," said the chief. "Buck, you stick with the Chicago boy and see that he gets on the right train."

"All right, chief," said Buck.

Geygan and the chief went out. Buck sat down and began to read a newspaper.

Weinberg was sitting at his desk, smoking a big cigar, when George opened the door. Seeing George, he nearly dropped his cigar.

"Hello, boss," said George.

"By God, I thought you was a ghost,"

said Weinberg. "What's wrong with your voice?"

"I caught a cold over in Toledo."

"You been to Toledo and back already! Did you go by airplane?"

George grinned.

"No, but I made a quick trip. What a hick town. You ought to go there once, Abe, and look it over."

"Chicago suits me," said Weinberg.

George sat down, and Weinberg poured him a drink. George didn't say anything, but just sat there sipping his drink. Pretty soon Weinberg said:

"George, I was hoping you'd stay in Toledo for a while. Rocco was in the other night and he told me that The Spade was telling everybody that your number was up."

George grinned.

"Ain't that funny!"

Weinberg didn't think it was funny, but he laughed and poured himself another drink.

"Yeah," said George, "that's the best one I've heard this year."





THE FIGHT FOR GLORY

ANONYMOUS

ALL those who have attained even a moderate success in literature must be in the way of receiving many letters like the following: "My Dear Mr. Blank: I am a boy fifteen years old, and it is my ambition to write—to be a writer as you are, however, mostly in fiction. I have always wanted to be an author, and the ambition grows with every passing day. There are, of course, questions that come up in my mind which I seek to have answered by writers of your position in the profession. I have written to many English and American authors, among them being John Galsworthy, Sheila Kaye-Smith, John Drinkwater, May Sinclair, James Boyd, and Sherwood Anderson; and they have, of course, helped me very much indeed. But I should like to have your views on this question: what do you think is the best way for one such as I, who intensely desires to write, to learn to do so? And what authors do you suggest that I read? If you can possibly answer, I shall most certainly appreciate it."

To these artless and touching appeals I generally try to respond with some specific suggestions. I further point out that the writer must remember that he is one among perhaps a half million, or a million, boys and girls, all cherishing the same ardent desire and enthusiasm as he, whose competition he has got to meet and overcome and obliterate, and I considerably quote the remark of Voltaire, probably one of the most brilliantly successful authors who ever lived, "If I had a son who wanted to write, I should wring his neck out of sheer

paternal affection." At the same time I emphasize that anyone who is born to write will write, and that no obstacles, no drawbacks, no torments, no difficulties will ever turn him from his predestined path. The editor of HARPER'S has, however, suggested to me that an account of my own prolonged struggle with difficulties of all sorts may perhaps be of some interest and value to such aspirants for literary distinction; and it may be he is right.

There are all varieties and forms of success in the writing profession. There is the author who at an early age blazes out into sudden and phenomenal triumph, carries everything before him through his lifetime, then practically fades away, and is little more heard of. Such a case was Thomas Moore, whose poetry was the delight of men and women for two generations, who was received and fêted and flattered everywhere, from his boyhood to his old age, and who is known now only by a few relics in the anthologies and a minor place in the repertory of song. And again, there are those who triumph as early and whose glory is of a more enduring quality. There is Byron, who "awoke one morning and found himself famous" and whose fame has lasted for a hundred years, with notable variations, but on the whole with solid significance.

As there are those who make a reputation early, like Mr. Kipling, and then continue to live on it for a long life and after, without much further effort, so there are others who have an extraordinary gift of renewal, who seem to have put forth all the genius that is in

them in one form, and then, just when the world considers them worn out and exhausted, they manifest their power in some fresh field with equal brilliancy and plenitude. Scott, for example, placed himself among the first in romantic poetry for ten years. When Byron threatened to outshine him he turned to the Waverley novels and made a new form of art which far surpassed anything he had done in verse. George Sand astonished the literary world with her stories of passion and rebellion. When she had drawn all she could from this vein, she turned to the high-wrought romance of *Mauprat* and *Consuelo*, and just as the critics thought she had given her best and given her all, she developed the exquisite grace and tenderness of the Berry pastorals, which in her later middle life seemed to revive all the freshness and ardor of youth.

Again, in contrast to these early successes, there are those who make their way only with long labor and continued and varied experiment to a popular esteem which does not come to them till advanced life, or even till old age. It would seem as if Shakespeare's career was a process of building of this kind. Wordsworth's certainly was. While Moore and Byron were selling their thousands of copies, Wordsworth was selling only tens. In the same way Emerson, during his best and active years, had but few admirers and followers in comparison with the authors of "Evangeline" and "Snow-Bound"; yet Emerson's present position is somewhat above theirs.

And there are the authors who know little of glory in their lifetime. There was Keats, whose thirst for greatness was unparalleled and who died at twenty-four, believing that his name was writ in water. There was Shelley, dying at thirty, with not even the reputation of Wordsworth at that age, and never for a moment suspecting that he would come to be reckoned among the greatest poets, not only of the nineteenth century, but of the English tongue. And

yet again, there is the curious case of the authors who have the most intimate conviction of their own genius and the firmest belief that some day it will secure them immortality, while it never does. Southey, for instance, is no doubt still rated as a respectable, important prose writer. He himself proclaimed with the utmost positiveness that he would stand high among English poets. Yet who to-day reads "Thalaba" or "The Curse of Kehama"? With those titles who could? And beneath and behind all there is always the half million, or the million, or the countless numbers, like my fifteen-year-old correspondent, who with touching simplicity start with the determination to be great writers. Where do they end? Some in the poor-house, some in the insane asylum, some behind the counter, some behind the plow, and some continuing the mad, hopeless, intoxicating dream until they die.

My own case may perhaps not be included in the class of complete failures, since I should obviously not have received letters like that of my young correspondent. But it has been far enough from meteoric success, and as I look back over the past fifty years, it seems to me that I see little but difficulties, drawbacks, checks, rebuffs, discouragements. No doubt this is because of a complete lack of the mysterious element of genius, which at once swept the Scotts and Byrons and Sands into the highest heaven of glory and enabled the Wordsworths and the Shelleys to establish a secure place there in the end. In default of such genius, I have been obliged to gain the success that has come to me by unfailing, undying, indomitable persistence. I was talking with Robert Frost not long ago and we agreed that, so far as we had observed the matter, the quality which led most to success in the literary life, perhaps in any life, was just this, of plain sticking to it. Of course, if you haven't a certain gift, no amount of obstinacy will answer; but in so many cases a gift

that is really admirable is lost and thrown away by indifference and inertia. Slight discouragements, unexpected obstacles, irritating snubs divert and disconcert the proud or the indolent, and a long hope and a lofty aspiration are disregarded for the trifling distractions of every-day existence.

But, as I look back, I am astonished to see how early the literary passion took hold of me and with what undiminished ardor it persisted through every variety of drawback that could be conceived. Many centuries ago the philosopher Jerome Cardan said of his early days and his lofty hopes: "This one thing I know, that from my earliest childhood I burned with the desire of an immortal name." Earliest childhood is a vague term; but when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, and wrote my first tragedy, I began to conceive the dream of rivaling Shakespeare and I never relinquished it, in one form or another; and I shall not until I die. There is perhaps some exaggeration in the verses I once wrote on the subject, but there is a vast deal of truth:

Ever since I can remember I have thirsted
after glory,
And my earliest desire was to have a name in
story.
When my mates were only eager for their
sport or game or pastime,
I was thinking, thinking, thinking, of a name
that should outlast time.

And the passion is even more reflected in the words of my youthful journal, at the age of nineteen, crude, immature, and cheerfully—or tragically—sophomoric, as you would expect them to be, but stamped with genuine feeling, all the same: "I have staked my life upon one desire, one effort, one passion. It is no fleeting whim, born of the hour, no butterfly fancy, or ambitious dream, such as every youth of intellect and taste must know. It is a matter of life and death with me. It has become a passion round which all else must revolve, and with which my heart beats or breaks. It seems as if such intense, overpowering

desire, such constant labor as mine could not fail to achieve their object. I know not; but this I know, that if I cannot be a great poet, I shall commit suicide, or die in a mad-house."

None of the alternatives has been realized as yet, but a lot of things may happen in a few brief years, and I have at last come to learn that nobody is really great until after he is dead anyway. Meantime, while the goal and the glory and the success may seem as far off as ever, the accumulation of obstacles and difficulties which have been overcome and put behind me seems, as I look back, so great, so insuperable, that I wonder my courage and persistence were not worn down and blighted long ago.

II

One mighty and ruinous difficulty I have never had to contend with seriously, and this difficulty, to many aspirants, is so blighting and so final that they may well feel that I know nothing of what the bitterness of the struggle is. In all my efforts at a literary career I have never had any profound anxiety as to where the bread and butter were to come from, I have never had any desperate need of money. When you realize how many great careers have been destroyed by pot-boiling, how many geniuses have been driven to despair by the absolute necessity of keeping themselves or—far worse—those they loved from starvation, it seems as if one who was free from such necessity, who was never obliged to worry himself as to where food and clothing were to come from, ought not only not to complain, but ought surely and early to succeed, if he had any of the elements of success in him at all. It is hard to tell which is more trying, the lot of the man who throws himself into literature as his only means of support and accepts poverty and privation so that he may devote himself to the one pursuit he loves, or that of the teacher, or the clerk, or the book-agent who accepts such positions so

that his family may not starve, and all the time cherishes the dream of combining with them the literary achievement that is the real nursling of his soul.

But apart from the matter of assured fair material comfort, I do not think I had much to assist or encourage me in my literary aspirations. I had no particular sympathy in my own family. My father was a highly cultivated man who knew the great writers of the world. He was also himself an admirable speaker and writer and he imparted to me a certain lucidity of thought and energy of expression. But he had no desire whatever to see me an author. He would have liked to have me an able man of business, as he had himself been, or possibly active and useful in public affairs. Failing that, he did not much care what I did. But he had always looked upon a painter or a musician as the most contemptible of vagrants and Bohemians, and I do not think he regarded an author as being much better. Nor had I any of the associations of companionship which naturally encourage literary aspiration. My playmates were interested in business, or sport, or practical affairs, but I never had the slightest inducement to speak to any of them of the hopes and desires that were burning in my soul. I never did speak of such things to anyone; and the wonder is that, under the circumstances, the burning went on as it did; yet perhaps the very circumstances were just what made it smolder and blaze.

The most persistent, the most besetting of all the drawbacks which thwarted my literary career, the drawback which hampered it long before it began, was that of ill health. My mother and six or eight of her brothers and sisters all died of tuberculosis before they were thirty. My younger brother was carried off by the same plague at the age of nine. I lived in intimate association with him during the last months of his illness, and there seemed every reason to expect that I should follow the rest of my family. The scars now remaining on my lungs

show that the danger was real and serious. Everybody took the greatest possible pains to keep me alive, but nobody really expected to succeed. Under the circumstances my father, though he was devoted to me in every way, could hardly take my future very seriously when he was convinced that I should not have any future. What was the use of educating the grave?

Therefore, in my childhood I was knocked about from one school and one teacher to another, was much of the time in no school at all, and could not be said to have ever had any genuine, systematic education. I educated myself, by vast, vague, utterly erratic reading; and a very uncertain, unstable, and amateurish affair it was. As I used to put it, not unfairly, I was educated by ill health and a vagrant imagination—not a very practical method of preparing for the battles of the world.

The climax of the vagrancy came when I was fifteen years old. When it was just time for me to settle down to serious study, if I ever hoped to get anywhere, I developed an alarming cough, and my elders decided that the only salvation would be to drop everything and go to the South of Europe for a year. This nearly finished me. I hated Europe. I hated traveling. I hated foreign food and foreign manners; and general homesickness, restlessness, and disgust came nearer bringing about the end than actual disease. Spiritually I suppose I learned something of the world and life, but the disruption of all settled habits more than made up for this.

When I returned from Europe and had taken another year to get back to where I was before I started, I set myself vigorously, with an excellent tutor, to prepare for college. I managed to get in, creditably enough; for I had a fair intelligence when I was disposed to use it. And again the collapse. I really hoped college would set me on my feet, would give me the intellectual and literary start which I was beginning to long for. Before I had been in college a

month my health gave out wholly and hopelessly; and it was quite evident that that avenue to success was completely closed to me.

Again I was thrown back upon myself and forced to feel that the ordinary pursuits and activities of men were out of my reach. It was the same over and over, in everything I tried. My father would have liked to have me do something in the business world and, as college was impossible, he took me in his office for the few hours each day that my strength was equal to. But I hated business and everything connected with it. Even if I had loved it, of what use was it to enter the battle of Wall Street with only strength sufficient for two hours' work a day?

I soon gave up the vain effort and settled back into the same old story of solitude, seclusion, introspection, and always books, books, books. Perhaps the real secret and the real trouble was that I loved it so. When I was forced to mingle with men, I managed it. When I was thrown among them, I liked them and enjoyed them, and I do not think they disliked me, if they thought anything about me. But I always had, and I fear I always shall have, an enormous preference for my own society to that of anyone else; and sooner or later most of us seek the things we really prefer.

III

All that is important in this story is of course the bearing of the matter of health upon my literary aspiration and effort. It cannot be denied that a certain fragility of physique has definite advantages from this point of view. In the first place, when you know how to use it judiciously, health affords an admirable excuse. I have cultivated this always, to the fullest extent, so that many people think that I have quite health enough for doing anything I want to and never enough to do anything I don't. I hope this view is exaggerated. But it is certainly true that ill health has helped me to

avoid a great many of the interruptions and distractions that make many literary careers difficult, if not impossible. Public duties and responsibilities are pressed upon me. Occasionally I have accepted them, with disastrous results. Usually I answer that I am not well enough. It seems contemptible, but it throws the burden on someone else. Any man or woman who succeeds with literature has hundreds of calls to join time-consuming societies, to give lectures and talks all over the country. These things are, sometimes, amusing and, sometimes, profitable. More often they are tedious, wearisome, and irritating. I have escaped them practically altogether.

And the positive advantage consequent upon this is that one can work steadily and uninterruptedly and can, therefore, accomplish a considerable amount in apparently a very limited time. I have never been able to work more than two or three hours a day at most, often less; but by sticking to this program with resolute persistence, by allowing no outside distraction to interfere with it and no temporary indisposition or spiritual reluctance to draw me away from my desk when the proper time came for approaching it, I have managed to pile up a list of books which from the point of view of mere quantity is fairly respectable.

But, at least as it seems to me, none of these minor advantages in any way makes up for the terrible handicap which illness chiefly imposes on you, that of cutting you off from life. For the literary man—not for the scholar—but for the literary man, who looks upon his work as an art, nothing is more important than contact with the world: to watch men live, other men, all men, to know how they live, rich and poor, high and low, virtuous and vicious, to enter into their lives and understand them and live them, first of all, before he undertakes to describe them. I have vainly tried to make up for this handicap by asserting, by believing, as in a certain sense I do, that any one life is an epitome

of all lives, and that in one's own soul one can find and study and reproduce the essence of humanity as it affects and constitutes all the men and women who ever lived. This sense of human affinity and kinship is rich in suggestion and possibility. It has been the basis of all that is of any enduring value or significance in my work.

But besides the fundamental identity, there is the vast, the variegated, the picturesque superficial difference, which to the unthinking casual observer constitutes practically the whole of life. It is this widely varied surface, and consequently the quick and keen and sure portrayal of it, that I have missed; and that lack, owing mainly to the drawback of ill health, has been the ruin of the supreme aspiration which in literary matters for me has dominated all the others. As a creative writer I have been a dismal and pitiable failure.

And it cannot be denied that creative writing, to the literary artist who aspires to be a weaver of beauty in words, is the chief, if not the only thing that counts. You will note that my young correspondent, whose letter I quoted in beginning, says, "I want to be a writer as you are, however, mostly in fiction." When I was his age I felt the same, and my feeling to-day is not in any respect different. It was only because I could not be a poet, or a novelist, or a dramatist that I took up with a dull and prosaic second-best.

Therefore, my first efforts, and for some years my only efforts, were in poetry. I wrote long poems and short poems, light poems and heavy poems, grave poems and gay. The odd thing was that I wrote for myself and made little attempt at publication. My solitude was so complete, I had so little contact with the literary world and so little encouragement, that it did not occur to me that there might be a possible market for my wares. When I did, timidly, begin to send out one or two, the receipt of the deadly printed slip of rejection, "the editor thanks you, but is already

well supplied with this kind of material, no unfavorable comment is intended," froze my courage so entirely that I put my verses back in my drawer and abandoned the attempt. Even to-day those printed slips, which still come, give me the same feeling of numbing, paralyzing irritation which they gave me then, carry with them the desolating inference that I had better be selling patent-medicines than dabbling in literature.

I shortly turned from poetry to novels, poured all my passionate aspiration, literary and other, into an autobiographical romance. No publisher would look at it. Probably it was as well for me that they did not, but the total and blighting rejection was just as disheartening, for all that. I wrote a novel dealing with a young and earnest minister's loss of belief; for in those days religion was still a power in the world. Just as I finished it, Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* appeared and, though I had never heard of it, it made my book seem a palpable and futile imitation. I then wrote three other novels, which got published somehow. The first paid its way and had a little notice; the others died before they were born, and after that the publishers would pay no attention to me. My unconquerable obstinacy refused to yield even so, and I tried more novels. I still try to dispose of one occasionally to some innocent publisher who asks me for some of my productions. He smiles and stretches out his hand eagerly. In a few weeks—or months—the manuscript comes back, with vague expressions of civil regret and tactful explanation. The one that pleased me most was the delicate comment of the publisher who, after enlarging on all sorts of excellent points, remarked that he did not think the book could be sold "in commercial quantities." Can you beat it for charm? Commercial quantities! There will be no other test for the poor author to the end of the world.

I was even foolish enough to waste my energy for years in the most hopeless and gigantic undertaking that can delude

any author, the one that fooled Henry James out of some of the best hours of his life, the theater. Can you imagine anything more absurd for one situated as I was and living as I lived than to hurl himself against the barriers that surround dramatic success? Yet I have in my drawer some fifteen plays, only one of which ever struggled into print—at my own expense—while not one of them has ever come within speaking distance of the stage. For—to me—the fascination of such work is simply irresistible. Never have I known more delightful hours than those when, ten years ago, I poured my whole soul into the production of a five-act comedy in verse which was assuredly to win the prize in some two-penny contest or other. The prize went to a play which was never acted or printed, by a writer who has never since been heard of. At any rate, it did not go to me.

No doubt my utter failure in all these creative lines is owing to an utter lack of genius for them. But I like to console myself with the possibility that it may be owing in large measure to the accursed limitation of health and the consequent isolation which at all times prevents me from plucking life, real life, out of the mouths and hearts of men. Men speak plays and laugh plays and live passionate plays, in the world right about me every day—I am told they do; but I am prohibited from turning these plays of vital fact into the plays of high-wrought art that I ought to be able to make out of them because I can only think and never live.

The curious feature of it all, from the purely psychological point of view, is that I am wholly incapable of judging my creative work myself. Of course the phenomenon is common to authors generally, to all types of artists; but I don't know that the psychological curiosity is any the less on that account. To me my poems and novels and plays appear to have qualities of unusual and distinguished excellence. Take the creation of character. The testimony of a cer-

tain number of interested readers, even of a certain sale "in commercial quantities," would seem to evince that I have a fair power of taking characters to pieces. I try to put them together and make them live. To me it appears that I have reasonable success in doing so. One character especially, a working over in all sorts of ancient and modern phases and aspects of the delightful ideal Shakespearean fool, to me has the stamp of creation in many incarnations. All this party and his fellows win from the publishers' readers is the remark that he cannot be sold "in commercial quantities."

I make these statements with no spirit of bitterness or complaint, simply to indicate to those who are treading the path of literary effort the difficulties and obstacles and, perhaps worst of all, the puzzles that are bound to meet them at every turn.

There were of course times when even my obstinate zeal for literary achievement and success gave way under the strain. Again and again I said to myself, what is the use, when you can never be sold "in commercial quantities"? You have tried through youth and early life. If there were an atom of genius in you, it would certainly have come out. Why not give it all up and lie in the sun and watch the ravishing world drift by with no effort to immortalize yourself by interpreting it? I quote one passage from a letter written thirty years ago to show how prostrating such moods were—while they lasted: "I say to myself, what earthly use is it, risking one's health and keeping oneself in a state of worry and excitement when there isn't the slightest hope or chance of accomplishing anything for oneself or anybody else, when both public and publishers have shown so unequivocally that they care for nothing I do, and even if my books should squeak through a doubtful publisher's hands, no human being would ever look into them or care for them? It leaves life a little blank at first, and it is curious how suddenly near the removal

of any such future preoccupation seems to bring one to death—one stands right on the very brink of the precipice with just a faded rose or two here and there to pluck before one rolls in—*et puis ce sera fait.*” Perhaps there was something in Voltaire’s expression of paternal tenderness.

But these intervals of discouragement, or anticipatory death, were comparatively rare, and they did not last long. I grew restless, discontented, uneasy; and the lure of the desk and the pen soon proved irresistible. From another letter, written soon after the preceding, I take a passage which shows how violent and engrossing the transition always was: “The plague of literature is upon me and I have fallen back into the very worst stages of play-dreaming and play-planning. It fascinates me like drink. I can’t get away from it. . . . Nothing appeals to my ambition like the idea of success on the stage, the wild intoxication of an excited, crowded, applauding house—there still seems to be nothing in life to equal it, and I am anxious to keep struggling and struggling for it, even though the chance of getting it is so very, very small.”

There would come some little gleam of encouragement and hope. Perhaps a casual critic would say a pleasant word, or an insinuating editor would hold out some vague hope of future acceptance, and instantly my imagination was on fire, and I was back with renewed ardor at the desk. As I recall those days, it seems to me that the matter of personal influence, of “pull,” has meant very little in my case. Rarely there has been some slight advantage of personal relation with an editor or publisher. I have used these things without remorse when they came in my way, all the time despising myself for doing so, and all the time keenly realizing how much they may count for and how far they go in the making of many considerable careers. No doubt, if I had had access to them, I should have availed myself of them to the full. As it is, I feel that whatever little I have accomplished has been by

sheer effort of patience and persistence on my own part, and favoritism and support and patronage have had little to do with the matter.

IV

So it rolled on through the middle years. The hope of every form of creative literature grew dimmer and more elusive. But occasionally an editor would show mild interest in my critical efforts, and finally I told myself that if I was ever to succeed, I must find some new, special line, in which what gifts I had, if any, would have more chance than in the novel or the play. As so often happens, almost by sheer luck I at last hit upon such a line, when I was nearly fifty years old. To my intense astonishment editors and publishers responded with cordiality, if not with enthusiasm, and though the response of the public was slow and limited, it was solid, steady and, what was more important, increasing. Thus, at an age when I should have been considering the grave or the old people’s home, I found myself an author of sufficient distinction to get letters from aspiring boys.

Even so, the success has been far from continuous and, I need not say, far from satisfying. Always there are the luring, tantalizing, mocking spectral shadows of the novel and the stage teasing me from a distance. What if my plays should be acted and my novels sold “in commercial quantities” long after I have gone away? Again, though my writing in my chosen line has had some success, that of others has had infinitely more. I would not take one jot away from them. I realize keenly that if they succeed better, it is because they better deserve to. All the same, when their books sell “in commercial quantities” and mine do not, it leaves a certain sting. And always there are those damnable letters of rejection, sometimes regretful, sometimes polite, sometimes indifferent, but never received without a momentary quail of despair.

And always there is the desperate struggle with health. There have been months and years when writing was simply impossible. There have been other years when it was worse than impossible, in that you could force yourself to do it and did, but all the time the effort was exhausting and pregnant with an almost nauseating disgust. There were years when a prostrating aural vertigo, like that of Dean Swift, made it dangerous to leave the bed at all, and I hardly dared imprison myself under the typewriter for fear of getting caught and cramped in an intolerable position for hours. There were years when nervous fatigue and insomnia seemed to make all intellectual effort out of the question, and when fifteen or twenty minutes a day of actual writing was the most I could accomplish. Naturally, the physical limitations, as a whole, do not diminish with time; and it is to be expected and accepted with such equanimity as you can command that just when opportunity comes to you, when the world seems beginning to listen eagerly, you are losing your power of supplying that which would give the world pleasure.

With the physical incapacity grows the haunting doubt as to whether mental capacity is not failing also. So long as you had the best of life before you, or at least not behind, you felt that the flesh might be weak, but there was no reason why the spirit should not respond with superb nonchalance, in spite of the failure of the flesh. But it seems as if the creeping decay of age must undermine

flesh and spirit both; and you are at least sure that you yourself will be the last to whom such undermining will be perceptible.

And back of these personal doubts, there is the larger question, is it worth while anyway? The farmer, the merchant, the mechanic, even perhaps the teacher and the preacher and the politician, are of obvious use in the world. But the author? We are swamped, buried, smothered under the multiplicity of books. Nobody can read even the smallest portion of the good books that already exist. What possible excuse can there be, then, for afflicting the world with more? Thus, at moments, when one has sacrificed one's health and one's vigor and one's money and one's happiness in achieving a career, one is forced to admit to oneself that that career is little better than a career of crime.

So one comes back to Voltaire's pleasant resolution to dispose of his offspring from sheer paternal tenderness. Yet, as the boy of fifteen writes me that he is determined to become a great writer, so I felt at fifteen, and so I feel at sixty-five, and so I shall feel at eighty-five, if I have the misfortune to live so long. The unconquerable, ineradicable, imperishable instinct persists through every difficulty and every obstacle to the end. It is simply the incorrigible impulse to fling out against the encroaching darkness of oblivion the splendid gesture of life, which probably is all there is of life and always will be.



QUICKSILVER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

AGATHA GREY had taken a hurt so hideous that if she were to live to a hundred she would never get over it; yet because she was upright and innocent she had not let it leave a scar that anyone could see. Now after a year, in the bow of the motor-dinghy on the way across to Anchor Island, her brow was so lineless in the April wind and her eyes so quiet and level that the cottage keeper, who had guessed from the telegrams something of the tragic mess the epidemic had brought to light under one of his roofs, had to marvel at her.

"You understand," he protested over the popping of his engine, "we never knowed who they was, nor nothin' about 'em. Folks *do* rent out o' season, even respectable ones."

"Of course. I understand."

Even when she entered the cottage there was no break. She had to go first through the room where Willa Curtson lay, an hour dead. This woman in the case, whom Agatha had never seen, she did not see now, averting her eyes as she passed the bed. But then it was as like her to stop to pick up a wisp of no longer wanted lingerie from among the dust-kittens on the matting and restore it to the chair-back from which it had fallen days ago.

When Agatha had crossed a hall she came into the room where her husband lay. Eric was not dead. For a moment, with diamonds of sunshine sprawled across his bed and just enough of the color of the abeyant fever on the clear

skin beneath the dark-red tumbled hair, he looked so like his old bedevilled and bedevilling self that he actually succeeded in confounding her again. But it was a short show, for he too was confounded. (Perhaps he too had always been confounded.) Water came out of his eyes and rolled down his sunken cheeks as he lay and looked at her.

"You were never anything but an angel to me, Agatha. Why on earth did I do it?"

"I don't know."

There it was, the whole miserable thing, in three syllables. Agatha had a good mind. She could understand a solid thing, like the silver of happiness that one can hold in one's hand. But she could not understand this in Eric that was fluid, that ran glittering and hunting, no matter how tight her cupped fingers, and slipped away between them in the end.

"I don't know, Eric, but never mind. I'm sorry you're ill." She undid a handkerchief to dry his cheeks and eyes. "You'll be all right though, now I'm here."

At that he put her hand away and stared at her. "Why, so you are!"

Eric turned and stared otherwheres, out of the window at the sky of spring, down at his corded hands, around him at the gimcrack match-board walls with the two shut doors. There was a look of confusion on him, like a man fallen out of the moon, picking himself up from the ground of earth and trying to wipe away from his face and eyes the trailing

wisps of a light brought with him. Worse than anything else, that chimera light from far and far away hurt Agatha. Mercurial, moon-hungry, madcap, she felt it mocking her pedestrian, home-keeping soul, and the knife turned sharply in the hidden wound.

But Eric broke out laughing.

"It's funny. You here. Willa in one room, safe and cold. Me in another, getting ready for it. And that—" he nodded to the farther door, "in the third."

"What, in the third?"

"Didn't they tell you?"

Agatha would not break; she *would not* hurry. She opened the door, passed through, closed it, and stood studying the young woman there with a suckling infant at her breast.

"Is that yours?" she asked at length.

"No'm, I got one, to the house, but mine's a boy-baby. This is *theirn*."

"I see . . . I see. . ."

Eric had used up too much. He did not know Agatha when she came back into the room, nor was he to know her again before he died, just before dusk that evening.

When he was gone, before Agatha set about doing any of the dozen things she knew she must do, she went out into the air to stand a while. The sky in the west, all fever-red a moment ago, was a greeny yellow now, and so was the water. Against it, black in silhouette, the cottage keeper mounted from the landing-stage. Hours ago Agatha had sent him, protesting, to bring back a nurse and a doctor from the mainland. He had but one with him, a man with a bag, who came on up the branch path toward the cottage alone.

He stopped with his feet set apart, heavy chin down, head butted.

"Are you the woman of this place?"

"Are you the doctor?"

"I am Doctor Curtson."

"Oh!" This, of a sudden, was too awful. "You—then—you're the husband."

He realized at the same instant. "You're Grey's wife."

"His widow. . . . Will you go in?"

She went first, to light the lamp in that room. As she withdrew she saw him standing with his feet propped apart in mid-floor and his chin still heavy in his neck, his back to the bed, a wooden figure, brain bound, aim lost, knowing nothing better to do, now he was here, than to bend stiffly and pick up from among the dust-kittens the undergarment that had slid down from the chair again.

But, yes, unconscious of it, he did more. He threw a shadow behind him, and it was the shadow that stood above the bed and looked down. Monstrous on wall and ceiling, black, malformed, horridly crippled, there was something in the over-hulk of that unhuman shape, lowering in secret above dead Willa's bed, so utterly incongruous with the human figure of grief, bewilderment, and futility which cast it unawares, that it gave Agatha a queer little catch and shiver as she closed the door and went, taking her own shadow into Eric's room.

Dudley Curtson said a thing next day. Agatha had been speaking of the tragic irony of the fact that he, a doctor, should be the last person whom they, sickening to death for want of one, could ever let know. And he had shaken his head. For he was not, it seemed, a practitioner, in that sense; he was a specialist in nervous disorders, sometime superintendent of his own middle-western state's institution for the criminally insane. In place of lessening the irony of things, he seemed to realize of a sudden that this magnified it. The ready flush, that was like the bleeding of his reopened wound, darkened his temples. He winced, bitterly mortified, and stared at the ground.

"You'd think, having had to deal with twisted minds all my life . . . but no, this of Willa's was not—not 'in the book.' Behind every unreason we know that we must assume a reason. But here there was no reason. My wife had everything apparently to make her happy.

Queer as it may sound, I think she *was* happy, with me. I've tried to find where I was not good to her, and good *for* her. I've tried honestly, and I've failed."

So here there were two of them, both good, both level-eyed and straight-minded, left to study with equal helplessness the fingers between which a fluent metal, too quick and too silvery for their sanity to deal with, had gleamed perversely and run away.

Between them, in the days following, they did what needed to be done. They were the practical, cleaning up, as always, after the impractical; the nursing of their own requickened hurts could wait. The whole dismal mess, down to the bills and clothes-sorting, they discussed and went at with an iron assiduity. All the things but one.

For their very assiduity was, after all, but a desperate procrastination. In the sand of little details, ostrichlike, they hid their heads as long as they could. Then when there was absolutely nothing left, there *it* remained, enormous, more enormous than ever, the bit of debris that, no matter how sedulous their sweeping, would not sweep up.

From the first, though neither confessed it, the presence of that little bundle of flesh-alive fascinated, and with an equal power, repelled them both. Curiosity, animosity, bitter embarrassment; in it there was a little of each and more than all. Though each had tried, neither had yet succeeded in touching or even looking directly at the child, who remained in the care of the cottage keeper's daughter. As to the question what on earth was to become of it, by tacit consent they put that off and put it off. They must have all the lesser problems out of the way before they tackled that one; that was the overt reasoning. And then when the field *was* cleared, and their very bags packed in readiness for going, however resolute and considered their answer to the question sounded, it was in truth but another begging of it, a renewal of temporizing, a confession of the dilemma.

The infant was doing well at the breast. It would be unwise to take it away yet awhile. The air at Anchor Island was good for baby breathing, better than the air of either Boston or of Cincinnati. So if Alberta Wheems was willing for a consideration to go on with the nursing for a time . . . and Alberta was. And that was the way it was left when the two got up into their trains at Hoopertown, the one bound west with his leaden box and his leaden misgivings, the other east with hers.

The lead of the casket could be put out of sight, under the ground. But the lead of the other, Agatha discovered, could not. After Eric's interment the queer hebetude that had bound her brain was loosened; reawakened, she looked at herself and her act of abandonment. If there was mixed up with it still an element of the malign and restive fascination of that flesh-and-blood relic of Eric's love for another woman, she would not recognize the fact. Why could it not be simply the conscience of her womanhood, standing appalled?

Seventy-two hours later she was busy unpacking her trunks at the island cottage keeper's house, quietly, so as not to awaken the infant, whose crib she had had moved into the varnished front room which she had taken for a month.

Weedy ground, ragged brush-woods, empty water; by the tenth time she had gone to the window to gaze out on nothing but these (and the roof of *that* cottage down toward the shore) the realization of what a month was to mean here began to come over her. There is no saying what her emotions would have been had she known, that first day, that on this islet she was to spend the rest of the days of her life.

She made the acquaintance of the baby girl, whom, for want of another name, she took to calling April, after the month of her birth. In defense against utter dullness, she multiplied her nursely duties, the tests and temperatures, the changes, the baths. She discovered a thrill in the bathings of the

naked mite which an instinct gave her a care not to analyze. Agatha Grey had been horribly hurt by two people. Now, the tables turned, to have been given a hostage of them, given to hold *its* defenseless innocence in *her* hands, at *her* whim, above the drowning water—for all the world as if daring it, quicksilver, to slip away between those fingers *now*—when shadow-shapes too weird for Agatha to know had danced around the margins of her consciousness for just so long she would catch the baby back safe to her bosom, and in the excess of a nameless revulsion cover its head with kisses.

People's minds grow queer in vegetation. Agatha would have been indignant if anyone had accused her of coddling bitterness or of nursing self-pity. She had some excuse for being hoodwinked, for bitterness took a deceptive guise, choosing Dudley Curtson to settle on. How easily he had "stood from under." When she looked at herself, servant to a responsibility really no more hers than his, self-exiled, "doing the right thing," she had to smile.

So it was that she was made to smile at the other corner of her mouth, when, one dusk, turning homeward from a little walk with April in her arms, one of the episodes of the beginning was almost precisely re-enacted. There was the same pale yellow on sky and water; the same silhouettes against it, on their way up from the landing. When Curtson came to where she was he stood again with his feet apart, his chin heavy, at a nonplus.

"The man told me you were back here. Why haven't you let me know?"

Agatha's heart sang. Here of a sudden was a woman's wage for self-sacrifice.

"I didn't want to bother you."

"I've been mistrusting it; I had a suspicion that day we left." There was a frown of preoccupation between his eyes, which remained fixed from first to last, half embarrassed, half mesmerized, on the woolly bundle in the woman's arms. He shook his shoulders, changed

his tone. "Well, you've done your stint, Mrs. Grey. Now that *I* can be here for a time—"

Agatha's protest was her triumph: "Indeed, no! I'm not a man with a profession; I can stay on here as long as I'm needed, indefinitely. That's settled."

"But you see I'm not, just now, a man with a profession. I've arranged, for a while—"

At that, of a sudden, Agatha shifted April to her other armpit, out of the line of his sight, as a hawk might hide from another its bit of prey. And she said with vehemence, as she started for the house, "That's absurd. To-morrow you go back to your work."

"I've been at that all my life. Mayn't I be allowed one—one holiday?"

"*Holiday!*"

"As a matter of fact—" he started. But then he reddened and was silent.

He had to use that trump-card next day, however, to put an end to her arguments.

"As a matter of fact, I've no practice to go back to, Mrs. Grey. I've retired."

"At your age? It's worse than absurd, it's shameful. *Why* have you retired? Say!"

How could Curtson say? A thing so tenuous yet so powerful that it could lay hands on a man in full career and bring him to a full stop, how hard for even a professional psychologist to give it a name. It was not as sudden as that sounds, of course. It had been at its work ever since the week-end of that house-party from which his wife had gone away with a man she had not known till then. This was simply the finish, the last outside of the crash of his gutted self-esteem. . . . The queer part of it was that Agatha Grey should have asked the reason. She should have known, for she had been through it. The stop she had come to was quite as full as his.

If there was ever a strange group it was that corporation of three on Anchor

Island. The vacuum in which it existed had nothing to do with the geographical isolation. Even when this was broken with the coming of summer and the meager influx of cottagers (so meager that the old keeper had to give up what hope he had clung to through dwindling seasons and think of the sheriff's hammer in earnest at last)—even this mild insurgence of life, so exciting to the islanders, touched these not at all. If there was no keeping bodily clear of it altogether, it made no difference. Agatha Grey and Dudley Curtson, April's carriage divided between them, could sit for hours, wrapt each in his own thoughts, on a beach where ten vacationists were bathing, and so far as they were concerned it might have been a desert strand.

There was endless speculation about the trio, of course, and endless gossip; "stuck up" was the kindest of the epithets used against them on the gingerbread piazzas. There was humor in this: that not the wildest fiction the snubbed cottagers ever managed to weave ever succeeded in touching a tenth of the wildness of the fact. It would have wanted a weirder kind of imagination than flowered beneath the roofs of Anchor Island.

Curtson nearly went crazy. It would have been better if, along with his pride, he had lost a brain susceptible to the torments of tedium, a body full of blood and muscles, and a man's shame at being held in a snare of spiritual sloth which he could not understand. Not that he submitted without a fight. Once he even had his trunk packed to go.

"You ought to go too," he apostrophized Agatha. "April will be all right here; you know it as well as I do. We should both clear out."

"It looks as though we both should have to before long—all three of us, in fact."

The man widened his eyes. "What do you mean?"

Agatha had been listening to the old islander's troubles. Now, with the fail-

ure of the season, it began to be a settled thing that before another year he would have to let the property go for whatever he could get above the taxes, and move out to Dakota, where his elder daughter had a farm. Curtson's jaw hung to hear all this.

"But good Lord! What'll we do? Where's there any other place for April?"

That was the end of his leaving. Re-emptying his trunk quietly, like a man willing to sing small, he rearranged his things in his little back room, and there they remained for two months, till inaction drove him wild again. This time, to fortify him, there was a wire from the west, asking him to come in consultation on an unusual melancholia case. That he got no farther this time than before was not his fault, but the fault of a second wire, saying it had seemed better altogether to send the case on to him, there at Anchor Island.

Presently the like had been done with two other cases of curable dementia; by Thanksgiving stoves were installed in one of the cottages and an attendant put in charge.

Curtson began to be another man; given an inch of activity, he commenced to think in miles. One raw day near Christmas, when he and Agatha were tramping the beach which by this time they could have walked blindfolded, he stopped to look back over the low sandy scape of the islet. He slapped a thigh.

"It *would* be ideal."

"Ideal for what?"

He told her. With a finger in the air he drew her the picture already shaped in his imagination, the administration building here, the reception and observation units there where the house stood, and still others rising in place of the jerry-built cottages.

"By George! I've half a mind—I wonder what Hoxey would take for the island."

Agatha spoke quietly. "Twenty-two thousand dollars. I bought it two weeks ago."

Curtson stood away and looked at her. Emotions that had lain dormant till now sprang wide-awake, doubts of her playing fair about April, mistrust of everything, hostility.

"Why did you do that?" he challenged her.

"Truly, I don't know. It was a question of the Hoxeys' having to go away. . . . How much of an undertaking would this of yours be—in money?"

Curtson, brought to hard earth, reddened. "I am not a rich man," he said.

"I suppose, in State Street, I wouldn't be called a rich woman. Still, perhaps, between us, we might at least make a start."

Curtson continued to stand and look at her, and the redness did not leave his face.

When April stopped being a baby and began to be a girl, though she had the mother's features, and especially the dark eyes at once as quick as a flying bird and as quiet as a hiding one, in Agatha's sight these were nothing, and she was Eric all over again. Equally, though she had Eric's deep-red hair, his clear skin, and a dozen of his bedevilling mannerisms, Curtson saw his wife and no one but his wife, breathing and walking there.

With these illusions, and with the memories, which should have been let wither, kept so perennially and painfully green, how could either of them have been human and yet have stood it? How could they have been so wonderfully good to that little life that in the gestures of its very innocence seemed to discover hourly new ways of mocking them?

Here is the measure of their absorption in the child. They were man and woman, Curtson barely forty, Agatha in her thirties still. For a while they were tried in isolation, washed up from the same wreck on an island as desert as a desert isle. Then they were tried in a growing mutual activity; more than

thrown together, bound together, unmitigatedly, for years. And so, that nothing ever happened between them, not by even so much as the glint or beginning of romance, would seem on the surface an amazing thing.

On the surface. But the trouble was that the hidden bond already between them was too strange and too powerful; beside it the bond of love and marriage would have looked ridiculous; an instinct knew it from the first and kept their hurt hearts clear of that folly. They would have been astounded to be told all this, and, such is the duplicity of the mind defending itself against itself, indignant. This was particularly strange in Curtson, precisely whose business it was to know what went on in the covert of the unconscious, to hearken, not to a man's words, but to what his shadow was saying. Yet when he looked at April (and that was always) whatever of devotion, of concern, of vicarious delight-of-living there might be in his own head and heart and mouth, there was only one word in the shadow heart of the other that lived in his boots with him, and he never knew it. And he never knew that the one word was: "Wait!"

Quicksilver . . . April, the girl of six or seven, Willa Curtson's slender limbs aflash in the sun on a summer beach, running to be running, hunting to be hunting, and Eric's wine-red hair twisting and whipping in the golden wind. And those two, watching.

They began to be middle-aged, and here is what youth could do for them. To Agatha, it was for the moment as though *she* ran in the sun-blaze; to Curtson, it was *he* that played in the wild warm wind. Overtly, their eyes shone, and a quicker breath came. But covertly, unrealized, something of fright, of strangeness and bitterness, was added to a hidden score against that youth. For Agatha never had and never would have run like that. And Dudley Curtson would never know what it was to do anything but work, even when he played.

April, the girl of nine or ten or twelve, on a winter night, her liveness coiled in a chair before the fire in the Domestic Administration wing of the big main building, a book in her lap, her eyes on the page, her limbs as quiet as heavy sleep. What was that stillness like? Was it like something with bars?

How slowly she read. To the others, over their books, it seemed as though she must be reading that page a dozen times. Or—not at all. What *were* her eyes doing then? In the shadow of Eric's tangled hair, where were the dark eyes that had been Willa's gone? . . . So that was why the stillness was like the stillness of a cage from which the bird has flown.

How good she was, how docile, how good, the steady eyes of the elders said.

But out of their sight the shadows on the walls behind them started slightly, shaking themselves to the alert, pressing tighter together the fingers of their truculent hands.

"Wait!"

No parents could have spent themselves for an own child as those two did for April. If there was anything she could want for health and happiness, they could tell themselves truly that they did not know what it was. Everything they did they did for her alone.

For her they performed what was almost a miracle. They took an unkempt, ill-built, nearly soilless island and within a decade they made of it a paradise of grass and trees and flowers, of swept beaches and meandering, embowered paths, of commodious buildings, and of a population, running to three hundred at times, which, though it might have seemed queer to some, never seemed queer to her. No more salubrious a spot could have been imagined for the sad-souled and twisty-minded people who had to live there, imprisoned for a while; the very beauty of it, healing, was the island's success. But in fact that had never been but the by-product. Firstly, from the first, it had been for April,

a Garden of Eden in which she would always be content to stay.

For this she must be. Agatha and Curtson had known two people so possessed and perverse that they never knew their own fortune, mercurial children, throwing away security for peril, good happiness for bad misery. If there was so much as a seed of that in this child, God give them power, it would wither before it grew.

The first dozen years were the easy ones; then, metaphorically, and without needing to warn each other, they rolled up their sleeves and set the sinews of their kindness. It wanted an infinity of that; it took a patience rare in middle-age, which begins to forget the cloudy hells and heavens, the mantlings and blanchings and shynings at nothing of that *début*. It called not only for discipline but for self-discipline in themselves; above all others, the self-discipline of the shut mouth, when time and again it would have been so grateful and easy to put one of the poor girl's bugaboos to flight by giving it a name.

But it is by things' names that we remember them; identified, they grow important. That is all very well for youngsters who are going to have to deal with them. But April wasn't. So April's weren't to be noticed, and April wasn't to be told.

She took to doing things she herself could not comprehend. There were days when she thought she would tramp the beach a little way, and, once started, on she would go at a more and more breathless pace, around and around the mile-and-a-quarter circuit, her eyes out and away in blue sea distance, or troubled on the mainland shore, that land she had been taught to think of as ugly and tiresome—on and on and on around, borne willy-nilly by her legs at half a run, till she was so done in that dinner made her ill.

There were other days when, looking at the island populous about her, the strange ones that had never seemed strange to her looked of a sudden ten times stranger than they were, their eyes

all oddly concentric on her, some shy, some bold, some avidly friendly, some menacing. So, shivers up and down her, she would stand beset, at bay, till her foster-parents would come as if by chance to walk and talk of other things with her, their arms in hers—and the shadows behind them holding hers between them, trapped.

If those two could be utterly kind to April, for her they could be utterly compunctionless.

There was the episode of Stuart Robey. Hardly more than a boy, something had snapped, some tiny fuse of loyalty to life had blown, leaving him for the while in the dark of a suicidal melancholia. Time was his medicine: had he not been almost certainly curable he would not have been at Anchor Island. His trick was quietude. As though afraid to stir in his darkness for fear of hitting things, for hours that grew into days he would sit on the turf or lie on the sand without the movement of a muscle, the eyes in the mask of his tragic negation fixed steadfastly on some one blue point in distance.

There was a week when all of April's wonder and timidity in face of people came down to a center and fastened on Stuart Robey. The others ceased to exist, she saw no one but him. She too could be as quiet as an image, except that as she sat and watched him from a distance that lessened day by day, there was an almost continuous ebb and flow of color beneath the translucent skin of her throat and cheeks. An ecstasy, an agony, of puzzlement. Why did she grow red, why white, why hot, why cold, as she contemplated the beauty of the sadness of this wonderful, wonderful boy?

And then one afternoon Stuart Robey became aware of her. Removing his gaze from the distant point, he brought it to the figure a rod away. April, at fifteen, had begun to come into her inheritance of hungry loveliness, yet the innocence of childhood still lay on her like a troubled sleep; the adoration

in her wide dark eyes was half panic, the pity half wonder, and the slant sun had set a burning halo on her hair.

Something happened to the muscles of Stuart's face, all of them at once, a sudden relenting of tendons that had held them taut. Presently a wince ran from his eyes to his mouth, and that wince was a smile. He arose and drew nearer, reached out and took her hand.

Bang! There's no other word for it, when April's fingers felt the touch of his. A deafening chord, a blinding light. But not her fingers alone—down went her brow, esurient for its share of that hand-touch before it was gone, and so her cheeks, her lashes, her lips, her breast. And when the hand should go, what? For standing, now, was like trying to stand against a gale.

Agatha Grey, coming as fast as she could, fetched to a stop at sight of that wild, awakening leap of innocence, her hand against her heart. From her heart it moved to her throat, and from there to her eyes, which were playing tricks.

Agatha had always seen (or had believed she saw) only so much as was Eric in April; the red-haired, white-skinned girl might as well have been a boy, till now. But now—Bang! Again, there's no other word for it. The sudden new arc of that bowed body, all victory and all defeat, all defiant and all cringing—now it was woman, woman, woman. No, a sharper sting than that. It was Willa, Willa, Willa.

A bit of Eric here, a gesture of Eric's there; in the weird instant Agatha saw them but as loot of victory, trophies won and worn.

Yet it was not the arc of flesh, not even the trophies, that made Agatha cover her eyes a second time to darken the light in them of something which, as a good and loving woman, she must hate in herself, despise and fear. It was a thing she saw before her there, and knew now must have been the thing that made April's mother the Willa who could know Eric for an hour and carry him away for

life and death—a thing neither noun nor verb, neither substance nor act, but rather an irradiation, an impalpable, galvanic effluvium of the spirit, a frailty more devastating than strength, a duplicity as single as innocence, an improvidence fiercer than a miser's thrift—a sum of things a woman as sane as Agatha must bitterly condemn, oh, bitterly, and—never know what it is to possess. Silver to grasp at; quicksilver to elude the grasp.

Agatha had had scales on her eyes for years. Now with a third passage of her hand she put them back on her eyes, started her feet again, ran and got April away.

Next morning Stuart Robey was sent back to the sanitarium of his case-origin, one in western Ohio, where incurables were taken. Curtson wrote the opinion without a quiver.

April was not told immediately that he was gone. She was kept in her room in a condition of nervous upset that would have made it dangerous in Curtson's judgment, a judgment the more firmly pronounced for that he felt himself, for the first time, unsure and inept in judgment. He felt himself distorting things and couldn't help it; he went on seeing molehills as mountains. It was worse even than a physician trying to treat himself. In April up, wild to be let go, he beheld hysteria; down on her bed, exhausted, dumb, motionless for hours, in her quiet he seemed to see the encroachment of a morbose hebetude.

But it was before her utter simplicity that he found himself dismayed. The bread that he and Agatha had cast on the waters returned now to confound him. He was trained in listening to evasions and hearing the truth. This fierce limpidity of April's every question and impulse had him beyond his depth. But it was true; how could she be expected to know what these things were, self-consciousness, circumlocution, false shame? Who had told her that she must not want out loud: "I want to go now, because I know he's waiting to see

me, and wondering, and I want to see him, because he's so straight and strong and sad and beautiful and kind"? Why should she blush to say, "I want to hold his hand, and kiss it"? Or blanch, when the yearning mutiny was on her, to cry, "What reason, what *right* have you to keep me from going and finding him?"

That last aspect, that clear-eyed, overweening, somehow pagan fury, born of innocence, took Curtson aback as nothing else had done. As he studied her at the height of it, he had a sense of a force resistless and irresponsible, a will-to-have-what-it-wanted which recked so little of obstacles that it could not know there were such things, and of a sudden he had to shut his eyes. For now it was *his* eyes that were playing tricks.

He had always seen April as the re-incarnation of his wife, the Willa of the earlier, saner years. He had always wondered in pain and futility what power there could be on earth that could blind her and bind her and carry her away from him. Now when he dared open his eyes, there it was. He had never seen Eric Grey, except as a shape beneath a sheet. Now he beheld him alive. Alive and still possessed, more triumphantly and mockingly than ever possessed, of the stolen flesh of Willa, possessed as a devil possesses, wearing it as his own.

Curtson got out of the room; in the corridor he stood and fought. "It's not April's fault. It's not *April*. It's something—something . . ." He hadn't a name for it, though he had a name for every other insanity; and to a man like Curtson this *had* to be insanity. He locked the door, gave the key to a nurse, and went out to sit in the air on the steps, where Agatha was sitting.

They had nothing to say, nothing they dared say, to each other. Nor dared they keep their eyes anywhere but straight ahead. Each had had a glimpse of the shadow that stood behind, malformed, implacably patient, and neither wanted another.

From that day on they knew the work they were going to have in saving April "from herself." Nothing arbitrary or pitiless in any other direction mattered. Nothing that was "for April's good" could come at a price too high. It was for April's good that, one by one, the younger patients were weeded out and sent back to the institutions of their origin, till Anchor Island began to be known as a home for the aged infirm of mind. And so with the house physician, who had to be discharged in place of an older man. And so with the gray-headed, wooden-legged tutor, who was caught lending his pupil a copy of *Paolo and Francesca* to read. And so even with the fat, middle-aged nurse, who, given April in charge, was the heart of faith in watching temperatures, trying to rally her out of her suffocating moods of melancholy, or to tempt her appetite by tidbits when she had none—so with Alice, the nurse, who was the heart of faith, but who had had love-affairs in her youth which she couldn't always remember not to talk about.

But their time was the dearest sacrifice that Agatha and Curtson laid on the altar of April's good. Whenever she was abroad on the island, even though a nurse or tutor was with her, one of the elders tried to be within eyeshot of her too. No longer could she lie prone on the sunny grass and dream seaward, unwatched. No longer was she free to roam the beach alone, around and around; one of them went with her, measuring the pace.

Why? What possible chance of peril was there left on Anchor Island now?

Who could say? There was an uneasiness that never slept. A shadowy, omnivorous mistrust. And it was right—one lowering of the guard, one shrewd concatenation of mischances—and what? Quicksilver is so quick. . . .

One Friday morning in June of the year April was seventeen she got up, for no reason, hours earlier than anyone, and

went out to have a look at the day, soft with spring.

One Wednesday Doctor Curtson had to go to New York to testify in a damage suit, to be gone two days.

One Thursday evening a young fellow was around the Hoopertown waterfront inquiring about the tender for Anchor Island. When he was told the last for the day had gone he seemed distressed. He could hire a fisherman to take him across in his motor-dory; the man was there at the dock. But then he decided to wait in the hotel over the night. He didn't sleep much; before it was more than gray he was out looking for that doryman; wild to be on the ground while a chance in a hundred still seemed fair odds and his presumptuous courage held, in the red of dawn he was off across the quiet Sound.

Courage? Cheek! A Doctor Swanson, of Troy, an elderly consultant, had been engaged as assistant-psychiatrist at Anchor Island. He suffered a paralytic stroke the week he was to leave for there. His assistant was Terry Monck. The berth at Anchor Island was a good one, wanting a man of experience, and so of years. Terry was twenty-six, the ink of his doctorate hardly yet dry. Chance in a hundred? Not in a hundred hundred. And yet, if Doctor Swanson would delay writing, give Terry time to get there unheralded, enthusiastic, self-confident, lucky—well, he was Terry, and he *was* but twenty-six.

Certainly he reached the island early enough. At first he saw no one stirring ashore. But as the water-space narrowed he saw a girl on the landing-stage.

The dory came and bumped; the doryman put his painter through a ring. "Here y'are." But for the moment his passenger only sat there on the thwart like a deaf one, his sandy hair, unhatted, more and more tumbled in the wind, his chin long with a sobriety of astonishment, his blue eyes fixed on the image caught in a troubled net of sunlight and spring-time and morning, there above. And he had seen plenty of girls, what's more.

The girl had seen hardly any young men, and no young men at all like him.

How long they remained so, dumb struck, only the impatient doryman could have said.

By and by, "Who are you?"

"I'm Terry Monck, the new psychiatrist, to see Doctor Curtson. And who are you, please?"

"I'm April. And my uncle is away, and he won't be back till afternoon."

"I'll—I'll have to wait then."

"Yes. Not in the boat, though. Come, I'll help you up. Take my hand."

Concatenation of mischances, with a vengeance. That morning Agatha had a headache and stayed in bed. Once, conscience speaking, she asked Miss Proctor where April was. The nurse reassured her. The new psychiatrist, "Doctor What's-his-name, from Troy," came that morning, was having a talk with April and a walk.

It was not till noon that an intimation of the truth got into the darkened room. What the stupid nurse was saying was, "It's a Godsend for her, having somebody around here young and attractive enough to be half-human. You'd hardly know April, from yesterday."

That finished the headache. "What—why—Doctor Swanson must be a man of fifty."

"*Fifty!*"

"It is 'Swanson'—the name—you're sure?"

"No, ma'am; I didn't get it very well, but it wasn't 'Swanson,' I don't think."

April and the new doctor, those whom Agatha questioned when she was dressed and out informed her, were somewhere along the south beach. When she had hurried there she saw them, little figures to the east. Her first impulse was to run and run and run. But when she saw that they were coming toward her she knew it was wisdom to take hold of herself, stand quietly, and wait. So she did, pinning her huddle of noontday shadow grimly down.

Blue, blue sea, white, white surf, tender breathless green of springtime, golden sand. And they had had it from dawn to meridian, whole. Something for mockery. Who was it had said here, "Let it be a Garden of Eden for April?"

When the pair had come abreast of her, Agatha opened her mouth and had the weirdest of all her frights. For when she had called sharply, "April, your lunch is waiting; I want you to come with me," and when she saw the two going on rapt, like one thing walking radiant, she had an awful sense that her words had only gone half way, had hit against the glassy wall of another dimension there, where they could walk and she could not, and fallen dead. The panic she had been fighting got her. She *had* to try again. This time, thank God, the words went somewhere, and brought April back.

But Agatha had felt too helplessly little for that instant to be able to get over it soon. Had there been an argument she would not have been equal to it. There was none. April did her bidding and went up to the Wing ahead of her with a docility almost somnambulant.

"There's no use your waiting," she told Terry, when she had listened angrily to the beginning of his half-bemused, half-impassioned plea. "You'll not do. Doctor Curtson will only tell you the same. There's a boat leaving at two—no, it will do you *no* good to see the Doctor—this is private property, and after two you will be considered a trespasser."

Terry's face was flaming. He bowed, turned, and made directly for the landing.

Agatha had a time with April. At lunch, to the girl's rapt surety, "I'll see him this afternoon, all this whole afternoon," she knew nothing but to humor her. Afterwards, since it was not two yet, she must temporize, "Yes, but you must lie down first, a little while." It was when, the hour past, the truth was told, that the fearful part began.

Curtson had seen it once, but Agatha

never had. And the fearfulest of the fearful part was the part that was quiet—deadly quiet, deadly clear.

"Why should he go away? Why *shouldn't* I see him? What's wrong in that?"

What a question! It had never even occurred to Agatha to state it even for herself. It never would. She would never let it. She answered as if the answer were axiomatic.

"You wouldn't understand, my child. You must simply take what we say."

But it was in the periods when there was even no word, no color, no twitch of movement, that Agatha felt herself beaten smallest by forces outside her comprehension, battered by the winds and waters of seas never charted in the geography of her Platonic schooling.

Yet for all her sense of odds too eerie against her, Agatha wasn't to know the half till nearly dinner time. Then it was April, at a window, crying, "Why have you lied to me?" An arrow of anger. But a catch of doubt, a breaking of Elysian light, "Oh, but you only did it to fool me, then—to surprise me—later on!"

And there outside, under a tree and against the water, was Terry, watching and waiting.

Agatha went out of the room to go down. But in the corridor she went weak against the wall. "What's the use?" she thought. And she thought, "When, *when* will Dudley come?"

When he came on the last tender, quick as she was to the landing, Terry beat her.

"I only thought if I could *see* you, Doctor," he was saying when she got between.

"Tell him, Dudley. The tender can go back, to take him. Now. Immediately."

Curtson studied her. He studied Terry Monck, from head to foot of his delectable youth. In a flash he had put the two and two together. His face went dark.

"Immediately, yes!" He turned to

shout to the tender crew, but then, ashamed of his own and Agatha's hysteria, he took himself in hand. After all . . . "No, Mr. Monck; but you will be good enough to take the first boat in the morning. To-night you will have a room in the staff-house. Montgomery there will show you to one."

Agatha tried to tell him about the day as the two went on. "As for April, Dudley, she has not been . . . Dudley, actually, this afternoon April has not seemed to me . . ."

"I know. I know."

Curtson went up to April. He studied her. Under cover of labored small-talk he started to take her pulse, but put her wrist quickly away. What need for mere mechanical evidence?

"Miss Proctor," he said, outside, "you'll sleep in the alcove in there to-night, please."

He kept his face averted when he went down to where Agatha sat on the doorstep. Dusk gave way to a fog of moonlight. Agatha shivered. She tried to laugh it off for the chill. But then she said, "No, but I wish you *had* sent him. I'd feel safer."

"Pshaw! I guess, between us, we can take care of her."

"But can we? Dudley, listen. Do you know, young as April is, I believe we've got to think of marrying her. Some man we could know about—an older man—old enough and settled enough to be kind to her, yet absolute. We've got to think."

Curtson shook his head, no longer trying to hide the pain in his eyes.

"Agatha, I'm beginning to be afraid April will never—never be fit—never be . . ."

It choked him; he couldn't finish. And there was no need; Agatha had heard what she dreaded. They sat with bowed shoulders, swayed by grief, these two good people.

Behind them their two shadows sat with swollen shoulders, rocked by another thing.

The evening was a hard one. More

than once they started, peering, thinking to see a prowler in the mist. Between uneasiness and tragedy it was a task to keep even desultory words going. Near eleven, Curtson got up to go across to his own steps. What occurred to his nerves then it would be hard to say—some plucking at the sleeve of his unrest.

"Agatha, have a look at April. I'm anxious to know how she sleeps to-night."

Agatha went up at a walk. She came down at a run. Her face was like paper.

"April is not there."

"What are you talking about?"

"Miss Proctor's asleep in the alcove, and the door is locked. But Dudley, the screen is up in one window, *and April is not in that room. And I am not crazy.*"

"You must be. There's nothing but sheer drop from there, twenty-five feet, to concrete."

They started on common impulse, their shadows swarming and scuttling even with them along the wall. But when they came to the corner of the building and turned, the shadows, unleashed, darted long, black and ravening ahead. And when they came, what did they find? The concrete of the area walk, empty; the third-floor window open, overhead.

Wings?

There was a fall of heavy feet behind them, across the grass from the shore. At first it was one figure, distorted; then they saw it was Terry, with April in his arms.

"She has hurt her leg, Doctor, terribly. I don't know if anything is broken. She came down there to me on her hands and knees."

Agatha started to cry out, but Curtson hushed her.

"She must be taken upstairs," he said.

"I will carry her, sir."

April's face came out of his shoulder, big-eyed, moon-white. "He will carry me."

"I love her, sir. I will not let anyone take her away from me."

"Do you hear? He won't let anyone take me away from him. He loves me."

Curtson had doubled his fists. But of a sudden he had a feeling about them akin to Agatha's earlier in the day; he felt them as solids blown thinner than thin air in the wind of another dimension, where young lunacy could stand and mock and defy him, untouchable.

He steadied his voice. "Carry her upstairs, then. Come, this way."

But at the front door he said to Terry, "Now we will take her. *Yes!* Good-night." To April, "But he is so tired, child, after all this way. To-morrow morning? Oh, yes, yes."

Agatha and Curtson stayed with April the rest of the night. In her quickness and queerness she had almost killed herself once; they wouldn't trust mere screens again.

It wasn't so much this that kept them, though, attentive to the swollen ankle of which she alone seemed unaware, hearkening and answering "Yes, yes," to her infatuated babble of to-morrow and Terry again, pinning her down between them, their shadows locked heavy across the bed. It was something that had come on the girl that held them fascinated and crucified, the stamp of a light on her face and in her eyes, reawakening bitter memories. Like one brought back from the moon, trailing wisps of a light never on land or sea, mercurial, madcap, serene, they felt it mocking their pedestrian, home-keeping sanity.

Their own thoughts and own shadows frightened them; they tried desperately to put them out of mind and sight. "Poor child! poor child!" they sorrowed with their meeting eyes.

In the morning (after that tender was safely gone) they took April across to the East Building to have the bone in her ankle set. It was a dilatory business; between this and that it used up hours. At the Home Wing the masons needed the time.

When they did take her back to her room, when, looking for Terry at last,

she saw, not him, but new iron gratings imbedded in the window masonry, they were prepared for storm. They were fooled. All day she lay quiet, as inattentive to those iron lines across the windows as if they were lines drawn in a dream, the stamp of that chimera light from far and far away still lambent on her brow and in her eyes.

So she went through red sunset and blue dusk. But when night had brought the moon out, of a sudden, ankle-cast and all, she got up, hobbled across the floor, grabbed hold of those bars, shook them, beat them, tore at them, and screamed.

The worst of it was that Agatha and Curtson could do nothing to help her. When they could no longer stand the sound she made they had to get out and away as far as they could.

They went blindly, at random, not knowing where. It must be repeated, they went blindly, not knowing where. For unless it can be believed that, from beginning to end, they did not know where they were going, these two become abominable. And *they* were not abominable. Certainly none could have "done more for April" than Agatha and Curtson had done.

The trouble was that they were but two of four, and the other two were the shadows that lived in their shoes with them. Those shadows? All the memories the good must forget, the wounds of vanity, the poisons of jealousy, the black resentments of man and woman scorned, all the things they must put out of sight behind them, these were the substance of the shadows of the unconscious, under their hearts, behind their minds. *They* might forgive and forget. But those shadows? Never, never! From the first step to the last act, it was the shadows alone that knew where they were going and what they did.

For if this were the story it would seem, and seemed to Agatha and Curtson most of all, then it becomes but a tangle of inconsistencies, a tragedy of errors.

But it is not that, the history of a loving-kindness doomed to fail. It is the history of a devious, a shadowy, a complete revenge. In it there was never an indecision, never one misstep.

Why did they come back to the island and the infant in the beginning, first Agatha, bewildered, stubborn, then Curtson, dazed by his own irrationality and the stoppage of his life? Responsibility? That would be carrying it a little far. Affection for the baby April? Neither of them knew the baby April then.

The shadowy players that brought those two pawns back across the board never did know April as April. They knew her only as Eric and Willa, Eric and Willa who had eaten their cake and were not to have it to eat in this new flesh again—not if shadows' hands could lay hold of it in time.

By that first move, back to the island, the shadows had dug the ore.

When they made the island an insane asylum, a garden, and a jail, they had smelted it.

When they had fed April's body healthy, normal, warm, and kept her imaginings weazened in the wrappings of that bugaboo ignorance of things, then they had made the iron.

When they had tampered with Agatha's woman-intuition, and with Curtson's professional sagacity, scaring them, making it plausible and forgivable for them to see mountains where only the molehills of a natural and ardent adolescence were, then they had begun to shape the bars. Then it was nearly all over. It wanted little more than to call the masons to bore the holes in the window-stones.

They went at random, Curtson and Agatha, to get away from that sound. Beyond the first building, past the second; still they were not away. They came behind a third, the one where the domestics and laborers lived. It was growing dark. Just before and below them a light shone out through a window of the basement kitchen, falling upwards

across their faces. Their eyes grew old. Tears of desperate grief came out and rolled down.

A little way behind them stood the wooden barrack where everything untidy or unsavory was thrust away, scraps and rubbish and fertilizer. It was not kept up as the other buildings were, for it was out of the public sight. Scrollwork hanging, clapboards gaping, shingles split. Of all the summer cottages once on Anchor Island, by what chance was it that it was *that* cottage that had been spared to stand these years mocked by tin cans and soiled papers, defiled by fertilizer bags? Who but shadows could have said?

Because the light in front of Agatha and Curtson was so close, the shadows thrown behind them were magnified.

They swarmed gargantuan up the beaten clapboards and sprawled enormous and gluttoned over the tired eaves.

What's that sound, winding in the night? Quicksilver? How now?

What's that name, crying? "Terry!"?

("Eric!")

("Willa!")

Quicksilver laughs at fingers that are all thumbs. Let it laugh at bars that are all iron. Ho-Ho! The laughter that is last is best.

The two weeping in the shaft of light from the basement never knew about the shadows. All they knew was that their common desolation seemed of a sudden to have brought them closer together than they had ever been. It was strange they had never done it before. Fumbling, they found each the other's hand.

SHIP MODEL

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

UN**TIL** he placed it on the mantel there,
The room was but a dingy place and only
Dark memories and ghosts of old despair
Would occupy his hours. Quiet and lonely
He sat and read a dusty volume through;
He drew his pension check and put away
His savings as old men are wont to do,
And count them over day by lengthening day.
But now there is new glamour in his eyes,
New conversation on his quivering lips,
As though he had returned from tropic skies
And brimmed with all the tales of seas and ships;
He sits and dreams to-night, and nods away—
And is his heart in Venice or Cathay?



TO PICNIC IN FEZ

BY LELAND HALL

NOW, when I decided to go from Marrakech to Fez, Djilali said to me, "Fez is a wicked city. The streets are dark and narrow. Rivers rush under them. The man who sees you are a stranger and a Christian will invite you to his house with magic words. In his house he will rob you. Then he will cut your head from your body; and he will drop your head through a hole into one river, and your body through a hole into another river; and your head and your body will be separate in the plain where the rivers come out from under the city. They will be naked." Therefore, when I departed from Marrakech on my way to Fez I did not know what lay before me unless it were risk and danger; and without Djilali, who had been my safe friend, I was alone.

I had chosen the way by Safi and the sea; and in the motor wagon with a dozen Arabs I felt out of place, for I could not speak their language except to say, "Thank you. There is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the Messenger of Allah." It was still early morning; the sun was brilliant and the shadows long. Swiftly we pulled up from the plain in the midst of which is Marrakech. Great hills stepped in behind us, hiding from my backward look the city and its groves and even the snow of the High Atlas, which no mere distance ever darkened. In the curves of the road we stopped abruptly to spare the Berber shepherd and his flock; and in the straightaway we often halted while the nomad cursed his superb camel into passing us. Then we were

on a plateau. On either side of the road, as far as the eye could see, the land was furrowed cinnamon and brown. Camel and donkey, hitched to the same plow, walked disdainfully up and down the fields, pulling the share some son of Adam guided. Far off to the west, under white clouds, the blue of the flax was so like the sea that I thought Safi, which is on the sea, was no farther than across the fields in view.

But it was a long way. In midmorning we stopped at a little white roadhouse, where we got down to stretch our legs; and one of the Arabs, who was well dressed, took my arm and led me into the roadhouse to buy me coffee. Then we sped on again through the cool wind, till the plateau broke down before us, and we coasted and twisted into a sterile valley where there was no longer water in the river bed and the windless air was hot. Having gone down into the valley, we must climb up in low speed on the farther side, and cross a ridge; when we came truly to the sight of the sea, which was blue as flax with not a ship on it, and to Safi, and my hotel on the hills above it.

In the evening I descended into the town. As I passed a café a man called out to me in Arabic; and there at a little table sat the Arab who had bought me coffee on the way. With him sat a young Arab. Together they invited me to drink coffee. The young man's name was Mohammed el Barka; and as he spoke a little French, we were able to converse over the coffee. Upon my telling him I was an American, he lifted the edge of my coat and was disappointed

to discover I carried no revolver in my hip pocket. For he had seen the moving pictures, young Mohammed, and knew my country as we show it to the world. Yet for all I failed to conform to type, he liked me none the less; and with that immediate friendliness, which takes no stock of intimacy or length of acquaintance and which is natural to his intuitive race, he urged me to stay over a day or two in Safi so that he might be my host and guide.

Towards noon of the next day, after we had been wandering through the little town, he ducked with me into a side street; and before I knew it we were up a flight of stairs and in an Arab café, a sunny place.

"Here," he said, "you will hear the music of my people, which you tell me you enjoy."

I sat against the wall. The proprietor hung up his best song birds in the sun of the balcony so that they sang. The mimosa trees rustled in the open windows. After a while two musicians came, and then a third, Mustapha. They sat before me on the floor with their lutes, Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha the first musician. While they were playing to me the proprietor asked if he might prepare a lunch; and thereafter my ear was for the music, but my eye was for the master of the café and Mohammed squatting on the balcony and peeling potatoes and carrots and shredding meat into a big bowl.

In time Mohammed himself led me to a dish of stew, seasoned with herbs. I ate as best I could with the thumb and two fingers of my right hand, for the trouble of many forks and dishes is not in this country; and the youth sat at my side, watching how clumsily I put food into my mouth and naming in Arabic each thing I ate. Meanwhile the sound of the music never ceased, nor the trilling of the birds with it; and fragrance of the mimosa was in my nostrils with the taste of the stew.

It was at noon the next day I must take the bus on my way to Mazagan,

which is on the way to Fez. In the crowd round the vehicle stood the master of the café, and Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha, who had come to embrace me and to wish me Godspeed. Young Mohammed asked for a leaf from my note book and, having made room for himself in the crowd with his elbows, wrote on the paper in Arabic.

"My friend," he said, handing me what he had written through the open bus window, "here is a note to my cousin, Tahar el Bouab, whom you will find collecting custom at one of the gates of Fez. Give it to him, and he will take care of you."

When the bus started, they cried out, "Peace go with you," and waved their hands.

II

Mazagan and Azemour, Casablanca and Fedallah and Meknes, these are towns on the way to Fez, and Meknes is but a short stage from it. The letter which Mohammed had given me to Tahar the Gate Keeper was always in my pocket. I did not know what was written in it, for, though I took it out and looked at it, I could not read the Arabic letters; and even had I been able to do so, I should not know the meaning of the words they spelled. Therefore, my curiosity had grown great about it; and besides I thought, "Shall I go on to Fez, which Djilali told me is a city of wickedness, with a secret letter?"

Now, in Meknes I was conducted by a young Moor who was attached to the hotel where Europeans put up, to show them the sights of the city and interpret for them when they wish to buy at the shops. He tried to persuade me to buy, for merchants would give him a percentage on all the trade he brought to them and he made his living thus, like all guides attached to Moroccan hotels. But I told him I had no money to spend and wished only to see the city, with its twisting little streets in which the stranger is soon bewildered, and the gardens which lie round it.

When I walked with him through the city, I closed my eyes upon the old embroideries and the old brasses which were displayed in the shops and turned my ear from the merchants' entreaties. But he would not give over his persuading.

"Enough of the city," I said at last. "Let us drive to one of the gardens where there are no people to push against me."

We sat down in the shade of the trees and rested. He asked if I would send him a book which would teach him English. He knew French well, how to read and write it as well as to speak it; "but," he said, "many of the tourists who come here are from your country or from England, and few know how to speak much in French. This is too bad, for they have a great deal of money and would spend it if we could talk to them."

And this is certainly true, as they have a proverb in their own language which says, "At sweet words the lioness will give you her milk."

Then I thought of Mohammed, of the master of the café, and of the three musicians, Ahmed, Youssef, and Mustapha. I took the letter from my pocket.

"You who can read the language of the Franks," I said, "can you do the same with your own?" For there are not many of the Moors who can read and write their own language. And I told him I did not know what was written in this letter.

"Show me the letter," he said.

I handed it to him, and he read it; but when he had finished he would not tell me what was written in it, only that it was a good letter.

Then we returned to the hotel without much talk. After we had got down from the carriage at the hotel gate he said:

"Go, now, and eat. In the afternoon I will come for you and take you again to the city."

"But I wish to buy nothing in the city," I said.

"It is not for you to buy that I shall

take you there, but to drink tea at my house with my friends."

When I came out from the meal I found him waiting at the hotel gate. He set off at once, walking swiftly, and I followed him into the city and to the shop of a merchant, who was young and fat. He was dressed in fine robes. On his head he wore a fez, but on his hands leather gloves from Europe.

"Show the merchant the letter which you showed me this morning."

I gave over the letter to Hamed, the merchant, and he read it. Then he brought up a stool. "Sit here," he said; and he went away with the guide who had brought me and left me alone in the shop.

While I sat alone, Europeans came into the shop and treated with me as if the rugs and cushions all about were mine to sell. Presently my guide returned, carrying cones of sugar and sprays of green mint in his hand; and at his heels the merchant returned. He sent away the Europeans from the shop, saying he would not trade with them to-day; and he bade me wait in the street with the guide while he shut and locked the doors of the shop.

This being done, we went through many crooked streets till we came to the door of a house, where Hamed knocked and called out loudly, so that the people stopped and looked.

In the center of the house was a tiled courtyard, with the sun shining in it and an orange tree growing there by a pool, and four doors which opened into four lofty rooms. Having removed our shoes, we entered one of the rooms and sat on the carpet which covered the floor; and when Hamed, the merchant, clapped his hands, a servant brought in a brazier with fire burning in it and a copper kettle, so that we might have tea. The servant brought a basin with water, also, for us to wash our hands.

While the tea was brewing, Hamed laid the letter on his knee and translated to me what was written in it, which was about as follows:

"Praise be to God, the One and Only. Mohammed el Barka wishes peace to Tahar, his cousin, and let Tahar receive the Christian who brings him this letter, and give him shelter if he needs it, and food and drink, and do what is in his power to make life pleasant for him in Fez, where he is a stranger. For the Christian who brings this letter is my friend and comrade and will give you news of me."

The servant brought cakes of almond meal for us to eat with our tea; and when we had eaten and drunk and washed our hands, Hamed, the merchant, said to me:

"Those in Safi shall not do more for you than I. Wait, and I will write you letters."

He wrote three letters to three rich merchants of Fez and wrote their names on the outer fold. But while I thanked him for the letters, I said I would not be beholden to three rich merchants since I had no affairs which could interest them; that I desired only to see the people of Fez and how they lived.

"Wait," he said, "I have not yet done. You are a stranger and cannot speak our language. The streets of Fez are steep and narrow. You cannot find your way in them nor can you trust the citizens to help you. You must have a guide. I will give you the name of a man I know there who will be your guide and whom you can trust. Take your pencil and write down this man's name in your letters so that you will not forget it."

I wrote down the name Mohammed Larossé.

III

From Meknes to Fez the road passes among hills which are big as mountains and gashed by the rains. In the valleys under the misty light and on distant slopes the iris and the flax were blue lakes in the red land, unreal lakes no keel could plow; and the calendulas were gold that was spilled on the barren hillside. From the crest of the hills the

road runs down to the plain in which Fez is sunk like a funnel with walls round the rim and the towers of mosques rising from below. The sun was shining on it. Beyond it were other hills.

When I had eaten in my hotel, which was just without a gate of the city called the Iron Gate, I went in through the gate and walked along the street which is like a rim above the town, where there were high walls and trees in flower hanging their branches over them from gardens behind. A young Moor joined me, whose robes were somber and neat and who spoke to me politely in French. We were alone together; for the business of the city was below, and those who lived up here, being rich, could sleep in their gardens through the heat of the day.

It was not far, he said, to the gate where Tahar el Bouab sat; and he showed me the way. There were camels and donkeys coming in through the gate, which Tahar counted and taxed. The camel drivers made their beasts kneel in the gateway and outside while Tahar read the letter I had brought and while he spoke to me through the young Moor. Since he was so busy, I begged him not to concern himself with me; and he said he would come to see me at my hotel on the next day.

Then the young man took me to a quiet place.

"Wait here," he said, "and I will find you Larossé."

And in a few minutes he brought Larossé to me, for he had been idling in this upper part of the town. When I first looked at Larossé, the man who was to be my guide in Fez, which Djilali had said was full of wickedness, I thought there could be nothing more wicked than he in the whole city. Though he was young, his face was battered, his shorn skull dented with scars. His eyes, of a yellowish gray, were small and abnormally far apart; his voice was hoarse and blatant. The hand he offered me was thin and soft and cold. And he attached himself

to me, for, he said, his life was mine because I was the friend of the merchant in Meknes.

With this ill-favored and ill-clad man I first went down into the city of Fez. When we had come to the lowest part of it, where the street was so narrow that the walls of the houses almost met above, he seized my hand and dragged me through a doorway, so that we were in darkness. I felt at my feet the invisible forms of men sleeping. Then Larossé pulled me to a corner and put my hand against the wall, in which I felt rungs set as in a ladder. He climbed up the wall through a hole in the roof, and I followed him and found myself in an upper chamber where the daylight was dim through a tiny window. On the floor lay a man wrapped in a black robe, and there was a pot of yellow flowers before him; and another man, who had been leaning by the wall, crossed over and sat silent in a corner. Larossé sat down, and I sat down beside him, and no one said a word.

From below came the sound of bellows blowing, which meant that someone would soon bring us tea up through the hole in the floor.

"The Moors are fond of flowers," I said to Larossé in French; for amid the shadows of the chamber where we sat so still the pot of flowers drew my eyes like the glow of embers on a hearth. At the sound of my voice the man wrapped in black raised his head, muttering a word; and Larossé spoke to him in Arabic. Then the man rested his head again on the floor; but put his arm stealthily from the folds of his robe and, seizing the pot of flowers in his hand, set it away from him towards me.

"He gives them to you," said Larossé. "The man is a gardener, and you will not lack flowers while you stay in Fez."

Another man climbed up through the hole in the floor. In the center of the room he stretched his arms a moment, then sat by the wall with a sigh of contentment. My companions chuckled

and spoke to him, and he told them a story, laughing.

"This man," said Larossé when he had done, "has just come from prison. Two weeks ago he was walking in the town at night and he met a woman and wished to sleep with her. So she said, 'Come to my room and you shall sleep with me.' But when they came to her room, there was another man in the woman's bed. She liked him better and laughed. So this man was in a rage. He tore the blanket off the man in the bed and ran away with it. But the woman reported him to the pasha. They caught him and put him in prison for two weeks. He comes from prison now. That is why we laugh."

In a little while it was dark in the room, and when the master of the café brought up tea he brought two candles which he lighted. He brought with him also a little lute, which he played while we drank tea. I listened to the music and the sound of the men's voices talking. When it was time for me to go the gardener took the flowers from the pot, dried their stems on a fold of his robe, and gave them to me to take to my hotel.

In the street before the threshold of the house, in the glare of the acetylene lamps hung on the walls of the shops at hand, stood a young man waiting for Larossé. His face was fresh and comely; and his eyes were lustrous, but one of them was bigger than the other. Larossé did not greet him, nor he Larossé. He walked with us swiftly up the steep, crooked streets which ascend from the depths of the city; and when we came to the top into the wide street with the flowering trees hanging their branches over the wall, he sang along the way. His name was Hassan, and he was a fine singer for the pleasure of it.

At the gate of the hotel I took money from my pocket to pay Larossé, who made his living by guiding strangers; but he refused to accept it.

Early the next morning he came to the hotel for me. We spent the day in

the city with the craftsmen, sitting with the potters while they turned their wheels, and with the weavers while they wove. Larossé took the shuttle from one of them and, sitting before the loom, shot it to and fro; for he had been trained as a weaver. At the end of the day he likewise refused to take wages.

On the third day we sat with the cobblers and the millers, the dyers of leather and the leather workers; but we did not visit the merchants, nor stop to talk with those who called to us from their shops; because Larossé knew I wished to buy nothing. At the end of that day I insisted so firmly on his accepting his wages that he admitted money buys food more than friendliness. When I took out my pocketbook I found I had not the exact amount of what I owed him, and he had no money to make change. Therefore, I paid him for the three days and with it for two days in advance.

Now when these two days were up and he had served me faithfully, I thought it a good plan to pay him again in advance, as a sign of confidence between us. So I gave him a hundred-franc note as for a week in advance.

His eyes glowed.

"I will keep strict account," he said, "and I will never ask money from you as long as you are in Fez, nor ever accept it from you again."

IV

The next day Larossé said to me:

"We have been too much in the city. We must make an outing in the country. To-morrow we shall go to the hot springs of Sidi Harrazem."

"Is it far?" I asked.

"It is about ten miles each way. But I will hire a mule for you, which is not dear in Fez; and I will run by the mule, for such is our habit."

In the afternoon he returned to find me at the hotel.

"I will bring the mule to-morrow morning shortly after sunrise," he said.

"And I have thought and ordered food to be prepared for us in the city, which will cost less than food here at the hotel. So we can spend the whole day in the country. My friend Hassan will come with us."

"That will make three of us," I said, "a pleasant number. And Hassan will sing."

"I will hire a mule, then, for Hassan, since it is not dear."

"And you can ride on the mule with him, which is better than running," I said.

The next morning I arose early and waited for my guide. After two hours he came. In the courtyard of the hotel was Hassan mounted on a mule; and beside him stood another mule with a saddle-cloth of crimson and stirrups of hammered brass. I climbed into the empty saddle, and the mule stood peacefully while Larossé lengthened to my legs the cords of braided crimson silk on which the stirrups hung. So I rode down into the city, with Larossé guiding my mule by the bridle and shouting "Watch out! Watch out!" down the narrow streets. Hassan followed us, and the people crushed themselves against the walls to let us pass.

At the bottom of the city there was a great press of people in the streets; and donkeys, mules, and camels laden with swelling panniers stopped the passage-way; so that we could not advance nor retreat. Everybody shouted at everybody else, *Balek! Balek!* which means, "watch out"; and the people walked under the neck of my mule and under the belly. Larossé disappeared, and when I looked back, I saw that Hassan had been separated far from me by the crowd. But after a while Larossé reappeared. Shouting fiercely, he parted the people before us and led my mule under an arch and into a courtyard where many animals were tethered. Here he bade me dismount, which I did. Then I followed him on foot through the streets again till we came to the house where he had brought me on my first

day in Fez; and when we had climbed into the upper chamber he left me with four men of the country to whom I could not speak. But they were not unfriendly. They shared with me their tea and the fried bread which they were eating. So I spent an hour with them, wondering at the delay.

Then Larossé returned and brought me down into the streets again. At the threshold waited a ragged boy. He joined us, for he was to run with my mule; and when we had returned to the courtyard and I had mounted my mule, I thought we were ready to set forth to the country, because the morning was far gone. And, indeed, we went on our way through the bottom of the city and up on the other side of it; but when we came to a sunny place, Larossé called halt again. He led my mule into an angle of the wall, where there was a door; and there left me on the mule. Hassan dismounted and led off his mule, so that again I was alone.

After a while Larossé came up the street towards me, leading a portly Moor.

"This man," he said, "is the master shoemaker for whom Hassan works when he works at all. He will go with us to the country."

"That makes five," I said, "and let us be started."

"But now I must fetch the lunch," said Larossé and he ran away.

Then Hassan came back and the boy who was to run at my stirrup; and again Larossé came running with a young man who was shabbily dressed.

"This is my friend," said Larossé, "and he will go with us to the country."

"That makes six," I said, "and let us be started."

The order in which we started was thus: Larossé, Hassan on his mule, the master shoemaker on foot, the shabby friend, I on my mule, and, at the tail of my mule, the boy who had been enlisted to run at my stirrup. We had proceeded but a little way when we stopped again; and now there was a long discussion in Arabic and the party,

without me, decided that the master shoemaker should ride on the mule with Hassan. This being decided, there remained the difficulty of elevating the master to the mule's back; for Hassan's mule was not saddled and there were no stirrups by which the master could vault. Neither, being solid in years, could he spring to the mule's back, and Hassan had not the strength to hoist him from the ground. Therefore, the master stood still by the mule, while the others ran about seeking a stone to serve as a mounting block. When they had found one, they led the mule to it and the master followed, and set one foot on the stone and lifted the other leg towards the mule's back. But when his leg was high, the stone rolled and the master fell down. So they stood him on the ground again and brought the mule close. Larossé, with his shabby friend, knelt behind him and set their shoulders beneath his buttocks, while Hassan leaned from the mule and caught his hands. Thus they raised the master to the height of the mule's back, and he fell across it like a sack, and his turban fell to the ground on one side and the slippers from his feet on the other. While, with much shouting, Larossé and his friend set the master astride the mule, my stirrup boy recovered the fallen slippers and the fallen turban; and when the master was adjusted and clothed, we started on again.

We crossed by the bridge over the river which rushes through the lower part of the city, to the dense quarters on the other side; then steeply up and up, past the Andalusian mosque, through the charcoal markets, and through a gate out from the city, before which lies a Moslem cemetery on the hillside. But Larossé was no longer with us. Therefore, the master led his mule to a big millstone which lay on the ground, and he and Hassan slipped from the mule and took the crimson cloth from its back to spread on the millstone. We all sat on the millstone and waited. They pointed back to the city, making motions

with their hands as if they were eating. So I thought that Larossé had delayed for the food which he was to bring.

Out through the gate came a horse galloping, and on the back of the horse Larossé with yet another Moor. They were proud. When we had mounted, they led the way along the road from the city across the plain which lies between it and the mountain. We jogged along like pilgrims. Across the sky rolled clouds that were both dark and dazzling; sun and shade shifted on the road. The clouds cast their shadow on us and spilled a copious rain cold as adversity. We bent our heads in silence and drew our robes about us till the clouds passed over and we voyaged in the sunlight, singing. Far from the city we overtook an Algerian on his mule. He had bread in his sack, which he shared with us as we rode along together. And for a while a woman, mounted on a donkey, accompanied us, nursing her baby and whacking the donkey on the neck, till the donkey slipped to his knees and the woman slid off over his ears, crying "Allah."

We drew near the mountains and went along the side of them, till we turned from the highway and followed a trail up a wild ravine. Far up the mountainside we came to the spring, where there are huts and shelters of woven grass. But the spring itself is in a cavern, forever flowing from a deep basin in the rock where a hundred men could swim. Men and boys were swimming there. A light of strange brightness shone in through the rocky arches of the cavern from outside. The water itself was bright with it, a luminous, pale green, and so clear that the bodies of the swimmers were not distorted and their shadows followed them across the tawny smooth rock.

In a trice Larossé had shed his clothes; the man who had ridden with him on the horse, likewise; and the shabby man, and Hassan, and the youngster who had run by my stirrup. They dived into the water and swam

like fish; but the shoemaker and I stood on the rim, watching them, for he could not swim, and my clothes were not easy to slip from. When the master of the spring saw this, he led us away to a lean-to of bamboo, and spread for us a wide rug of red-and-yellow wool. Then he brought fire in a brazier for us to warm our hands and hot tea. The shoemaker made a sign as he drank that he was happy to be with me; and I made a similar sign to him over my glass.

To us, under this lean-to, from which we looked out on the bare mountainside running with rain and mud, the others returned; and here boys brought us a dish of stew and loaves of bread, for Larossé had brought no lunch from the city. We sat round the bowl and ate. While we were eating, shepherds came down from the mountainside, uncouth men with long hair, and stood outside the lean-to in the rain, looking at me curiously. After we had eaten, Hassan sang; and the shepherds stood outside.

Sleet now fell with the rain, and the wind was biting cold; but when we had mounted our beasts and set off again Hassan began to sing. We came down out of the ravine and turned towards the city. Though the youth who had run by my stirrup was not tired, I had heard enough of the patter of his feet on the road and of his strained breathing. So I hauled him up behind me on the mule and we drew my burnoose over both of us to protect us from the slashing of the rain and sleet.

As we drew near Fez the clouds broke apart so that a light shone down on the roof-tops from the sky, and cries of rejoicing mingled with the cracking of guns and firecrackers rose up to our ears. My companions shouted, with a great shout: "Praise to Allah!"; for in a patch of blue some watcher on the towers had spied the pale new moon which ushered in the month of Ramadan.

"It is our custom," Larossé told me, "to picnic in the country before the fasts of Ramadan."

Thus we returned to the city which was full of wickedness. They thanked me for the picnic we had had. One by one they came to stand by my mule and raise a hand to shake mine, saying, "May God give you grace"; for in these words one says "thank you" in their language. Then we parted.

V

All through the night the faces of these men were before my mind, in each a contentment and a gratitude glowing. But when, at the end of the next day, Larossé hung about me, delaying to go, his face was ashamed.

"Will you give me a few coppers?" he asked. "I have nothing."

"So you spent the whole hundred?"

"There is none left."

For this, I am certain, he felt no shame. No one had ever paid him money in advance before. Perhaps some had trusted him with money to guard, and he had guarded it faithfully. In Morocco many a rascal meaner than he is responsible to such a trust. But nobody had ever given him money and then said, "Now go work for it." That was a refinement of Christian generosity beyond his conception. I had thrust a hundred francs upon him. Lavish and improvident, he had shared my bounty with his friends, even with me. But he remembered to his mortification the valiant foolish pride with which he had accepted my gift and which could not now stand the strain of hunger.

In the experience as in a book was written for me the lesson in Moroccan responsibility. Should I read it to him, beginning: I paid you, Larossé, because I trusted you, for six days' labor in advance? Should I discipline him in the conditions of Christian generosity? I remembered Mohammed el Barka in Safi, the musicians who had played for me and wished me Godspeed, the kindness that would brook no return, the letter; I remembered Hamed, the merchant, closing his shop to serve me tea

in his house with cakes of almond meal. As I had received kindness in Safi and Meknes, could I not return it in Fez?

"We had a glorious time," I said, "worth more to me than the money. Here are your wages for to-day."

Thereafter, since I was a Westerner and fearful to live except within the strict counting of my money, I took care to have in my pocket the change to pay Larossé each day his just due. Yet meanwhile in that secret upper chamber, which I might not have entered but for Larossé and to which he brought me daily still, more and more gathered to meet me. They said, "We have heard of the picnic. We know that you like our people." The gardener took me to his garden and gathered for me the late flowers and the early fruits. The poor vied with one another in doing little things which only the poor can do generously. Guides more exalted in the hierarchy of guides, men of fine manners, subtle, handsome to look at, took charge of me as their guest. Even through the streets some rumor ran, for in those very streets which Djilali had said were full of wickedness, strangers stopped me and said, "We have heard of the picnic. We have heard also that you dined last night with ben Nejma. Dine with us to-night."

Until, upon the final night of my stay, surfeited with kindness, I cried out to them, "You who have been lavish with me, how can I make return to you, since you will never come to my country and I cannot receive you as you have received me?"

And they said, "In your traveling you may meet a poor Arab; and if you do for him, you will surely do for us."

But it is now many days after and the wide waters are between them and me. No Arab comes to my door whom I may speed on his way through a foreign land; and I pay in advance only honorable servitors who would never betray me to picnic in Fez.



LAID OFF AT FORTY

BY STUART CHASE

A WORKMAN enters a New Haven barber shop. He is dressed neatly in a newly pressed suit. He stoops a little; his eyes are tired; his hair is grizzled at the sides, but he moves briskly enough to a chair. "Shoot the works, George," he says. "Gimme everything you've got—haircut, shave, shampoo, massage, violet light, and George, just touch up this gray hair a little." George tucks in the napkins and sets to work. He works an hour, and the five-dollar bill he receives is barely enough to cover his services, and his tip. The man leaves the chair, squares his shoulders, and heads confidently for the door. When he has gone George shakes his head. "He'll never fool that woman," he says. "What woman?" asks the interlocutor, scenting a romance. "That blamed personnel manager over at the National Brass Industries. He'll lie about his age, but she won't let him by. The poor devil has been out of work for God knows how long. Good machinist too. The people he was with pulled off a merger. Let the older men out. Lord, I hated to take that five dollars—it was just thrown away. He'll never fool that woman, never in the world."

Whether he did or not, I never learned. But the story the barber told, and it is a true one, is perhaps as good an introduction as any other to one of the cracks upon the mirror of American prosperity—the apparently increasing difficulty with which men over forty retain their jobs, and the even greater difficulty with which they find a new job once they have lost an old one.

Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, tells us of the days when he worked in the steel mills. The dead line was then 50. When a man reached that age he was given, if he was lucky, a gold watch, a set of resolutions, and a discharge. Making steel was desperate business a generation ago. Many men had burned themselves out at 50 and were physically unable to continue. Many never reached the retiring age at all. "During my day in the mills a neighbor of mine was one of those caught when a ladle of white-hot metal spilled its contents over a group of men about it. There followed one of the strangest of burials. A huge hole was dug in the ground to receive that hideous octopus of metal, and a clergyman spoke his parting words to the ashes of half a dozen men invisibly caught within its folds. . . . In my time it was no uncommon thing for living men, as well as red-hot iron, to be drawn through the rolls." Some had the stamina to continue after 50. They would lie about their age; "darken their hair with soot from the furnace," and now and then find a foreman, who had himself risen from the ranks, to second their deception.

Outside the steel industry, in the lighter trades, Mr. Davis never heard of a dead line in those years. It was reserved, and with some show of reason, to the gruelling processes of steel-making. To-day he finds that "the discharge of the worker, regardless of his fitness, at an age arbitrarily fixed, is becoming a general policy." It is, he says, spreading through executive offices and the clerical trades as well as in the mill and

shop. The limit furthermore is creeping downwards—from 50 to 45 to 40, and even lower.

Here is Mr. White, a man of 55 supporting a wife and four children. For twenty-five years he has been in charge of a designing room in a factory manufacturing textiles. About three years ago, owing to a reorganization, his department was obliterated, and he was discharged. For months he looked for work in his particular field. All he could find was a little part-time instruction in drawing. "Recently he committed suicide, feeling there was no place in the world for him, and that his family would be better off without him."

Here is "Middletown," a city of 40,000 population in Indiana, which Mr. and Mrs. Lynd and a staff of investigators have recently studied over a two-year period. Their findings have been published in the most authoritative book ever written on an American industrial community. Factory managers were interviewed in respect to age and efficiency. Among the many replies the following were typical:

A machine shop:

I think there's less opportunity for older men in industry now than there used to be. The principal change I've seen in the plant here has been the speeding up of machines and the eliminating of the human factor by machinery. In general we find that when a man reaches 50 he is slipping down in production. The company has no definite policy of firing men when they reach a certain age.

Another machine shop:

Only about 25 per cent of our workers are over 40. Speed and specialization tend to bring us younger men. We do not have an age line when we fire men.

A foundry:

Molders are working up to 65 in Middletown. After a man reaches 40 to 45 he begins to slow down, but these older men are often valuable about the shop. But that's not true in machine shops. There a man is harnessed to a machine, and he *can't* slow down. If he does, his machine runs away with him.

The wife of a pattern maker:

He is 40 and in about ten years from now will be on the shelf. A pattern maker isn't much wanted after 45. They always put in the young men. What will we do? Well, that is just what I don't know. We are not saving a penny.

And here on the desk before me is a letter from a man in Brooklyn.

My dear sir:

. . . What, I ask you, is a self-respecting American of excellent education going to do in the face of the present lack of employment? . . . I was employed for years by a large Brooklyn manufacturer and rose to the position of Assistant Credit Manager. Four months ago I with many others was let out on very short notice. Since then I have tried the agencies, answered ads daily, and also have asked for work, but as you know without success. . . . Do you know of any way in which I can become self-supporting again? I am only 40, in good health, capable of doing many things well. . . . I would accept work of any kind at a small salary just to get started. The best of references can be furnished but it looks as though my age were very much against me. . . .

Mr. William M. Leiserson tells us of a large plant in the Middle West where for the last two years not a single permanent employee over 45 has been hired. The discharge records which he examined read:

Discharged. Age 53. 10 years in plant.
"Unreliable."

Laid off. Age 60. 8 years in plant.
"Change in process."

Laid off. Age 50. 5 years in plant.
"Reduction in force."

Dropped. Age 41. 3 years in plant.
"Physically unadapted."

Discharged. Age 49. 15 years in plant.
"Careless."

Laid off. Age 43. 12 years in plant.
"Slow."

And so on. It apparently takes ten years to find out that one man is "unreliable," and fifteen years to find that another is "careless." Both answers undoubtedly hide the real reason—"too old."

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad, according to the recent testimony of its president before the Senate, hires no man over 40; the Bethlehem Steel Company testifies to 45. Mr. Secretary Davis urges us to enter an industrial district and talk to the workers in a labor agency. Again and again the reply will come: "I have not been able to find steady work for two years; the mills won't take anyone over 40." A Massachusetts manufacturer of jewelry tells me that increasingly the older salesmen are being laid off. They have never learned, and cannot now be taught, the newer principles of selling merchandise to the retail stores. They can sell silverware but cannot sell "service." It takes the youngsters to show the retail jeweller how to increase his volume by holding exhibitions, redecorating his store, joining the National Silver Week drive, and then, afterwards, to restock him with forks and teapots. The older men can only push the teapots; the indirect attack of the higher salesmanship is beyond them.

II

One may, of course—particularly if he is sure of his job for life—dismiss the above evidence as dealing only with isolated cases. But I advise no man who is drawing a salary—even if he be a reader of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*—to treat the situation over cavalierly. With mergers daily cracking about us like sky bombs, who is sure that his job is not one of the overhead costs which the merger is inaugurated in part to reduce? What we may be reasonably sure of is that the older man will be the chief sufferer when the selective process sets in.

The merger landslide has hit the banks with resounding force. One is now no more startled by a billion-dollar balance sheet than by an airplane in the sky. Inevitably, many able executives must lose their jobs, and as they go, the mark of failure goes with them. Whatever the facts, the general im-

pression must henceforth be that they have been tried and found wanting. If they are not discharged outright, the desk-room and restricted work which is assigned to them force any man of spirit to resign out of pride. When Munsey merged the New York dailies the same situation arose. Indeed, it must always arise when a single central office takes the place of two, or five, or a score. In the last month I personally have been in consultation with two groups seeking thus to consolidate their market outlets—one deals in bricks, the other in cotton goods.

The evidence, furthermore, is not confined to case work. The National Association of Manufacturers, as the result of a recent survey among its members, finds that 30 per cent of them have maximum hiring limits, the ages running from 25 to 70 years. The most frequent limit for the skilled worker is 50, and for the unskilled 45. The reasons given for such limitations are, in order of the number of replies received:

1. Poor physical condition.
2. Pension plans already in operation.
3. The slowing up of worker with age.
4. The liability to greater injury on the part of the older worker.
5. Group insurance plans.

Remember these reasons, for we shall examine their relative importance at a later point. Meanwhile an investigation just conducted by the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce (May, 1929), shows 121 out of 400 firms with a dead-line policy. The ratio, 30 per cent, checks with the nation-wide total.

Thirty per cent of industrial establishments have a definite discrimination rule. This is a significant fact in itself, particularly when we remember (as we found it in the Middletown cases), that the rule may be unwritten as well as written. The management may not formulate it officially, but acts upon it. Far more significant however is the fact which neither the Manufacturers Association or the Brooklyn Chamber of

Commerce brings out. We are given the number of establishments, but *not* the number of workers comprehended therein. There is reason to believe that the concerns which have an announced policy are normally the larger ones and, in the opinion of so competent an authority as Mr. Abraham Epstein, the 30 per cent of plants covers probably 90 per cent of workers. In other words, the overwhelming majority of employees in manufacturing establishments are to-day subject to arbitrary age discrimination.

Mr. Epstein found that the Labor Department of Pennsylvania when proudly presenting the names of 1600 "firms and industries" which had no announced dead line, included neither the great Pennsylvania Railroad with its 200,000 workers, nor the United States Steel Company with its 250,000, but did include 513 banks, among them the treasure-houses of the towns of Schnecksville, Paradise, Swineford, Plumville, and Slipesville, only one of which he could find on the map. Small concerns, where the relationship between manager and men is close, do not tend to set up age bars. It is in the great impersonal corporation that the lines are drawn; and certain it is that 30 per cent of American corporations employ 90 per cent of the workers or more.

The fact that older workers actually do not function in factory and clerical positions is beautifully shown by the last Census of Occupations. Of all active farmers in the country, 8.8 per cent were over 65 years of age. Of all active bankers and brokers, 5.4 per cent were over 65. But of all active bookkeepers, only 1.2 per cent were over 65; of all active machinists, only 1.7 per cent; coal miners, 1.6 per cent; clothing workers, 1.2 per cent; iron workers, 1.5 per cent; printers, 1.3 per cent—and so on, in trade after trade. Nothing could better illustrate the change which the machine has wrought. In an agricultural economy a man can go on working until late in life. In a mechanical

economy people stop working at a far earlier age. Do they stop because they have saved a competence upon which to retire? They do not; the great majority are fortunate if they have saved enough to pay the undertaker. Do they stop because they no longer want to work? They do not; they go on their knees for a chance to continue. Do they stop because they have no strength with which to go on? Frequently. But perhaps even more frequently they stop because they have reached the dead line whose black shadow lies athwart all industry to-day.

Unemployment has occurred now and again throughout the history of civilization. Whenever men engage in specialized tasks unemployment is always imminent. Since Watt, the condition has been chronic—with less suffering in the boom years; with unbelievable ferocity in the panic years. The old have been let out, probably as often on the average as have the young; possibly more often. But never until the last few years, and in no other country save America, have age limits been set up—written or unwritten—in quantity lots; never have older men, often skilled and competent, had so much trouble in finding new work; never has the threat of old-age dependency for both manual and white-collar job, assumed an uglier aspect. This is not the same century-old unemployment problem (which is bad enough, Heaven knows)—this is something new; a cancer which has fastened upon the industrial order almost without our knowing it. Why should it come; why should our prosperity be plagued with such a sore?

III

It comes in part, and strangely enough, from an excess of philanthropy. Well, not quite philanthropy, but as near a human gesture as business ever succeeds in making. The first group insurance policy was written in 1913. It provided that the lives of an unnamed body of

workers would be collectively insured, and if one of them died at his work, or from other specified diseases, his family would receive \$1,000 or thereabouts. The employer paid the premiums. His workers secured the benefit of the policy. But the up-and-coming insurance agents did not fail to point out that the employer's cash benefits would be even greater—by virtue of a lessened labor turnover, more steadiness, more co-operation, more efficiency, more loyalty to the firm and less to the labor agitator. Not until after the War—say 1920—did these honeyed words really begin to take effect. From that day to this the growth of group insurance has been phenomenal, until now some eight billions in policies covering about 6,000,000 workers are comprehended in the plan; there is hardly a firm in the land larger than a peanut stand which has not been exposed to the blandishments of the agents of the insurer. Most have succumbed. And year by year as group insurance has grown, the position of the older employee has become more tenuous.

Why? *Because, the older the average age of the factory or office force, the higher the premiums under the group insurance schedules.* No employer, it is safe to say, would discharge a good man on this account, whatever his age; but that is not the point. The point is that when he hires a new man, other things being equal, he picks a young one. Other things being equal, he is just as satisfied to see the average age of his shop coming down—certainly it is not to his economic advantage to see it going up. And thus what began as, shall we say, painless philanthropy, seems to be working out in terms of human tragedy as bitter as it was unforeseen. Mr. Epstein believes that group insurance is the greatest single reason for age discrimination in America to-day. Even if we cannot agree with him, we must admit that it is at least among the major reasons.

Closely allied, is another paradox—

the old-age pension systems of private plants. Some 4,000,000 workers now come under the provisions of such systems. While the rewards are seldom on the level with recent stock-market history, no one can doubt that if the employee remains faithfully at work he benefits thereby. But if a jobless man—and here is the irony—comes seeking work in a plant which has a pension plan, there is a strong economic motive to discriminate against him if he is past his prime. The older he is, the nearer he will be to the pension provision, hence the more costly to the company. The younger man, nine times out of ten, will get the job. If the pension system provides a long term of service before receiving the benefit, here again the company is forced to discriminate. Let us say the system calls for 25 years of service. A man of 50 is taken on. He serves the company faithfully for 15 or 20 years, and is finally forced to retire because of ill health. He receives nothing, as he started too late to come under the provisions of the system. "Poor Jim," say his fellow employees, "poor old fellow, it's a dirty shame. Only a low down company would do a thing like that." The men grumble and gather in groups to talk it over, the foreman is uneasy, the company receives a black eye. Better to save this trouble, and employ only men who can work into the pension system—which means men below 40.

Other nations, particularly in Europe, have old-age pensions financed by the government. With the state bearing the cost, the employer has no incentive to discriminate on the score of age alone, apart from skill or physical strength. Other nations know little, if anything, of group insurance. The dead line in so far as it springs from these two causes—in the opinion of competent authorities they are major causes—is peculiarly American. And the ghastly paradox is that what we hoped would heal has, in the last analysis, only made a deeper social wound.

IV

The story, however, does not stop here. Economic stories have a habit of never stopping until they have entangled themselves in the whole social fabric. There are other reasonably clear causes for the plight of the older worker, and undoubtedly still others too complicated to unravel. As already indicated, the problem is twofold: the dead line as a firing device and as a hiring one. The steel industry in the old days arbitrarily discharged men when they reached the age of 50. I have found little evidence of this sort of thing to-day except when the company in question has a pension system. Then men on reaching a given age may be automatically laid off and commence to draw their pension. Mr. Secretary Davis, however, insists that the firing dead line is a growing phenomenon. In respect to hiring, the evidence is overwhelming. Workers are being forced out of industry owing to mergers, the encroachments of the machine, and other causes. They start to look for new positions. Then the dead line begins to operate. The younger men are taken on; the older men are left to walk the streets.

If men and women were not displaced in such great numbers, the selective process could not function so disastrously. The mobility of our labor force is very high. Many plants have a turnover rate of 100 per cent or more, which means as many persons hired during the year as were in the shop at the beginning. To make matters worse, a new factor has entered American industry in the last decade—"technological unemployment" as it is beginning to be called. It implies a total firing rate *greater* than the total hiring rate; a displacement of labor by machinery faster than other trades can absorb the surplus. Heretofore, while unemployment has always been an ugly problem, the expansion of industry opened up as many new opportunities as were lost through technical improvements. The automo-

bile alone has created some 4,000,000 new jobs—jobs which were non-existent in 1900. Similarly the radio, the movies, the beauty parlors, the soft-drink emporiums have demanded a new labor army. Men displaced by machinery in the standard industries have, after a greater or lesser period of despair, found other jobs in these new services. Theoretically at least, there has been room for all of them.

But now, it is alleged, there is no longer room, so great is the rate of displacement. With the growth in the art of mass production since the War, we can no longer provide new jobs for all that are lost. Here are a few examples of the process of displacement which is now in full swing:

The displacement of theater musicians by the talkies.

The displacement of printers by the teletypesetter. (In New York City the present force of 245 linotypers will be replaced by 15 teletypesetters and 5 mechanics.)

One steam shovel displaces 500 hand workers in digging iron ore.

One man with an Owens bottle machine takes the place of 18 men.

Seven men cast as much pig-iron as 60 men a decade ago.

Two men replace 128 in unloading pig-iron. In a machine shop 30 employees with new machines do the work of 220 workers with old machines.

With a trainrail crane, 3 workers replace 28. In a textile mill improved machinery cuts the payroll from 5,100 workers to 3,000, producing an equivalent yardage.

It has been feared for some time that figures like these—and they can be endlessly multiplied—would lead to technological unemployment, but so unreliable are our unemployment statistics that the case was difficult to prove. Now comes the National Bureau of Economic Research in a very careful survey under the direction of Mr. Hoover, and apparently settles the matter. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell gives the final results as follows:

New job seekers (1920 to 1927) . .	5,150,000
New opportunities opened	4,500,000

Net shrinkage in jobs	650,000
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This is the first reliable evidence of technological unemployment as a national phenomenon which has yet appeared. "There has been a net increase of unemployment between 1920 and 1927 which exceeds 650,000 people." Not all perhaps is due to strictly technical causes, but much of it must be. We know that there has been a shrinkage in factory workers of something like a million in the past few years, while output has increased. Furthermore, the great mergers of the post-war period have squeezed out labor. High-cost plants have been closed down in many cases, but perhaps the chief aim of a merger is the reduction of overhead. The squeezing out process falls, as we have seen, most heavily on the executive, clerical, and professional staff.

V

Thus technological changes and mergers have accelerated the rate at which men and women are being displaced, quite apart from any policy of dismissal at a given age. But as these millions swarm upon the streets and into the agencies seeking new work, they immediately encounter the *hiring* dead line. The whole situation is rendered the more acute by two additional phenomena, less recent and dramatic than technological unemployment, but still powerful. The drift from the farms to the cities has pitted raw strong blood against the older urban worker, particularly in processes requiring strength rather than skill. Second, the lengthening life span has given us a greater percentage of older people than the world has ever known before. There is thus an increasing number of people in the upper-age brackets.

The dead line has perhaps been chiefly influenced in the last decade by group insurance and pension systems, but other reasonably strong factors are also at work, as intimated earlier. A recent survey by the Y. M. C. A. notes that promotion from the ranks is becoming

an almost universal procedure. "This explains why even the well-trained man or specialist over 35 finds it so hard to break into a new organization, while at 40 or 50 he is 'too old to fit into our retirement and insurance plan and to learn our ways.'" Again the speed and strain of much modern work in offices as well as mills require the strong muscles and steady nerves of the younger man. As the automatic process gains ground, requiring less machine tending and more inspecting and dial watching, this situation will be modified, but one cannot deny that for the moment, particularly in such processes as building motor cars, the mechanical pace is too swift for ready adjustment by the older worker.

Finally, there is the whole question of skill. Before Watt, the longer a craftsman worked, the more expert and valuable economically he became. He reached the height of his earning power in his later active years. In the steel industry to-day, the Pennsylvania Commission on Old Age Pension finds that at age 60, only 13.2 per cent of employees were earning as much as they did at an earlier age. In the building trades, on the other hand, where something of the old craft process still obtains, no less than 55.1 per cent of men 60 years old were earning as much or more than ever they did. This furnishes a striking contrast between the old conditions of work and the new. In the mechanical industries it is often the raw boys who are now earning more than they can ever hope to earn again. The peak of income-producing possibilities comes in their early twenties. Even in the skilled categories—and there are many of them—the period of training is not so long as it used to be. Instruments of precision are taking the place of the hand-and-eye measurements of the old craftsman. As a result, the experience of the years is not so valuable in many occupations as it used to be.

When I was a cub accountant I used to marvel at the phenomenal speed

with which one of the older men on the staff used to foot columns of figures. For years he had been invaluable, particularly in bank auditing. Suddenly we introduced an electrical adding machine into the office, and after a month of practice I could readily outdistance the veteran computer who had spent his life in acquiring the art.

VI

We have gone far enough to see that "laid off at forty" is not a phrase to be treated lightly. Group insurance, private pension systems, promotion from the ranks, the implications of skill and speed, all militate against the older worker, particularly when he is seeking a new job. Meanwhile technological unemployment, the drift to the cities, and the lengthening life-span have tended to increase the total impact of unemployment, and make the process of discrimination more frequent and more acute.

In brief, if things continue as they are going, we are headed for ever greater technical efficiency at an ever greater human cost. The most mournful eyes in the world are those of the displaced accountants and bookkeepers who, having given the best of their lives to one concern, wander into my office looking for work—any kind of work, at any wage. You can shake your head at a youngster, and he will exit whistling; but these men—they break your heart as they stumble towards the door. If discrimination proceeds at its present pace soon it will be the young and strong who are at work, leaving the men over 40 in accelerating numbers to walk the streets. A more truly damnable apportionment of the human costs of industry it is difficult to imagine.

If things continue. . . . They probably will in this slipshod business mechanism of ours, but they do not

need to. Mr. Hoover, with a willing Congress and an awakened public consciousness behind him, could do much to modify them. The details require patient study, but the broad outlines are reasonably clear. Unemployment can be checked, if not altogether eliminated, by:

1. The collection and maintenance of dependable unemployment statistics to state the problem. (Now utterly lacking.)
2. A reliable system of labor exchanges.
3. An intelligent program for the construction of public works to absorb a part at least of the labor surplus.
4. A system of unemployment insurance.
5. The gradual reduction of hours of labor to equalize technical improvements.

Discrimination against the older worker can be drastically modified by a state system of old-age pensions, a system which takes away the need of the employer to establish dead lines because of his own pension or group insurance costs. Ten states already have pension plans, thus joining nearly every other civilized nation on the planet. A machine age without adequate protection for the workers scrapped by the machine is tearing down its social fabric as fast as it builds up its shell of concrete and steel. It is indeed sunk in barbarism.

Secondly, we need a careful, nationwide study of jobs in the modern world, conducted primarily to determine what positions the older man is capable of filling as well, or better, than the younger man. I am convinced that there are millions of such jobs, particularly in the growing automatic processes. Much of the present discrimination is arbitrary, stupid, and criminally foolish. Instead of depending upon the biological fitness of a given individual for a given piece of work, it depends upon an Arabic symbol—of which 40 is the favorite to-day. Tomorrow, if we let matters drift, it may be 35.



IN DEFENSE OF SELFISHNESS

BY ERNEST BOYD

JUST as cynicism is essentially a masculine achievement, to which the female mind rarely even aspires, so selfishness is essentially a feminine virtue, whose supreme flights are far beyond the reach of the average healthy male. It might, in fact, be described as a primary sexual characteristic. The mere presence in the male of any degree of that selfishness is a certain indication of some departure from the normal, so much so that the euphemism "artistic temperament" is commonly employed to cover up the embarrassment with which we behold a man whose behavior is even approximately as selfish as that of any properly constituted woman. Bernard Shaw's famous passage about the ruthless selfishness of the artist, who will sacrifice everyone and everything to his fundamental purpose, is but a practical statement of what every woman knows and does.

Nature, in her not too infinite wisdom, has endowed men with the gift of cynicism as the only possible counterweight to the all-consuming selfishness of women. As a contribution to the problem, this leaves much to be desired since, with a cunning as effective as it is characteristic, women have succeeded in creating the wholly erroneous impression that cynicism is purely selfish, thereby discrediting the one masculine weapon which is at all adequate to the circumstances. At the same time, by implication they have established the belief that woman's inability to attain to the urbane heights of cynicism is a proof of her unselfish devotion.

In order to become a virtue, selfishness

must be practiced on a feminine scale. The petty efforts of men are too half-hearted, too self-conscious to acquire the dignity and the impressiveness which transform selfishness into sacred egoism. When they try to be selfish, they usually succeed in being merely disagreeable or inconsiderate; they lack the sublimity, the grandeur of the female, who is conscious only of her divine right to be selfish whenever the occasion demands it. The male is not—in Pascal's phrase—*ondoyant et divers* in his selfishness; he is not multiform and Protean; his graceless attempts are open to the charge of monotony; they lack the element of surprise, which is so valuable to women in their ceaseless practice of their consummate art. Masculine selfishness is so childish, so obvious, so unmistakable that women do not condescend to it, and very naturally resent its being confused with their own elusive, subtle, and irresistible variety.

As it is usual to proceed from the lower to the higher form of any species, it will be best to approach feminine selfishness by a gradual transition, first considering a few elementary manifestations, as observable in man. In the celibate state, according to women, the male in all his selfishness is most completely revealed. Aside from his failure to support a wife, which may be counterbalanced by his support of dependent relatives, the bachelor is generally criticized for his concentration upon himself. He is set in his ways; he is fond of good wine and good food; he allows nothing to interfere with his habits and comforts. The spectacle is one which few women

can contemplate with equanimity. Only a profound egoist, they contend, could devote so much time to making himself comfortable. His nemesis, of course, is a lonely old age. If he had not been so selfish, his life would have been filled with tangible and enduring joys, such as only a wife and mother can give.

If a man is married, his selfishness does not excite the same resentment; it is manifested on a smaller scale. He often insists—and at times succeeds—in being master in his own house. That is to say, he pays all the bills and demands that he shall be the first to see the morning papers; that his convenience shall be consulted in the matter of hours of meals; that he shall occasionally be at liberty to do something or go somewhere without giving a detailed account of himself. If, and when, he exercises any of these rights or privileges, he is liable to be informed that he is a monster of selfishness and that the entire household are the slaves of his tyrannical whims; that he is exploiting the selfless devotion of the only woman who loves him and has his true interests at heart. Very naturally, married men are handicapped in the exercise of the virtue of selfishness.

Whenever men, departing from the normal, begin to emulate the female, their incurable altruism always asserts itself. An artist may, like Bernard Shaw, exploit his mother rather than comfort her old age, but his aim is outside himself; in a certain sense, it is impersonal. Wagner assuredly had few scruples in his dealings with men and women who could be useful to him, but posterity, at least, has benefited by the result. The man of genius, who alone approaches the feminine standard of selfishness, usually earns the gratitude of the world for that egoism which prompts him to subordinate everyone and everything to himself. It seems, however, a little unfair to men that they are expected to found an empire, produce an epic, or write an immortal symphony in order to justify conduct which would be accepted

without question from a woman who wanted a husband, a mink coat, or an invitation to a certain dinner party.

Women, very wisely, do not reserve their selfishness for great occasions or great ends. Regarding it as a right of way through human weakness or inertia, they never allow the right to lapse; knowing it to be an invaluable weapon, they never allow it to deteriorate through disuse. They frequently disregard the minor victories which it might ensure them, leaving those trifles to discountenance the married male, who is thereby securely inhibited from further velleities in that direction. What woman cares who opens the newspaper first, so long as she has the privilege of finally mixing up the pages and scattering the sheets about the floor? Why should she make an issue of certain dishes or the hour when they are served? If she really wants to dine seriously, she will go to some restaurant where she can see and be seen, and she will take care that she is properly adorned for the purpose. If her husband does loiter now and then at the Club, it's a good place to get theater tickets, and, besides, Mrs. So-and-So's husband could not get in. In these routine matters of domestic humdrum man may well be allowed his puerile pleasures.

II

The selfishness of Woman is concerned with fundamentals, or what she conceives to be such; although always on the alert for little things, if not always made manifest at the time. Since, despite all modern improvements, her chief function in life is to be a wife and mother, it is in the furtherance of those ends that her peculiar talents are displayed. The predatory jungle morality of the female in pursuit of her prey has so long been the topic of humorists and philosophers that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the sordid details of this particular form of inter-feminine warfare. It will be enough to point out that, even during the exalted period of what is known as love's young

dream, the primordial virtues of the two sexes stand out in sharp contrast. In the woman, selfish prudence; in the man, the utter abandonment of wild romanticism. His not to reason why—not even why he should or should not marry—but merely to surrender himself to the joy of pleasing. Where the male sees the one woman in the world, the female sees the one husband in the world. While she is thinking of the advantages of marriage, he is feeling the ecstasies of love, which are not dimmed by previous experience, or less acute because there is no practical issue to their expression. He is selfless save in so far as he exists in and for her. She is selfish and responsible; she can be relied upon to make something definite out of the ingenuous repetitiousness of nature. If men were as selfish as women, they would never make love until they had made up their minds to marry and settle down. Romance would long since have disappeared from human memory.

As a wife, Woman has some difficulty in concealing her selfishness even from the most infatuated husband. Intimate contact will, sooner or later, betray her secret. Fortunately, this possibility can be evaded or postponed until the discovery is too late. The method usually employed is to make a virtue of necessity; that is, not to act unselfishly, but to make one's selfish actions appear to be disinterested. As men rarely regard a home as the purely personal possession which it is to women, much can be done in the name of the home, which will seem devoted and altruistic. As the home is merely an extension of the woman's personality, of her vanity, she is doing unto it what she would that others should do unto her. As soon as possible it must be supplied with inmates, for then there will be safety in numbers. The innumerable fibers of her egoism will have more to feed upon, and attention will be distracted from herself.

Even in mixed company the rising generation of young mothers has begun

to smile a little cynically at the innocence of masculine raptures over motherhood. Maternity has for so long been the trump card of female selfishness that one can only assume that feminism has provided in the claim to equality a very satisfactory substitute. Heretofore every conceivable form of egoism has been committed in the name of motherhood. It has been used as a device for compelling marriage; it has been a form of torture to the father, whose more sensitive nervous system could not endure the thought of its pains; it was a condition which notoriously reduced the sentimental male to abject surrender. By repetition it could be employed for diverse purposes, and it has proved an invaluable investment for alimony-mongers. As a chain with which to rivet lives together, when domestic conditions are impossible, it still remains the most ingenious of all the manifold inventions employed by female selfishness.

Motherhood has the advantage, in this connection, of being the most enduring weapon placed in women's hands for the furtherance of their egoism. With time certain tricks become ineffective, certain methods that once produced results fail. So long as a woman has a child, she still has a card to play, whatever the child's age or its sentiments towards her. If she has frustrated her son's wishes as long as he could not escape from her, she will claim her share in any subsequent fame that may be his. If her daughter defies her, she will be quite ready to profit by any advantage that may ensue, and to triumph in her discomfiture if things go wrong. Whatever she does, she is obviously inspired by that holiest and most unchallengeable of emotions, a mother's devoted love for her children. It is when a woman adds the possession of children to her possession of a man that the fine flower of her selfishness comes to full bloom.

Then she is provided with a whole world of her own to control, a world more sympathetic, as a rule, than the world outside, where she has infinitely

more opportunity to apply her methods without fear of discovery. A selfish woman can ask for nothing better than a household of her own, a group of people incapacitated by age, habit, or dependence from resisting her egoism. It is a pleasure to gaze with skeptical detachment at the spectacle presented by such a microcosm—the world as women see it, or would like it to be. A different morality obtains. To be enslaved by kindness is the whole duty of man. It is a crime of *lèse-maternité* to have any sense of one's relation to society in general, of one's duty to anyone outside the home. Nowhere else, obviously, can one count upon such devotion, such consideration for one's slightest wish. The home is built upon the impregnable rock of maternal selfishness.

Perhaps that last adjective is superfluous. Yet, the connotations of "paternal" are so different, so unpossessive, so masculine. At worst, the word might imply a certain harshness, severity, indifference, but it is never synonymous with that form of selfishness which is peculiarly feminine. As a rule, it suggests a genial, helpful, disinterested affection, somewhat akin to the friendly relations between men who are intimate. Friendship is an emotion which primarily demands unselfishness rather than devotion. It has more than once been remarked that women have small talent for friendship. To one another they are acquaintances, rivals, or enemies. With men they can be friends provided they suspect in the man a stronger sentiment which gives play to their egoism. The selfishness of women is anti-social; it is all that the adjective implies in the fullest sense. Friendship is a social grace, an easy, elastic term, covering a range of agreeable relationships, without which life and the business of the world could not go on. Feminine selfishness is not concerned with the world and its affairs. Its aim and purpose is to preserve the home and enhance the personality of the woman who is at the head of it. Therefore, it is

maternal and possessive; essentially a domestic virtue.

III

Nowadays, when women profess to regard that destiny as unworthy of them, or at best, a mere adjunct to other activities, their selfishness becomes a weapon of importance to the world at large. When the business of raising a family and running a household absorbed all their time and energies, Nature had endowed them with a means admirably adapted to its end. They consulted neither politicians nor psycho-analysts; they had yet to see a time-clock and call it economic independence. But when they compete with men, the unselfish male is gravely handicapped by his unfamiliarity with the primordial feminine virtue of selfishness. Heretofore he has accepted its manifestations as proofs of maternal or wifely devotion, and he has felt a little ashamed of his own shortcomings in this respect. He has slunk out of the sick-room where he feels useless; he has busied himself with his own affairs and refused to allow himself to be identified with the emotions, anxieties, and tremors of others. He has relied on his masculine code of leaving people alone, of respecting their privacy and their freedom.

This, of course, will never do now that equality has given one half of the human race an unfair advantage over the other. Men will have to unlearn their habit of disinterestedness, which has never got a woman anywhere. He must *love* people more and *like* them less; he must be a lot more intense and a great deal less helpful. Altruism and selfishness are ill-matched and, as usual, the male has his head in the clouds. Even his barber has been taken from him! While hair is being bobbed and he patiently awaits his turn, it never occurs to him to claim the services of the ladies' hairdressers (mostly men), or to surrender his hand to their fifty manicurists as against his one. He still pays the ancient courtesies of flowers and dinners and presents, which are as graciously received as if the

recipients were not themselves in receipt of salaries permitting an exchange of such hospitalities. It never occurs to him to suggest that his company may be just as agreeable to a woman as hers to him, and that it would, therefore, be as well to abandon the fiction that when they are together he is just a humble, if honored, worm. Even in the relatively few years since women have enjoyed the blessings of emancipation, it has become evident that their selfishness has saved them. They have surrendered none of the privileges, but only the disadvantages of their previous state.

In certain elementary matters it should not be difficult for men to emulate the selfishness of women, provided they can rid themselves of all sense of humor and fair play. Being stronger, as a rule, they might cultivate the habit of never waiting in line, but of pushing in ahead of those who foolishly observe the rule. It ought to be easy to learn to accept all common forms of politeness, such as the offer of a seat in a crowded bus, or having a door held open for one, without a word of thanks, or even with a glare of suspicion. In a restaurant it is always possible to save money by strewing one's belongings over several chairs, instead of leaving them in the place provided for that purpose, at the same time demonstrating that one is completely unaware of other customers' rights to be seated. At the theater, even during intermissions, one should resolutely refrain from moving one's legs to permit others to pass freely. If there is a vacant seat near, it can be used as an annex, as it would be palpably absurd to suppose that it had been bought and would subsequently be claimed by its owner. Mere consideration for the comfort of other people should never deter one from allowing things to roll off one's lap repeatedly, even if it is obvious from present and past experience that they must do so in obedience to the laws of gravity. Perish gravity so long as there is someone unselfish enough to retrieve the rolling objects! In brief, with a little resolution,

men should be able to accustom themselves to behaving in public precisely as if the public did not exist, to behaving as if they were at home, where the rights of the individual are subordinate to feminine selfishness.

Men ought to learn to exploit the biological fact that they do not develop as women do. One constantly hears the complaint that a man of forty-five may still attract a young woman, whereas a woman of that age has no hope of doing so. This is apparently regarded as a particularly alarming example of male selfishness, and the pathos of it has been diligently employed, both by divorce lawyers and feminists, to secure advantages for women. Why should not men, in their turn, put forward this plea for having it both ways? In other words, why should they not insist pathetically upon the tremendous handicap under which a youth of twenty suffers as compared with a girl of that age? A young woman can enjoy all the privileges and pleasures (including marriage) of association with a man twice her age; a young man who similarly associates with a woman does so at the cost of losing his self-respect and incurring the worst innuendoes of the onlookers. The years which are woman's finest flowering period are usually years of uncertainty and struggle for men, when their disabilities, social, intellectual, and financial, are greatest. In later life they unselfishly forget this, just as women selfishly forget the contrary, in their querulous desire to burn the candle of life at both ends, to eat all the cakes before they are thirty, yet remain physically and spiritually svelte for the rest of their lives.

Paternity, too, is a burden from which men fail to derive all that selfishness dictates. Fathers, as a rule, are ingenuously proud, or shyly reticent; they lamentably refrain from pointing out, directly or indirectly, the sacrifices which they have made for the privilege of fatherhood. A typical example of feminine egoism in this connection is furnished by the immemorial argument

that, if men have to bear arms, women have to bear children, thereby equalizing the services which both may render to the State. If men are to claim their inalienable right to be selfish, is it not time that they answered this fallacious piece of feminine reasoning? How many men during the World War had to bear, not only arms, but all the responsibilities, duties, and anxieties of paternity? Fatherhood merely added to the horrors and suffering of soldiering. Nor is it only under such conditions that men pay the price of paternity. They have paid for it in frustrated careers, in deflected energies and talents that could never be employed, in the drudgery imposed by their legal obligation to support their wives and children, even when they have been separated. Only their altruism has prevented them from posing in the pathetic tableau: father and child.

IV

It is, of course, a grave indiscretion to advocate openly what one half of the human race tacitly practices. In order to achieve the topmost heights of selfishness, one ought obviously to preach the contrary. This is evident from the glaring discrepancy between the theory of female education and the history of feminine practice. Women are supposed to cultivate the virtues of modesty, fidelity, and self-sacrifice; but they are well aware that few of their sex have been remembered in history for those reasons: Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Nell Gwynne, Queen Elizabeth, Madame de Pompadour, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Bianca Cappello, Rachel, Lady Hamilton, Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Madame du Barry, Lucrezia Borgia, George Sand—the list might be extended, if not indefinitely, at least until it had completely swamped the small number of women whose names live by reason of their feminine virtues. They are immortal because of their feminine selfishness—the super-women of the species. Even Florence Nightin-

gale had to flout the conventions as to what a “nice” Victorian lady should do.

A similar enumeration of men would show that even the most ruthless of them were not working for purely personal ends; against the names of the great conquerors we have to set hundreds which are remembered for lives of honorable and disinterested labor. Consequently there is no dichotomy between the ideals and the realities of masculine conduct. Rasputin and Casanova are not successful exemplars of what every man would like to be. The schoolboy whose ambition is to be an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon need make no secret of it, but every schoolgirl knows she must profess an admiration for Elizabeth Fry or Florence Nightingale, while secretly cultivating the arts which made Montespan and du Barry famous. Disinterestedness is not precisely the mark of woman’s historical fame, for the very excellent reason that it is not the motive of woman’s conduct.

When practiced in the grand manner, selfishness has made women famous; in ordinary life it makes them happy. As it is not given to most of us to play great parts, men and women exercise their respective talents in the humble spheres allotted to them. The range of action is smaller, the consequences are of less importance, but intrinsically the methods employed by each sex are the same as those which gave them their contrasted fame in history. By the pragmatic test of present experience and the historical past women know the superlative value of sacred egoism; it has served them well, so well, in fact, that they have not unnaturally drawn the conclusion that men like them so. Obviously men must either have been deceived by them or have approved of them. Since the former is an inconceivable hypothesis, we must conclude that it is selfishness that makes the world go round . . . for women. If so, why not for men, since we have entered the engaging era of sex equality?



JOLLY BOY

A STORY

BY LETITIA PRESTON RANDALL

FRED JOHNSON whistled as he dressed for dinner at the country club. He would have preferred to sing, but he never did unless he had the shower on, or could join in in a crowd. Sometimes when he bathed he turned both faucets on full tilt and sang in a rich, full baritone, so he hoped; but he knew when he turned the water off it would be tenor, and not such a good one at that.

Fred wanted to be able to carry a tune, but he couldn't. It seemed dreadful to want to sing and not even be able to carry a tune. There were a few things that he could sing, like "My Old Kentucky Home" and "In the Gloaming"; but on porches in the summer he had been a total loss. Time was when Fred's one dream had been to call on a girl and have her sometime during the evening go to the piano and start playing softly. Suddenly he would commence strumming an accompaniment on his mandolin, which, until that moment, he had left just outside the door. This lovely music would go on and on all evening, and the girl would be overpowered by its beauty. But of course this never happened. True he had always been the one in a crowd to keep things going. He was certainly the life of any party. But no one ever joined in when he started "Sweet Adeline." He would find himself carrying on alone and would suddenly end the song on a deep, bass note, as if that had been his intention all the while. It always made people laugh.

Now Fred still wanted to be musical. He wanted to hum things that were on the radio and have someone suddenly turn it off and his voice go on alone. *That marvelous baritone . . .*

So Fred whistled. He made up a tune. You couldn't go wrong on your own tunes. It wouldn't be bad if some song writer could write the words to it. Some refrain like

Look at me now.

Just look at me now.

In fact a whole musical comedy could be written around that one single little refrain. Something about a girl who came from the country and changed from thick plaits and ankles to bobbed hair and a limousine. *Say, that would be good!*

"Fred—what on earth keeps you so long? I asked you to hurry."

His wife stood in the door. She was beautiful to look at, in a dark, imperious way, and from her face you could not have told that she was angry. Only her voice was petulant and long-suffering.

"Gosh, old girl. I'm sorry."

Fred hurried. He no longer felt like whistling.

"We're going to the Fultons' for cocktails, Fred. It's getting awfully late."

Marian's voice trailed after her.

The cocktail parties preceding the club dinners on Saturday were always a great success. To-night Dick and Mollie Fulton were having the crowd. They

all took turns. Dick Fulton could always get good stuff to drink when no one else was able to. He was mixed up in city politics. Mollie Fulton was given to earrings and heavy perfume. She thought Fred Johnson the most entertaining man she had ever known and was sorry he had to have such a cold proposition for a wife. "That man needs understanding and affection," she often thought, and she knew that she could give it to him.

But Fred was not interested in Mollie Fulton. There was a new woman there, a blonde widow, small and warm. She was a friend of the Fultons out from New York for the week-end. Her name was Alicia Grattan and she was amazingly feminine. She had little frilled sleeves, and they seemed all right.

Fred wanted to impress Alicia Grattan. He wanted her to ask his advice. He felt that nothing in the world could give him more real pleasure than to have that little woman ask him something important. She needed a strong man, a little helpless woman like that, all alone. It was sort of sad.

He drained his fourth cocktail. Suddenly he felt himself getting funny. "My God, I'm getting funny." He struggled against it. "I don't want to get funny. I want to be dignified so Mrs. Grattan will ask my advice. I want to help that brave little woman."

But soon he was huddled over singing one of his favorite songs. "Singing, of all things," he thought. "I can't sing. Somebody stop me." He went out into the hall and knocked at the door. Then he stood on the threshold, looking bashful and forlorn.

"Poor little boy
Most froze to death,
Knocked at a stranger's door.
'Oh, for mercy sake, pity on me take,
Poor little orphan boy!"

"My mother died
When I was born.
My father went to war.
Oh, for mercy sake, pity on me take,
Poor little orphan boy!"

Fred, looking like a little orphan boy, singing in a childish treble, his face woebegone, was funny. Even Dick Fulton was laughing. "Yes, I am funny," Fred thought. "This is going over big to-night."

"Do the starving Armenians, Fred. It's a scream," Mollie Fulton encouraged.

Fred saw Alicia Grattan's quiet smile. It was the amused tolerance one displays towards the antics of a child. He was sorry, but he could not stop. No matter. It was too late now. He knew that Alicia Grattan would never ask his advice. It made him feel very sad. But that starving Armenian stunt was darn clever. He found himself doing it, and unusually well too. "I should have gone on the stage," Fred thought. "I'd have had my name out in front in no time. Here I am forty-five years old and in the advertising business. If I had my life to live over again that's what I'd do. I'd go on the stage. I could do some snappy foot-work if I ever had the time to practice. This is really my forte. The stage lost a good man when I went into business and that's not just flattery. I don't see why a man can't be honest with himself."

In the morning when Fred Johnson awoke he felt depressed. He knew that he had made a fool of himself the night before. Not only at the cocktail party, when he had wanted so much to be important for Alicia Grattan's sake, but at the dinner later on. Why had he thought putting asparagus behind his ears so funny? It had seemed a good idea at the time. How he wished that he could keep from doing silly things. "I've shown off before that crowd for the last time," he resolved. "Yes, sir, I'm off that foolishness for good. I'm too big a man to carry on like that. Hereafter they can amuse themselves. I'm going to change. I've got to be dignified if I'm to get anywhere in this world."

He raised himself up on one arm and

looked at Marian in the other bed. She was sleeping in a green nightgown. Suddenly Fred thought of something funny to say. He began to chuckle. He wanted to tell Marian that she looked like a salad, a cool, crisp salad. But Marian never thought he was funny, even after dinner, and there was just no chance at all of her appreciating his wit before breakfast. Fred began to be depressed that such a funny thing could never be truly appreciated. It was too darn bad he couldn't get this one off about Marian looking like a salad in her green nightgown. But Fred knew that no one but a cad talked about wives in nightgowns, even in such a nice way. He just couldn't. By and by the idea that he must tell it grew. There was no one he could tell but Marian. Fred could hardly wait until she woke up. He kept sticking his head in the door, his face covered with lather, and the humor of the situation grew. He was laughing now almost uncontrollably. It was not until he was fully dressed that Marian stirred, and then raised her head and blinked sleepily at Fred. He was beaming. He could hardly wait.

"Marian," he said, laughing so the tears ran down his cheeks, "you look just like a salad in that green nightgown!"

Marian did not laugh.

It occurred to Fred that perhaps it would have been better if he had said she looked like a dryad wrapped in a lettuce leaf. It would certainly have been a more beautiful thing to say. After all, it hadn't been so nice to say she looked like a salad. Fred thought he would tell her that his first thought had been that she looked like a dryad, a lovely, cool dryad.

But Marian was again asleep.

Fred wanted to do something about that asparagus episode. He hoped that he would never again see Mrs. Grattan. He couldn't bear the thought now of the way she had looked at him. She had sat next him at dinner. "What a chance! Now I'll never have another

chance like that. She was such a pretty little thing. That kind of woman needs a man more than any other type. It's a darn shame she's a widow." He kept thinking how marvelous it would have been if he had not taken anything to drink the whole evening long.

"A few of us have to uphold the law, Mrs. Grattan."

"I think you're wonderful, Mr. Johnson, just wonderful. You know there's something I want to ask you—something I feel you can advise me about . . ."

But that chance was lost forever.

Fred felt that going to church would help him forget what a fool he had been. Fred liked to go to church. He felt that it atoned for all his misdemeanors during the week. In fact, after having been to church Sunday, he could go as long as Wednesday or Thursday without dropping his mantle of virtue. On Monday or Tuesday it was practically impossible to sin. Not until Friday or Saturday was it comparatively easy.

Everything in church seemed so important, even collections. Fred always hoped he might lead such a godly, righteous, and sober life that Doctor Burton would ask him to take up the collection or be an usher. However, Fred's attendance was so intermittent. Then, too, after a hard night at the club it was difficult to walk straight enough to usher or to take up collections. Fred always felt as if he were just tottering up the aisle. He was sure Mr. Holmes, who was an usher and who lived next door to him, felt he had no business being at church with decent people. "He knows I was lit last night. Well, it is true. I was. But it's the last time. These hard nights are getting me. I've got to cut this drinking out. I'm not as young as I once was."

Who said that?

"Why I'm not old. I'm as young as I ever was. I'm the type that doesn't get old."

The sermon very rarely affected Fred. He found it hard to concentrate, and sometimes for a full quarter of an hour

he would not hear a single word. His thoughts would be far away. But the music always affected him strangely, especially the violin. Fred thought, "A violin is the most human of all the different musical instruments." He wanted to play a violin there some Sunday. He would play so marvelously that hardened sinners would sob aloud. The tall, golden-haired woman who sat always in the second pew from the front would be so entranced she would come up to him afterwards. "In all my life I never heard such music." The touch of her hand would be like wine.

This Sunday the music affected Fred more than ever. He wanted to lead a clean life. "I want to be a good citizen," he thought. "I want to take my proper place in this community."

Doctor Elton spoke to him in the vestibule of the church after the service. Fred had always thought of Doctor Elton as something of a magician. One moment he would be before the congregation in his almost-Anglican robes, very sober about the benediction, and yet, hurry as he might, Fred could never get out of church before Doctor Elton, now brisk and alert, was standing there to greet the people.

"Glad to have you with us to-day, Mr. Johnson," he said to Fred. It made Fred feel warm and happy. He resolved to go to church every Sunday.

All the way home from church Fred felt uplifted. He was very resentful when Bill Drummond yelled to him from his door:

"Hello Big Boy! How's tricks?"

"Good morning, Drummond," Fred said in a dignified manner, hoping that the man in a silk hat and frock coat just behind him hadn't heard Bill. That was no way to speak to any man, especially on Sunday morning. "When I'm rich and prominent they'll treat me differently. I will be some day. Some day I'll be so rich I can do anything. But money won't change me," he thought. "I'll always be the same no matter how much money I have."

When he drove to the station in the morning in his big foreign car and passed any of the neighbors, he'd have Ryan stop—Ryan was such a good name for a chauffeur—and pick them up. He'd never forget the crowd. He'd even give Bill Drummond a lift. He wouldn't bear grudges. Money wouldn't change him one speck.

Fred was aware always of Marian's beauty and he knew that he had never really possessed her, but he was very tired of her sustained dignity and composure and longed for a little vulgar enjoyment. He often played with the idea of an apartment in New York with an understanding woman in it, a nice, fat, comfortable woman, even a little blowzy. One that laughed easily and was affectionate. But the idea was as far as he ever got, for it was about all he could do to run one house the way Marian felt it should be run. Marian liked formality, but Fred found it tiresome, and very expensive.

There was certainly no doubt about it, Marian was the sort of woman every man liked to bear his name; but coming home day after day to such sustained cool beauty had lost its glamour. Fred was sick and tired of it all and wanted above everything to have a wife who was affectionate and a home where he could do as he darn pleased. He wanted to go around without his coat, but he didn't dare. He wanted to put his feet up high and turn the radio on loud and even hear a little homely banging about of furniture. He wanted to forage in the ice box and hear beer popping on hot nights. He liked canned beans. "Gosh, but I love canned beans with tomato sauce. Even cold, but heated and seasoned up some they're much better." Once in a while he longed for salami and Bismarck herring and big thick onion sandwiches. Those things could never be with Marian. That Fred knew. He'd wait until he had money and then he'd have everything he wanted.

Sometimes he made a list of the things he would do when he got rich. Then

he tore it up in a great hurry before anyone found it.

Apartment near office with widow about thirty-five years old.

Limousine—foreign make.

Chauffeur in livery.

Oriental rugs.

House at Southampton.

House at Palm Beach.

Airplane.

Silk hat and frock coat.

Sport roadster to drive self.

Yacht.

He was often worried for fear that when he got rich he would forget some of the things he wanted to do.

Fred would have preferred to center all his thoughts and affection on Marian, but Marian did not encourage him and, except at rare intervals when she grew fearful of losing her hold on him, she was utterly unresponsive. "It's an awfully tragic thing when a man has to look for love outside his home, but a man must have affection. That's just human nature, and I'm certainly a fool to keep on being true to a woman who treats me as Marian does," Fred justified his yearnings; but he knew that Marian had only to hold out her hand and he would always come. Always. "And why I keep on wanting her is a mystery to me. I'm just a plain damn' fool."

But Fred was very lonely and one day he kissed his stenographer. She was large and blonde, the type he had always liked. She kissed him back with abandon. It startled Fred. He said, immediately, "Will you go to dinner with me to-night?" The girl said "Yes" and grew limp and moist in his arms. She clung to him. Fred did not like her any more and was sorry that he had asked her to go to dinner with him. He thought, "Why can't she be nice about being bad?" All during dinner he wondered why he had kissed her first. Her nose was too flat, and when he had put his arm around her in the taxi her flesh bulged. There was too much of her everywhere. He decided that after all he did not want a blonde widow in his

apartment, but a dashing young thing, small and slim and gay. When he took the girl to her apartment she looked disappointed when he did not come in. "You're a nice kid," Fred said, and after that he used the dictaphone more and more.

Then Ruth Evans came to work in the office of Hamilton, Johnson, and Davis. She was just out of college and was slim, brown, and boyish. She was very clever and caught on to the work rapidly. This annoyed Fred, for he did not like clever women, even when they worked for him. He much preferred them to make mistakes. It justified things. Whenever he thought of Ruth Evans' undoubted ability for the work, he shook the thought aside impatiently and concentrated on her loveliness. He enjoyed talking to her and made excuses to have her come to his office. And Ruth Evans felt flattered that one of the firm should take an interest in her. "He's a nice old thing," she thought. "He thinks of me as he would a daughter if he had one. I like him."

But Fred Johnson did not think of Ruth Evans as a daughter. He thought of her youth and the way her hair curled up in damp weather, and he thought it was very amusing when she said, "I think life's a hell of a lot of fun, don't you, Mr. Johnson?"

One day he asked Ruth Evans to have dinner with him. He said, "The sky's the limit," but he hoped she could take a joke. But Ruth, being young and unafraid of increasing her *avoirdupois*, was hungry and she ordered lavishly. Fred thought, "Next time I'll take her to a table d'hôte place." After dinner he suggested the theater. He wanted her to think he was a sport, all right, but she said, "It's so very late, why don't you come on up to my apartment and talk? It's not far from here."

He went to her apartment and thought all the way there, "With Ruth Evans I can never be anything but my highest self, in spite of the fact she is

taking me to her apartment. She is so young. She speaks my language. I'm fed up on cocktails and bridge and married women. She's young and pretty, and good. A man likes a girl untouched by the world. I'm no different from the others."

They talked about books, and it had been so long since Fred had read anything but *Printer's Ink* that he felt ashamed. "I'll get that five-foot bookshelf," he resolved. "I'll read something good every day." Ruth lent him a volume of Proust, and Fred did not give up trying to read it for a month.

He started wearing pansies in his coat. Yellow with his brown suit and purple ones with his gray. He picked them from the border in his yard every morning on his way to the train. He found himself caring terribly about his gray hair and the paunch just under his belt. Such a silly little paunch! Fred had once been proud of the hardness of his body. He had looked well in a bathing suit, but he hoped to God he'd never have to take Ruth Evans to the beach.

Fred Johnson felt irresponsible for his body. He'd never been a lazy man, or one who indulged his appetite, and he'd always been careful of his shoes; but there he was fat, with a decided bay window, and with bunions. As a man got older he just got older, that's all.

But Ruth Evans made him feel as if it didn't matter about his age. His soul was still young. His soul was slim and beautiful. Age could never alter that. Fred thought, "Yes, I've a beautiful soul. I'm as sensitive as hell. I've the sort of mind, too, that never gets old. That's why Ruth Evans likes me. She appreciates my mind. We meet on an eternal plane. With a companion like that life would be worth living. Married to a girl like Ruth, a man would never think of playing around with other women. I'm the kind of man who likes to be faithful. Having to look for affection outside my home is just about killing me."

He began to feel younger and younger.

He bought exuberant ties. With his gray suit, a purple pansy, a purple tie, and a purple silk handkerchief, he was a picture, so he thought.

He and Ruth went many places together. He took her to all the good shows and went with her on Saturday afternoons to buy books. Sometimes, after having been with Ruth, he would come home and find Marian so startlingly beautiful and desirable that it seemed impossible he could ever give a thought to anyone else. But when he put his arms about Marian she would push him away and asked him not to muss her hair. Then he would remember Ruth's gaiety and he knew that it was she, not Marian, that he wanted to hold in his arms.

Fred grew so fond of Ruth Evans that he could not endure the thought of not holding her in his arms. He became possessed with the idea and could hardly wait for the time when he might safely declare his love. He felt that she, too, was drawn towards him and desired a relationship more beautiful than mere friendship. "But she's shy," he thought. "She's too modest to ever let me know."

They went to dinner, and Fred lingered so long over his meal that it was impossible to do anything but go back to her apartment. When they were sitting there talking he became embarrassed and did not know just how he would go about expressing the depth of his passion for her. Ruth was in a gay humor. "Do you speak Chinese, Mr. Johnson?" she asked.

"No," said Fred. "I never had time to take up any foreign languages."

"I don't speak it either," said Ruth. "That's another bond between us!"

She was so gay and young and little. Fred moved towards her, his face became red, he was breathing heavily now. Ruth stood up. Fred pulled her back on the davenport on his lap and kissed her. The girl struggled from him. Her arms flung about wildly, as if striking away something loathsome.

"You old fool," she said. "You bleary-eyed old fool. Don't you dare touch me again—ever."

Fred went out of the apartment dazed by this unexpected turn of affairs. "I don't deserve this. I don't deserve this," he kept saying.

But he knew that the girl was right. He had been a fool, but he wished that she hadn't called him bleary-eyed. Fred peered at himself in a slot machine mirror. "*God, I am bleary-eyed.*"

When he got to the station he found he had thirty minutes before his train left. Once or twice he got up and looked at his eyes. He went into the drug store and had a cup of coffee and sat staring at himself in the mirror opposite. His profile had always been good. Fred tried to see it but couldn't. "God, but I feel blue! I'm so low I could end it all." He wanted to cry.

Going out of the door he saw himself

in a full-length mirror. He was surprised to find how nice he looked when seen altogether like that. "Why, I'm not so bad looking for my age," he thought. He straightened his tie. "I'm not going to let a thing like this kill me. I'm too big a man to be downed by it. These things are sent to test a man."

Fred tilted his hat a little farther. He had fifteen more minutes to wait. Just time to go out and buy Marian some pink roses. Marian liked roses. She preferred red ones, but Fred could never remember this.

All the way home he held the flowers very carefully and when he walked up from the station he made up a new tune to whistle. He felt fine now and quickened his steps. He thought it would be funny to give the roses to Marian and say, in a very doleful manner, "I'd rather not see the deceased. I like to remember my friends as they were in life." That would get a laugh.

SONG

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

FROM love's dead clinging hands the words were torn,
 Out of a faded dream the notes were made,
 Out of a broken heart the song was borne,
 And those who listened knew they were afraid.

*A song that lashed the breathless night with pain,
 And broke the silence like a shattered glass
 And beat like drops of ceaseless silver rain,
 And those who listened knew a ghost would pass.*

*And every man at some time hears the song—
 And every man knows well the voice that sings,
 And cries into the darkness, "I was wrong—
 "Nothing is worth the breaking of these things."*



DIET AND APPETITE

BY T. SWANN HARDING

MY MOTHER reared me by a book. A doctor stood at call in the offing, ready to give advice and pilot her over the more difficult places. Just consider the result. I turned out to be perfectly dreadful. I think I am being conservative when I say that I became the one magnificent, outstanding disappointment of her life. Certainly if there was an infant disease I missed momentarily I undertook to have it at my first leisure moment, even if that meant scarlet fever at thirty-four and the mumps at thirty-seven. I didn't miss anything and have had practically everything the matter with me.

By the time my sister was born my mother had lost the book. So she reared her by guess. She improvised and did what seemed best on the spur of the moment. The method worked astoundingly well. For this time she turned out a child who regarded infant infections and malaises with a well-elevated sniff, and the final result was something to be proud of. My mother's faith in the wisdom of the book melted away, but entirely too late to save me. The damage had been done.

All of this happened some time ago, of course, yet such things still happen. A mother recently brought this to my attention. She said that her daughter Mary was not at all careful about feeding her infant grandson. On the other hand, Mary's friend Ethel was precisely the reverse. The girls had married young men whose social and economic status was almost exactly the same, and their sons had been born within a month of each other. But Mary's mother

thought her daughter a shamefully neglectful young lady, while she was quite sure that Ethel trod the path of nutritional rectitude.

For Ethel was meticulous. She had determined that her child should be reared scientifically. In justice to her, I suppose I should say that she was unacquainted with me at the time. So she bought books, kept a family practitioner regularly on the run, and had a child specialist, a pediatrician, ready and willing to advise her in a really big way whenever she felt that the situation exceeded the mental equipment of a mere family doctor. She had not one book, but several. Everything that entered her child was carefully weighed and measured, even the water it drank. Its nutritional standards were calculated assiduously and, whenever Ethel was really lost for something radically absurd to do, the child specialist usually suggested something even more grotesque than she could ever have thought of by herself. Finally there was a specific time for the insertion of each and every kind of food or drink into the oral cavity of her infant, and Ethel, a nurse-maid, and two doctors had their hands fairly well full managing one baby.

Mary, however, had never been meticulous. In a general way she was inclined to lassitude and she did not possess an ingrowing conscience. She could have matched Ethel's every maid, book, and doctor had she so desired. But she did not desire. She somehow gathered enough information here and there to know, in a sketchy way, about what a baby should eat and drink. She con-

trived somehow—possibly by instinct—to expose the youngster to a complete and adequate diet. In case it wanted any food, that food was available. Thereafter it was up to the baby. When it wanted to eat it ate; when it wanted to stop eating it stopped eating. When it went to sleep that was interpreted as a “Do not disturb” sign, nor were its hours of rest calculated arithmetically. Now the curious thing was this. While Ethel’s baby was thin, sickly, and temperamental, Mary’s waxed great in stature, it thrived, it hurdled the diseases of childhood, it detoured the disasters that should have overwhelmed it, and when Mary’s mother spoke to me regarding her daughter’s carelessness, it had become about as fine a child as you would want to see.

For Mary’s mother was rather meticulous herself; she had reared Mary by a book, although the books were somewhat smaller in those days, and there were fewer pediatricians. But she was sufficiently infected with the virus to hold that her grandson should eat at stated intervals, whether he wanted to or not, and should not eat at other times even if he did want to; that he should get just so much of this and so much of that, and if he wanted more should simply be out of luck. Didn’t I think Mary was awfully careless? I assumed my longest face and, on the basis of what had happened to my sister and to me, I assured her that in her very ignorance Mary was probably quite scientific, but that in her wisdom Ethel was perverted indeed. Finally, I asked, “Just what is your appetite for, anyway?” and sought thereafter to shoo Mary’s mother home so that I could investigate a little and see if I knew what I was talking about before she could discover that I, at the moment, could not prove my contentions.

Well, I investigated and I can prove what I said. Your appetite is good for something after all. It is usually perverted out of all usefulness before you get to adult years, and life thereafter becomes a fight with coddled eggs and bran

to escape dyspepsia and chronic intestinal stasis. But, as children, appetite means something and could, with proper handling, be induced to feed us scientifically, or as the scientists—after laborious investigation—have ultimately discovered we should be fed. There is a reason why the scientists had to rediscover this for us; we shall note that more fully later.

II

Certainly all foods are not valuable to us in proportion to their appeal to our appetites. For example, the flavoring substances in foods which stimulate our nose and tongue are usually not the substances upon which the body depends for its building materials; as a matter of fact, they are, in animal foods, usually discarded material already on the way to excretion. On the other hand, chemically pure proteins, fats, or oils and complex carbohydrates (not sugars of course) have little or no taste or smell. Take bacon as an illustration. A very thin slice of bacon will weigh three-fourths of an ounce. Its food value is about 129 calories. Crisp it. The food value lowers to 9 calories but the succulence increases out of all proportion to that, and that scrap of skeleton tissue, with all the fat fried out of it, having lost 93 per cent of its food value, is, to our appetites, a dainty morsel. On the other hand, how much of that is habit? A lady who formerly ate richly and who has managed by sensible dietetic reducing to shave forty pounds off a grand total of one hundred and seventy-five, recently informed me that after a month of torture she actually became so enamored of unsweetened black coffee, spinach, fresh fruits and vegetables generally, and buttermilk that it was difficult for her to imagine that she ever really loved rich cream, plenty of sugar, and great gobs of butter, and demanded potatoes for every meal.

Next consider a hog. If we ate like hogs we should probably be much better off physically than we are at present.

If my mother had only permitted me to make a hog of myself, I feel sure that I should not have been such a keen disappointment to her in her declining years. A pig's appetite has been found to be an excellent guide to the level of its actual bodily needs. Common salt *ad lib* makes for faster growth in hogs, but if the basic ration is complete you can depend on the animals to eat about what they should of it. Many feeding standards in textbooks differ very widely from swine-appetite requirements; you can bring up hogs by book if you want to, and lose money; but it is more economical to let them eat as much and as often as they please. Back in 1915 John M. Evvard had observed this in Iowa and was saying, "It is time to face and study normal appetite intakes as a rational basis for animal feeding standards," but he was a voice in the corn-fed wilderness, apparently. Already Sherman had held that a "well-ordered appetite" is capable of indicating the amounts of food needed over long periods and under differing conditions of activity; where animal life is uniform, animals will regulate their caloric intake with high efficiency. Indeed, it was stated then that the lower animals select their food with unerring precision so long as they are in the wild state, and that primitive races of men have done this in various localities, with very different basic diets available, and with extraordinary success—whether as vegetarians in Asia or carnivora near the North Pole.

When you come to dairy cows—not so good. That was found out by Nevens in Illinois about 1927. It is not economical to let dairy cows select their food as they will because they over-eat their maintenance and milk-production requirements; but there is the rub. The dairy cow has been artificially bred by man to be a milk-producing machine; it was not normally constituted to have that large bag and to produce so much milk. While man has changed that, he has not changed its appetite; and an appetite built for its primitive, normal require-

ments will naturally not do at all as a guide when it has been made what it is to-day by cruel and heartless men. On the other hand, the self-feeding plan was used very successfully indeed for getting beef cattle ready for the market, although it was observed that some of the cows, probably spoiled by modern advertising billboards in their pastures, went on roughage drunks!

Rats and mice can unerringly choose adequate diets, their choice of food being apparently guided by appetite. A limited exercise of choice is exhibited even by the very young animals. The animals were offered two synthetic rations—one a high- and the other a low-protein diet; and animals kept on the superior diet alone thrived no better than those which had free choice between the two diets and took the better of their own free will. Next, two diets were given which were respectively rich and poor in certain vitamins, and again the rats and mice responded, though with somewhat less clarity than before. Then the animals were offered casein, a complete protein, against zein, an incomplete protein, and they ate enough of the former voluntarily to make up any deficiencies to which indulgence in the latter might have given rise. None of the animals would eat excessively high protein in their diets, though the older animals took about 20 to 25 per cent while the younger ones stuck to 12 to 19 per cent. The animals could supplement corn with meat in such a manner as to take an optimum diet. Given a choice of diets deficient and complete as to minerals, they unerringly chose the latter and thrived. And old Doctor Osborne, who recently died at New Haven after a long life of valuable work, concluded, "The desire of a young animal for food is something more than the mere satisfaction of calorific needs. The demand made by the growth impulse must be met by a food of the proper chemical constitution," and the untutored animal, given half a chance, will see that it gets such food.

When in days past I worked among the kine at a dairy farm I observed that they sometimes took to queer eating habits. Sometimes those habits led directly to conditions so bad that the animals had to be slaughtered, and we often found inside them quaint and curious collections of inedible things—nails, bits of wire, hunks of cement, gobs of mud, old rubber heels, and portions of discarded tires. It seemed apparent that the animals had gone on a search of some dietary principles they felt lacking in their food. This was actually the case. These animals were fed timothy hay instead of alfalfa hay as their source of roughage, their main ration being a complete grain concentrate in either case, but a concentrate low in calcium.

Now timothy hay may, on rare occasions, run as high in calcium as alfalfa hay; at any time it can be made to equal alfalfa in calcium by the addition of a mineral supplement in the form of a pure calcium salt. Nevertheless, its calcium is never used so well by dairy animals as the calcium in alfalfa, and cows fed it as their sole source of roughage do not thrive. They develop a wistful expression and have, apparently, a vague but powerful yearning to go forth and search some missing element. It is reasonable to suppose—and Cowgill of Yale has presumed—that such animals in wild life would go on a hunt for the lost dietary element and eventually find it. In domesticity this is much more difficult to accomplish, especially when curious nutrition workers restrict both your diet and your wanderlust.

Such things set Cowgill thinking, and he performed a feeding experiment with dogs. Some of these dogs were compelled to exercise regularly, and their caloric food intake from a complete diet was then measured. At later periods they were not compelled to exercise; they were offered the same amounts of food of the same quality as before, but they refused to take it. As a matter of fact, they deliberately and very accurately cut their caloric intake of food down to

their new exercise level, and this set Cowgill to thinking about other things, among them infants.

In fact, he was led to write that the baby, not the doctor, knew best when and how much the baby should eat. It is the modern scientific doctrine that parents have too long indulged the custom of interfering with the habits, desires, and ideas of their children whether they knew what to do or not; it is now recognized scientifically that unless the parent definitely knows how to help, it is wiser not to interfere at all. Less pediatric interference with infant diet would make far better infants. So Cowgill concludes.

As a matter of fact, most of us are managed very foolishly as children when our two greatest urges beset us—sex and hunger. Sex is still grossly mismanaged, but this is not the place to go into that. As to hunger, the neurotic solicitude of the young and adoring mother (who just loves her child) is a very deleterious factor in its progress to maturity. It is constantly urged to eat what is “good” for it, to eat when it does not want to eat, not to eat when it does want to eat. Many children develop a nervous inhibition against eating which can lead to dangerous malnutrition unless the child is taken away from its ignorantly adoring parents and put with a group of normal children, who eat normally, there to sink or swim as it chooses; left alone, self-preservation comes to its rescue and it invariably swims. But when I consider the widespread mismanagement of the eating habits of the young, I marvel indeed that Ethel’s child and I managed to do as well as we have. Certainly we had a fearful handicap to start with; as certainly, our natural appetites were regarded with very severe disdain.

In late 1928 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* quoted Pereira as saying, “The natural appetite, I believe to be the index of the wants of the system; and it ought, therefore, to be consulted, to a certain extent, in the dieting of children; and I believe parents

commit a gross error who totally disregard it." In fact, it is said that mistaken notions often deny children, very wrongfully indeed, the foods they crave. The reason for my disastrous downward career became more and more apparent to me as I investigated. Dr. Woods Hutchinson, while he held a child to be a walking famine, yet said feed it good, wholesome food and let nature take its course and the wisdom of the ages guide it. He even attacked the idea that the stomach needs a definite interval of rest between tasks as an exploded bit of folklore and advised feeding children adequately, for thereafter you may trust them implicitly either in the ice box or in a candy store. A child, he declared, should not eat like a pig, but should want to. I demur. It should eat like a pig; all the better for it.

III

That brings me to Clara M. Davis and her really remarkable work on self-selection of diet by newly weaned infants published in the *American Journal for the Diseases of Children* of October, 1928. Miss Davis began, it appears, to wonder if infants, guided purely by their appetites, could not wisely choose their own foods from a complete diet of natural nutriments so that they would maintain themselves and keep in good health. Would they naturally eat few or many articles, be vegetarian or carnivorous, watch their calories and vitamins, or what? The experiment had to be made on children, because the circumstances of adult life with its refined nutriments and well-developed food prejudices makes mature men and women poor experimental animals for such work. Furthermore, as Miss Davis had observed, most child specialists diet infants by limitation and loftily disregard their preferences and their appetites.

Miss Davis decided to avoid the pastries, cakes, highly seasoned meats, gravies, white bread, candies, canned foods, and soft drinks—the sophisticated

adult foods which have often upset infants and made parents believe they could not stand the strong meat of adults. She would supply several infants immediately after they were weaned, and for from six months to a year thereafter, with a wide range of foods providing all the known food elements in natural form—no salt added, no condiments, custards, breads or milk-made dishes—but beef, lamb, bone marrow, chicken, peas, eggs, cabbage, carrots, bananas, glandular organs, the water in which vegetables were cooked, sweet and lactic milk, cereals raw or cooked, apples, oranges, lettuce, cabbage, beets, turnips, cauliflower, spinach, bone jelly with Rykrisp crackers, and salt served separately. The solid foods were all finely divided by passing through a meat chopper. All weights eaten were to be carefully tabulated, but the choice of the infant and its individual method of feeding were to be absolute.

A nurse sat by and helped the child to ingest the food it pointed out when various foods were presented to it in constantly varying arrangements on its tray and in dishes or glasses exactly alike. At first infants sought to feed themselves, by dipping their whole hand in, or even their face, or by pouring methods of limited efficiency but marked destructiveness. The nurse was to provide no advice, no remonstrance, no praise, no coaxing, no urging, no direction; she sat by and helped to convey the food indicated to the infant's mouth when asked to do so; if not called upon she did nothing.

What happened? The infant's first choice was often determined by odor or color—perhaps by physiological need—but the infants soon formed habits and preferences and would later reach promptly for preferred foods. Some foods they chose were at once spit out, although this had to happen only once in any case. This occurred notably in the case of salt, which seemed to disgust them, but which they all ate heroically as if under inner compulsion. All of them were omniv-

orous and liked most of the foods offered, but seldom ate more than three solid foods heavily per meal. Sometimes an infant would imbibe seven eggs or four bananas at one meal and scarcely anything else; that was his lookout, but he practically never suffered the slightest evil consequences for his indulgence!

There were distinct waves of preference, or "jags" on certain foods—cereal, meat, eggs, or fruit—the quantity eaten increasing, staying high, and finally declining without the development of digestive disaster or a resultant dislike for the food in question. No symptoms of pathological overeating ever developed as a result of such jags either. The children preferred beef raw, unless cooked very rare. They liked eggs, carrots, and peas either raw or cooked, but preferred oatmeal and wheat cooked. They began to "dunk," to soften their crackers in liquid, at about eleven months. They drank when they desired, as do adults. They all exhibited good appetites; they displayed no digestive disturbances, no bowel complaints, no vomiting, and their health and growth were normal in every way. Their intake was about 1,200 to 1,500 calories daily; and Miss Davis concluded that infants just weaned can be fed a normal, natural, complete adult diet without bad effects, and that they are able to select their foods so that they are scientifically adapted to their caloric needs.

IV

Primitive peoples the world over in very different environments so adapted the food locally available as to thrive upon it. They did not need nutrition experts to guide them. Why did we ever need such experts? We needed them because we suddenly began to refine our foods before our diets were as widely diversified as they are to-day. In nature, men and animals contrive to get as much protein, fat, carbohydrate, roughage, vitamins, and minerals as they need by long ages of trial and error. But we

were civilized; we began to refine much of the roughage, vitamins, and minerals out of our foods and thus got away from the dietary fundamentals of the primitives. Then what?

Then deficiency diseases appeared. Scurvy, anemia, rickets, pellagra, beri beri, varied infections, and other things pathological turned up. Investigators went into their laboratories now, not to tell us in words we could not understand what savages knew by instinct anyway, but to find out exactly why the diet of primitive man was complete and that of civilized man was woefully deficient. They found out. Liebig began the work; it went on through the discoveries of Osborne and Mendel and McCollum and Sherman and others. They discovered the use of protein, fat, and carbohydrates; they gradually recognized the importance of minerals, of roughage, and of vitamins, and they evolved the balanced diet. Meantime commerce and invention had made strides; our diet was continually becoming more diversified, and foods which twenty-five years ago (such as fresh vegetables in winter) were restricted to the very wealthy, today find their way into the chain stores which supply the ordinary man on the ordinary wage.

It is for this reason that vitamin, roughage, and mineral alarmists are really out of place among us to-day. While it is true that dietary studies, carried on among families ranging from the very poor to the rich in economic status, indicate that certain common errors in nutrition are quite prevalent, it can be questioned whether such errors are dangerously menacing to health. There is said to be a widespread tendency to consume too little of the essential minerals—especially calcium and phosphorus; too much vegetable and too little animal protein (perhaps a perversion of the "Go vegetablewise" gospel) and too few raw foods; but it is certainly unfortunate that any expert would lend his name, as some do, to the doctrine that we should greatly increase our consumption of goat and

ostrich food—indigestible, fibrous or cellular material like bran.

On the other hand, when Strouse of Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, recently stood in a cafeteria to see how ordinary laymen actually selected their food he later remarked, in *The Journal of the American Dietetic Association*, that three hundred and fifty people gathered up pretty well-proportioned meals on their trays in a "hurry-up" lunch room. They may have been too busy to shove their peas under their mashed potatoes before they reached the appraiser at the end of the line, but they selected their food well, speaking nutritionally, and got their money's worth besides. Doctor Strouse continued that an individual who feels well is doubtless on what is an adequate diet for him, and added that his survey disclosed only one general deficiency, a low milk consumption—a lack being rapidly remedied. Diets containing as little as an ounce or an ounce and a half of protein per day seem perfectly adequate for some people, while the fat and carbohydrate rations may vary widely; this obviously gives appetite a very large sphere within which to operate in perfect safety.

I know no passage more consoling nutritionally than one I shall now quote from a book by a very wise physician—James S. McLester; he is discussing the fundamentals of the normal diet in the light of all this newer knowledge of nutrition:

In order to enjoy robust health and to avoid the results of nutritional failure, a man should each day drink about one quart of milk and eat two salads and two liberal helpings of the leafy portion of green vegetables; he should eat one small helping of any meat and perhaps two eggs; to this he may add anything else within reason which his appetite demands, including a liberal supply of bread, butter, fruits, and the various vegetables. If he will do this, his state of nutrition will not suffer.

It probably will not suffer either if he cuts a few corners on the milk and the greens. Because, while fanatics rave,

Walter C. Alvarez, gastro-intestinal specialist of the Mayo Clinic, observes that the mineral and vitamin requirements of adults are but poorly understood, that more harm than good is likely to result when we over-imbibe indigestible roughage in order to get these elements, and that it is quite probable that human adults can worry a great deal less over these things than many of them have in recent years.

So nutrition experts caught up to primitive man; but they can tell us really why and how, while primitive man proceeded empirically by trial and error. Scientists can predict what this or that diet will do; primitives had to find out at great pain, through long experience. That much has been gained. Meantime a large cloud of fanatics rapidly arose. Some of them were sincerely deluded by the newer knowledge of nutrition into thinking that a diet of roughage and vegetarianism must be preached to all, that the appetite was no good as a guide, and that children must be fed by the book. Some doctors really thought they knew vastly more about what this or that child should eat than the little animal which was trying to sustain itself on the diet in question. Some of these fanatics were frankly out to make money by duping people; and thus there rose among us a bran cult which is quite mystic in its attitudes and notions. So the assumption has got abroad in many quarters that men cannot choose their own foods, that babies have no idea what or how much they ought to eat, that appetite is always an unsafe guide, and that our nutritional salvation can be achieved only by sedulously eating what we do not like and avoiding everything we like.

But appetite can be a guide. If instruction could be started when children were young enough, they could be taught to use that guide sensibly and advantageously. It would then support and sustain them even into later life—though it would put a lot of food fanatics and fancy-priced pediatricians, not to men-

tion large numbers of diet books, altogether out of business.

V

At once a number of questions leap to the lips of many people as they did to those of the mother whose queries originally started me on this paper. What about eating between meals? Would the reformed human appetite, after it had attained the college education I have adumbrated, be content to have food at regular intervals, or is eating between meals harmful anyhow? Perhaps it merely becomes harmless when the person eats the "right" things; yet could you expect a growing boy or girl to make a rational choice of foods, guided by however good an appetite, if confronted with a box of candy in the pabulum from which he or she is to choose?

These are ponderous questions. I was taught that regularity in sleeping and in eating were fundamental to my health. I was told that my ancestors were healthy largely because they were regular in their habits.* I lived to learn that some of them were not so healthy as they had been portrayed anyhow, but that many others who were healthy were shockingly irregular in their habits. A reading of *Pepys' Diary* in nine volumes was a revelation and an education to me, for instance. Among other things I discovered that these Restoration English thought nothing of rising at three in the morning to go on an excursion down the river from which they returned at five the next morning. They slept till mid-day when they willed, and when they willed they danced all night. They ate disgustingly gluttonous meals at times, with a stupendous number of courses and eight or nine meats to a meal; and then the Clerk of the Acts lived on a bit of bread and cheese and some chocolate on other days. There was no regularity; the whole drama of life was then farcical

and was played out at the momentary and even fantastic whim of the player. Men ate when they were hungry—at meals or between meals. Personally, I never had really good digestion until I learned to eat when I felt like it, regardless of fixed hours; time after time I find myself entirely unable properly to appreciate a meal at the ordained moment. I feel quite certain that it would do me more harm than good if I forced myself to eat merely because it was, say, seven o'clock. In the old days such irregularity might have worked hardship on the ladies, yet they were conveniently subjugated in those days, and did not seem to mind; in this day of restaurants we should be able to eat at the call of appetite without inconveniencing anyone.

Primitive man ate when he could; he stowed food away gluttonously to the limit of his capacity and often went for some time on very little pabulum thereafter. He ate just when he could get food and as much as he could hold; the habit has excellent historical background. In the very nature of things he could not have set meal times. Of course to-day we have piled upon what was originally rather a disgusting physiological process (for primitive man was as much ashamed of letting anyone see him eat as are his progeny of other physiological processes) a curiously attractive edifice of etiquette and social value. Obviously, if one be wedded to the theory that a meal is a social function rather than a mere physiological incident, one could not feel entirely satisfied with eating small snippets of food here and there by the way. Some compromise with social values seems necessary nowadays, yet banquets are notoriously ill-digested, probably, to a considerable extent, because the incidental nervous excitement inhibits the normal psychic secretion of digestive juices. It is quite apparent that a well-ordered formal meal has certain æsthetic aspects which doubtless promote a state of physiological well-being, but I believe it is also true that an appetite which has been properly edu-

* I was also taught to chew meat very well indeed before swallowing it; I lived to learn that savages swallowed meat in hunks, and that it digests far better if chewed as little as possible because, if too fine when swallowed, it leaves the stomach undigested and putrefies in the intestine.

cated from its very beginning would not lead any human being far astray nutritionally.

Of course, it is to be remembered that the land teems with what may be termed synthetic or highly artificial foods which were not readily accessible either to primitive man or to our more immediate ancestors. This implies that the education of the appetite must include certain restrictions of intelligence upon instinct where such foods are concerned. It is a fact that the young children mentioned earlier in this paper seemed to suffer no gastronomic catastrophes when permitted to stuff themselves inordinately with bananas; secondly, that their banana jags ended voluntarily. It is quite possible that they would have handled candy in a similar manner; but it is also fairly certain that few older children could be trusted to-day to make a rational nutritional choice when faced with the candy box. This is because their appetites were not educated (or were even perverted to a greater or lesser extent) immediately after they were weaned. The remedy is sufficient intelligent discretion on the part of parents to determine that older children do not have access to foods which their untrained, or perhaps we might more cor-

rectly say, perverted, appetites might lead them to eat to deleterious excess.

This, if I mistake not, brings us smartly back to Shakespeare. We should accept Macbeth's advice and let "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." The key to the situation, as I see it after considerable study, is what happens immediately after weaning. What should happen is what took place in the case of the youngsters who were permitted freely to select their foods from a group of finely ground and well-balanced nutrients, with accessory liquids as needed. I see no reason why our more synthetic foods and powerful concentrates like candy might not safely appear on the youngster's table in their proper proportions to the whole diet. I believe that the same instinctive and unperverted appetite which guided Miss Davis's children through the treacherous banana shoals could be trusted even with candies during this formative period, and that if the right start were made in childhood the desires of the adult organism could later be attended very largely as signified. In such a happy day we should be far better off racially, and also very few mothers would then find their offspring so abjectly disappointing as my mother found me.



THE SAUSAGE

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

BACK of Comines, the German balloon swung lazily in the dying light of afternoon. From it steel cables stretched, like spidery threads, to a motor truck below; to winches that might bring it swiftly earthward, while the truck itself ran like a rabbit east along the Belgian roads. Near at hand, two batteries of anti-aircraft guns thrust their long muzzles skyward. From the basket, keen eyes peered through Zeiss lenses. And for several days that balloon had been bothering the British advance like hell.

A damp, gusty morning wind slapped the sides of the Nissen huts on the R. F. C. aerodrome at Marie Cappel. The first patrol was to leave the ground at six, assigned to balloons—a rotten job. It was beastly cold in the Mess, and Henry found it occupied by only a sleepy waiter.

"Breakfast ready, Saunders?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; only a minute now."

The door swung open with a rush of air that carried in the Major. Henry looked up. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Henry. Feeling fit?"

"All things considered. That was quite a party in Boulogne last night."

The Major grinned. "I lost you early in the game. Where'd you buzz off to?"

"When the gendarmes came I ducked. Much of a row?"

"Nothing exceptional. A most successful binge however, most successful. Expense account: One French hotel, not

new, officers for the use of." The Major rubbed his hands together; he was young for a major—twenty-three. But he had been at Dunkirk with the triplanes when the war in the air was new.

Henry nodded. "Are those eggs ready, Saunders?"

"Here they are, sir."

"I want you to bag that balloon this morning, Henry." This from the Major.

"The one near Comines?"

"That's right. It's a pest. Eighty Squadron tried it yesterday and couldn't get within a mile of it. They pulled it down too fast—the blighters!"

Henry gulped his coffee. "Yes, they're good at that; they have them hitched to lorries."

"Are your guns O.K.?"

"They were last night; we had them on the range." Henry munched his toast.

"Good. Don't fire until you're on the beggar's back; there's no use wasting ammunition. It's sure to be hot. The Archie's good, and the place is lousy with machine guns, too. It's quite their pet balloon, and the Colonel would be frightfully bucked if we could land it. Clouds ought to help a bit, if I'm a weather prophet. Lord and King will go along and stay up top, while you go down."

King stamped in. "Gawd's truth, this bloody Mess is cold!"

The Major turned. "Give that fire a poke, King. You've let in all of Flanders."

"Good morning, sir. How's the head?"

"Just a bit fuzzy. Nothing much."

"We're on balloons this morning, I take it."

"Yes. That sausage back of Comines; you and Lord to do the escort job, while Henry gives the brute a burst or two."

King shrugged. "They have a lot of stuff around the bag. I tootled over there the other day, and you should have seen them messing up the sky in my vicinity."

"You're right they have a lot of stuff," said Lord, who had just come in, and who now started to warm his hands by pounding on the table.

There was a grunt from Henry. "Oh, yes, they're damned hospitable. But you chaps sit up top, and keep an eye out for Fokkers. Forget the rest." He poured himself a second cup of burning coffee.

The Mess was tomblike because the air was dead; but out on the aerodrome the wind cut the face and stung the blood. The pilots picked their way towards the tarmac, where the Dolphins reared through the gloom like fantastic beasts, with propellers turning lazily to warm their vitals.

"B" Flight's burly sergeant detached himself from Henry's bus, that he had been running up. "Good morning, sir."

"Everything O.K.?" Henry asked.

"All O.K."

"Good, Felton. I'll run her up myself, now." And Henry pulled himself into the cockpit.

The sky grew lighter. Cassel Hill loomed through the rent mist, massive and near. Strange, dim shapes, that were hangars and machines, melted into familiar outlines. Henry looked around: Lord and King were in their seats, testing their engines. The sergeant stood beside the fuselage and roared in Henry's ear, "Watch the oil, sir; and don't let her get too hot. She's new, you know." His voice was faint, as though it came across great distances.

Henry nodded, and the sergeant stepped away. Lord and King must be ready now. Henry fidgeted, shoved down his goggles, and then waved his hand. The chocks were pulled aside; the wheels were clear. He taxied out, bumping clumsily, and looked behind: the others were nosing after him. Shoving the stick against the instruments, he gave her the gun, gently at first, then open wide. The roaring beast leaped under him and raced across the ground—then lifted clear. He held her steady for a minute, nosed her down a trifle, drove her upward in a sudden zoom, caught her before she wavered, flattened out, and threw her over in a dizzy turn. The hangars fled away beneath him.

Lord and King were off the ground; Henry could see them climbing steeply in his wake. A few more turns with engine throttled back, giving them a chance to gain; and then they crept above his wash and settled into place—one right, one left. Two thousand feet. The three machines swung east, along the road to Ypres. Nieppe lay green behind, with shattered Hazebrouck on its flank. The three machines raced east, climbing to meet the sun.

Having watched them out of sight, the Major strolled back to the Mess. "Bring me two more eggs, Saunders, and some Scotch with very little soda. And, for God's sake, shut that door!" Saunders jumped. The 'drome was quiet: no squadron show to-day until ten o'clock. The lucky pilots slept. Three men climbed east to meet the sun.

"If I'd quit last night at twelve o'clock," thought Lord, "I'd have come out six hundred francs ahead. Any man who can hold four jacks over an ace-high full is shot with luck. There ought to be a law. These damned controls are sloppy still; I wonder if that lazy rigger ever touched them after all? I'll strafe him right. Marie's a queer one. If she didn't like my leaving her flat, she can go to blazes. She's not unique."

Five thousand feet above Abeele.

Henry looked down: no movement on the 'drome. "A lazy bunch, those Camels! They are all asleep."

King thought he'd try his guns; tilted his nose, and let them go in a short burst over his leader's head. Then he laughed as Henry flipped into a fast half-roll before he knew who had done the shooting. Henry swore. "The bloody fool, testing his Vickers in my ear! Some people need a nurse!" He straightened out, climbed again, and drew up off King's wing-tip. Henry saw the culprit grin, and shook his fist in answer.

The sky was bright and clear, but black puffs to the south betrayed the presence of a dawn patrol; and underneath lumbered an R.E.8, going north. "No clouds to speak of; that's bad," thought Henry. "There isn't half a chance." He throttled down. Not a balloon in sight. The sun was creeping up the sky, and it hurt eyes straining eastward. Henry was doubtful. "Better buzz about a bit, and wait. The Major wants balloons, and that one in particular. This would make my fifth, the fifth in a month; we'll scare them off if we go over now. I wonder where our friends the Fokkers are to-day?"

Trailing his leader, King felt fed up. "Why don't they stick up a sausage so that we can pot it?" He wanted to get back and finish *Limehouse Nights*. "This war's a bore. No sane man would knock around up here, asking to be shot at. Next war, I'll blinking well stay on the ground and wangle a cushy job at home. I wonder if Maude is still at Claridge's?"

Three planes, with engines throttled back, cruised east to meet the sun. Three men, three minds, held in a madman's dream of wood and canvas, flew east, eight thousand feet above the mud and wire and gaping shell-holes.

"Marie knows what she can do if she doesn't like it."

"It would be easier to ask Maude if she hadn't so much money."

"Five balloons in one month wouldn't be half bad."

On they flew, three heroes—Henry, King, and Lord—thinking the thoughts that heroes think, eight thousand feet above the Flanders earth.

There were going to be clouds after all; there were some little ones coming from the east now, and bigger and better ones behind them. "Locate the sausage first; then a little game of hide and seek among the clouds; then down, almost vertical, in one long dive; and then—a spitting stream of flaming tracer bullets, right into that fat sausage, while Lord and King stay up to watch for Huns. That's the system!" Henry squinted through his Aldis sight, and fingered the gun-trigger on his joy-stick. The clouds were really coming now, and the three planes circled lazily, awaiting them.

"Some day, I'd like to write stories like *Limehouse Nights*," thought King. "But where can a chap find material for yarns to-day; they've all been written half a dozen times, and the romance was sucked out of life long ago. A man has to have experience to write." Once the war was over, he could hunt up some experience for himself.

Keeping his proper distance, crossing over on the turns, with habit guiding all his movements, Lord clung to Henry's tail. Perhaps he had treated Marie rather badly, after all. She certainly was pretty. It might be a good idea to tootle over to St. Omer and straighten things out with her that evening.

Above the gathering clouds, Henry peered and squinted, squinted and peered. With any luck, he would be able to enter a fifth balloon in his log-book before long. That was Comines down there; that was where the sausage should be. Minutes passed; and then—by God! that's where the sausage was. A silvery-grayish blob against a dark-brown earth. He would be on it almost before they had it up. Wagging his wings, he pointed east and down. King and Lord looked, too, and saw. Henry swiftly scanned the sky: no enemy planes in sight, but there was a bank of clouds that might hide something.

However, he could trust Lord and King to play watch-dogs for him. He waved his hand above his head, pushed his throttle wide—and three planes shot forward at full speed.

Dodging among the clouds, Henry laid a cunning course until, above a fleecy billowing mass, he knew that he was ready for the plunge. He had the sausage spotted. Pulling back his stick, he kicked on right rudder, stalled, and fell into a screaming dive. Through the cloud he went, and out the other side. His calculation had been right: the silvery bag was under him. He had it spotted; but he was spotted, too. A black form leaped from the observer's basket, fell like a plummet for a space, then fluttered down beneath an opened parachute. Straining at its cables, swaying wildly, the balloon sank earthward. The winches were working fast. All this Henry could see in his hurtling dive, noting the details automatically. He was strangely calm. This particular sausage was his, even if he had to follow it right down to the "floor." He had no doubts. "The fifth in a month! That wasn't bad."

Then the air around him seemed suddenly to explode in whirling eddies of brown smoke, and the familiar hoarse cough of anti-aircraft shells sounded, above the engine's roar, in Henry's ears. "Archie!" he thought. But he didn't mind Archie; he had been intimate with it long enough to regard it with contempt. The gunners had found his height on the first burst, but he was diving too fast for them to catch him again. Machine guns were different; he didn't like them, and they would be spitting at him in another minute. The

German balloon appeared to swell enormously as he plunged furiously toward it. His fingers were tense on the gun-trigger: a few seconds more, and he would fire. He saw nothing but that silvery-grayish bag: nothing else in the world existed for him in that instant. He was no longer a man, with ambitions, appetites, and fears, but simply the vital part of a destroying mechanism. Man, plane, and guns were one. Henry pressed the trigger. His Vickers guns began to chatter viciously. And then, abruptly, he was heaved by a huge, crackling, roaring earthquake into complete oblivion. Man, plane, and guns had ceased to be.

Circling overhead, Lord and King witnessed the strange event. It was a perfect hit for Archie. They had been watching a diving plane, guided by a living pilot; and then, where they gazed, there was nothing but falling fragments and lazily dispersing smoke. Dazed, scarcely believing what they saw, they circled lower; and, as their eyes strained earthward, ten Fokkers slipped from the bank of clouds that Henry had viewed suspiciously. Observers, who saw the battle from the ground, said that it could hardly be called a fight at all; that slaughter was a better name for it. Neatly and expeditiously, the Fokkers did their job. Lord went down first—in flames. A second later, King went spinning after him. Neither had fired a shot.

On the aerodrome at Marie Cappel, a youthful major clutched a telephone receiver, listened, and cursed. Back of Comines, the German balloon swung lazily in the bright morning light.



FOUR POEMS

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

THE ROSE HAT

I MET him by chance down at old Phæbe Brock's—
How bright were the pansies and red four-o'clocks!
Though it rained, and he said, looking shyly at me,
"You will ruin that hat in the drip, don't you see,
If you try to run home," (it was covered with roses)—
He said, "Give it me, and when the storm closes
I'll come to your door and bring it quite dry."
And I blushed and said, "Thank you, but no." I was shy.

But now when the wind shakes the Vestal Street door,
And the smell of the swamp pink blows in from the moor,
When the curfew rings out its monotonous chime,
I put out the bottle, and upstairs I climb
(As I've climbed forty years for the matter of that)—
I wish I had let him bring home my rose hat.

THE FOG IS ROLLING OVER

THE fog is rolling over
Where we picked the broom and bay.
I must find another lover.

Drenched and drooping is the clover
Where on sunny slopes we lay.
The fog is rolling over.

Oh, I knew you were a rover.
But you stay so long away!
I must find another lover.

Where is now the upland plover
We stalked when lips were gay?
The fog is rolling over.

The rabbits run to cover—
How your dancing eyes were gray!
I must find another lover.

Oh the marsh hawks dip and hover
Where your darling ghost's astray!
The fog is rolling over,
I must find another lover.

ENCOUNTER

*SUPPOSE, that day when you came toward me leaping
 Over the junipers and grassy waves,
 Startled, like a deer suddenly waked from a long sleeping
 Scenting, scenting in sunny reach what he most craves:*

*Suppose, when my full muslin skirt was lifted
 By the salt wind all billowing and bright—
 A pink balloon in the breeze, suppose I had suddenly drifted
 Over the cliff's edge out of sound and sight:*

*Then had we never known this hushed To-morrow,
 This windless waiting one each side a door;
 Your brown hand had not beat upon this barrier, hollow,
 I had not spattered tears upon this floor.*

UNDER THE ROSE

*CURFEW is tolling
 In the high tower;
 Lads come a-singing
 Starshine or shower.*

*Lovers come leaning
 Up from the mail;
 Click goes the latch gate,
 Fog on the rail.*

*Lights out in parlors,
 Lights on above,
 Darkness subsiding
 To silence or love.*

*Everyone sleeping—
 Who then are these
 Laughing and leaning
 Under the trees?*

*Waving at windows,
 Kissing at doors,
 Listening to wave-beats
 Out on the shores?*

*These in the daytime
 Lie under the rose—
 Would I were laughing
 With these and not those.*



PARADISE: AMERICAN PLAN

BY LLOYD MORRIS

THE little lady in the adjoining rocking-chair was fanning herself vigorously. It was hot on the hotel porch, undeniably hot, almost as hot as in the steaming city that I had fled only a few hours ago. Almost as hot as in the south of France, where I had been during previous summers. But the little lady conceded to the weather only the steady motion of a palm-leaf fan. The heat had not diminished the stream of her conversation.

"Well, it's been a real pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Drabble," she was saying to the occupant of an adjacent chair. "I always tell Charles (that's my husband; he comes up for two weeks in August), I always tell Charles that I wouldn't *dream* of spending the summer anywhere else. One always meets such nice people here. (Your friends the Smiths of Newark were here last summer, and that's how I met *them*!) Well, I've been coming for nineteen years. Or is it twenty? Yes, it is twenty. I remember, because that first summer Clarice (that's my daughter; she's traveling in Europe with a friend), well, Clarice had the whooping cough, and the management was perfectly lovely to me. They sent all the child's meals to the room, and never charged me a penny for extra service; fancy that!" She paused for breath, and her companion ventured a polite remark.

"Yes, wasn't it nice?" she continued. "Of course, after that I had to come back. Claude says (Claude's my son; they only give him two weeks' vacation from his job, and he is going to Canada), Claude says that I've let the place be-

come a habit. And he says that the place has changed. But it hasn't, Mrs. Drabble. Of course, there are not as many young people here as there used to be. The young folks say that there's nothing to do, and they want to be doing something every minute. You'd think that they'd enjoy resting quietly, and taking walks, and maybe playing tennis or golf. Not a bit of it! Why, I couldn't persuade Clarice to come up with me this summer! 'Mother,' she told me (I can hear her saying it!), 'Mother, you've taken me up there for nineteen years. Never again! Europe for mine, and a little life. I'm not ready for the graveyard yet!' That's what she told me, Mrs. Drabble. Anyone would think that I'd punished her, bringing her here every summer! So I said to her, 'Clarice, go to Europe if you want to. And I only hope you'll meet as pleasant people as you would at the hotel, and have as wholesome food, and as good a time.' That's what I told her. As for Claude . . . Oh, *must* you go, Mrs. Drabble? Half-past two! You don't say so! How the time flies! Yes, I always rest after luncheon. I stay upstairs until six o'clock. There are always things to do in one's room, as I tell the children. Now to-night, Mrs. Drabble, I'll introduce you to the other ladies. Of course you play bridge and mah-jong? It will be a pleasure to make you feel at home, I assure you. Oh, the name? How stupid of me! Brooks is the name; Mrs. Charles Brooks. Let me see if I can find my card."

Such was my introduction to Paradise.

Paradise was a summer hotel, one of the interchangeable summer hotels that dot the American continent from the gulf to Maine, from Maine to California. Fashion has deserted them, if fashion ever came. On pleasant afternoons, immediately after luncheon, their porches are filled by amiable ladies in rocking-chairs, parked there by husbands who toil in nearby cities, abandoned by restless sons and daughters. Husbands join them for a fortnight's holiday, and for occasional week-ends. The hotels offer board and lodging "American plan," porches equipped with rows of rocking-chairs, and small orchestras that provide a doleful accompaniment to conversation during the evening. Bathing and boating, perhaps; tennis and golf, almost certainly: few people pursue these diversions with any assiduity. Possibly a "view," dispiritedly striving to resemble the gaudy picture-postcard reproduction available in the writing room. But year after year the guests come. From June until September it is possible to purchase felicity at a fixed price per day, everything included—felicity compounded of undesired leisure and indiscriminate activity; of food, prolonged naps, invariable conversation, bridge, mah-jong, correspondence, desultory reading, and infrequent exercise. Apparently these, for a significant proportion of the American nation, constitute the indispensable elements of a holiday. The summer hotel is their Paradise.

II

It was Mr. Carmino who formally inducted me into the society of Paradise. He was a distracted, fluttering little man who taught dancing during the winter but in summer was employed as "social director" of the hotel. When I came out on the porch, on the morning following my arrival, he detached himself from a group of ladies and joined me. "My name is Carmino," he remarked. "I'm very happy to meet you, Mr. . . ." I supplied the name, and a cigarette.

"Are you staying long? Ah, that's fine. Come here to work, you say? What's your line, sir? A writer? How interesting, how *very* interesting. Well, I hope that you'll give me your assistance when we have our charades for the benefit of the village church, and that you'll enter the bridge and golf tournaments. . . . And now, let me introduce you to some of the other guests."

The report of my profession, passed along by Mr. Carmino, was responsible, I am sure, for the mild interest manifested by certain ladies and the frank curiosity of at least one gentleman. After luncheon, Mrs. Brooks stopped me in the corridor. "Mr. Carmino tells me that you are a writer," she said, sweetly. "I don't read many modern books myself. I don't understand what most of them are about. They are *so* immoral." The tone of her voice implied that she held me personally accountable for the accumulated indecencies of modern literature. "What do you write?" she inquired. The truth of fiction, I hastily reflected, is often the lie of life. "I'm writing a pamphlet," I replied, "on the skeletal structure of certain varieties of tadpole." "Oh, a scientist," she exclaimed, with a trace of disappointment. "I thought that maybe you wrote books. That was why I wanted to meet you." Were authors such queer fish, I wondered, and was startled by her next remark. "Do you carry the fish with you?" "The fish?" "The tadpoles, I mean," she explained. "Oh, no," I replied. "I have them sent up from the city. On ice, madame."

Later that day another lady addressed me. "They tell me," she said, "that you are a scientist. My nephew is studying science at Yale. Perhaps you've met him? His name is Sprathers." I expressed appropriate regret for my ignorance of Mr. Sprathers. "Your subject is tadpoles, I believe?" "You were misinformed, I'm afraid," I replied. "I'm writing a monograph on Greek art." "Oh," she said, regretfully, "when they told me you were writing

about tadpoles, I fancied that you might be writing a sweet, inspiring book like *Bambi*."

That evening, while the orchestra plowed its doleful way through a medley of Victor Herbert songs, a stout lady seated herself beside me. "You can help me, I'm sure," she announced without preamble. "I'm a member of the Brooklyn Ladies' Reading Circle. This coming winter I'm to read a paper on Greek architecture. Now, I'm sure that you are just the person to help me write it." As politely as possible I disclaimed the requisite knowledge. "You see," I concluded, "I'm engaged in writing a biography of Martin Luther." But this lie proved to be the least efficacious of the lot. For on the following day, in the elevator, a determined, resolute old lady spoke to me. "They tell me," she boomed, "that you're a biographer. Now, I've had a great many interesting experiences. I've known many famous people in my time: generals, governors, and a President or two. And my great-niece, who is a librarian in Utica, tells me that I ought to write my memoirs. She says that lots of people are reading memoirs. Isadora Duncan's, for instance; and Annabelle thinks that mine ought to be as interesting. Of course I don't know anything about writing books, but it occurred to me, in view of Annabelle's advice, that you might be willing to collaborate with me. What do you think? Please speak loud, young man, for I'm very deaf!"

The interest of the ladies may be considered exclusively intellectual. But Mr. Tobin's frank curiosity had its source in a vigorous national prejudice in favor of uniformity, a prejudice that partly explains the existence and popularity of our summer hotels. The permanently resident male population of the hotel, except for the social director and myself, consisted of Mr. Tobin and Mr. Squeers. Husbands came and went, other men arrived and departed; we four remained. Mr. Tobin was an

elderly gentleman who, so he informed me during our first conversation, had retired from the grain business to enjoy the delights of leisure. These appeared to take the form of the society of whatever lady he could induce to accept his ultimately embarrassing attentions. He preferred them young but, when nothing more comely offered, was not averse to a plump middle age. But what was remarkable was the speed with which the ladies dropped him. Every new feminine arrival became the recipient of his courtesies only, after a very few days, to avoid them pointedly. Perhaps this was why he complained to me of his fate. "There's no room in this country for a retired man," he observed. "Look at me! Nothing to do but enjoy myself, and I'm bored to death. Nobody to talk to here but the women. Nothing to do with your time. Why do I come? Well, you see, I always came here with my wife. I've come every summer for fifteen years. I wouldn't know where else to go. And, anyway, another hotel would be just like this." Then, very confidentially, he remarked, "I've been curious about you. I've never met any of you writing fellers. How do you manage to earn enough by writing to live these days? You fellers certainly have an easy time of it: come and go as you please and work when you like. In my day, young feller, we had to *work* for a living. That's why I was able to retire when I did." And thus I became aware that my profession, if not actually disreputable in Mr. Tobin's estimation, was at least suspiciously irregular. How had I escaped the routine of industrial America, which demands that every man shall work in an office? Could one escape this superbly efficient routine, and not be the worse for having done so? Clearly, Mr. Tobin thought not. He believed in uniformity.

III

Everyone believed in it. Uniformity was, in fact, the foundation of

their holiday life. Everyone, myself excepted, did the same thing at the same time with astonishing persistence and every evidence of enjoyment. In the morning, for an hour after breakfast and another hour before luncheon, the rocking-chairs on the porch creaked stridently, and chatter flowed from them. The hours between ten and noon were sacred to exercise; the golf links suffered, and the pine woods echoed with unflagging voices. After luncheon the porch was populous for half an hour. At two-thirty the population vanished to its rooms, not to reappear until six. Dinner at seven. The orchestra from eight-thirty until ten; cards or mah-jong as alternatives. At ten a bellboy made the circuit of the lounge, extinguishing lights. The guests yawned, arose, and retired to bed. Visiting husbands and other male guests of the hotel varied this routine by longer periods on the golf links. The nineteenth hole was especially popular and seldom neglected.

The cult of uniformity explained the presence of Mr. Carmino. In any other country his presence would have been superfluous, and his activities would have been resented as an infringement of privacy. Elsewhere, you go forth on holidays to amuse yourself in ways of your own devising with companions of your own choice. The European conception of a holiday is to do what one chooses; a conception that predicates the possession of some definite desire. In America it appears to be a point of honor to have no desires, and as few preferences as possible. Mr. Carmino's responsibilities were to make certain that everyone in the hotel was acquainted with everyone else, and to organize a sufficient number of diversions to keep everyone busy all of the time. He arranged tournaments of golf, tennis, bridge, and mah-jong. He inaugurated a series of Saturday evening motion-picture shows in the barnlike dining room. He persuaded a group of the guests to act in charades for the amusement of their fellows and the financial

profit of the village church. He devised a series of pilgrimages by motor bus to various nearby historic shrines. On these occasions he appeared even more flurried than usual; perhaps his knowledge of history was not as accurate as his knowledge of the tango. Like a distracted fowl, he herded his charges into two large, uncomfortable vehicles, and they would be off for a day's drive over dusty roads, bound for a village where a Revolutionary skirmish had occurred and General Washington had decorously slept in a bed. It gave them a sense of pleasurable activity. Besides, did not the hotel defray the expenses of the excursion, including luncheon?

An unmistakable restlessness prevailed among the guests of the hotel whenever Mr. Carmino had neglected to provide some general enterprise of amusement. They didn't wish to choose their own diversions. They wanted their amusements served to them with the monotonous regularity of their meals, and in a similar fashion: a limited number of alternatives automatically provided, and the total cost covered by a fixed price per day. And a majority of them wanted their companions chosen for them as well. No other assumption explains the tactful officiousness with which the social director bullied us into becoming acquainted with one another. It was impossible to escape his persistence except by deliberate rudeness. If you protested your disinclination to meet the newly arrived Wilkenses of Seattle or Perkinses of Ashtabula (such pleasant, folksy people!), Mr. Carmino expressed injured surprise. "Why, really," he would exclaim, "we are like a great, big family here. And we must positively know one another, we really must. These newcomers are so delightful. I feel sure that you will want to help me make them feel at home!" And meekly you would submit to the introduction, for a continued refusal would stamp you as being peculiar, or barbarian and unaccustomed to the usages of a one-hundred-percent-perfect

civilization that accounts individuality reprehensible. Dread of leisure and fear of loneliness: Mr. Carmino ministered to these fundamental traits of American psychology.

The prevailing faith in uniformity asserted itself vigorously whenever seriously challenged. Its weapon was ostracism which, if exercised upon the gregarious American temperament, inflicts a swift and terrible punishment. One evening a long, rakish car swung up to the entrance, and a party of four dismounted. Two women crossed the porch and entered the lobby. Two men followed them. There was a trace of furtive uneasiness in their air of assurance as they passed under the appraising eyes of the assembled guests. The four disappeared to their suite. They entered the dining room somewhat late. The two women were strikingly handsome. Against the sober, respectable background of the hotel dining room, they stood out with the obtrusiveness of orchids in a vegetable patch. And, as was inevitable, the vegetables resented their presence. An audible whisper of disapproval circulated among the guests as they were shown to their table. Plainly, that whisper intimated, these four people were here for no good purpose. And resentful wives, after one quick look at the women, commanded their husbands to keep their eyes fixed on the legal partners of their joys. After dinner the four newcomers sat over their cigarettes in the lounge while the orchestra ground out an antiquated fox-trot. Then they disappeared. "Fancy such people coming here!" remarked Mrs. Brooks indignantly as they departed. "Really, if people like *that* remain here, the place won't be fit for respectable folk." After ten o'clock, when the lights had been extinguished and the other guests had retired, an explosion of ribald jollity shattered the habitual silence of the hotel. It continued, crescendo. They were having a good time, those four, with their bootleg liquor; they didn't care who knew it. Windows

rattled throughout the hotel as angry guests arose to investigate. Suddenly the clamor subsided; no doubt someone had complained to the office, and a warning had been issued to the newcomers. But apparently the clamor was less culpable than the subsequent silence. For, early the following morning two smartly gowned, scornful women were seated in the rakish car, and two sheepish men were paying their bill. The management had politely but firmly requested their departure. "Hell, what have we done, anyway?" one man asked the other. "Why, we only made a little whoopee, Aleck! We only made a little whoopee, that's all!" Later in the day one of the visiting husbands discussed the episode with me. "It must have been pretty embarrassing for those two men," he said. "But they deserved it. They ought to have known that they couldn't get away with a gay week-end up here. This is a respectable hotel." Then he added irrelevantly, "But say, the women were sure good-looking. I'd have changed places with either of those guys, this morning. I'll bet they're having a better holiday than I am."

On one occasion at least the punishment of ostracism contained a boomerang. There arrived at the hotel a short, grotesquely plump, middle-aged woman. Her hair was more golden than any within nature's gift; her lips were more crimson than art should have made them; her plump cheeks flamed with a perpetual blush. She arrived at the hotel alone. Her wardrobe was extensive and bizarre. She was pleased by her own appearance. And she was eager to please; obviously sociable, she would have been gratified by the solemn courtesies of the social director. But ostracism was immediate, unmistakable, and universal. Her company was never requested by anyone. She was pointedly omitted from whatever communal activities were going forward. She made only one attempt to break down the barrier. On this occasion she addressed one of the elderly ladies. "May

"I trouble you for the time?" she asked timidly. The elderly lady stared fixedly at a diamond wrist-watch. "I'm sorry," she replied, coldly, "but I seem to have left my watch upstairs."

After this the little lady accepted her isolation. But on two successive week-ends the hotel rang with gossip, for she had had visitors. The first week-end brought a very young and very handsome man. He was devotedly attentive to his hostess, though young enough to be her son. The second week-end brought another, equally young, equally handsome, and equally devoted. Mrs. Brooks, expressing the general attitude of the guests, said, "I call it disgusting, at her age! They're not her sons. No sons would be as attentive as they are. Besides, I looked up their names, and neither of them is named Parsons." On the third week-end of the lady's stay, the two young men appeared together. The three were departing on Sunday evening. Just before their departure the little lady, accompanied by her two young men, crossed the porch and addressed the elderly lady who had refused to tell her the time. "I want to present my two sons to you," she said, gently. "They resemble each other very much for step-brothers, don't they? They want to thank you for your kindness to me. And, if you are ever in New York when I happen to be singing at the Metropolitan Opera, I should be very happy to send you tickets for a performance. My stage name is . . ." and she mentioned the name of a famous, highly respected contralto.

The guests of the hotel approved of romance, however. The ladies, especially, were apt to be sentimental about Mr. Squeers and Miss Ruggles. Mr. Squeers was a melancholy-looking individual in the forties, with a drooping mustache and a complexion that hinted of dyspepsia. He had come to the hotel for a long rest, and his invalidism evoked the ready sympathy of the ladies. Miss Ruggles was a lean and none too comely maiden of approximately his

own age. Every night, while the orchestra played in the lounge, these two sat in opposite corners of a sofa, carrying on a conversation across a wide expanse of vacant upholstery. One night, chancing to sit behind them, I became a party to their confidences. "The meals," Mr. Squeers remarked pensively, "are not as good as they used to be. They always cook my eggs too long, though I always tell the waitress to have them boiled precisely three minutes. A three-minute egg is best, don't you agree?" And Miss Ruggles said, "Yes. Oh, yes, indeed." Night after night they sat there until at ten o'clock the orchestra ceased playing. Then Miss Ruggles arose, bade Mr. Squeers good-night, and went to her room. Shortly afterward the lights were extinguished. But Mr. Squeers, in the melancholy radiance of a single lamp, remained on the sofa, presumably meditating the iniquities of the kitchen and the inadequacies of his digestion. Romance? Well, perhaps.

IV

Day after day, throughout a long summer, the guests of the hotel were content to pursue a prearranged routine which they had not determined for themselves. The unusual and the spontaneous had no place in their program, and probably would have been most unwelcome. This, if one reflected upon it, seemed strange. For a holiday ought to be an opportunity to cut loose from all routine and follow one's spontaneous impulses in choice of recreation. But this is precisely what the guests of the hotel never did. Whether they were lacking in spontaneous impulses, or whether, possessing them, they preferred to suppress them, it would be difficult to say. One thing, however, was certain: their holiday life made no provision for gaiety. In Europe there exists a legend that the Americans are an impulsive, gay, and carefree people. I used to wonder what my European

friends would have thought of a typical American holiday. Often during the summer I found myself contrasting the equable sobriety of the hotel with the gaiety of those little summer resorts in Normandy and Brittany to which the French middle-class repairs for its holidays. Life in those towns is far more simple than it was at the hotel, and the possibilities of diversion are fewer; but the people enjoy themselves more.

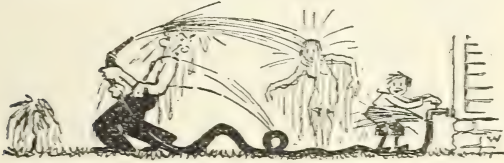
One evening toward the end of the summer a visiting husband offered me an invitation. "Brown, Jackson, and I are going out on a spree to-night," he said. "I'd like you to join us. We'll meet on the porch at ten." At ten o'clock that evening, when the guests of the hotel were about to retire, we four met like conspirators in the darkness of the porch. We bestowed ourselves in the host's motor car, and we drove for nearly an hour through the black countryside. Finally we dismounted at the local speak-easy. We were shown into a room equipped with chairs, a table, cards, chips, and a reasonable supply of illegal potations. Solemnly we seated ourselves. "Do you know the one about the man with the harelip?" asked Jackson. . . . A little while later the serious business of the spree began. Poker. We drove back to the hotel through a chilly dawn. We didn't sing convivial songs; we sat in dignified silence. As we separated at the entrance to the hotel, Brown spoke. "I

tell you," he remarked seriously, "that this is the life! What a feller needs is an occasional night off. Gosh, I haven't enjoyed myself as much in a long time. But the Missis isn't going to feel that way about it. . . ." The Missis didn't. Later in the day, when I inquired for Mr. Brown, she said with great severity, "I'm surprised at you! Mr. Brown was very silly, and I'm annoyed with him. He works very hard all year, and he ought to take advantage of his holiday to get a rest." The evening, needless to say, was never repeated.

The day of my departure finally came. The last person to whom I said farewell was Mrs. Brooks. "Do you know," she said, smilingly, "that when you first arrived, I didn't think you were going to become one of us? Clarice has always told me that writers are so temperamental and unsociable. But you've been a pleasant surprise. We're like a great, big family here, you see, and we don't like outsiders. No, I won't say good-by. Surely we'll meet here again next summer, now that you're really one of us. So I'll merely say *au revoir*."

The colored bellboy who stowed my luggage into the train turned a flashing grin on me. "Come back next June," he said. "June is the really good month. It's much quieter then, and the crowd isn't nearly as flashy as these summer visitors!" The whistle blew. The train crawled away from the station. Paradise sank behind me. Paradise? Well, perhaps. . . .

The Lion's Mouth



1929 RULES FOR GARDEN HOSING

BY LAURENCE MCKINNEY

A GARDEN hose in its original state may be defined as a small body of water completely surrounded by rubber. The game consists in trying to keep most of the water inside the rubber and, if it does get out, of guessing where it is going to go. To start properly all you need is the hose and the small body of water. Clothes do not matter, in fact, the less there are of them the less they matter.

Go to the nearest hose store and buy a length of hose. Always be sure that the hose is considerably shorter than the garden. This saves a lot of reeling around and it gives one practice in high-angle fire on the bunch of hollyhocks which are just out of range against the farthest fence.

If you get the right kind of hose it will have a muzzle, or nozzle, on one end, and a funny doohickey on the other that turns around and around. Be careful to specify garden hose and do not pick up what is known as gas tubing. This latter is used only for suicides, and you will not need it immediately.

Instead of selling you a diver's costume for protection, the hose sales-fellow will now try to interest you in a hose-reel. This is a sort of hose baby carriage which protects it when resting and allows you to get it back in its stall without dragging most of the garden and the garden bench with you.

Having got the hose and the hose-reel,

you now have the choice of tooling it home through traffic or having it sent. That is for you to decide.

In your imagination you picture the happy husband and garden-lover hosing his garden. A smiling wife stands beside him while about him play the innocent children. It is just as well to keep this picture in your mind as you hose. Anywhere else it would get awfully wet.

We will assume that in the course of time the hose and reel arrive and are put into the garage with the window screens. In time you decide to hose the garden. First find a hose-bib. This is not what you think it is or what it ought to be, but is merely a name for a spigot to fasten the incoming end of the hose to. In the modern house it is out under the living-room window in the center of a nettle patch. In the older houses it is at the kitchen sink, and the hose has to be threaded through the kitchen, the furnace room, the pantry, and the laundry. This usually leaves just enough on the outside of the house to allow you, with your back against the wall, to shoot from the hip.

Take the doohickey on the *eingang* end of the hose and try to fasten it to the faucet (hose-bib). After some reluctance it will set its front teeth in it and hold on. Turn on the water full force. The hose will let go with a guzzling sound, and the water will run into your shoes. Turn off the water and try again. Be patient. In time the mandibles will grip and hold the hose. As soon as this happens turn on the water again. If the hose is working, the water will gush out the nozzle and through the open dining-room window. Grab the hose by the neck just behind the ears and

twist the muzzle. It will desist after a struggle in which your collar is soaked.

You are now prepared to assume the easy and artless position of garden hoser which you have looked forward to. Take a natural position—one hand in your trousers pocket, light your pipe, hold the hose danglely in one hand, and turn the nozzle. Immediately a stream of water will burst forth and wash the hat off a fond neighbor, who is passing at that moment on the other side of the fence. Disappear behind the nearest shrub and turn the nozzle the other way. You will now find yourself in the center of a small amateur shower bath. Show yourself to be the master and ride your hose until it calms down. Remember a hose always knows who is driving it and never forgets an unkindness.

In time you will be able to do all sorts of fanciful things with the little plaything. By waving the muzzle back and forth rapidly you can make the most intriguing watery snakes that eventually will wash away all the nasturtiums. By pointing the hose directly into the air, you can imitate a summer rain storm beautifully until your wife, who is behind the grape arbor (and directly in the line of fire), tells you to stop or she will take it away from you. Then again you can aim at certain plants and see how near you can hit them either by direct fire straight ahead or by surprising them by a sort of howitzer attack over the spirea bushes.

From time to time the water will stop running for no apparent reason. After long investigation it has been found that this *fading*, so-called, is due to any or all of the following reasons:

- (1) The city reservoir has run dry.
- (2) You have not paid your water taxes, and the city has tried to take it out on your garden in a mean way.
- (3) Some unnecessarily cleanly person has decided to take a bath.
- (4) Some dirty crook has turned off the tap (hose-bib).
- (5) The doohickey has lost its bulldog grip and has fainted in the performance of its duty.

(6) You have a puncture, blowout, or arterial hemorrhage somewhere in the hose itself.

(7) The hose in a fit of insanity has wound itself around the pedestal of the bird bath and its windpipe is shut off.

(8) You are standing on it.

This leads one to the opposite emergency: when you want to shut off the hose. The natural way is to twist the trachea of the hose nozzle until it stops. Which direction this is is not generally known in advance. From my own experience I have noted the following sequence of spasms from twisting the nozzle: *long needle jet*, *wide fuzzy spray*, which gets less and less until it becomes *long drippy spout* and then a *wide-angle rain storm*. After this the muzzle comes off in your hand and the water runs out quite naturally and up your coat sleeves, if you have been foolish enough to wear a coat.

Another method is to spring on the hose suddenly when it is facing the other way and twist it into a loop. To do this one must let go its neck and, as soon as the hose knows about it, it will turn on you suddenly and vent its spleen down your shirt, if you have been silly enough to have one on.

After you have sprayed, sprinkled, and inundated a portion of the garden and are standing up to the differential in water the wanderlust moves you to parts yet unwashed. When you have progressed ten feet a slight tugging will cause you to turn about and discover that the hose has cut a circular swath through the delphinium and snapdragons, tipped over the watering can and some potted plants, and is now about to overturn the gazing ball. Also the penstock (hose-bib) has been bent into a strangely inquiring expression.

All good fun must come to an end and after a while you decide that you are wet enough and it is time to stop. Go to the water-cock (hose-bib) and turn off the stream. You are now ready to reel up your hose on your hose-reel.

On looking over this piece of auto-

motive equipment you will find a sort of device to catch the doohickey at the inhaling end of the hose. It is now a simple matter to wind up the creature on the spool. You will find at this point that the hose has become completely waterlogged and has absorbed twice its own capacity of water. It squirts this out in a reluctant way as it worms toward you along the ground, keeping the last two quarts to empty into the cuffs of your trousers if you are insane enough to be still wearing them. After this final outburst the hose will remain quite quiet, and you may gently roll it back to its parking space in the garage. You have done your bit; you have hosed the garden, and you enter into the warmth of your home, a good deed well done. Half an hour later a thunder storm breaks overhead and it rains continuously for five hours.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TRIPE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

IN A country railway station, not long ago, I had a most interesting lesson in etymology. Sitting on the long bench beside me were two young men obviously both employees of the road. From their conversation I gathered that some new and enthusiastic official had just made a trip up and down the line, speaking to the employees on a plan for mutual benefit, co-operation, or something of that sort; and one of the young men, who was evidently soured on all such altruistic ideas, dismissed the whole speech as "a bunch of tripe." The other had apparently been more impressed and, after making several mild remonstrances to his companion's point of view, he concluded, "Oh, of course there was a certain amount of bologna in what he said, but you couldn't call it tripe."

Tripe and bologna—there you had, it would seem, two words of similar origin and similar application, but in the nice lexicography of slang they had quite different meanings. When the first young man called a speech "tripe" he meant one of two things, equally derogatory. He meant either that the speaker was a flatheaded idiot who put out the most empty ideas as earnest beliefs or, as in this case, that he was a charlatan or a hypocrite who did not believe the ideas himself but, nevertheless, delivered them sonorously with the direct intent of deceiving his public. On the other hand, when the second young man used the word "bologna" he was paying a compliment, rather than otherwise. He meant that, while some of the phrases might not be literally true, yet they were merely in the nature of soft soap or practical politics, and that if the young man and the speaker could have caught each other's eye, a quiet wink would have passed between them while less mature, less sophisticated persons gaped and applauded. When, within twelve hours, I heard both these words used again, one in a Broadway theater and the other in one of the most august editorial offices in New York, I could only conclude that the English language was at it again.

It is not, however, with "bologna," either as a substance or as a metaphor, that I have from now on any particular concern. Apparently it is already making its own way as a rather nice, impudent, little vagabond word; but what has tripe done, either now or in the past, to make it the most contemptuous, unsympathetic term in American rhetoric? What, in short, is it that causes so many words, unrelated in themselves, to leap out and take hold as withering epithets of scorn and abuse or as glittering symbols of affection and respect? Why "spinach," "prune," "lemon," and "applesauce" and why, on the other hand, "corker" and "brick"? Why "He's the berries" as a term of esteem and "Give him the raspberry" as a term of

contempt? Why, for that matter, both "good" and "bad" "egg"?

The most cursory study of the nature of slang must very shortly reveal two basic facts—first, that the apparent origin of a slang term is very seldom its real one and, second, that the pith of a slang word arises not, as a rule, from anything in its own nature but from some aspect that it holds for a certain group of persons at a certain time.

Thus, in the case of our friend tripe, it would be very easy to say, at first glance, that the sense of scorn involved in the word is obvious from its physical origin. That this is not true is proven to some degree by the fact that amazingly few persons seem to know from what source genuine tripe really does come. A much stronger proof, however, is contained in the fact that many other foodstuffs with much more ghastly origins do not in the least share its ignominy. Nobody snickers at seeing liver and bacon on a breakfast menu, and when we read the expression "a man of my kidney" it has, if anything, a fine, classic ring.

Nor does the theory that some words are in themselves inherently comic or grotesque bear much more examination. With only superficial truth has it been pointed out that certain products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms have only to be mentioned on the stage to bring forth a scream—although many a vaudeville actor seems to have started business on little more than this belief. For example, a goat is always supposed to be very funny, but no one thinks of laughing at a sheep. Cheese, at any time, is good for a riot, but the mention of butter would leave the house cold. And, to step for a moment outside these limits, the name Hoboken will set the galleries to rocking while Stamford and Larchmont remain simply towns.

This last example, I think, will suggest the real truth about the others—that the comic effect in certain words does not at all lie in them inherently but only by association and in some particular part of the world. A native New

Yorker would indeed laugh on seeing the name Hoboken in Holland but only because he was thinking of Hoboken at home. In like manner, but by a reverse train of thought, when an audience laughs at the word "cheese" it is not at all visualizing the hard, native American cheese that it knows and loves with apple pie. It is thinking obviously of the runny, mildewed, odorous cheeses that are associated in its mind with German comedians and gawking immigrants; for it is the first instinct of the primitive mind to laugh at anything foreign or anything that it does not understand. Although a goat may be comic in America where it has never played any real part in the domestic scheme, yet I doubt very much whether an Arab, for example, would see anything funny in a goat. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that a champion Scotch terrier or English bulldog would set the same Arab to rolling on the ground. If any foodstuff, purely by itself, had the power of diffusing the comic spirit, there would certainly be nothing more laughable than a custard pie; yet, although we have laughed for generations at pies in the hands of comedians, no one ever thinks of laughing at a custard pie standing alone on a shelf. At that sight another and mightier instinct takes possession of the whole man.

That all such humor as this is purely provincial is, I think, superbly illustrated by the following story. At the time of Carpentier's first championship fight, with Bombadier Wells, a large crowd of French toughs who had probably never before been outside the walls of Paris went over to England for the big event. Between Folkstone and London a special train filled with these enthusiasts was delayed at a way station, so long, in fact, that there began to be doubt of their arriving in time for the fight. Considering how an American sporting crowd would have acted in such circumstances, it can be easily imagined what happened among the Frenchmen; and as they raved and swore a number of by-

standers began to laugh at them. After trying in vain to retaliate, one Frenchman suddenly stuck his head out of the window and shouted what he thought to be the last, supreme insult to the whole British nation, "Ros-bif-plum-pudding!" In reversed circumstances an American or British crowd would, of course, have yelled "Wienerwurst" or "Frog's legs."

Although the dictionaries are sometimes able to give amazing light on the origin of slang phrases, yet no dictionary that I have discovered has had anything to say about "tripe" as a weapon of criticism. If it had, it would probably, in its heavy, lexicographic way, point out with truth that in Elizabethan times the term tripe included not only the present harmless cuts served in French restaurants but most of the other parts known as "innards" and . . . "hence (Colloq. and vulg.) anything offensive or repugnant. 'By my tripes, I will show him!'," Shak. *Taming of the Shrew*."

This explanation would be just about far-fetched enough to be highly plausible for, as I have suggested, a basic truth about slang is that the current or obvious explanation of a term is seldom the real one. I am inclined to believe, however, that the present use of "tripe" grew up gradually in much the same way as the use of its sister word "bologna"—by association of ideas. Tripe was for years associated in the popular American mind with the same class of society that would like sauerkraut; it always had a slightly garlic ring. It was a foreign food, it was a cheap food and, as an informal historian of the period has pointed out to me, it was served free in barrooms. It was certainly not euphonious in name and in the raw, at least, it had a flabby, uninviting look—like a piece of octopus.

Even to-day, I feel certain, many Americans do not like tripe and many more do not know whether they like it or not, having never had the enterprise to try. On the other hand, the partisans of tripe are apt to be rather offensive in

their enthusiasm, just as persons of a similar type are always shouting their love for corned beef and cabbage. There may be a good deal of enlightenment in a comic strip, which I saw recently, in which a socially ambitious woman went to dinner at a smart restaurant where her wealthy but vulgar husband covered her with shame by insisting on ordering tripe and onions. The point of the cartoon was that she herself ordered some very elaborate French dish which, when it was served, proved to be nothing but the same thing.

This may seem to be a long way from our original railway station and from the august editor who, I am sorry to say, was speaking of the work of a very high-minded person when he used the word "tripe." As a matter of fact, it *is* a long way even etymologically; for a third basic truth in the science of argot is that even slang words are seldom static and when they have made their first change from fact to metaphor they are only beginning their tortuous histories. Thus, even if we had succeeded in discovering how butcher's tripe became colloquial tripe, we should still be some distance from discovering just how it gained its present significance.

One reason for this confused state of affairs is that most slang words are very much older than their users imagine. Some of them have a fairly direct history clear back to the Anglo Saxon while others, like croquet and roller skating, seem to go out and come back about once every thirty years. They seldom, however, come back with exactly the same shade of meaning and even during each heyday they may run off into the craziest channels. Sometimes, indeed, an old or trite word will be resurrected as a burlesque on itself. If "bunk" is a descendant of "buncombe" it is over a hundred years old and during its lifetime has had four different forms and at least five different significations, one of them directly contrary to all the others. It might, again, surprise the post-war novelists to learn that the word "necking"

was in common use during my own college days, over twenty years ago, the difference being that mention of it was then confined to the male campus and that it carried a slightly deeper implication that made more clear its origin. Sometimes a slang word will split like a river and form two others, while in the case of "cheese" two different words have flowed together to form one. The expression "That's the cheese!" or "He's the whole cheese" was originally Anglo-Indian slang derived from a Hindustani and, before that, from a Persian word "chiz," meaning "the thing" and was sufficiently current in London to attract the attention of writers generations ago. Nevertheless, when a vaudeville comedian says, "You big piece of cheese" we can be certain that it is limburger that he has in mind.

Least of all must anyone suppose that "tripe" and "bologna" are by any means new. In the 'nineties, although their meaning was still nebulous, any audience would have recognized and

laughed at them, and the only real mystery at present is why such old and unimaginative words have been taken up again and dusted off. Possibly it is only one more illustration of the "mucker pose," of the fascination that, after years of preciousity, the smart and the learned find in anything that is coarse and low.

In this fact, at the same time, our little friend "tripe" may find its own rosy future, for it is one of the commonest phenomena of slang that a word meaning originally everything that is outrageous may come in time to mean everything that is fine. If an august editor in the year 1840 had made the comment, "This is the greatest stuff that I have ever read in my life," it would have been a signal for the author to go out and shoot himself, but if in the year 1929 an editor should make exactly the same comment it would mean a dinner with wine. Thus, hoping only that the language has made a similar change since I started, I will bring to an end this—big bunch of tripe.





Editor's Easy Chair

CURRENT MALADIES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE seems to be an increasing interest in the state of the country and especially in the question which of our maladies we are going to die of first. We have the maladies in ample supply: the foreign debts, the possibilities of naval competition, bootleggers, the Methodist Board of Morals, chain stores, the tariff, the Federal Reserve Banks, the aleatory excesses in Wall Street. Well, if we die, we die. It does not make such a terrific difference how, though poison gas seems more disagreeable than most finishers. Cancer is disagreeable and sometimes more protracted than poison gas, though poison gas in some cases hangs on for years, contributing torment.

The catastrophe of the Cleveland hospital, being duly communicated by the newspapers, waked everybody up on the subject of poison gas. Something has been done about the care of X-ray films in hospitals, and that is very well; but the large subject of gas and war has not been handled yet. The only way to get at that is to promote peace on earth. We all know this. But Congress is in session and open to timely suggestions about the tariff. What are the suggestions that seem to have the most backing? Are they such as would make it easier for any foreign country to sell us anything? Not at all. The real pressure is all in the direction of giving American producers a monopoly in the home market. Tariff-makers have got to see a blaze of light yet before

they will contribute to make the world safer for the United States.

Happily the resounding achievement of the agreement on reparations seems to have averted for the time being the danger of our dying of the foreign debts. Agreements have been reached as to what Germany shall pay, and all governments concerned, including ours, are likely to ratify them. The removal of Allied troops from German soil and the supervision of German finances by outsiders seems clearly in sight.

To the four Americans whose long labors have contributed to this most fortunate result the thanks of all the world are due. A particularly bright halo rests on the modest head of Mr. Owen Young, whose tireless patience and dexterity is felt to have contributed more than that of any other single person to the attainment, in spite of prodigious difficulties and complexities, of this happy issue.

President Hoover shows moderation about the attempt to exclude foreign-grown or foreign-made products from the American market. His mind seems to entertain the conception that trade is valuable and that trade insists upon the element of give and take. Also, he seems to be on the side of mercy to the American consumer. If our country is to prosper in this curious phase of life it is passing through, it will be necessary that its affairs be conducted by its best intelligence. The problem is to determine where the best intelligence

is located and to devise means by which it can operate through Congress. It is not necessary that Congress itself should be conspicuously intelligent, but it is important that it should back up somebody who is. Dean Wigmore, of the Northwestern University Law School, feels discouraged about Congress and especially about the Senate, which he suggests (in an article in the *Illinois Law Review*) is the fifth wheel in the federal government and useless except "to talk, investigate, censor, and intrigue. Year after year," he said, "the executive department recommends simple measures of legislation to remedy hardships and evil conditions. Year after year Congress does nothing." What this country needs, says Dean Wigmore, is a constitutional Mussolini.

Perhaps so. But in any emergency that seems fierce enough Congress can make a constitutional Mussolini of the President. Even of the Senate as it is some good can sometimes be said, as now, with the tariff bill impending, it is remarked that all legislative discussion of that bill seems to have been left for the Senate, since the House is so successfully organized for speed that the party in power, if it holds its voters, can put any measure through without much delay. What we must hope for now is that Congress will back up President Hoover in all good purposes and especially in international concerns; that it will help him aid reparations, and promote agreement, especially with Great Britain in naval matters and about the freedom of the seas. Poison gas tastes bad. We do not want to see this world get into a mess where it will drop extensively from the skies while we who are now residents on it are still alive. Avoidance of that possibility is a matter that lies mostly with Congress. It is to be wished that all the church people and all the synagogue people and everybody who cultivates relations with the Invisible World would speak earnestly to the good Lord about Congress, because Congress is really more

vitaly related to human welfare just now than even the Volstead Act or the Eighteenth Amendment.

BUT what really ails Congress? The main trouble with it seems to be constituents. Congressmen remain in Congress (if they want to) or find other employment, according as they satisfy their constituents or do not satisfy them. Constituents, as a rule, are not greatly interested in government or very wise about it; not well instructed in international affairs nor about finance nor the true functions of law. If they are in business, they are interested in that. If they think Congress can help them in their business they want it done. They want to make more money, have better roads, and be among the receivers when any distribution is made. In matters concerning religion or deportment they are usually desirous that laws should make everybody do right and believe right, and not very well informed as to the record of results of previous attempts to regulate such things by law.

In the newspaper the other day, it was told that a jury in Kentucky had found a child six years old guilty of manslaughter and that the judge had sentenced him to the State Reform School until he should be twenty-one. In Boston the Custom House had denied admission to Voltaire's *Candide*. Yet the Kentucky jury and the Custom House officers in Boston are constituents of Congressmen. The Congress, as a rule, knew better than to put over the present Prohibition laws, but they put Prohibition across to please their constituents.

Just as man is part soul and part body, so members of Congress are part Congressmen or Senators and part constituents. Unless the constituents are fed, the other part is liable to become detached. Of course a really able Congressman in a proper district, or a Senator of strong individuality, can lead his constituents and win their backing for the best thing he knows.

The hope of Congress, and considerably the hope of the country, is in such members. We should remember, however, that Congress is not the executive branch of the government. That branch is domiciled in the White House. It is the office of the President to point out to Congress what he thinks needs doing; and it is the office of Congress to take such action on the President's suggestions as it sees fit. In many details of foreign affairs the Senate has to agree before the President can do what he wants done. Mr. Coolidge made some suggestions about foreign matters, the World Court in particular, but was not able to persuade Congress to do much. With the Kellogg Peace Pact he had somewhat better luck. The impression grows that the present administration has more driving power and more definite views about various policies than the late one. It may be that Mr. Hoover is going to get some things done that ought to be done. When he nominated Mr. Cotton for Under-Secretary of State he encouraged everybody who knows the qualities of Mr. Cotton's mind and the nature of his services done in association with Mr. Hoover in the War. Mr. Hoover got acquainted with a good many first-rate people in the War, and they got acquainted with him and as a rule think very well of him. So perhaps he will presently gain sufficient influence and authority to win the backing of Congress for things he wants done.

CONGRESS is not our only peril. There is Big Business, which Mr. Paul Cravath finds to be "perhaps the most serious menace of our age in its social consequences upon American life." Everybody knows about Big Business, knows that it controls vast industries like steel and oil, and sees it reaching out into all the profitable retail trades and gobbling up the small merchants. This disturbs the minds of observers who were alive and taking notice in the nineteenth century. They see all sorts

of local merchants affected by the spread of great organizations that open all kinds of shops everywhere, buy in enormous quantities, and under-sell local dealers in groceries, drugs, cigars, and tobacco, and pretty much everything else. The great mail-order concerns of Chicago, which are opening branches in small cities, doubtless sell everything which is not perishable and possibly some things which do perish. The five-and-ten-cent stores do a huge and profitable business in their lines. Somebody says it all means that everybody is going to be an employee, and that independent merchants doing business in a small way will soon be extinct. Even the book stores are touched by the prevailing infection and do not like it. The objections are plain enough; but after all it seems to mean an improvement in the distribution of commodities and a lessening of the enormous difference between the price received by the manufacturer or producer of commodities and the price paid by the consumer. Perhaps as the result of these changes, which we view with more or less alarm, the purchasing power of the dollar is going to be increased, though that depends very seriously on the tariff.

HENRY FORD has a real title to be considered our greatest humorist. He should be entered in a competition with Will Rogers and such other people as might be selected by—say the selection committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Henry has been talking again. He went to see the President. What he said to Mr. Hoover was private, but when he got out he talked to the reporters. He said he and his officers were at work to perfect an engine for aeroplanes. He knows about engines, and anything he says about them may be heard with respect. He talked about his expansion program for setting up factories in Europe, beginning with a thirty-million-dollar plant now started on the Thames in England, to be fol-

lowed by like factories in France and Germany. It sounded good to hear him talk of using fifteen to twenty thousand tons of British coal a day to make coke for his British plant. That suggested stimulation of British industry. In Canada Henry has already a plant that is producing about six hundred cars a day.

That was all edifying. And then Henry went off into Prohibition and expressed his assurance that the present government was going to do everything possible to enforce it as something absolutely necessary in this era of industry. But how much more can it do? Prohibition agents can already shoot at sight anyone who displeases them without resulting inconvenience to themselves. Cases of that happen regularly. Perhaps if the country continues obdurate, Henry will recommend resort to poison gas. When there was a shortage of respectable characters in Sodom and Gomorrah, the Almighty rained fire and brimstone on them. There is an example for Henry, and he has the aeroplanes to do it with.

He talked about the injury done the people by liquor in destroying their brain cells and impairing their usefulness, and then inspected Secretary Mellon and reported him as a living example of success in keeping healthy. Overholt Whiskey or whatever else Mr. Mellon drinks seems not to have done an incurable damage to his brain cells. Perhaps he uses judgment in his potations, which is something Mr. Ford seems never to think of.

LORD ROSEBERY'S long life running quietly to its end was much remarked upon by commentators. What ailed it? It is an old story that as a youth he gave out as his hopes for glory and success to marry an heiress, to win the Derby, and to be Premier of England. He married Hannah Rothschild, the greatest heiress in England. He won the Derby (three times the papers

said), and for a couple of years following Gladstone he was Premier. So he realized his aims as given out. The trouble was they were so modest. Life, if it is really to amount to something, must be more than a succession of stunts. Rosebery for some reason seemed to lack continuity of effort. J. L. Garvin, who admired and loved him, wrote in the *London Observer* a notable summary of his career. He says everything went well with Rosebery until his wife died. She had given him "the consecutive force which his nature could not give itself. Till then he had never looked back. Though the consequences did not appear fully at first it was an irreparable blow." It was after her death that he became Prime Minister for a couple of years. Garvin says he did well and it was not his fault that he did not do better.

What makes a man great? There was Rosebery with all the talents and all the means, and yet lacking something essential to greatness. Attila, described in current biography as the ablest man of his time and a person of rather amiable inclinations, did not lack this essential. Neither did St. Paul, Luther, John Wesley, William the Silent, George Washington, or Woodrow Wilson. To be a great man takes something outside of talent, knowledge, and means; and with that something there goes continuity of purpose. The desire to accomplish certain things must recur as recuperation succeeds exhaustion.

Young Publius the other day in discussing religion, remarked how few there were who had sound theoretical notions about it. How many are there, he said, who have real understanding of "Who saveth his life shall lose it"? Not many perhaps, and seemingly the group of them did not include sixty-years-ago young Rosebery who was coming into active life. His thoughts inclined to save his life. He saved it fine on the material side, but the readiness to lose it in a cause he seems not to have had.



Personal and Otherwise



WE have published many foreign impressions of America in recent years, but *Count Hermann Keyserling's* article is the first of them to come from a German. Readers of *The Travel Diary of a Philosopher* are already aware of Count Keyserling's extraordinarily penetrating and intuitive understanding of national and racial traits, and have been wondering whether the months that he spent in this country in 1927-28 might not yield a book which would enable us to see ourselves and our civilization through his eyes. The book has now been written, and will be published this fall by Harper & Brothers under the title *America Set Free*. We present one of its most striking chapters as the leading article of this issue. It may interest the HARPER audience to know that this article—and indeed the entire book—was written by Count Keyserling directly in English; heretofore his work has been translated from the German. His other books include *Europe*, *Creative Understanding*, and *The Recovery of Truth*.

According to an ancient tradition of the magazine world, the August issue should be devoted largely to "midsummer fiction." We regard with some skepticism the theory that there are seasonal variations in the taste of intelligent readers; a good story, we dare say, is as much appreciated in February as in August, and a good article in August as in February; but we have compromised with tradition so far as to offer four stories this month instead of the usual three (and also two papers, by Mr. Hall and Mr. Redman, which have many of the qualities of short stories), and to include the longest story which we have printed complete in a single issue in several years. *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*, who without leaving Princeton, New Jersey, can evoke the atmosphere of Africa or the South Seas, needs no introduction to those who have read her numerous

HARPER essays and stories. Mrs. Gerould's latest appearance was in our May issue with "The Unsocial Christian."

Time passes. It is all of seventeen years since *Elmer Davis*, Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, left Oxford; five years since he gave over reporting for the *New York Times* and became a free-lance journalist and novelist (*Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, *Giant Killer*, etc.); three years since he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric." We might have done all this figuring months ago, but only the receipt from Mr. Davis of a "Plea for the Middle Generation" shocked us with the realization that he is on the brink of the forties. This is his first contribution since "If Hoover Fails" (March, 1929).

W. R. Burnett, a writer new to the Magazine, is the author of *Little Caesar*, the novel of Chicago gang life which was the Literary Guild selection for June. Mr. Burnett has lived most of his life in Springfield, Ohio, and Columbus; prior to writing *Little Caesar* he spent a year in Chicago. He is said to have written for nine years before achieving publication; and "Round Trip" is his first short story to appear in print anywhere. Readers of *Little Caesar* will recall that Chiggi's, in the present story, was the place where Rico was killed.

The author of "The Fight for Glory" had an uphill struggle for recognition even longer than Mr. Burnett's, and suffered also the added handicap of persistent ill-health. His modesty compels him to sign himself *Anonymous*, but his real name is familiar to every student of American letters.

Last month we printed *Wilbur Daniel Steele's* "Pioneers," the setting of which was his winter home, Charleston, South Carolina. Mr. Steele, having established himself for the summer at Nantucket, now offers a story of twisted parental motives which will remind some readers of *Meat*, his HARPER serial of

a year and a half ago. Mr. Steele's high position among American short-story writers has been emphasized by his winning of two O. Henry Prizes and his tie for a third during the past decade. A collection of his stories entitled *Tower of Sand* is to appear this fall.

Nearly four years ago *Leland Hall* left his instructorship in music at Smith College for a year of African wandering, the fruit of which was *Timbuctoo*, several chapters of which appeared in HARPER'S. Since then he has divided his time between Northampton and the study of Arab music and human nature in Morocco. His present account of a Moroccan picnic reveals the understanding of the Arab mind, and the affection for it, which draw Mr. Hall back to Africa. Arabs in this country who wish to accept at once the proffer of hospitality with which he concludes his paper are hereby forewarned that they will not find him at Northampton when "To Picnic in Fez" appears; unless his plans miscarry, he will be aboard a tramp steamer bound once more for Moroccan ports.

Few of us do not know at least one victim of the economic tragedy which *Stuart Chase* analyzes in "Laid Off at Forty"; it is at its worst among factory workers, but office-workers and even executives are far from immune. Mr. Chase is the president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York, and the author (with F. J. Schlink) of *Your Money's Worth*. Last April we printed his article entitled "Slaves of the Machine?" which forms a part of his newly-published book, *Men and Machines*.

Ernest Boyd, Irishman by birth, New Yorker by adoption, critic, essayist, and translator, would seem by the titles of his HARPER contributions to be grooming himself for a job as devil's advocate: his last paper was "In Defense of Cynicism" and now he writes "In Defense of Selfishness."

"Jolly Boy" is the work of a new contributor, *Letitia Preston Randall* (Mrs. William C. Randall), a West Virginian by birth who now lives at Forest Hills, Long Island.

There is no more perplexing subject to-day than that of diet: new theories and fads, some of them based on apparently conclusive experimentation, follow one another in bewildering profusion. *T. Swann Harding*,

who has no mercy for some of these theories, is a research chemist who has made a long study of nutrition problems, is in close touch with many medical investigators in this field, and has done much writing for scientific journals. He is the editor of scientific publications for the Department of Agriculture.

Ben Ray Redman, biographer of Flaubert, translator of many French novels, and author of several HARPER stories and *Lion's Mouth* papers, bases "The Sausage" on his memories of service with the Royal Flying Corps in 1917-1919. Mr. Redman was a first lieutenant of the 79th Squadron, B. E. F., on the Ypres front. Far from being an Englishman, however, he was born in Brooklyn, studied at Columbia, and now lives in New York.

Many readers will recall "Mammon, M.D.," the type study of a prosperous physician which *Lloyd Morris* contributed last October. Mr. Morris is a lecturer at Columbia and the author of *The Rebellious Puritan*.

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The poets of the month are *Edward Snelson*, a new contributor, an Englishman whose work has appeared in many of the English reviews; *Daniel Whitehead Hicky* of Atlanta, whose present sonnet will remind readers of "Say That He Loved Old Ships." Mr. Hicky's first HARPER poem, which came out in the March number; *Elizabeth Larocque*, a young New York writer and another newcomer to the Magazine; and *Elizabeth Hollister Frost* of Rochester, New York, whose book *The Lost Lyrist*, written in memory of her late husband, will be followed shortly by *Hovering Shadow*, a volume of Nantucket poems in which the group of verses which we publish this month is to be included.

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Philip Curtiss of Norfolk, Connecticut, made a double HARPER appearance in June, with a skil in the *Lion's Mouth* and that funniest of dog stories, "The Honorable Charley." He shares the *Lion's Mouth* pages this month with *Laurence McKinney* of Albany, New York, who despite the stresses and strains of the architectural iron-work business sometimes reverts to the mood of his Harvard *Lampoon* days.

Franklin T. Wood, whose "Jean-Marie" serves as the frontispiece of this issue, is a New England artist whose work is little known but who despite the handicap of ill-health has done some uncommonly fine etchings. Mr. Wood came from Boston originally; for the past fourteen years he has been living in Rutland, Massachusetts. "I was in the *Fifty Prints of the Year* last year and the year before," he reports, "but would not send anything this year. Their last year's book had too many poor jokes in it. I like to be in the company of people better than I am, not a thousand times worse; and for amusement the newspaper funnies are a lot funnier, much better drawn too."



The May HARPER's played an unexpected part in terminating a love-affair: witness this letter—which for obvious reasons we print without the author's name or address—received by William Harold McCreary about his poem in that issue. (If you have not passed on your May number to someone else, turn to page 686 and you will appreciate the full flavor of the incident.)

DEAR MR. MCCREARY:

I cannot forego the opportunity of thanking you for the use of your poem, "Polite Refusal," in this month's HARPER's.

It was an unfortunate and unusual coincidence. Last Saturday night "she" returned the ring. On my way to my hotel afterwards, I purchased a HARPER's. Could not get my mind settled to any of the articles and casually turned upon your poem. It was as if a "spirit" had turned my thought to verse: the constant fear I had of such a happening, her manner in returning the ring, and most of all my pride, since her liking had changed to another whom I consider far inferior.

The reason for my thanks is that I sent a copy of your poem instead of a letter to her, to end the matter.

Thanks again!



An enthusiastic reader of "The Saturnalia of College Reunions" offers an instance of mucker-posing in reunion invitations:

In my mail, the very day that I read Mr. Van de Water's article, came a card, enclosed with the invitation to commencement exercises of a university from which I hold a degree. On this bright pink

return post card was space to reserve places for various affairs of commencement week—luncheons, golf tournament, and so on. In large type it read "We'll Be Seein' You. This Card Is to Remind You That Your 'Alma Mammy' Is Ready to Feed You and Fuss Over You." A further statement was as follows: "Don't Give a Durn for the Whole State of M-i-c-h-i-g-a-n. I'm from Oo-Hi-Oo."

When I put this in the wastebasket I could not console myself with the thought that this was not the only institution from which I had purchased education. I received the same week invitations to two other academic institutions from which I hold degrees higher than the bachelor's degree. They were of the same character. One assured me that "Bull" — would not make a speech. I recall that this man is a member of the faculty. The other persons mentioned by nickname I do not know, never even heard of, and think I do not wish to see. That is the feeling created by the assurance they will do this or that during the saturnalia.

But I suspect there is a reason for this sort of thing. Mr. Van de Water did not pause to propose reasons, in his picturing of the evil. Doubtless he realizes, however, that what the university needs is money, and that it is forthcoming from rich alumni if they are made much of. Who are the rich alumni? Are they the persons who are intellectually prominent in the world, making the scientific discoveries of value and creating the best literature and other fine products for which university training presumably trains? The answer in most cases may be NO. Are they the sort of person to whom saturnalia would appeal? The answer would apparently be YES. Q.E.D.



In the June issue John Crowe Ransom entered a plea for the spirit of the Old South as against that of "progress." James M. Jewell, of Columbus, Indiana, objects that what the South needs is not less progress but more—and puts his own interpretation upon the word. After agreeing with Mr. Ransom that the leisure and grace of Southern life are to be admired, Mr. Jewell continues:

But if he looks beneath the mantle he will find what? Illiteracy and poverty; the highest crime rate in the country; suicide and homicide rampant; lynch law invoked and condoned; child labor and rotten factory conditions; virtual peasantry for millions of negroes on Old World, 18th century models; a class of ignorant, despised whites, scarcely a step removed from serfdom, under harsh

conditions of tenancy; and a listless apathy about improving these social conditions in the face of the march of industry south of the Ohio.

Why does industry enter the South? Why, indeed? Is it not because labor is cheap and is poorly organized? Is it not because workmen's compensation and insurance laws are lax? Is it not because power sites that should be retained for the state are being turned over for private exploitation?

Which "Southern heritage" has Mr. Ransom in mind? The heritage of Monticello or that of Gastonia and Elizabethton? The heritage of a semi-royal New Orleans or that of a Memphis which leads all the cities in the country in its crime rate? (And please note that, excluding the negro, its rate is still pretty high.)

When Mr. Ransom makes comparisons let them be made with due regard to *all* the facts in the case. When he speaks of England's leisure let him also speak of England's factory legislation. When he compares Southern culture to British let him also compare old age and sickness acts and pensions. When the South sends to Washington a Ramsay MacDonald and a Nancy Astor instead of a Coleman L. Blease and a Heflin, let Mr. Ransom call again for his old Kentucky home or Sewanee River moon.

Meanwhile I shall prefer an alien-infested Massachusetts with first-rate colleges, a cactus-dotted Arizona with excellent mines legislation, and a brewery-studded Wisconsin with the courage to elect a LaFollette, as a place wherein to live and, mayhap, raise a family.

Progress may be a snare and a delusion, but the South hasn't gone far enough with the experiment to return a reasoned judgment yet.



Out of sheer vanity we give space to a tribute which pleases us inordinately because it expresses exactly what we should like to deserve having said about us. It is from the *Monroe Republican* of Rochester, New York:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For some reason or other for one publication to give another unstinted praise is a rarity. The instinct to refrain from the bestowal of that praise is probably essentially selfish, and it might be squelched with much benefit to the reading public. The self-praise of mere advertising does not cover ground that should be covered when indulged in by periodicals. But what could be of greater value in America than general applause and appreciation of those dailies, weeklies and monthlies whose editors combine scholarship with courage and a sense of public need?

Such a one, deeply deserving of praise for its fight for liberalism and better lives, is HARPER'S MAGAZINE. That red-covered monthly and a dictionary give the lie to anyone who declares that higher education is a matter of diplomas and weary years spent in class rooms. HARPER'S MAGAZINE is to-day as fine an influence for culture and liberty as America ever had. It is merciless without bitterness. It fears nothing. It is tuned to all of the different grades of earnest student intellect. It is amazingly wide in the sweep of its field. It is never flippant. Its policy never reveals the faintest trace of prejudice. As a stimulant to independent thought it is almost unmatched. As a monument to human enterprise there is nothing to "top" it in America to-day.

Read a few of the leading titles in the current issue: "The Dangers of Obedience," by Harold J. Laski, of the University of London; "What Risk Motherhood?" by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley; "What's Wrong with the Right People?" by Jack Black, an ex-criminal; "An Apology for the Human Race," by Albert J. Nock, and "The Plight of the Spinster," by Margaret Banning. Isn't there a title there that interests you? Read a little in any of those articles, and try to stop!

There is nothing very fundamentally wrong with America when such editing as that given HARPER'S MAGAZINE prospers the owners of such a publication!



Harpers *Magazine*

ONE GOD OR MANY?

A SKEPTIC LOOKS AT RELIGIONS

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

THERE are many kinds of Gods. Therefore there are many kinds of men. For men make Gods in their own likeness. To talk about religion except in terms of human psychology is an irrelevance. "Aphrodite, you say, came with my son to Menelaus' house." It is Hecuba who speaks, in Euripides' *Trojan Women*, to the disastrous Helen. "How laughable! . . . When you saw him, it was your own thought that became Aphrodite. Aphrodite is the name for every human folly." And similarly Jehovah, Allah, the Trinity, Jesus, Buddha are names for a great variety of human virtues, human mystical experiences, human æsthetic emotions, human remorse, human compensatory fancies, human terrors, human cruelties.

Even the same man is not consistently the worshiper of one God. Officially an agnostic, I *feel* the presence of devils in a tropical forest. Confronted, when the weather is fine and I am in propitious

emotional circumstances, with certain landscapes, certain works of art, certain human beings, I *know* for the time being that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world. On other occasions, skies and destiny being inclement, I am no less immediately certain of the malignant impersonality of an uncaring universe. Every human being has had similar experiences. This being so, the sensible thing to do would be to accept the facts and frame a metaphysic to fit them. But with that talent for doing the wrong thing, that genius for perversity, so characteristically human, men have preferred, especially in recent times, to take another course. They have either denied the existence of these psychological facts; or if they have admitted them, have done so only to condemn as evil all such experiences as cannot be reconciled in a logical system with whatever particular class of experience they have chosen, arbitrarily, to regard as "true" and morally valuable.

II

The only facts of which we have direct knowledge are psychological facts. The Nature of Things presents us with them. There is no getting round them, or behind them, or outside of them. They are there, given.

One fact cannot be more of a fact than another. Our psychological experiences are all equally facts. There is nothing to choose between them. No psychological experience is "truer," so far as we are concerned, than any other. For even if one should correspond more closely to things in themselves as perceived by some hypothetical non-human being, it would be impossible for us to discover which it was. Science is no "truer" than common sense, or lunacy, or art, or religion. It permits us to organize our experience profitably; but tells us nothing about the real nature of the world to which our experiences are supposed to refer. From the internal reality, by which I mean the totality of psychological experiences, it actually separates us. Art, for example, deals with many more aspects of this internal reality than does science, which confines itself deliberately and by convention to the study of one very limited class of experiences—the experiences of sense. To collect records of sense-experiences (particularly of those which lend themselves to description in terms of numbers), to generalize them, to draw inferences from them, to construct from them a logically harmonious scheme of description and explanation—this is the business of science. At the moment, it is worth remarking, there is no scheme that harmoniously reconciles all the facts even in the limited sphere of scientific investigation. What is sense in the subatomic universe is pure nonsense in the macroscopical world. In other words, logic compels us to draw one set of inferences from certain sense experiences and another irreconcilable set of inferences from certain other sense experiences.

Less loudly, indeed, than in the past and less insistently, Science and Logic still claim, through the mouths of their professional spokesmen, to be able to arrive at the Truth. The claim is one which it is hard to justify.

Take logic. Logic, it is true, enables us to transcend immediate experience, to infer from the known existence of A and B the hitherto unsuspected existence of C. In practice, however, we always try to verify experimentally the theoretical results obtained by means of logical argument. Not so much because we mistrust the logical process as because we mistrust the premises from which the process must start. For if our premises do not correspond with reality, the conclusions, though obtained by logically faultless deduction, will also fail to correspond with reality. It is always difficult to be sure that our premises *do* correspond with reality. Hence the need to test results experimentally. The external world has proved to be surprisingly obedient to logic. When we conclude from well-chosen premises that something must be so, it has turned out in practice to be so, "really." Will the world always show such deference to our laws of thought? The physicists are at present involved in such difficulties that some pessimists have suggested that the universe is fundamentally irrational. One can only shrug one's shoulders and hope for the best. Either, then, the world is irrational, and logically necessary conclusions from real premises do not always and necessarily correspond with reality; or else the world is rational, and conclusions drawn from real premises must themselves be real. But the difficulty in this latter case is to be sure that the premises do completely correspond with reality—whatever reality may be (which nobody knows)—or even with what we have chosen, for the particular purposes of the moment, to regard as reality. It is so great that we try wherever possible to check theoretical results by experiment. And in those very numerous

cases where they cannot be checked? Again one can only shrug one's shoulders and hope for the best. The theologians have wisely insisted that faith shall supplement reason.

So much for logic. What, now, of the claims of the natural sciences, based on observation? Consider, in this connection, a chair. What sort of chair, you ask, how old and made by whom? For the sake of simplicity and to help the poor scientist, I will ignore these questions, even though they refer to what are quite obviously the most important aspects of the chair. An oak chair made by machinery for any one of a million Babbitts is radically different from an oak chair made by a mediæval craftsman for a prince of the Church. The two chairs are different in the quality of what we are forced, for lack of better expressions, to call their souls, their characters, their forms of life. For the sake of simplicity, however, I will ignore all the aspects of the chair that every human being would spontaneously feel to be the most significant, and concentrate exclusively on its ponderable and measurable aspects—on those aspects, in a word, with which science has elected to deal.

To the gross senses the chair seems solid and substantial. But the gross senses can be refined by means of instruments. Closer observations are made, as the result of which we are forced to conclude that the chair is "really" a swarm of electric charges whizzing about in empty space. If it were in our power to make observations with other organs than those with which nature has endowed us, the same logic would certainly compel us to believe that the chair was "really" something quite unlike both the substantial object made by joiners, and sold on the instalment system, and the swarm of electric charges. All that we are finally justified in affirming is that the psychological experience called "substantial chair" is the one we have to rely on as "true" in one set of circumstances, while the ex-

perience, "electric-charge chair," must be regarded as "true" in other circumstances and for other purposes. The substantial-chair experience is felt to be intrinsically more satisfactory because we are more accustomed to it. Our normal everyday life is passed in the midst, not of whizzing electric charges, but of substantial objects. Both types of chair are abstractions. But while the substantial chair is an abstraction easily made from the memories of innumerable sensations of sight and touch, the electric-charge chair is a difficult and far-fetched abstraction from certain visual sensations so excessively rare (they can only come to us in the course of elaborate experiments) that not one man in a million has ever been in the position to make it for himself.

What is the position, in the hierarchy of truths, of the individual sensations from which we abstract our substantial objects, collections of electric charges, or whatever else we care to fabricate from these elementary experiences? In practice we are continually, and for the most part automatically, correcting our immediate sensations. This cock-eyed two-dimensional figure, of which some parts are colored in light tones and some in dark and which changes its shape and the disposition of its colors as we walk past it, is "really" a cubical box seen in perspective. The capacity to make such corrections is characteristically human. Animals, even the highest animals, seem to "believe all they see." What they see (which is more or less what we see in its primitive uncorrected state)—is it falser, in any absolute sense of the word, than that which we abstract from our immediate sensations? Is the appearance, to use the phraseology of Plato, intrinsically and absolutely less true than the Idea? Plato himself would have answered in the affirmative. Appearances are illusory: Ideas (our abstractions from remembered appearances) are true. But considering the matter with a little attention, we perceive that there is no

more reason why an abstraction made after the fact should be nearer to the thing in itself than an immediate sensation. It is only for certain strictly human purposes that the Idea can be considered truer than the appearance. Abstracted from a mass of the most diverse sensations, the Idea is a sort of Lowest Common Measure of appearances. For the purpose of Man, the remembering and foreseeing animal, of Man, the exerciser of persistent and conscious action on the external world, the Idea or abstraction is truer than the immediate sensation. It is because we are predominantly purposeful beings that we are perpetually correcting our immediate sensations. But men are free not to be utilitarianly purposeful. They can sometimes be artists, for example. In which case they may like to accept the immediate sensation uncorrected, because it happens to be beautiful. For such people the immediate sensation or appearance will be truer than the abstraction or Idea. In any case, the criterion of truth and falsehood must always remain internal, psychological. To talk about truth as a relationship between human notions and things in themselves is an absurdity.

III

Truth is internal. One psychological fact is as good as another. Having established these principles, we can now begin to talk, with some hope of talking sensibly, about religion.

"I believe in one God," affirms the church-goer; and almost any right-thinking man would be ready, if you asked him what he believed in, to say the same. In one God. But why not in sixty-four Gods, or two hundred and seventeen Gods? Because monotheism is fashionable in twentieth-century Europe. Mr. Jones believes in one God because Mr. Smith believes in one God and, incidentally, because a good many centuries ago Plato and numerous Jews, including Jesus, believed in one God.

But why did it ever occur to anyone to believe in only one God? And, conversely, why did it ever occur to anyone to believe in many Gods? To both these questions we must return the same answer: Because that is how the human mind happens to work. For the human mind is both diverse and simple, simultaneously many and one. We have an immediate perception of our own diversity and of that of the outside world. And at the same time we have immediate perceptions of our own oneness. Occasionally also, in certain states which may vaguely be described as mystical, we have an immediate perception of an external unity, embracing and (paradoxically—but we actually experience the paradox) embraced by our own internal unity; we *feel* the whole universe as a single individual mysteriously fused with ourselves. Moreover, by a process of abstraction, of generalization, of logical reasoning, we can discover in the outside world a principle of unity, none the less genuine for the fact that we have very possibly put it there ourselves. If the world presents itself to me as a unity as well as a diversity, that is because I myself am one as well as many. If I were wholly diverse—a mere succession in time of unconnected states—I should obviously inhabit a wholly diverse universe, in which instant succeeded discrete instant, event followed causeless and resultless event, incoherently. If, on the contrary, I were a simple perfected unity, my world would be as simply perfect as the universe inhabited by a stone. That is to say, it would be non-existent, since I myself should have no consciousness either of my own or of any other existence. For perfection is the same as non-existence; and, undivided against itself, uncontrasted with diversity, the One is the equivalent of the Nothing.

We are aware of existing; therefore, we are not merely one. We are conscious of remaining ourselves through inward and outward change; therefore, we are not merely diverse. Given these pe-

cularities of human nature, it is easy to infer the peculiarities of divine nature. Men are both simple and diverse; therefore, there are many Gods and, therefore, there is only one God.

History confirms a theoretical conclusion. In certain tracts of space and time there is no God but God; in others the local pantheons are overcrowded like so many slum tenements. In yet others men have made a compromise in their mythology between unity and diversity. Olympus is no more a democracy, but a monarchy ruled by an emperor who chooses to delegate certain powers to his officials.

IV

It is generally assumed that belief in one God succeeds belief in many Gods and that this succession is in the nature of a spiritual progress. But monotheism is sometimes found, if we may believe the accounts of travelers, in the most primitive societies. Nor are all the members of one society more than nominally of one faith. This is true, as Mr. Radin, a student of Red Indian habits and customs, has pointed out, even of rigidly intolerant primitive communities. Belief in one or in many Gods is determined by the idiosyncrasies of the believer.

Not only among the Red Indians, but also among those who profess and call themselves Christians, Atheists, Theosophists, Occultists, Agnostics, and so forth, we can find, as well as Nature's gentlemen and Nature's cads, her unitarians and her polytheists, her fetish-worshippers and her neo-platonists. Orthodoxies may be strict; but the religion of any society is always extremely mixed. This is a fact which we must always and steadily bear in mind when we talk of contemporary monotheism. But even if we do bear it in mind, we are forced, I think, to admit that there has been a genuine trend in recent times towards a unitarian mythology and the worship of one God. This is the tendency which it has been customary to regard as a spiritual progress. On what

grounds? Chiefly, so far as one can see, because we in the twentieth-century West are officially the worshippers of a single divinity. A movement whose consummation is *us* must be progressive.

Almost all historical discussions, it should be noticed, are discussions of personal tastes. Thus, both Flinders Petrie and Spengler believe in the cyclic recurrence of history. But their cycles are not the same, because their standards of civilization and barbarism, or in other words their tastes in literature, art, religion, and morals happen to differ. Most of the arguments for and against the reality of progress are similarly oblique statements of the arguer's personal tastes. Having thus given due warning, I can now proceed to consider the question: Is the displacement of polytheism by monotheism a progress?

V

Monotheism, as we know it in the West, was invented by the Jews. These unfortunate inhabitants of the desert found nothing in the surrounding barrenness to make them regard the world as richly diverse. It was easy for them to conceive the deity as one and disembodied. "*L'extrême simplicité de l'esprit sémitique*," says Renan, "*sans étendue, sans diversité, sans arts plastiques, sans philosophie, sans mythologie, sans vie politique, sans progrès, n'a pas d'autre cause: il n'y a pas de variété dans le monothéisme*." (Conversely, he might have added, there can be no polytheism in minds by nature or by habit so sterile, so ungenerous of fruits. Except for a little literature, the Jews and Arabs produced nothing humanly valuable until they left their deserts, came into contact with the polytheistic races, and imitated their culture.)

Having made this utterly damning statement about the chosen Race and its religion, Renan calmly proceeds to explain that the mission, the historical "point" of the Jews was to tend the small flame of monotheism and to

transmit it to the Western world. Their mission, in a word, was to infect the rest of humanity with a belief which, according to Renan himself, prevented them from having any art, any philosophy, any political life, any breadth or diversity of vision, any progress.

If the effects of pure monotheism are really those which Renan attributes to it, then, it is obvious, the passage from the worship of many Gods to the worship of one cannot possibly be called a progress, at any rate in the sphere of practical living. An enthusiastic monotheist will retort that progress in the art of life is not "true" progress and that the only progress worth considering is that towards the Truth. But such a statement, as we have seen, is quite meaningless. Monotheism and polytheism are the rationalizations of distinct psychological states, both undeniably existent as facts of experience, and between which it is quite impossible for us, with the merely human faculties at our disposal, to choose. Any particular system of polytheism may fairly safely be regarded as untrue, or at any rate highly improbable. It is highly improbable, for example, that Thor or Dionysos ever existed in the same way as Mount Olympus or the Atlantic Ocean existed and continue to exist. But though the "real" existence of the deities of any pantheon may be doubted, the existence of the internal and external diversity of which they are symbolical is undeniable. No less undeniable is the existence of some kind of inward and outward unity. But that this unity should really be the God of pure monotheism is as improbable as that the diversity should really be Apollo and Quetzalcoatl, Siva and Thor.

For a certain class of highly civilized men and women, any passage from the concrete to the abstract, from the sensed and the felt to the merely thought about, is a progress. The man whose activities are predominantly intellectual, who lives mainly with and for disembodied ideas, is regarded by these people (they are, of course, paying a graceful compliment to

themselves) as a being of a higher type than the man who lives to any considerable extent with the instinctive, intuitive, and passional side of his nature in a world of immediate experiences and concrete things. (In the sphere of practical living, as we have seen, the distinction, perhaps invalid theoretically, between the class of psychological facts which we call "the concrete" and that other class which we call "the abstract" is of the highest significance and must, therefore, be clearly drawn.) To intellectuals of the kind I have described polytheism seems a debased form of religion; its many Gods too faithfully symbolize the diversities of the external world and of the instinctive and passional side of human nature. A single, infinite, disembodied divinity is much more to their taste. For a long time, however, this God remains too grossly personal and, despite his infiniteness, anthropomorphic to be whole-heartedly accepted by minds that are only perfectly at ease with algebraical symbols. The process of slow mangling and gradual murder, which these people beautifully call "the spiritualization of man's conception of the divine," must be carried to its extreme limit. Only when the last drop of living blood has been squeezed from the eternal arteries does God become fit to be worshipped by a high-class, intellectual modernist. For by this time God has degenerated into an algebraic formula, a pure abstraction. He is no longer alive, no longer has the least connection with life; he has become simply a word *et præterea nihil*.

From polytheism to monotheism, from monotheism to the worship of an abstraction, from the worship of an abstraction to the worship of nothing at all—such are the several stages in the progressive "spiritualization of man's conception of the divine." And perhaps the process may turn out in the end to have been genuinely progressive—progressive in a circle or perhaps a spiral. For—who knows?—the nihilistic atheism into which advancing spirituality is so

rapidly leading us, may prove to be the introduction, by the way of almost desperate reaction, to a new and more perfect polytheism, itself the symbolical expression of a new and affirmative attitude towards those divinely mysterious forces of Life, against which we now so ungratefully blaspheme. But before going farther with these speculations about the future and the possible, I must turn aside to say something, in the most general terms, about the actual history of that monotheism which the Western peoples took over from the Jews.

VI

If what Renan says about the sterilizing effects of pure monotheism be true (as I think it is) how are we to explain the fact that the races of Europe have not sunk, since their conversion, to the level of those deplorable Semites, among whom their historian could find no art, no science, no philosophy, no politics, none of those activities, in a word, which justify men in taking a certain pride in their humanity? The tree shall be known by its fruits. Christian Europe has borne good fruits in plenty. Are these the fruits of its monotheism? No. The peoples whom the Jews infected with their monotheism were by long tradition profoundly polytheistic. They lived, moreover, in a world that was not a desert, a world not barren, hard and dry, but softly alive with the most various richness. They have never, until quite recent times, shown any signs of becoming pure monotheists, like their Semitic teachers. Christian orthodoxy itself made a compromise with polytheism. Its one God was mysteriously several Gods. It encouraged the worship of a subsidiary female deity. Innumerable saints received their tribute of local adoration, usurped the place once occupied by the Lares and Penates in the home, and provided with their relics an inexhaustible supply of fetishes. In quantity the Catholic could rival any heathen pantheon known to history. But not in

quality. That was bad. For the saints were drearily lacking in variety; they were all monotonously "good." For all their swarming numbers, they represented but one aspect of human life—the "spiritual." The Greek and all the other professedly polytheistic systems were much completer, much more realistic. Their pantheons contained representatives of every vital activity—representatives of the body and the instincts as well as of the spirit, of the passionate energies as well as of the reason, of the self-regarding as well as of the altruistic tendencies in human nature. True, the Christians did recognize the existence of these other, unspiritual aspects of existence; but they handed them over for symbolical embodiment to the Devil and his angels. Most of the virtues of the pagans were branded as vices and attributed to the Prince of this World. The result of this astonishing policy was the implanting in the modern soul of all that strange and repulsive gamut of peculiarly Christian diseases, from diabolism to conviction of sin, from Puritanism to Don-Juanism. What had once been a frank worship of the Gods of Life degenerated, during the Christian era, into a furtive and self-consciously guilty practice of devil-worship. Christianity could not destroy the old Adam; it merely perverted him and made him disgusting.

That men with souls so *naturaliter non Christianæ* as the Greeks, the Romans, and, later, the other peoples of Europe should ever have accepted Jewish monotheism, even in the altered form in which it was offered them by Christianity, may seem surprising. But as it happened, circumstances in the first centuries of our era were extremely propitious for the spread of Semitic dogmas in the West. If Gods are made in the image of men, cosmogonies reflect the forms of terrestrial states. In an empire ruled absolutely by one man the notion of a universe under the control of a single God seemed obvious and reasonable. When the world was divided up into

small states ruled by noble oligarchies, the idea was not reasonable nor obvious. The Christian God was a magnified and somewhat flattering portrait of Tiberius and Caligula.

Under the Roman Empire, the Western world was unified. The process entailed the destruction, or at least the reduction to insignificant impotence, of all the old nobilities. There was a general levelling down of castes. Under its absolute monarch the empire was in some sort a democracy. Class distinctions came to depend more and more exclusively on wealth. The Best Men were the richest. Hereditary aristocracies, heaven knows, are bad enough; but plutocracies are worse. Even degenerate aristocracies preserve a certain decency, but at no time does a plutocracy develop any decency worth preserving; its *weltanschauung* is uniformly detestable. Plutocrats are believers either in a sordid Smilesian morality (the Puritans, it is significant, were the first modern capitalists); or in a no less sordid self-indulgence; or in both at once. The Gospel of Work and the Gospel of the Good Time are equally popular in the modern world. A genuine aristocracy would find them equally stupid and disgusting.

Among the old aristocracies, destroyed by the Roman Empire, polytheism was the traditional religion. The Gods were the images of the ruling nobles projected through the magnifying, the beautifully distorting medium of the imagination on to the vault of heaven.

The cardinal virtues, in these ancient societies, were the virtues of a class of masters. The deadly sins (but they were neither deadly nor sins, in the Christian sense, but only contemptible defects of mind and body) were the characteristic failings of slaves. With the rise of the Empire, the ruling castes slowly withered. Freed from the aristocratic tradition, which had imposed on them its alien ethic and beliefs, the slaves now found themselves in a position to express their religious preferences. They

chose the religion that told them that they alone were virtuous in this life and would alone be happy in the next; the religion that exalted pity as the first of duties and condemned power as the worst of crimes; the religion that proclaimed the equality of all men, that preached universal love and at the same time promised the weak a posthumous vengeance on their masters. In a word, they chose Christianity.

What would have happened during the Dark Ages and the succeeding centuries if the religion of Europe had not been monotheistic? We do not know, we find it hard even to imagine. Conceivably, of course, the history of those ages would have been substantially the same as that which is actually recorded in our textbooks. It seems, however, unlikely; and I think we are justified in believing that monotheism played an important and, on the whole, beneficent part during those ages first of obscure tumult and then of piecemeal order. The monotheistic idea, with which were inextricably twined the Catholic and imperial ideas, acted as a brake on those disruptive and centrifugal forces which might, but for it, have kept all Europe in a state of fragmentary chaos. Christianity, the preacher of monotheism, was valuable. But no less valuable, it should be remembered, was Christianity, the preserver of the old polytheistic culture.

The Renaissance was a revival of the polytheistic spirit. The parallel Reformation was a revival of pure Semitism. The Reformers read their Old Testaments and, trying to imitate the Jews, became those detestable Puritans, to whom we owe, not merely Grundyism and Podsnappery, but also (as Weber and Tawney have shown in their studies of economic history) all that was and still is vilest, cruelest, most ruthlessly anti-human in the modern capitalist system. To their one Jewish God good Calvinists and Independents sacrificed almost everything that could make a man prouder of being a man than a termite or a perfectly efficient automaton.

The Reformers took monotheism very seriously. A little later the triumphs of physical science led to its being taken no less seriously on other than religious grounds. Voltaire, for example, was an ardent monotheist, not because he wanted to be like the Jews, but because Sir Isaac Newton had successfully formulated in terms of mathematics a number of apparently changeless Laws of Nature. The physicists, it seemed, had seen through the illusion of diversity; the world was one and, with it, the world's Creator.

VII

The contemporary circumstances are even more propitious to the spread of monotheism than were those of the Roman Empire. What the imperial administration did for the Mediterranean basin and Western Europe, commerce and good communications, cheap printing and elementary education for all, the cinema and the radio have done for the world at large. In spite of national antagonisms, we are aware of a certain planetary unity. It is a unity, at present, merely of economic interests; and perhaps it will never be more than that. To me, at any rate, it seems in the highest degree unlikely that mankind will ever feel itself intimately and livingly one. The differences of race and place are too enormous. There is such a thing as absolute alienness—an absolute alienness which no amount of Esperanto and international government, of movies and thousand-miles-an-hour aeroplanes and standardized education will ever, it seems to me, completely abolish.

Meanwhile, however, economic unity exists and men are aware of their common interests, just as under the Romans they were aware of their common servitude to a single master. The social circumstances are propitious to monotheism. But propitious circumstances are not creative, only fertilizing; there must be a psychological seed for the circumstances to be propitious to. In our con-

temporary world, what is the seed of monotheism?

For a section of the modern slave population Christianity is still the introduction to monotheism. But only for a section. Most slaves at the present time are not Christian at all. They are either too well off to feel the need of a consolatory faith (witness the transformation of Christianity in America from a religion predominantly concerned with other-worldly virtues and posthumous revenges into a system for the justification of wealth and the preaching of industrious respectability; from a system that condemned the Pharisee—that shining example of Good Citizenship—into one that exalts the Pharisee above every other human type). Either, I repeat, they are too prosperous to be Christians; or else, if they are badly off and discontented, they turn to one of the political surrogates of Christianity and find in communism and dreams of terrestrial Utopias a comforting prospect of happiness for themselves and condign punishment for their enemies.

Contemporary monotheism — that vague and secular doctrine of the divine unity, which is now taken for granted as a sort of axiomatic truism—has its main psychological source in what, for lack of a better name, may be called our intellectualism. Not that we are all intellectuals nowadays. Far from it. But still less are we all predominantly instinctive, passionate, intuitive beings. We are members of a very highly organized society, in which it pays best to be either a man who understands and unremittingly wills, or else a kind of obedient automaton. Inevitably; for the more complicated the social machine, the more inhumanly and mechanically simple becomes the task of the subordinate individual, the more inhumanly difficult that of the commanding organizer. Those who wish to lead a quiet life in our modern world must be like Babbitt—unquestioningly a cog. Those who are ambitious to lead a (by current standards) successful life must be like

Ford, determined and very consciously intelligent. Those who would lead a thoroughly disastrous life have only to model themselves on the pattern, shall we say, of such complete and harmonious beings as Burns and William Blake.

Triumphant science enhances the already enormous prestige of will-directed intelligence. The most ignorant member of the modern slave population would probably agree with Aristotle that the pursuit of knowledge is the highest duty and that the only permissible excesses are excesses of the intellect.

The intellectual, scientific knowledge of things which we now esteem so highly, is a knowledge of the unity which underlies, at any rate in our minds, the manifold diversity of the world. Direct, living knowledge of diversity is not, by social and scientific standards, useful knowledge. There is also a direct intuitive knowledge of unity; but it comes to us but rarely. At most times and by most people unity is apprehended after the fact by the abstracting intellect. For practical and scientific purposes the direct, or mystical, knowledge of unity is as useless as the direct knowledge of diversity.

The value of direct knowledge, as I shall try to show later on, consists in the fact that it is a stimulator, a nourisher of life. Between the two kinds of knowledge—the direct physical knowledge, whether of diversity or of unity, and the intellectual knowledge, abstracted and generalized out of this physical knowledge—is a difference analogous to that between food and an instrument. Knives and hammers are indispensable; but so, to an even higher degree, is bread. Our present tendency is to overvalue the instrument and to undervalue the food which alone can give us the vital power and health to use the instrument properly. Contemporary monotheism is an expression of our excessive love for that abstract knowledge of the general and the uniform which enables us to explain and predict and organize and do many

other useful things, but gives us, alas, no sustenance by which we may live.

VIII

My theme so far has been monotheism as truth or falsehood, and monotheism as a historical fact. The time has now come to consider the rights and wrongs of monotheism, its usefulness or the reverse, its conformity or non-conformity to the facts of human nature.

Of monotheism's conformity to the psychological facts—of its inward, as opposed to its outward, truth—I have already said something. Let me recapitulate in a rather different key. We can affirm that the universe, with its divinity, is one, founding our belief on the fact that we have had a direct experience of its unity. But in this case we must ignore all the much more numerous occasions when we have had a direct experience of its diversity. True, the mystics are never tired of affirming that their direct perception of unity is intenser, of finer quality, and intrinsically more convincing, more self-evident than their direct perceptions of diversity. But they can speak only for themselves. Other people's direct intuitions of diverse "appearances" may be just as intensely self-evident as *their* intuition of unique "reality." Not only may be, but evidently are—that is, if we can judge by the artistic statements of their experiences made by talented unity-perceivers and talented diversity-perceivers respectively. (And we have no other means of judging.) The final mystery is unknowable. Men's confused perceptions of it are diverse and contradictory. The truth—the inward truth, I mean, since that is the only truth we can know—is that God is different for different men and for the same man on different occasions. The testimony of the mystics cannot be made to prove more than this. Nor can that of the discursive reasoners. For if we arrive at our notion of divine unity by a process of

discursive reasoning after the event, we find ourselves forced to affirm that one psychological fact (in this case of an intellectual kind) is "truer" than another (of a sensuous kind). An assumption for which, as we have already seen, there is no justification, but which has nevertheless been made by many philosophers, from Plato onwards and downwards.

But one psychological fact is as good as another; there is no conceivable method of demonstrating that God is either one or many. So far as human beings are concerned, he is both; monotheism and polytheism are equally true. But are they equally useful? Do they tend equally to the quickening and enhancement of human life?

Let us put the questions in more general, more fundamentally psychological terms. Monotheism and polytheism are more or less systematic rationalizations of a sentiment of our own and the world's unity and a sentiment of our own and the world's diversity, respectively. Which is the more valuable for life, the unity-feeling with its various religious or philosophical rationalizations, or the diversity-feeling with its attendant doctrines?

IX

Men are also citizens; there are no Crusoes. In a highly organized society, however, the citizens are apt to forget that they are also men. They come to value themselves and their fellows for what they can do in a socially useful way—as personified functions rather than as human beings. They admire those who are well provided with that kind of knowledge which I have called instrumental. For those who have grown strong on the knowledge that is life's nourishment, they have no particular respect; on the contrary, they often despise and, at the same time, mistrust and fear them.

Files and screwdrivers are not the most satisfactory articles of diet. Anal-

ogously, there is no psychical nourishment to be drawn from the abstract, instrumental knowledge so much appreciated in a society like our own. Souls are nourished only by a direct participative knowledge of things, by an immediate physical contact, by a relationship involving will, desire, feeling.

Direct participative knowledge is, mostly, a knowledge of diversity. *Gnosce te ipsum*: the commandment can only be obeyed on condition that we know, participatively know, the multiple world. For it is essentially the same with the mind as with the body. These fields of potatoes and cabbages, these browsing sheep and oxen are potentially a part of me; and unless they actually become part of me, I die. The apparent boundaries of any real being are not its real boundaries. We all think we know what a lion is. A lion is a desert-colored animal with a mane and claws and an expression like Garibaldi's. But it is also, in Africa, all the neighboring antelopes and zebras and, therefore, indirectly, all the neighboring grass. It is also, behind the menagerie bars, all the superannuated horses that come into the local market. In the same way, a human spirit is all that it can experience. The whole experienceable world is potentially a part of it, just as the whole edible or otherwise physically assimilable world is a part, potentially, of the body. But the body remains, for all practical purposes, the same whatever, within limits, the food that nourishes it. The spirit, on the other hand, can be profoundly modified by that which it assimilates. Changes which, if they happened to the body, would be miraculous are everyday occurrences in the world of the spirit. No man can know himself completely for the good reason that no man can have had all possible experiences and, therefore, can never have realized all the potentialities of his being. If the supply of game runs low, the king of beasts grows thin and mangy; it ceases altogether and he dies. So with the soul. Its principal food is

the direct, the physical experience of diversity.

Certain philosophers deliberately reduce the food supply. The philosopher's soul "withdraws itself as far as it can from all association and contact with the body and reaches out after truth by itself." With what results? Deprived of its nourishment, the soul grows thin and mangy, like the starved lion.

The ascetics go even farther than the philosophers. They starve their souls to death—or, in more orthodox language, detach themselves completely from all earthly things. Ceasing to perceive, to think, to feel, to desire, to act, the more mystical among them fall into that state of ecstatic coma, when the blank and empty spirit is said to be united with the Infinite—in other words, when it has ceased to be alive. The more practical ascetics—reformers or reactionary soldiers of the church militant—galvanize their death into a gruesome activity with the stimulus of some monomaniacal principle, some insanely fixed idea.

Philosophers and ascetics are not, of course, the only people who commit self-murder. The money-grubber, the hard-headed business man, the routine-worker pass their existence no less suicidally. The professional Don Juan destroys his spirit as fatally as does the professional ascetic, whose looking-glass image he is. To live, the soul must be in intimate contact with the world, must assimilate it through all the channels of sense and desire, thought and feeling, which nature has provided for the purpose. Anything which obstructs these channels injures the soul—any deadening routine, any dull habitual unawareness, any exclusive monomania, whether of vice or of that other vice which is excessive virtue. Close up enough of these channels, cut off enough of its nourishment, and the starved soul dies.

Dead souls, like dead bodies, either shrivel up into dry and dusty mummies, or else, decaying, they stink. What an unbearable stench arises, for example,

from the Thebaid! One must hold one's nose when one reads Palladius's history. Calvin's Geneva is another open sewer. So is the Paris of De Nerciat's Felicia. So are Podsnap's London and Babbitt's Zenith. Other dead souls do not damply rot, but wither almost aromatically into desiccation. But I for one prefer the moist, still earthy perfume of the flowers on the growing plant that has its roots deep sunk and darkly living in the soil.

Life, then, individual life, is mainly nourished by the direct participative knowledge of the world's diversity. Out of that diversity and out of the inner diversity of the human spirit, the poetic imagination of man extracts the deities of polytheism. And the rites of their worship are man's participative knowledge and man's emotional reactions to the world, systematized in a set of words and gestures. The ritual of Catholicism is an incomplete version of polytheistic ritual—incomplete, because it systematizes only a part of man's emotional reactions to the world, because it ignores, or brands as evil, certain kinds of participative knowledge of certain whole classes of things. Every dionysiac reaction to the world, every corybantic participation of individual energies with the energies of living nature, has been proscribed. The Catholic ritual canalizes only a part of the human responses to the universe, just as the Christian God symbolically represents only a part of the psychological and cosmic reality.

The intuitive or intellectual realization of cosmic unity, the religious and philosophical systems which impose this cosmic unity as a necessary dogma, possess, for man, a predominantly social and scientific value. Without some unifying hypothesis, without generalizations and abstractions, organized knowledge is impossible. Social relations would be equally impossible if men did not believe in some sort of community of tribal, national, and finally human interests or were without a conception of their own psychological unity and that of their fellows. The Gods symbolize

and at the same time confirm the community of their worshippers' interests. The conception of the individual soul, single, persistent, and responsible, is at once an expression and a guarantee of man's individual and social morality.

X

Monotheism and polytheism are doctrines equally necessary and equally true. Man can and does conceive of himself and of the world as being, now essentially many, and now essentially one. Therefore—since God, for our human purposes, is simply Life in so far as man can conceive it as a whole—the Divine is both one and many. A purely monotheistic religion is thus seen to be inadequate and unrealistic. The present age is predominantly monotheistic—monotheistic either because it feebly believes in a decaying Christianity, or else secularly and irreligiously monotheistic with the unitarianism of science, of democracy, of international capitalism. In the interests of the Man as opposed to the Citizen (and incidentally in the interests of the Citizen too—for you cannot ruin the individual without, in the long run, ruining society) it has become necessary to protest against this now pernicious doctrine. Christian monotheism and spirituality prepared the way for our intellectualism and machine-worship by rendering disreputable all that in human nature is not mind, not spirit, not conscious will. The established religion decayed; but the philosophical and ethical habits which it had generated molderingly persisted and persist.

The high-minded man who would, in the past, have been an earnest Christian, is now—what? Not an earnest (or preferably light-hearted) pagan, but an earnest intellectual, living ascetically for knowledge. And the low-minded man? He is no ascetic, of course, and his goal is not knowledge, but money, comfort, and a "good time." The intellectual despises him for living grossly, on the plane of the

body. The contempt is justified because he lives so inadequately and poorly on that plane. (If he lived well there he would be a much better man than the intellectual.) Lacking all religious significance, his physical and instinctive life is pointless and rather dirty. It is also lamentably incomplete. By deconsecrating his body and the diverse world with which it participatively communicates through the instincts, feelings, and desires, by robbing them of their divine meaning, Christianity has left him without defense against our mechanized civilization. Rationalized division of labor takes all the sense out of his work. Machines relieve him, not merely of drudgery, but of the possibility of performing any creative or spontaneous act whatsoever. And this is now true of his leisure as well as of his labor; he has almost ceased even to try to divert himself, but sits and suffers the standardized entertainment to trickle over his passive consciousness.

By men with a religious sense of Life's divineness the inroads of this civilization would have been bitterly resented and stubbornly resisted. Not by Christians, however. Christianity had taught that the worship of any aspect of life but the spiritual was a sin. Good pagans might have found a satisfactory method of dealing with the problems raised by the coming of the machine. Good Christians could hardly see that there were any problems to solve. Passively, they accepted the evil thing. The chief result of the preaching of Christian spirituality and of its later substitute, scientific intellectualism, is that men now instinctively and enthusiastically love the lowest when they see it. The apostles labored, the martyrs died in torment, the philosophers thought sublime thoughts, by precept and example the scholars and the men of science proclaimed the beauties of the "higher life," and all agreed that God is one and a spirit and that man's first duty is to resemble God. To what end? That men might become purer, they would have answered, better,

more than men. But what has actually occurred? Trying to live superhumanly, men have sunk, in all but the purely mental sphere, towards a kind of sub-humanity that it would be an undeserved compliment to call bestial. Turned against Life, they have worshipped Death in the form of spirituality and intellectualism. Deprived of the support of Life's divinities, they have succumbed to the shoddy temptations of the Devil of the Machine. By exhorting men to lead the "higher life," Christianity and its philosophical successors have condemned men to an existence incomparably lower than that "low life" against which they have always fulminated. To their cry of "Excelsior!" humanity has responded (in the very nature of things it could not do otherwise) by rushing down a steep place into—what? We

who are only part way down the Gadarene water-chute are not as yet in a position to answer. The gulf lies dark before us.

If men are ever to rise again from the depths into which they are now descending, it will only be with the aid of a new religion of Life. And since life is diverse, the new religion will have to have many Gods. Many; but since the individual man is a unity in his various multiplicity, also one. It will have to be Dionysian and Panick as well as Apollonian; Orphic as well as rational; not only Christian, but Martial and Venerean too; Phallic as well as Minervan or Jehovahistic. It will have to be all, in a word, that human life actually is, not merely the symbolical expression of one of its aspects. Meanwhile, however, the Gadarene descent continues.

MARSH TWILIGHT

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

THE lake has drawn the last gold from the sun
 And holds it like a mirror to the sky;
 Marsh grasses tremble slowly, one by one,
 As if a wing and not the wind goes by.
 The finger tips of purple shadows creep
 In quiet rhythms down the darkening lake,
 And dusk grows deep with color, like a sleep
 Too haunted with its dreaming to awake.
 A lone white heron stirs to sudden flight
 And all is shadow once again, and gold
 That fringes still the garment of the night.
 Now crickets break the silence that is rolled
 Away as swiftly as the twilight came.
 The moon comes up, a bird with wings of flame.



WHAT TRUE LOVE DID TO MR. BAMBY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

MRS. BAMBY guessed instantly that something guilty had happened to her husband, but how she guessed it heaven only knows, for he was certainly concealing it from her with the acutest sense of criminality—though it was not anything for which he was to blame. No, not to any right-minded person. He was practically innocent. The girl had simply thrown herself into his arms. . . . Well, allowed herself to fall into his arms, then.

She was his new secretary. He had found her crying at her desk in his office that morning and he had merely asked her, in a fatherly manner, what was wrong, and she rose as if to get away from him and hide herself in the adjoining file-room, and he tried to detain her as she rose—by putting his hand on her shoulder—and when she turned unexpectedly to him, instead of turning away from him, his hand remained on her shoulder, and the arm to which the hand was attached got itself involved in a sort of embrace, and the embrace drew her in against him, and she began to weep on his chest.

That was the way the whole thing started—innocently, unpremeditatedly, and with no contributory ardor on Bamby's part. And if the girl had felt like Mrs. Bamby in his arms things might never have gone any farther. Mrs. Bamby was a big woman, rather stout, and she wore, if not a corset, at least some kind of stiffened underwaist that made her feel as hard as the barrel of a horse. Whereas the girl—

"It's true!" Bamby thought. "These girls nowadays wear practically nothing!"

He had never really known it before. He had supposed that they only *looked* as if they had nothing on. The truth flashed upon him—"practically nothing!"—as an inviting initiation into the secrets of modern young femininity. The impulse to pursue the discovery was irresistible. He moved his hand down her back—which felt softly dimpled—a delightful back. Something very like a liver chill attacked him with a spinal shiver that made him tremble. "What has happened?" he asked shakily. "What is it, my dear girl?"

She sobbed without replying.

His next movement, when he began it, was not intended to be what it finally became. He merely put his mouth against her hair, over her ear, and whispered, "My dear girl, don't cry. You mustn't cry." But then this sounded like such a feeble attempt at consolation that he pressed his lips against her cheek as if she were a child, and cooed paternally, "What is it? What's the matter?"

With that she grabbed at him as convulsively as if she had been drowning in her tears and he had plunged in to save her. She got both arms around his neck and clung to him with a strangle hold. She pressed her wet nose into his throat and wept down his collar. "It's nothing," she blubbered. "It's father. He's gone away. He's quarreled with me. I've been so mishable. You're so

sweet. You've always been so sweet to me."

At least, that was what he made out of it. It was almost unintelligible with sobs and sniffles, and he was confused by the pressure of her nose against his jugular vein and the consequent soffocation of blood in his ears, so that he could not hear her clearly. She was a handsome girl. The soft warmth of her body came to him through her black satin, and he felt his strength melting out of him in the form of embarrassed perspiration.

He muttered distractedly, "No one could be anything but sweet to *you*." And trying to disentangle himself from her clutch, he looked behind him to see a puffily upholstered leather chair conveniently near. He moved towards it, intending to place her in it and release himself. The movement upset her balance. She fell against him, and that upset *him*. He staggered back against the chair and sat down in it, and she came down with him, in his arms, on his knees, in his lap, her arms around his neck, her nose in his ear.

It puzzled him, afterwards, to figure out how they had arrived in that position. She must have twisted in his embrace like a cat. It puzzled him at the dinner table, and he smiled down absent-mindedly at his soup, with an expression which a poet might describe as "tenderly bemused" but which Mrs. Bamby subsequently described as "silly looking." She was watching him with suspicion. She had already decided that he was concealing something from her.

"Well," she asked, "what happened in the office to-day?"

She asked it in an innocent tone—as innocent as Bamby himself. She was accustomed to ask it every evening, and he always replied with some entertaining anecdote of life in a publishing house. But now, instead of beginning, for instance, "Well, my dear, you remember So-and-So, the man who wrote that extraordinary book for us about Martha Washington—the one that got us into such trouble with the D. A. R.?"—

instead of beginning any such harmless, domestic, dinner-table gossip about the scandals of literature in their commercial aspect, he looked up at her, from his soup, almost as he might have looked at her if she had opened his office door unannounced and walked in on him while the Joyce girl was sitting on his knees.

And, indeed, that was just what she *had* done. He was not at the dinner table at all. Not really. He was in his office, with this incredible girl in his arms, her mouth at his ear, pouring out, in a moist mumble, a long and jumbled confession of girlish affection and relief and grief and resentment—a heartbroken and heart-eased confession that involved her father and him in alternate sentences, first of filial tragedy and then of—what? What? "It's been so sweet to wake up and think I was going to see you and be with you all day long working for you, and he's been so jealous and bad-tempered about it and about everything else, but when he quarreled with me last night and packed up his sketching things and went away this morning I felt I'd just die of loneliness unless you put your arms around me, but now I don't care about anything so long as I know you feel the same way yourself about me—about us—" And then his wife's voice asked, "What happened in the office to-day?"

For a moment he just blinked at her with such a guilty expression that he might have been staring at her with his chin on the girl's shoulder. Then he looked down quickly at his soup, obviously to hide his confusion, and he replied, "Why— Why nothing happened. Nothing at all!"

She was much more quick-witted than he. She knew, at once, that he was fibbing, and she knew that she must not let him see that she suspected it—not if she was ever to learn what he was fibbing about. So she said, "Well, I've had a very dull day myself," and she proceeded to describe it. She rambled at great length through an account of a meeting of the executive committee of

"The Friends of Bach," a musical society that patronized nothing but chamber music of the most classical respectability; and she made quite a traveler's tale of a small collision that had occurred, on her return down Fifth Avenue, between her limousine and a taxicab.

Bamby, lulled into a false security by this peaceful flow of talk, allowed his mind to slip back again to Carlotta Joyce. After all, she was just a child. He had thought of her as quite mature, because she was such a big, dark girl, so sedate and responsible in her work and developed in her figure; but inside that almost adult exterior she was evidently only a temperamental youngster, with a childish frankness and a lack of guile about her affections. (Or was it that the modern girl wore nothing on her emotions, either, and showed her love as naturally as she exposed her knees?) "I'm so happy," she had whispered, with her face concealed in his ear. "I'm not crying because I'm mishable"—she kept on pronouncing it that way, adorably—"I'm crying because I'm happy. You've always been so sweet, and I was so lonely I think I would have died if you'd seen me crying and not cared what was the matter with me." And wiping her eyes in the handkerchief that he gave her, she began to laugh a little, through her tears, hysterically, talking all the time. "I'm always so happy here, working for you. You know, boys are so silly. They never know what to talk about, and I never know what to say to them, and I've always been happier with you, and now—" She drew back to look at him, and her eyes were bright with tears and soft with affection, smiling at him in a whole-souled surrender that was gay and lovely and provocative. She was a really beautiful girl. "You do love me a little, don't you?" she asked. And when Bamby answered that he'd be afraid to tell her how much, she just kissed him on the mouth as frankly and naturally as innocence itself. "Don't be afraid to tell me," she murmured. "Don't be afraid of love."

It was a gray mustache. That was his trouble. It was an almost white mustache. And though it made him very distinguished-looking, with his gray imperial and his shock of poetic gray hair—and though you might think he was prematurely gray because his eyes were shy and boyish—still he knew in his heart that he was nearly fifty years of age and this girl was scarcely more than twenty. That was why he had begun by being so fatherly with her. He did not feel old. No, he never thought of himself as old. He still looked up to elderly and responsible men of fifty with respect, and he treated all his contemporaries with a deference that was charming. But still, with this girl in his arms, he had begun by feeling like an uncle in a nursery, consoling an overgrown child.

He clung to that feeling as his only excuse for his situation while she was making her tearful confession of young love. That was all right. Girls often got a crush, as they called it, on older men—on men old enough to be their fathers. There was nothing serious about that. But when she drew back and adored him with those melting brown eyes—and when she murmured, "You do love me a little, don't you?"—something quite youthful seemed to happen to him, so that he replied, like a shy boy, "I'd be afraid to tell you how much," and she accepted it as naturally as she would have accepted it from a youngster of her own age. She smiled at him tenderly and then, pouting her lips in a pretty expression of infant wistfulness, she kissed him with a slow, encouraging kiss. There was nothing filial about that kiss. No, nor about the amorous tone in which she murmured, "Don't be afraid to tell me. Don't be afraid of love." And the revived youth in him caught her to him, and said hoarsely, "You darling!" and kissed her as ardently as adolescence.

Mrs. Bamby rambled along through her account of her dull day, watching him. The emotions of his reverie were

obviously feverish. If he had been working in a bank she might have thought he had speculated with the bank's funds and lost them. But in a publishing house what could have happened?

And, really, that was exactly what Bamby was trying to make clear to himself. What had happened? After the first entrancing moment when he called her "Darling" he had spent most of the day trying to find out what he had let himself in for. And he was still trying—going over it all in his mind, incident by incident, studying her in retrospect, attempting to understand her.

For instance, after that passionate moment in the armchair, he pulled himself together and said, "Now, my dear girl, you'd better go and powder your nose. If anyone came in and saw you looking like that, they'd think I'd been making you cry." And though she lingered to kiss him again, possessively, and to whisper, "As if *you* could ever be cruel to anyone," she did retreat into the file room—which she used also as a dressing room—to make herself look less glowing and dishevelled.

He sat down at his desk, in the manner of a return to normalcy, and he took up a letter to read, but, of course, he was unable to read it. Temperament, by gosh! She certainly had temperament! And he had never suspected it. She had been working in his office for a month and she had never shown a sign of it. Nor of this amazing passion for him which she had secretly conceived and nourished on nothing whatever as far as he was aware. Their relations had been almost entirely formal. He had been pleasant. Naturally. He had indulged her once or twice by giving her a manuscript to read, over night, and listening to her opinion of it, next morning, but beyond that, nothing. Absolutely nothing. He knew her father, of course, Kilburn Joyce, the landscape painter, Eccentric. Temperamental. Somewhat of a genius. But it had never occurred to him that any of that kind of

artistic emotionalism was seething in the daughter, and now, by gosh, she had not only broken loose with it but she had stampeded him, and if he didn't pull himself up short, what the devil sort of general smash-up might he not end in?

She returned from the file room refreshed, her face less flushed, her black hair smoothed back from her forehead in the severe coiffure that she affected. She had never bobbed her hair, but she wore it brushed and pinned back so tightly that it clung to her head like a glistening coat of black lacquer. In her dark office dress, with her high forehead and her wide mouth, she looked classically and intellectually beautiful. She stood smiling at him, intimately. "I suppose," she said, "she'd be jealous of me, if she *knew*—and I'm not a bit jealous of her."

It dawned on him that she was speaking of his wife. He reddened. "Aren't you?"

"No." She came towards him, quite unembarrassed. "I don't mind a bit your loving her. People can love people in different sorts of ways, don't you think?"

That seemed like an opportunity to clear things up. "Yes, I suppose they can," he agreed. "I suppose what you are is a kind of daughter to me, really."

"Oh, no!" She put that away from her with decision. "I don't want that at all. You can be anything but a father. I've had father enough." She disposed herself on the arm of his swivel chair as if she were riding side-saddle, embracing him about the shoulders and bending down to dote on him. "I just want you to be yourself and not think about it and be happy. It always depresses me—mother always used to depress me—talking about the future and planning and responsibilities and what's going to become of you. And what difference does it make? If you love a person, you love him, and you can't do anything about it, can you?"

Bamby muttered, "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble."

"You do that anyway," she encouraged him. "There's no use worrying about that." She kissed him on the top of the head. "I think anyone ought to be anything that anyone *wants* to be."

"Yes," he said, "that's the way you'd think at *your* age." In spite of himself he felt physically happy. "You know"—he put his arm around her, to hold her in the saddle—"life has a way of getting fearfully limited as you grow up. Self-expression gets limited." His arm was almost conscious of a separate existence of delight. "You have all sorts of possibilities at first, but they get narrowed down into the things you have to do as the kind of person you've become, if you know what I mean."

"You darling!" she hugged him consolingly. "You mustn't let them limit you. They've been doing it for years—making you grind away at a desk. You used to write poetry, didn't you? And you were in love with lots of girls before you married, weren't you? And now you don't write anything, and you just cramp yourself trying to be nothing but a husband. You don't seem to realize that you're a Great Person. You're too big to be just somebody's husband." She cuddled him and kissed him again. "You're going to love me all you want to, and write poetry to me, and be yourself, and be happy."

Well, there was a certain amount of truth in what she said. He had only to look up from his blue dinner plate to see that truth made manifest in the flesh of Mrs. Bamby. She was a fine woman, a competent housekeeper, who handled life with great executive ability, but she had certainly taken all the glamour out of it. She had some sort of classical ideal. Their house—

It was a little red-brick house off Washington Square, within easy walking distance of his office on lower Fifth Avenue, and it looked as cozy as a love-nest from the outside, but she had remodeled its interior in the severest simplicity of old Colonial days, and it was as hard and correct as its *Mayflower*

chairs. People were always delighted with it. "But how quaint!" they cried. "My dear, it's perfect!" They were less enthusiastic about her dinners, which were frugal. Mrs. Bamby had some sort of classical ideal of life. She wanted it to be as beautiful as Greek sculpture, bare, restful, and not too animated by uneasy appetites. She did not see her philosophy as a matter of morals but as a question of taste, and that gave her a great advantage, because there is no arguing against good taste.

Bamby was not arguing. He was eating his dinner mechanically, only dimly aware of the contrast between Mrs. Bamby, the food, and the bare Colonial dining room, on the outside of him, and the colorful rapture that was Carlotta Joyce in his thoughts. She had continued to smoulder and radiate around him, all day. When there was anyone in the office, interviewing him, she warmed the far end of the room, working at her typewriter, with only occasional eye-beams and lambent smiles of love directed at him secretly and aside. It seemed to him that she yearned over her typewriter like a Madonna over the crib. The turn of her smooth white neck was lovely in its bowed devotion. The curve of her back confessed that she was working for him, typing the letters that he had dictated and cherishing them. Her hands were tender with their pages. Beautiful hands. Her body was all biddable young grace. He had never noticed before how charmingly feminine were her legs in their silk stockings and how shapely her feet in her sensible low shoes. He found it hard to keep his eyes on the business before him, especially when he came to pass judgment on some matter that was brought to him from the outer office for his decision and she, behind the official back of his vis-à-vis, swung around in her little typewriter chair to listen to him, her hands clasped between her knees.

He was the head of the department of fiction and belles-lettres, but a great many other matters were brought to him

formally on account of his wife's financial interest in the company. Her father had been the president of the firm when he died, and she had inherited a large block of the stock. The house published chiefly scientific books, medical books, and school text-books; but there were aspects of that business—in connection with school boards and such—which Bamby did not care to touch. These were, perhaps, a little sordid. He left them to his wife's brother-in-law, J. Buxton Collins, who was now president of the firm. The fiction and belles-lettres made a small list, but a most select one, and Bamby presided over it most selectly. In questions of taste he was infallible—and rather precious. He ruled smilingly but obstinately against that quality in modern fiction which he considered "rowdy." "It's not our sort of story," he would say. "We've made our reputation on the books that we don't print." This attitude was less than popular with the younger bloods in the office, but they did not know how to resent it except by giving him a contemptuous nickname behind his back. That was easy. His full name was Henry Bradford Winfield Bamby; he wrote himself "H. Winfield Bamby," and they called him "Winnie." After the success of Milne's last book, they made him "Winnie-the-Pooh-Pooh," to express their derision of his judgment on some of the novels they wished to print.

Bamby was not wholly blind to their attitude; he merely overlooked it. And he knew that his opinion was asked on other matters only after the final decision had been made without him. He did not resent that either. He did not care to put himself forward. He had some delicacy about exercising an authority which he held only in his wife's name. But it was none the less delightful to have Carlotta Joyce regard him as important in his own right and listen to him as if he were speaking oracles in the voice of omnipotence. "Cheese!" one of the younger men said, in the outer office, after an interview with him, "Winnie

has his little nose up, to-day, for fair."

She had rather gone to his head. And she had certainly gone to his heart. It was beating erratically, in a mixed emotion of guilty apprehension and exultant uplift. "What are you thinking?" he asked her, after watching her silently brooding at her desk. She turned her head to flash a startled smile at him, and then she tremoloed, under her voice, throatily, with her soul in her eyes, "I've only one thought all the time, and that's 'when is he going to kiss me again?'" How could he resist it? He rose and went to her, very red and unsteady. She waited, without moving, her head back, her lips parted. When he bent down he put his hands on her shoulders, and she caught them and cuddled them against her breast. "Oh, dear," she gasped. "I'm so happy."

It made him dizzy. It made him dizzy even to recall it. His hand was unsteady when Kitty brought him cigarettes to go with his coffee, and he fumbled shakily with the match. Mrs. Bamby, observing that tremor, said, "I haven't made any engagements to go out to-night. I've several things to do—checks to make out for the first of the month—and my report to prepare for the 'Friends.'" She was secretary-treasurer of The Friends of Bach. "You don't mind staying in?"

He replied, in a tone intended to be matter-of-fact: "Oh, no. I've brought home some work to do." His throat, however, was tight with a nervous constriction that made his voice sound husky. He coughed elaborately.

"That's good," she said. "I'll run along then. You finish your cigarette."

She walked out, looking aside at the floor as she went. He waited till he heard her in her writing room above him and then, gulping his coffee and puffing hastily at his cigarette, he abandoned himself to his clandestine excitement as nervously as a small boy approaching a secret escapade. Upstairs, in the portfolio on his desk, there was a letter from her—a long, typewritten letter which she

had evidently spent most of the afternoon composing. And it was most ingeniously composed to look like stray pages from the script of a novel, starting abruptly at the top of page 38 and running to an unfinished ending at the bottom of page 47. It began like this:

“38

when he kissed her for the first time on that wonderful morning.

She felt that she had always loved him, always. Long before she ever knew him she had seen him in her day-dreams—”

That was as far as he read before she whispered, “Oh, no, don’t read it now. Read it to-night and write to me. Write me a poem. Darling! I’m going to dream of you all night.”

The letter was waiting for him now, in his study, still unread, because he had saved it like an assignation, for the evening. He delayed over his cigarette long enough to achieve a necessary appearance of nonchalance, and then he began to mount the colonial staircase slowly to his study on the top floor. With every pretense of indifference, he came to the door at the foot of the flight of stairs that led to his study, but once it had closed behind him, he ran up the stairs noiselessly in his evening pumps—he always dressed for dinner with Mrs. Bamby—and switched on the lights, and tiptoed swiftly to the portfolio on his writing desk, and found her letter with eager and excited fingers.

Once it was in his hands, he hesitated. He put it down again and began to prepare to read it luxuriously. He took off his dinner jacket and slipped on a green silk dressing-gown that he always worked in. He filled himself a pipe, and took her letter, and sat down with it in a Pickwick chair before the fire, smiling as if he had his conquest on his knee.

And he was at once aware that he was sitting in the heart of a historic moment. It was almost like picking up the manuscript of a new and unknown poet and realizing, after five lines, that he was reading the work of a second Shake-

speare. Here, he felt, was a Great Love—one of the Great Loves of the Ages. The girl was inspired, possessed, glorified into something transcendent and immortal, by the calm madness of her self-abnegation. Writing of herself in the third person, she confessed that she envied that woman in the newspapers who had lived concealed for years in a cubbyhole behind a dentist’s office, unknown to everyone, seen only by the man she lived for, a solitary “love slave” as the papers called her. “She longed to be hidden in his life like that,” she wrote. “Oh, if he had only been her father and her mother so that she might feel that her very flesh was his, and it was in a way, because she ate nothing that she didn’t buy with the money that she earned working for him, *his* money—and what was she anyway but flesh made out of that food? She never wore any clothes that she didn’t buy the same way, so that inside and out she was all his, all his. He owned her. She had no life except through him. She wanted to leave her father so that she might owe to him, her lover, the roof over her and the walls around her and everything that sheltered and warmed her.”

As for him, he was wonderful. He was sweet, he was kind, he was beautiful. Not merely handsome, beautiful. When he kissed her it was like some sweet drug that doped her, and it made her so hungry for more kisses that she could think of nothing else. She was so happy. And *he* must be happy. He mustn’t worry about trouble and responsibilities, but just love her and let her love him. Let her be burned in the flame of his genius, like the oil in some mystical lamp, to keep it alive. It didn’t matter about her. She was nothing, nobody. If he loved her and destroyed her, how happy she would be to be consumed and wasted—

Bamby’s pipe had gone out, and he put it on the floor beside him. He was no longer lolling comfortably in his chair; he was leaning forward, crouched over the letter, pale with emotion, his eyes

wet with a flattered tenderness. He jumped up, once, and threw his head back, and stamped his foot, and began to pace up and down the long room excitedly, making strange exultant gestures and swallowing a lump in his throat, with a confused expression of face as if he were trying to laugh and cry together. Then, remembering Mrs. Bamby below, he tiptoed back to his chair, grinning fiercely, crouched over the letter again and went on reading it.

And Mrs. Bamby, below him, took off her nose glasses and glanced up at the ceiling at the first staglike stamp of his foot. What had made him do that? What could possibly be going on? When she turned back to her treasurer's report, she still kept one ear on the ceiling, pausing every now and then to listen.

At ten o'clock, finding herself chilly, she went to her bathroom and filled a hot-water bottle for him and gathered up a steamer rug to wrap around his knees. Whatever was going on, he must not be allowed to catch cold, and these damp spring nights were dangerous. She advanced up his stairs as implacably as a trained nurse, and when she saw him writing, she had no suspicion that she was intruding on a moment of literary communion between another Abelard and a modern Heloise. He had a huge dictionary at one hand and a thesaurus at the other. As she approached, he turned his page of manuscript face down and buried himself in the dictionary.

It might be, of course, that he had been involved in some office dispute about publishing a book and that he was drawing up a statement of his objections to it. Although she was part-owner of the publishing house, he had jealously refused to discuss such matters with her. If they came to her at all, they had to come through the president, her brother-in-law, her sister's husband. And she had acquiesced in this roundabout arrangement so that Bamby might preserve an appearance of independent authority in his department. After all,

men were like that. "I was afraid you might be cold, dear," she said.

He did not reply, he merely grunted; and she accepted the grunt as expressing preoccupation as well as implying a certain resentment at her intrusion. She put the hot-water bottle at his back and wrapped the rug around his legs as best she could. "All right, thanks," he muttered, turning the pages of his dictionary in pursuit of some difficult word—a pursuit so exciting, apparently, that he was quite flushed and nervous.

She went downstairs again, puzzled. Bamby was a small man, easily intimidated; and in every household matter and in all their social life she dominated him like a large and stern parent. But in the face of his resentful vanity about his office affairs, she had not dared to ask him what was wrong, and she planned to wait until he was in bed asleep and then read what he had been writing.

She waited, listening, until midnight. At the stroke of twelve she went to the deserted kitchen in her dressing-gown and made him a cup of coffee. She found him, now, busily copying with pen and ink the report which he had been composing in lead pencil. "I think I'll go to bed, dear," she said. "Don't stay up too late."

It was so sweetly spoken that no one could possibly have suspected her. Bamby nodded in a tense absorption, his writing covered with a strip of blotting paper, studying his thesaurus. She was aware of something strained and watchful in his preoccupation. And after she had got into bed, lying on her back, her eyes on the darkness above her, she heard him secretly pacing up and down his study, as nervous as a cat.

At two o'clock, he came downstairs and tiptoed to his adjoining bedroom. At three, he was asleep, and she was sitting at his desk, sternly reading the flattering effusion which he had been all evening pouring out to some anonymous "Darling Girl" who evidently worked in his office.

(To Be Concluded)



HOW SHALL WE DEAL WITH CRIME?

BY JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

Associate Justice, Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York

THE President of the United States recently voiced the general belief that in our country "life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world," and an equally general demand that a cure be found for this condition. It is popularly assumed that this cure is to be found by changing the machinery of the administration of criminal justice. This assumption is coupled with an unreasoned and uninformed belief that increased severity of punishment is the panacea. Yet, viewed in the broad perspective of history, the student realizes that fundamentally severe punishment as such has never retarded the progress of waves of crime and that legal machinery in itself is a wholly inadequate instrument for stamping out widespread lawbreaking. In plain truth, there has been cast on the administration of justice a burden which it cannot sustain without the aid of modern psychiatric science. For the man in the street the crime problem is over when the jury renders a verdict of guilty and the judge imposes a sentence. In fact, the real solution of the problem has then only begun.

The last decade has witnessed the first satisfactory scientific surveys by experts into the causes of crime and the most promising means for its alleviation. As to details, these experts differ among themselves. On one thing, for the most part, they agree—that there must be fundamental change in the attitude of government toward the treatment of crime and fundamental change of a kind

which the courts themselves cannot make. We need progressive legislation that must be rooted deep in an altered public attitude toward crime and the criminal. Dean Pound has sagely pointed out that the law does not lead, but follows public opinion. And yet it does constantly readapt itself, slowly but surely, to those modifications of life and thought which are soundly established.

Until comparatively modern times it was the custom to treat insanity by whipping the patient to exorcise the devils which possessed him. Psychiatrists are teaching us to see that to-day the treatment of the criminal has little more rational relationship to the factors involved. Psychology and psychiatry are new sciences. Within the memory of many of us psychology was flippantly described as a pseudo-science; and, with its requisite conservatism, the law has been slow to engraft upon itself the teachings of these new branches of learning. To-day psychology and psychiatry rest upon a firm basis of research and accomplishment. The time has come when the law must heed their teaching. To accomplish this, public opinion must be informed.

I have set for myself here the task of stating for the layman not any original contribution to this field of thought, but rather what the scientific investigator has discovered, what the voter may call upon his legislator to use. There is one reform with which the law, as such, must charge itself. Dr. Sheldon Glueck, a leader among contemporary penologists, has convincingly urged the sharp

differentiation between the process of the ascertainment of guilt and the process of the treatment of the guilty. The former is essentially the function of the courts. It should undoubtedly be discharged with greater efficiency. Those who clamor for severity are right to the extent of their demand that we should sweep away age-old technicalities which delay the day of trial and impair the inevitable certainty of correct judgment. There is no longer reason or justice in the principle that a defendant may stand mute while a jury may not be allowed to draw the natural inference therefrom that he is afraid to speak. This is but one illustration of a number of technicalities that impede the progress of a criminal cause.

Our real concern, however, is with the disposition we are to make of the criminal after he is convicted. To-day we send him to prison for a more or less fixed term. Even the so-called indeterminate sentence, with a maximum and a minimum, is rigid. If he is very young, he may go to a so-called reformatory. At times he is placed upon probation. But with certain exceptions, inconsequential in number and in degree, nothing is done to ascertain the causes of his transgression or to remove them. The result is appalling to anyone who has in his heart a love of our youth and a hope for their advancement. For the problem is largely one of youth.

A recent investigation disclosed that forty-five per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing Prison were boys under twenty-five years of age. In one year forty-six per cent of the persons convicted of crime in the courts of record in New York State were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. In the Court of General Sessions, the great criminal court of New York City, out of some three thousand offenders investigated, over sixty-two per cent were under twenty-five years of age. These youthful offenders are punished generally by no other criterion than the seriousness of their offense. To a shocking extent the

first conviction is the final blow to the promise of a young life. For, when we add to the forty-five per cent of the inmates of Sing Sing who are themselves under twenty-five, the second or third offenders who first entered upon a criminal career when they were under that age, and when we study similar conditions in other penal institutions, we are brought to a realization of the fact that sometimes as many as three-quarters of a group investigated first became criminals when they were under the age of twenty-five.

II

We must starkly face the fact, therefore, that in experience there is practically nothing curative in our present method of sentencing prisoners according to the seriousness of the crime. In a study made of five hundred men discharged from Massachusetts penal institutions, Doctor Glueck has shown that there is practically no relationship between the seriousness of the first offense and the criminal conduct of the prisoner during the period after his first discharge. We have fallen into the hit-or-miss habit of making the punishment fit the crime. The psychiatrist teaches us that we must make the punishment fit the criminal. To that end there are certain very definite factors in the life of the first offender which must be ascertained. Some are economic, some psychological, some psychiatric. When these factors are ascertained, it frequently appears that the man who commits a serious offense is much less anti-social than a minor offender. Frequently the minor offender is a graver danger to society than the major one. On the other hand, very often the delinquency of the major offender can be definitely related to removable causes. Certainly there is neither reason nor sanity in the process by which we take a first offender guilty of a serious offense and, with no attempt to understand or to reclaim him, incarcerate him in a prison where practically nothing is done to change his anti-social

personality, and thus permanently cast him upon a human ash heap.

It is not too much to ask, at least with respect to youthful offenders, and particularly with respect to youthful first offenders, that the administration of justice should begin to work hand in hand with the psychiatrist for the reclamation of valuable human material. The future of such offenders should not be forecast by the determinate sentence of a judge necessarily endowed with human fallibility. Hindsight is ever better than foresight, and we should use hindsight in shaping the lives of such offenders. Upon conviction they should, of course, be placed under restraint for the protection of society. The duration and character of that restraint must be determined by the careful observation of penologists and psychiatrists, subject, of course, to such review as will prevent abuse. We must change the condition which sends a boy to prison or reformatory only to come out with every criminal propensity accentuated by a period of confinement under the most anti-social conditions. Such an offender should be handed over to a board authorized to confine him, to study his peculiarities, mental, physical, social, and moral, to cure him if he can be cured, to retain him in custody so long as he is a menace to society, and to release him to freedom when serious risk to society from his conduct has disappeared. For we now know beyond peradventure that there are cases where criminal propensity can be cured. The result sometimes is reached merely by removal of physical ailment—a gland or nerve—sometimes by education in the conventional manner, sometimes by the straightening out of those mysterious warpings of the subconscious personality which psychoanalysis has taken for a name, sometimes by the alleviation of extraneous social pressures, and often by a combination of two or more of these methods.

This process which the psychiatrist and the penologist point out to us is a

new one and untried. But if it lacks the sanction of experience, it none the less has the validity of logic. The situation is grave enough to call for sane social adventure into an untried but promising field. It may readily be subjected to the test of experience by confining it in the first instance to first offenders under the age of twenty-one. There is a fundamental human appeal to try out this adventure if we focus it upon the endeavor to reclaim young men first wandering astray and to transform them from permanent liabilities into useful assets of society.

It is important to recognize at least two objections which the conservative urges against the psychiatrists. The first is that there must necessarily be punishment and that the element of punishment is unduly diluted in the proposed change. But society has no interest in punishment as such. Vindictiveness is not an attribute of criminal administration. Punishment is of importance as a means, not an end, and useful only in so far as it operates successfully to deter the commission of crime. No one can gainsay that the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence demonstrates that in and of itself, administered in the haphazard fashion in which we have applied it, it has failed of its purpose. It is not proposed to abolish punishment, but rather to make it effective by basing it upon intelligent investigation and ascertained fact. The promise and the hope is that, so modified, punishment will really begin successfully to function as a cure for crime.

The second objection is the conventional one that the reformer wishes to coddle the criminal, that he is a sentimentalist. Generally all who believe that increased severity is not a panacea are unthinkingly branded as sentimentalists with an undue regard for the happiness of the criminal. The very reverse is the fact. The reformer is the realist. The reactionary is the sentimentalist. There is nothing sentimental about the proposal that society does not ade-

quately protect itself against the criminal by ignoring the facts of modern science and continuing blindly along the paths which were marked out in ignorance of truths which we now know. There was a time when under the law of England there were over two hundred capital offenses and yet crime flourished to an amazing and unusual degree. This was due in large measure to the fact that juries were loath to convict a man of a crime which was punishable by death, and to-day juries are loath to convict a man when they know that by some arbitrary mandatory law the judge is required to imprison him for a long term of years or for life. Sentimentality lurks rather in the instinctive demand to continue illogical and ill-adjusted severity. The law has a two-

fold purpose—to protect society and to reclaim the offender. For the accomplishment of both it is vital that we should understand the manifold causes of economic pressure, of social distress, of mental disease, of emotional illness, of physical ailment, which often combine to create what we loosely call the criminal tendency. And it is equally vital that we should treat the criminal in the light of our understanding of these factors. The law must take counsel with science. The layman, for whose ultimate benefit the law exists, must study these problems and must be ready to yield fundamental and fixed preconceptions when he learns that they are wrong and learns how to right them.

The problem of crime is to be solved only by such basic change.

INTROSPECTION

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

THERE is no prayer upon my lips
Nor is there any in my heart—
I cannot touch my finger tips
And kneeling bid all pain depart;

Nor ask of God what I would gain—
Nay! all my strength must be within—
In that strange place where soul meets brain.
If this be evil I must sin.

And yet—it's strange—if I could pray,
What would I ask? I do not know.
There is not aught for which I'd say,
"Ah, God in Heaven, I want it so!"

Unless perhaps it could be this—
To find a dream, to see a star,
And know the strange unequalled bliss
Of reaching out—for things too far.



THIS MATERNAL INSTINCT

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IT would be a bold writer who would attempt to say the last word on the mooted maternal instinct. But since so many men have had their say on the subject in sermon and in poem, perhaps a woman observer of her own sex may be permitted to add a word.

From the beginning of time woman's maternity has been a matter of no little import to man. Anthropology tells us that the early agricultural tribes made their women the star actresses in orgiastic fertility rites and that their descendants deified an Earth Mother who was the author of all life. With progress came the knowledge that man played a part in the process of conception, and so it happened that woman lost her mystic significance. But the myth of the mother-god survived in one guise or another among the Greeks, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians; and centuries later something very akin to it springs up in southern Europe in the form of the cult of the Virgin Mary. No longer considered a symbol of fertility, the new Queen of Heaven soon came to be glorified as the ideal mother, full of bounty and mercy for all mankind. Legend had it that she herself had been known to deliver a woman of a sinfully begotten child, to heal a man's ugly sores with the milk from her own breasts, and to perform many another act of divine mercy. In short, the men of the Middle Ages came to attribute to Mary Queen of Heaven all of the tenderness, the pity, and the self-sacrificing nobility not to be found on earth. But naïve as they were in many respects, they were never so naïve as to

identify womankind in general with their goddess.

It was left to the Anglo-Saxon poets—in that access of idealism which marked the nineteenth century—to see the Madonna in every mother. Wordsworth sang of "A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command, and yet a spirit still and bright, with something of an angel light." Following the same tradition, the American psychologist Thorndike described the maternal instinct as follows:

"All women possess from early childhood to death some interest in human babies, and a responsiveness to the looks, gestures, and cries of infancy, being moved to instinctive comforting acts by childish signs of pain, grief, and misery. This series of situations and responses constitutes the maternal instinct in its most typical form."

Another psychologist, William McDougall, believes that "it would be easy to wax enthusiastic in the cause of an instinct that is the source of the only entirely admirable, satisfying, and perfect human relationship, as well as of every kind of purely disinterested conduct."

The poets and the theoretical psychologists have merely voiced the belief still held by most men that there is something inherently noble in mother love, that every "normal woman" wants babies, and that "the right sort of woman" will devote her life to her children and ask no other outlet for her ego. It is these assumptions which I should like to examine, not in the light of what men have loosely believed to be

true of women, but in the light of what science has actually discovered about the maternal emotions, and of what women themselves reveal by their own actions and confessions.

II

The psychologists and the writers who hold that maternal love is instinctive rest their case on the fact that in the animal world the female's whole life is adapted to the necessity of feeding, warming, and protecting her young, and that among the higher animals a mother will show the greatest heroism in protecting her brood. It is true that lionesses and tigresses are fierce in defense of their cubs; but it is also true that they will occasionally abandon them, or eat them under stress of starvation as Robert Briffault admits in his theoretical study *The Mothers*. But in the case of the primates he believes that the "maternal functions have been transferred into maternal love" despite the fact that there is no evidence to show that the mother monkey's devotion lasts beyond the nursing period.

Passing on to primitive peoples, Briffault points to the existence of maternal love in certain Eskimo and Indian tribes where mothers have been observed to be most passionately attached to their children. But he refers to a very limited number of tribal groups—as his anthropologist critics have pointed out; and here again, he presents no evidence to show how long the mother's attachment persists. Anthropologists say that the nursing period may last as long as four or five years, but that when it is over the child often loses intimate contact with his mother and becomes one of a number of children in a household where there may be a number of mothers. Among the Zunis, for instance—the most nearly primitive untouched tribe left in North America—we are told that it is difficult to distinguish the mothers of their own offspring; while in Samoa, according to Margaret Mead, the young children are given over to the

care of the older children as soon as they are weaned, since child-rearing is considered a task unworthy of the grown-ups. On the other hand, the Cheyenne Indians of North America spend much of their time fashioning miniature villages and other educational toys for their children, while some Patagonian tribes have been known to leave a district or remain longer than was desirable merely to satisfy the whim of a child. Among all of these tribes mores, not instinct, would appear to be the determining factor in the relationship of parents to children.

The same social principle determines the attitude of primitive women toward pregnancy and birth. Among many of the tribes of India a woman's life is blighted if she has no children, or if she has only girl children; and among the Indians of Vancouver Island a bride ransoms herself from her husband's family by having three children. Yet an Iroquois woman is considered *déclassée* if she has children within five years of one another, and in the South Sea Islands the technic of abortion is highly developed. Infanticide, as we know, is common among a great many tribes, and is not always at the behest of the father or of the community. Natchez women of the Mississippi Valley and Tonga women of the South Seas kill their babies in public *to raise their personal rank*; while certain itinerant tribes in Australia, according to Spencer and Gillen, make it the rule that the first two children shall be killed, since they consider the burden of a large family too great for the mother. Nor is there any record that the women object to this practice. Westermarck tells us, however, that in most tribes the custom calls for the killing of the infant within a given number of days or hours—before the mother has had a chance to become fond of it. But the fact remains that infanticide and abortions are an accepted social custom among many primitive peoples.

The most outstanding characteristic of civilized society, as compared with

primitive, would seem to be the stress upon the individual's and the family's private life, in contrast to the habits of the tribe as a whole. Together with this change has come a diminution in work for women, with the net result that the affective relationship between mother and offspring has been prolonged for many years beyond the nursing period. This prolongation has led to the development of a complex set of maternal responses which are usually lumped together as the "maternal instinct." Of late, however, there has been more than a little dispute among psychologists as to whether there are any "pure instincts," i.e., inherited behavior patterns, and whether, if there are, the maternal instinct as it is usually conceived, belongs among them.

Thorndike, in declaring that "all women possess from early childhood to death some interest in human babies," probably had in mind the commonly accepted belief that all little girls love dolls and that during adolescence they experience a heightened interest in babies. As a matter of fact, mothers frequently have to teach their daughters to handle dolls gently; and there is good reason to believe that every child's play with dolls is simple imitation—as parents recognize when a little boy cries for a doll like his sister's. They see no paternal instinct there! It is noticeable, too, that in a family where there are two or three sisters, the one who does not play with dolls usually turns out to be the most indifferent to social example when she grows up.

Nor is there any proof that girls experience a heightened interest in babies as they approach adolescence; in fact, there is some proof to the contrary. In the English *National Review* for February 1900, Catherine Dodd reports the interesting results of a questionnaire sent to different groups of school children between the ages of eleven and thirteen, inquiring as to their ideals. Of the 289 girls who answered the questionnaire in England (while the

Boer War was going on) 35 per cent wished to be men, while only one boy out of 302 wished to be a woman; 30 per cent of the girls wished to be nurses like Florence Nightingale, and the remaining 30 per cent wanted to be women so as to escape the responsibilities of life. Not a word about motherhood. In Sweden, in a group of 425 girls, 48 per cent chose men as their ideals and gave as their reason the desire to excel in intellectual and artistic pursuits. Yet in a group of 196 German children the girls stressed maternal and domestic duties, while the boys stressed civic virtues, showing what a difference social regimentation can make.

A somewhat similar questionnaire, submitted to a group of children in one of our Southern high schools (Ruth Reed, *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Volume 18) showed that the majority of the girls dreamed of a career which had as its center marriage to a rich man, with children as an accessory in most cases. Some thought that marriage without children would be wrong, or not permanent; others that life would be stupid with nothing to do, while only a few gave love for children as their reason for wanting them.

In a group of 900 girls in Massachusetts (*Stanford University Studies in Education*) not one mentioned marriage as a career. These girls came from poor homes where they had very likely seen their mothers bowed down by child-bearing, and they apparently had no wish to follow in their footsteps.

In my own circle of acquaintances I have noticed that the young woman in her teens who *does* respond warmly to infants has almost invariably grown up in a home where baby worship was an actual cult. This is apt to be the case in a well-to-do family, where the pattern of life has been kept simple, and the mother is a woman of no great brilliance or personal ambition, but of an affectionate nature and of sufficient intelligence to know how to elicit children's best selves through a policy of

sound discipline. Under such auspicious conditions the growing girl may become accustomed to the care of younger brothers or sisters, or the babies of relatives, without feeling overburdened with responsibility for them. She will discover the delights of holding and of kissing the soft little unresisting creatures, and as a consequence she will very likely want to have children of her own. But the average American girl—who has not been accustomed to babies—is more likely to be moved to annoyance, rather than pity, by the sound of an infant's crying. Certainly the last thing she wants to do is care for the neighbors' children.

III

It might be supposed, however, that this "interest in human babies" manifests itself when a woman marries and knows that she is in a position to have them. But here again we must discount the force of social example before we can get at the facts in the case.

The primitive woman accepted child-bearing as part of the married state ordained by the tribe and the gods. But believing, as she did, that life was quickened within her by an earth spirit rather than by her mate, she did not associate conception with the passion act. Later civilization brought some scientific knowledge of the reproductive process, and in its wake came Christianity to teach women that the flesh in itself was evil, and that intercourse was justified only by conception. In the course of the centuries, not only the church, but society as a whole has conspired to force this idea upon our sex. And so it happens that there are still thousands of women who believe that marriage would be "wrong" without children—and who never stop to ask themselves whether they want them or not.

When the specific question, "Are you glad that you are going to have a child?" was put to a group of women in a pre-

natal clinic, sixty-five out of eighty-seven replied in the negative, their answers ranging from a timid and frightened denial to the indignant rejoinder of one woman who wanted to know whether the questioner thought she was crazy. Of the twenty-two who expressed no aversion to having children, very few gave love for them as their motive. The prevailing attitude, according to the investigator, was one of resignation and passive acceptance of an inevitable concomitant of marriage. (Ruth Reed, *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, Vol. 18.)

The woman who cares about the opinion of society is not so ready to admit the fact that she does not want a child. Indeed, doctors insist that most women of the well-to-do classes—except the "vain, pleasure-loving" ones—are willing to have at least one child. If they are, it is not surprising, since they have so much idle time on their hands, and since there may be various motives back of their desire to conceive, which have nothing to do with a love for children.

First let us take the imaginative woman who is deeply in love with her husband. She will want a child as a completion or a "symbol" of the passion act—a poetic aspiration. The possessive instinct will also make her want a small edition of her beloved, which she can be sure of possessing wholly and for all time. On the other hand, the woman whose husband shows dangerous signs of philandering will seize upon a child as the obvious means of holding him. By the same token, the woman who is not greatly in love with her husband may crave a child as a substitute emotional outlet.

An even more powerful urge is created, doctors tell us, in women who are unable to conceive or who have had miscarriages. Caught in such a dilemma, they feel that nature has cheated them, and so—like orphans who have been denied what almost every other child has as a matter of course—

they work up a feverish desire to conceive.

Finally, there is the appeal to the imagination. The mystery of the experience—the amazing idea of bringing to life another human being—the possibility of exploring a new realm of human relationship—these are the forces which impel many women to conceive, no matter how full their lives may already be.

Yet on the other side of the shield one finds women of imagination, although fewer in number it is true, who have deliberately chosen not to have children. In this group are the artists, writers, and professional women who find their work so absorbing, and their husbands so adequate emotionally, that they feel no need for children. In a somewhat different category is the woman who has no profession, but who prefers marriage to motherhood—paradoxically speaking. Such a young woman, writing anonymously in the January 1928 issue of *Plain Talk*, said that she had decided not to have children because she did not want her happy companionship and emotionally perfect relationship with her husband to be spoiled in any way. She had observed that the couples of her acquaintance who had most successfully preserved a romantic feeling for each other were the childless ones. She doubted, too, that a child would be worth the candle: he would inevitably have to suffer the same disappointments in life that she had suffered, and he could hardly be counted on to love her in her old age. Whether or not this young woman's point of view is typical of the "hard-boiled" moderns, it is at least significant in its honesty, revealing as it does how perfectly natural it is for a woman to consider herself and her own happiness—and little else when she faces the ordeal of having a child.

IV

"But what of the vast army of unmarried women?" a masculine reader

raises to inquire. "Aren't *they* living thwarted, unhappy lives for want of children?"

The Freudians for their part have presented plenty of evidence—in the form of day-dreams as well as night-dreams—to prove that the average "bachelor-girl" is secretly restive in her state of single lonesomeness and that, to put it bluntly, she needs a mate. They will tell you that she also needs a child, and that the one biological desire is implicit in the other. But if it were, a neurologist points out, there would be more women who have dream-children.

Other mind specialists observe that it is when women have arrived at their thirties and forties and lost all hope of marrying that they begin to brood over the absence of children in their lives. Whether they brood because they hate to be different from other women, or because they genuinely like children, is still another question. It is true that an increasing number of single women are adopting children—lonely women and women who take an imaginative delight in young people's society. But one knows bachelors who are just as hungry for the companionship of children, so hungry that they are apt to adopt them—literally as did Barrie, or spiritually as did Lewis Carroll. Also to be taken into account these days is the occasional woman who is so starved for human affection, or so rashly experimental, that she will dare to bear a child without benefit of wedlock. But the independent modern woman, whose life is not barren of other interests, would not think of paying the price of social ostracism—or of making the child pay the price, much as she would like the opportunity to watch a child of her own grow and develop. Nor would she think of marrying a man who does not appeal to her as a lover and a companion, no matter how excellent a *pater familias* he might make. Even the woman to whom children make a strong æsthetic and emotional appeal may continue quite contentedly in her single way,

provided that she is happy in her work and associations. In this connection there are some interesting conclusions to be gleaned from Dr. Katherine Bement Davis's article in the March 1928 *Harper's* in which she presented the results of a questionnaire sent to 1077 college women. Out of this number only 532 regretted not having married, and of the latter only 16.7 per cent mentioned the lack of children as their principal reason for regret. Others, however, regretted home and children, or husband and children, but even this group represented less than a quarter of the total number of women questioned. It must be remembered, too, that most of these women had had at least one chance to marry.

Looking at married as well as unmarried women, I should say that the happiest are those who have good health and who feel successful and effective in whatever role they are playing. There is obviously no comparison between the vitality and personality of the single woman of forty-five—let us say—who is doing a constructive piece of work in one of the professions, and the woman of the same age who has suddenly come up against the realization that neither her husband nor her children need her any longer. The woman of affairs will hardly envy the latter. She may, however, regret not having had children as well as a career—just as every one of us regrets that we cannot crowd two or three lives into one. But there is nothing in such a woman's personality to suggest that a vital instinct has been thwarted.

If we consider all of the motives that impel women to marry or not to marry, to have children or not have children, we can but conclude that all women do *not* "possess from childhood to death some interest in human babies." If this interest is there, this desire for children, it is so often obscured by other motives, or so easily deflected, that it can hardly be called instinctive. Even the yearning for a symbol of love's passion or for the

experience of motherhood is a product of civilized thought—a far cry from any primary impulse.

V

A good case might still be made out for the traditional maternal instinct if it could be proved that women who bear children forthwith lose all thought of self and become totally absorbed in the process of nurturing and rearing them.

It may be rather a shock to the layman to be told that the most advanced psychologists are now convinced that the mother's response to the child is fundamentally a physical reaction. And yet that is not a particularly new theory. Back in the nineteenth century the English psychologist Bain startled the Victorians by declaring that "the mother's tender emotion derives chiefly from an intense pleasure in the embrace of the young—a pleasure which may be as purely physical as that resulting from the embrace between the sexes." "For the sake of this pleasure," he reasoned, "the human mother discovers the necessity of nourishing the subject of it, and of making the requisite sacrifices."

To-day the experimental psychologists have reached similar conclusions. John B. Watson, while carrying on his experiments with newborn infants at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, observed that the maternal emotion was frequently aroused in mothers who had at first been cold to their infants by the stimulation of the nerves of sexual feeling in the mammary glands. His observations are corroborated by reports from other public maternity hospitals, where the rule holds that an unmarried mother is not to be left alone with her child until she has had it at her breast.

Yet there are many twentieth-century women who take no pleasure in nursing. Even the earthy type of mother who has abundant milk may not react to the experience as the psychologists expect her to. I think, for instance, of a woman who has five children and has been the

traditionally devoted mother in every other respect, but who found nursing most distasteful indeed. Another, who is a more cerebral type, but at the same time an unusually healthy and well-poised individual, says that she felt dragged out and depressed the whole time that she was nursing. Contrasted with them are other women of breeding and intellect who admittedly derive sensuous delight from the process, so that one is at a loss to generalize. A number of cases point to the conclusion, however, that it is the highly-sexed woman who takes the greatest pleasure in nursing—and this would be consistent with Watson's theory.

Not only the nursing, but the holding and caressing of the child will arouse the mother's tender emotion—according to L. L. Bernard, whose book on *The Instincts* is considered the standard work of its kind. Watson adds that the mother's coddling is at bottom a sex-seeking response; otherwise she would not kiss the child on the lips. Certainly any honest woman who has ever held a baby in her arms will admit that the emotion aroused by the child's embrace has a sexual element in it. For the parent the pleasure of the embrace is heightened by the assurance that the baby will reciprocate; whereas the response of another grownup is never certain.

Bernard believes that it is also instinctive for a mother to jump forward when her baby cries. At the same time he scoffs at the idea that a mother knows instinctively how to care for her child, and in proof he points to the high rates of infant mortality in those districts and countries where mothers have not had the benefit of scientific instruction in the care of infants. Watson, arguing in the same vein, declares that there is no more awkward sight than that of an inexperienced mother bathing her baby for the first time.

Yet most mothers are eager to learn how to take care of their babies, and it is undoubtedly true that many a mother has saved her child's life by unparalleled devotion to its needs. The average

mother is not only intent upon preserving her child because it affords her sensuous delight—as Bain argues—but because she has come to identify it with herself and to take overweening pride in it. Here the possessive instinct comes into full play, as it always does when a stronger creature is responsible for a weaker creature. Out of this compound of physical response, social responsibility, and possessive instinct is born the thing we call mother love. As long as it remains truly instinctive—with a desire to have and to hold forever—it is *au fond* self-centered. But in the degree that it is blended with a generous nature and a true philosophy of life, it becomes capable of selflessness and nobility.

In any event, mother love is bound to be an absorbing experience; and yet so far as one can observe, there is only one type of woman whom it altogether absorbs, and that is the intensely emotional type, the woman who is so carried away by the thrill of possessing another creature that she loses all sense of balance and becomes completely submerged. This is especially likely to happen when a woman has her first child—if she has no rational detachment or saving sense of humor. On the other hand, there is evidence to show that the great run of women experience a sharp conflict between their individual desires and their sense of duty to their children. Spencer astutely called this inevitable clash "the antagonism between individuation and genesis"; and to-day the psycho-analysts declare that it is an important factor even before birth. In this connection Flügel asserts that a surprisingly large number of dreams occurring during pregnancy have as their motive the death of the child. Substantiating the latter theory, an American psychiatrist told me the story of a pregnant woman, a perfectly sane individual, who dreamed that her baby was lying dead in a coffin. She protested that the dream could not be a wish-fulfillment, because she desired the baby. But during the day previous

to the dream she had felt very miserable and had been obliged to give up three interesting engagements. As a result her subconscious registered a strong objection to the cause of her misery. Numbers of women, too, loathe the physical degradation of pregnancy and birth, as the anti-feminist "Jane Smith" so candidly admitted in these pages some time ago. Other women have been known to turn from their babies at birth with profound disgust and disappointment. Watson observed in the maternity hospital that the women who were not bound by a sense of social convention were the ones who took no pains to hide their real feelings toward their babies.

When it comes to nursing, women no longer feel any social compulsion. In fact, the great run of women of the leisure class—doctors say—rarely nurse their children for more than six weeks at the most; some of them flatly refuse, while others offer one pretext or another. Apparently they consider their own comfort and the preservation of their figures of more importance than any possible benefit which their babies might derive from breast nursing. In other respects, too, their social tradition demands very little of them as mothers, with the result that they turn their children over to servants and governesses, see them at stated intervals, and keep their social engagements as usual.

Outstanding exceptions to the rule are extremely conscientious women, and those who delight in the society of children. The latter understand young folk so well that they can manage them with the minimum of friction; and they find in their companionship a refreshment that they cannot get elsewhere. So they are quite willing to spend a great deal of time with their own children and to devote themselves to the study of modern methods of education. Yet even the most enthusiastic of these mothers tell me that they find it a strain to be with their children constantly.

The average young mother—who has

not this imaginative rapport with her children but is, nevertheless, obliged to spend most of her time with them—is bound to experience a recurrent inner conflict when she thinks of the pleasures she has sacrificed and the fatigue that is her daily lot. She may not complain, but her rebellion will manifest itself in ragged nerves and uneven discipline, and she will be weighed down by a general sense of martyrdom.

The active type of woman who formerly had a congenial occupation feels this conflict the most keenly of all. Freudian analysts talk of women who "gladly give up their work for the sake of husband and children"; yet I have never known one woman of proved ability—as contrasted with the woman of no professional future—who did not keenly regret her work. As a striking example, I think of a girl who made a promising beginning as a singer and then married and had a child unintentionally; economic difficulties and ill-health resulting from childbirth have prevented her from regaining a foothold in her profession, and to-day one reads bitter disappointment in her face, conscientious mother that she is. Another girl who is devoting much time and energy to her children's training along scientific lines, says that she was happiest, the most "on her toes" the year that she lived in a town where she could put her children in a good nursery school and herself hold a part-time job. A commercial artist, who married with the intention of combining motherhood and career, has found that bearing three children has taken ten good years of her life and that her art has had to play second fiddle; now she is marking time until she will be free to give more of her energy to her work. A woman doctor who forsook surgery and went into a less exacting branch of medicine out of duty to her husband and child says that the whiff of ether in an operating room is still like the breath of life to her.

And so on down the line. . . . Devoted as these women are to their chil-

dren, and conscientious mothers as they are (far more so than the women of the leisure class, doctors say), they are no less eager to live their own lives. And they know that they should do so for their children's sake as well as their own. For the behaviorists and psycho-analysts have sufficiently warned them what tragedies will accrue if they vent all of their emotions and energy on their children. More modest, too, than the old-fashioned mother, they realize that their own discipline is often uneven, and that they are no better for their children as a steady diet than their children are for them. So they welcome the nursery-school as a partial solution of their problem.

But it is not only the professional woman who is straining at the leash of motherhood—as birth statistics plainly show. Dr. Louis Dublin tells us that in 1880 there were in the United States forty births to every thousand of the population—as against only twenty-one in 1926. It is a well-known fact that the rate is the lowest in those levels of society which have access to birth control information. Child specialists say off-hand that the families which they attend rarely average over two children, and that no matter how well-to-do a couple may be, they offer the timeworn economic excuse as their reason for having small families. In this connection statistics from the leading women's colleges are of interest. Reports from Smith, Wellesley, and Barnard indicate that their married graduates who have been out of college fifteen years or more, have an average of considerably less than two children; while figures from Radcliffe and Vassar, unanalyzed as to classes, likewise show an average of less than two children to a marriage. Graduates of Bryn Mawr, however, who have been married at least twenty years boast of 2.8 children per marriage.

Conscientious mothers often have a second or third child out of duty to the first, while others are anxious for a boy or a girl. A small number of women

take such sensuous and imaginative delight in babies that they are sincerely overjoyed when they conceive. But if one is to judge anything from young wives'—as well as old wives' tales—the third child is generally an accident, and very often the second. This applies even to the old-fashioned type of girl, if she has had to do all of her own work.

It is true that the woman of to-day, no less than the woman of yesterday, responds with a great rush of feeling to the sweetness and the mystery of personality in her own children; and they may well become the most important human beings in her orbit for they are her responsibility. But the extent to which they can fill her life appears to be a question not of instinct, but of emotional temperament and conflicting mental interests.

VI

The final argument advanced to prove the existence of the maternal instinct is that many women are protective not only toward children, but toward adults, animals, and helpless creatures in general. McDougall, it will be remembered, declares that the maternal instinct is the sole source of purely disinterested conduct; and Briffault holds that altruism, pity, tenderness, mercy—all the social sentiments in fact—stem from it.

We know that some women have such sympathetic temperaments that they cannot stand the sight or even the thought of human or animal suffering; while others—like our great social workers—have such abounding faith in human nature that they take joy in giving it an upward lift. Yet there are men who have the same sympathy, the same faith in mankind, although they are not so often in a position to devote their lives to serving the young and the luckless, since they must concern themselves with the struggle for not only their own, but their family's survival.

Of a similarly sympathetic nature is the woman who delights in minister-

ing to the comfort and happiness of her friends and family—Wordsworth's "spirit still and bright"—if you will. In addition to a native fund of sympathy, this type of woman generally has a definite maternal technic which she has acquired at some time in the past, through taking care of her own children if she has had any, or through looking after young brothers and sisters or a sick parent perhaps. This technic often manifests itself not only in swift thoughtfulness for other people's physical welfare, but in a tendency to encourage and advise; for such a person is likely to feel older and wiser than the rest of the world. Other women may be no less generous in friendship, although they are seldom spoken of as "maternal" for the reason that they have never acquired this special technic. Men, too, may be every whit as generous as friends; yet they are even less apt to anticipate another's physical or psychical needs, since they have not been trained to think in terms of personalities from their childhood up, as have women.

It is also argued that there is a strong maternal element in many women's love for men. Briffault's pet theory is that maternal love is the source of all love, and that the mother originally transferred a share of her affection from her child to her mate in order to trap the latter into making the hearth and protecting it. The Freudians—arguing along the same line, although, as always, from the masculine point of view—declare that a man invariably looks for his mother in the woman he loves.

Excluding the pathological cases of women who lavish maternal emotion upon men because they do not dare express any other kind, we must admit that even the normal woman "mothers" the man whom she loves to a certain extent. But men too must feel that women are dependent upon them. For as Havelock Ellis has said, any ideal relationship between the sexes predicates that the woman must be a child one moment and a mother the next, while

the man must be first a protector and next a beseeching boy, so that each in turn can feel the glow of sheltering the other.

Occasionally the maternal element predominates in a woman's love, as it did in George Sand's love for Alfred de Musset and later for Chopin. To a woman, the knowledge that a man needs her badly makes him infinitely dear. But this kind of gratification in love is not enough for most women—just as it was not enough for George Sand. She wanted not only a boy to mother, but a man who could sweep her away with his passion and command her respect with his strength; and so she found both de Musset and Chopin far from satisfactory lovers—which suggests that sexual love is something different from maternal love, Briffault and Freud* to the contrary.

As for true altruism, I must admit that I have seen no evidence that it is a feminine trait. So far women in their relations with one another and in their conduct in the business world—as Mrs. Anne W. Armstrong admitted in these pages not long ago—have shown themselves to be no more idealistic, no less self-seeking than men. Indeed, human sympathy would appear to be a matter of character not sex, while much that men have called maternal in women is merely a need of being needed.

VII

Perhaps men have worshipped woman in her niche of motherhood these many years not because they were honestly convinced that the mother principle was divine, but because it served their purpose to make womankind accept this truism. In primitive days men in their ignorance exalted maternity with awe in their hearts. But since they have learned to live by reason rather than by superstition, they have come to exhort maternity with fear in their hearts. The very fact—as another writer has pointed out—that church and state in the West-

ern world have consistently legislated against the propagation of birth-control information, would suggest that men have been more than a little fearful lest the maternal instinct in itself would not prove strong enough to hold women to the continuous job of procreation.

Men have good reason to be fearful, if they have set their patriotic hearts on mass production of human beings. For there certainly is no instinct which can be counted on to drive women on to have children in the sense that the instinct for self-preservation can be counted on to impel human beings to defend themselves. There is evidence, however, that maternal love is born out of sensuous response to babies, and that it develops into a complex emotion which derives its intensity from the possessive instinct. Maternal love as a consequence is often more sustained in its effect than any other human emotion. Furthermore, with our society organized as it is around the family unit, maternity continues to offer women one of the two greatest adventures in human relationships. So there is no danger that women will stop having children altogether.

There is every likelihood, however, that coming generations of women will look upon maternity, not as a lifelong career, but as one event in their lives. For we have seen that the mother's sense of duty toward her child is determined by social custom, in primitive as well as civilized societies. To-day, with the advent of the new psychology, it has become the thing for mothers to be less centered upon their children. So with the spread of nursery-schools and the increasing number of mothers who are holding part-time or full-time jobs, the pattern of American family life will be gradual-

ly modified, and the mother will be called upon to make fewer personal sacrifices.

The small family appears to have come to stay. It will do the Theodore Roosevelt no good to preach the glories of prolific motherhood and exhort women to fulfill their duty to the race. For women will look upon these men preachers in much the same light as soldiers look upon cabinet ministers who declare war with the comforting knowledge that they themselves will never have to lay down their lives for their country. It might better profit men to make motherhood less of a burden to women—as the Russian government has attempted to do. Let boards of education establish free nursery-schools where one trained specialist can relieve ten or fifteen mothers. Let business men permit their women employees to take maternity leaves of absence without prejudice to their jobs. Let the state subsidize a sufficient number of maternity clinics. And finally, let the medical profession attack the burning problem of maternal mortality and of physical disabilities which follow childbirth. Such measures as these are the only ones which can possibly affect the birth rate.

Women to-day are freer than were their mothers and grandmothers to assert their will and refuse to bear children under inauspicious circumstances. And they are more conscious that God gave them minds as well as bodies. That they should try to make good use of these minds is a proof not that they lack virtue as mothers, but that they are beginning to know themselves. And if they look in the mirror and see little of the Madonna—let men congratulate them on their sanity and agree that the Madonna belongs only in heaven.



SUBMARINE

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

THERE was a loud squealing in her ears and it was like the translation into sound of the hurried green twilight about her. Her head felt as if it were padded with vacuum like a thermos, but—also like a thermos filled with iced lemonade—cool, acid, and lucid inside. She watched Amos in front of her, cannon-ball-headed, waddling grotesquely, sticking out a large creased behind, like an offended rhinoceros, planting his immense feet on gardens and moving creatures and swaying flowers, flapping a portentous hand like a drunkard. "That's the man I love," she thought, gaping at him through streaked unflattering space, and as she thought this, his foot moved carelessly and he sprang, sprawling askew, to a point outside her range of vision. She could see only a blinkered view through the window in her helmet.

She was not wearing the full diving-suit but only a headpiece with a rubber "bertha" and her own bathing dress. She felt like a topheavy pawn on a drunken chessboard. The air-pipe was under her arm. The helmet was like a diving-bell with only a certain allowance of bubbling, squealing air trapped inside it. When she bowed forward to look at a little crab, the air receded up to her mouth; in fright she bent backward, and the crisp line of the water slipped down at once to her Adam's apple. Now she felt braver; she could bend her nervous weightless body a little—not too much—to allow her window to command a view of white coral branches, white craters, green-

black patches of matted weed, crabs and smiling open mussels, little glassy splinters of fish that moved off round her ankles like sun-touched midges round the pillars of a cathedral. Looking at her ankles, slim and pearl-green under a body that felt so top-heavy and undisciplined, she tried to dance a step or two. Instantly she soared by mistake—sideways—backwards—outspread like a spider. . . . She landed on one heel, unable for a moment to retrieve her aspiring right leg, in a white coral crater

"Who *was* that man like?" came suddenly into her mind as she waved and slanted in the urgent water, unable to stand, unable to fall. She was thinking of the man in charge of the raft above her. "Who *was* he like?" Her eyes remembered the man, standing in his shirtsleeves in the sun on the raft, scowling at the negroes who worked the pump, turning with an apologetic smile to her and Amos. Her ears remembered him. . . . "It's not often we get a lady on this raft, wanting to dive for the fun of the thing, too. But you couldn't wear the outfit, lady, well look, you couldn't move it—try one of the shoes . . . well look, there, you see—why you couldn't carry the weight over the side—three hundred and twenty-five pounds—of course it feels like a feather once you're under water, but it'd be the getting there. Still . . . well look, I'd like you to go down and see the *Will o' the Wisp*—she lies so pretty, just twenty-eight feet under that buoy there; we shall get the whisky out of her hold by

to-morrow night, I guess, if there really are only a hundred cases. No—she's not worth salving, herself—she was only a dot and carry one old schooner and she crumpled her bows right in, running into that rock there—the sea was pretty high and the old man must have lost his head. . . . It's only the whisky the owners want out of her; well look, right here, within a hundred miles of the Yankee buyers, whisky's worth something, I can tell you. Well look, lady, I'd like you to see her—well, why don't you go down in this gadget here what the niggers use when they don't want to bother with the whole caboodle—nothing but the helmet and the tube, you see—works just as well for a short trip.”

Well look, he said so often—who *was* that like—with that mumbled *well*, like *will*, and the open throaty *look*—“*will lok*”? It was like *Nana*—he might be *Nana's* son—that was why the connection—or disconnection—in her memory had made her so uncomfortable. Everything connected with *Nana* was wounding. The thought of *Nana* brought in a rush into her mind a young lifetime of croonings and hummings and comfortings and scoldings and rockings and forgivings. And then—*crash*—a day when *Amos* discovered that *Nana*, turned from nurse to housekeeper, had during these twenty years stolen eight hundred and thirty pounds out of the money given her for her charge's upkeep. The widow profiting by the orphan's trust. *Nana* turned out of the house. *Amos* shouting, “You're lucky we don't care to prosecute . . .” *Nana's* sailor son—who happened to be in *Harwich*—sent for in a great uproar, “Call yesself a gentleman—this is how you reward my old mother's lifetime of service. . . . I'll get a chance to get even with you some day. . . .” She had seen *Nana's* son only on that occasion—she had looked over the banisters and seen him shaking his fist.

The man on the raft *was* like him. *Amos* would not notice it—he was so shortsighted. Besides, it was ten years

ago. But “*will lok*”—it was *Nana's* exact intonation. Surely the coincidence would be *too* extraordinary. She and *Amos* were here only by chance, yachting in the West Indies—had come here idly to this lonely lagoon, having heard of the wreck of the little smuggler. “Why there's diving—oh what fun, *Vi*, let's dive.” So here they were, by chance, at the bottom of the sea, at the mercy of a man on a raft—who was like *Nana's* son. By *chance*. “I'll get a *chance* to get even. . . .” *Was* it *Nana's* son? Now, suddenly, she remembered that he had said to *Amos*, “Some people like diving, and some do it once and never do it again.” *Amos* had said, “We shall never get a chance to do it again, whether we like it or not.” And *Nana's* son had replied, “Probably not.” (It *was* *Nana's* son.) Then, to the negroes, “You goggling idiots, can't you—aw hell!—well then get to hell out of here, I'll do it myself.”

The young woman, alone in a squealing bubbling silence in the crater, looked about her in a panic, moving jointlessly like a cheap puppet. She thought thirstily of the safe dry air—of the light sky—of birds—of England—Oh, to be in England now that April's here; there's the wise elm he grows each twig twice over. . . . She tentatively pulled her air tube—the signal for help from the raft. There was no answering pull. She could probably swim upward unaided—indeed she had some difficulty in remaining down. But *Amos* in his leaden armor. . . . Where was *Amos*? Where was the wreck of the *Will o' the Wisp*? He would be there.

She began to climb prancingly up the side of the crater, a mild slope of perhaps six feet but as difficult as a mountain to her unwieldy feet. At the edge of the crater at last, she could see the wreck quite near, looking very different from her expectation. It looked like a little leaning house with a swinging door; the mast, with flags of blackish seaweed, was like a dying tree over the little house. A waltzing, inverted Spanish

onion bowing to the crushed bows of the ship, was identifiable as Amos.

As his wife approached, the unsuspecting Amos, in one flying stride like a slow-motion cinema study, aimed himself at the sloping deck of the schooner, reached it, slipped and fell, and lay in the scuppers. He did all this with absurd suspended ponderousness; his helmet, of course, could not change its expression to a smile, and this immobility gave him the earnest look of a puppy trying unsuccessfully for the first time to climb steps. His wife, however, did not smile at his antics inside her own soberly grinning mask. Somehow she reached the lower side of the ship, bruising her shoulder against a stanchion. She could reach her Amos' foot as he cautiously tried to get up. She pulled his foot; he sat down again as abruptly as the supporting water would allow him to, and bounced once. (What a field there is for a submarine low comedian.) Amos made a flapping gesture of irritation, like the "Don't bover me" of a baby.

"Amos—come quickly—that's Nana's son, we're in danger," yelled his wife. Her ears cracked. The squealing in her headpiece changed its note and crackled; she felt almost suffocated; she reeled. Amos could not hear a sound. He flapped foolishly again. "Amos—Amos!" She pulled his ankle in panic—it was all she could reach of him. He tried to draw it away. There was asperity in his flapping. She pointed upward like a Salvation Army preacher. He turned his mask towards her; she half saw his mouth moving behind the glass. He pointed at her and pointed upward as he lay along the rail at an impossible angle. He was evidently saying, "Go up yourself then, but leave me alone."

This squealing instead of silence was a more frightful answer than silence. There he was, wrapped away in his own squealing sound-proof world. A fish swam between him and her. "Amos—Amos," she screamed, and once more

was checked by semi-suffocation. Was the air being cut off from above? Amos withdrew his leaden foot from her reach. He regained a kind of perpendicularity and signed to her once more, peremptorily, that she should soar away from him. He took one step away from her. As a step, it failed. As a flight, it was unexpectedly successful; the steep deck seemed to launch him backwards into space; he flew towards his wife and, for a second, sat lightly on her iron face. She clasped him round the middle; he doubled up like a jointed foot-rule. She was saving him. She bounded about frantically. Amos managed to twist himself out of her grasp but she caught his arm. "It's Nana's son up there—an enemy." She clung with both hands to his rubber wrist.

Amos, she could see, was now quite alarmed—not suspicious of foul play but dumbfounded by the frenzied behavior of his wife. He pulled his safety cord. They were instantly caught up to heaven together, floating sideways, intertwined, through the blowing current. Their two round steel heads collided at the surface, at the foot of the raft's ladder. Someone lifted our young woman's false head off; she was herself again—she was herself in her bathing suit, unarmored, safe, as though coming aboard after a common swim.

A face bent over her. Nana's son? What *had* she been thinking of? This man was not in the least like Nana's son; he was short and broad—Nana's son had been tall and knock-kneed; this man on the raft was obviously Australian; he greeted her with an unmistakable accent, and his first words were not *will lok*, but *lok here, lidy*. . . . What madness of memory had caught her, down there in that new senseless, shadowed world?

Amos was being helped up the ladder. Someone opened his little window, and his voice leaped out like a bird out of a cage. "Good Lord, Vi, what in the world . . ." as the raftman helpfully wrenched his iron head off.



A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEW OF RUSSIA

LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN EXECUTIVE

BY CHARLES M. MUCHNIC

Vice-President, American Locomotive Sales Corporation

Moscow, February 5, 1929.

ARRIVED here yesterday afternoon, and this is my first opportunity to write. We reached the Russian border at midnight. I was met at the station by the General Manager of the Western Division of Russian Railways, and we traveled to Moscow in his private car. The examination of my baggage was only perfunctory. Mr. R. does not speak English, so he brought along the Secretary of the Foreign Section of the Railway Administration to act as interpreter. My Russian, however, has come back enough to enable me to make myself understood.

It was a great relief to enter the warm, comfortable private car after the wretched trip I had had from Berlin. A fine supper was spread on the table in the observation end of the car; caviar in abundance, smoked fish, salmon, sausage, butter, cheese, fruits, wine, and brandy. We sat and talked until half past two in the morning, and arrived in Moscow at two in the afternoon, where I was met at the station by quite a delegation from the Foreign Office, from the Railways, and from Amtorg. All the details of arrival were taken care of for me, and I drove immediately to this hotel, but could not get my rooms until five o'clock, as they were occupied by the Director of the Krupp Works of Germany who was just leaving for Berlin.

My quarters here are most incongruous. The living room is about 15 x 25,

with four large windows overlooking a square; a tiny bedroom with a plain iron bed that by no stretch of the imagination could be called comfortable, and a closet; a small bathroom, very plain and with plumbing of the Victorian era and out of repair, but yet adequate. The living room is elaborately furnished: a Russian flat top desk about 5 x 8, of the elaborate style that I recall as a boy; a writing outfit with candlesticks, ash trays, etc.; a table, divan, eight gilt chairs of French Empire style, silk tapestries, a large gilt mirror, cabinet, table, and finally a piano. The apartment costs me 18 roubles (\$9) a day, which seems reasonable. I was told Moscow is the most expensive city in Europe; if it is I am still to discover that fact.

February 6, 1929.

Called yesterday on M., the Executive Head of the Railways under R., whom I hope to see next week. Specifications which were to follow me have not yet arrived, and I shall take advantage of the delay by taking a trip through the country with some of the railway people, going down as far as the Caucasus, to Tiflis, and back. This will give me an interesting opportunity to visit all the principal cities and industrial plants, and see a good deal of the country.

T. dined with me last night, and I asked him whether the rather lax marriage and divorce laws had been reported correctly. He said that the report was partly correct, as such conditions had

existed during the early years of the revolution, but as a result of this earlier abuse the laws are becoming almost as strict as in the United States. The whole code relating to marriage and divorce is being revised and will be promulgated next fall. They will probably be much stricter and will embody the best features of such laws in other countries. Their laws aim particularly to protect women and children. No divorces are granted now except by due process of law, and both sides must show reasonable cause, especially where there are children. If the divorce is granted and there are children, the State, which is the man's employer, automatically sets aside for the support of the children one-third of the man's earnings. No man or woman can obtain a marriage license without a doctor's certificate of sound health, for diseased persons are not permitted to marry. There are no illegitimate children in Russia, for every child is registered at birth and is given its father's name, and he becomes responsible for its support, and again the State does the collecting. Gradually they are turning their backs on the mad experiments of the revolution and are approaching the normal again, and in many cases have reached a solution of human problems that must command our respect if not admiration. There is a kindly cognizance of human values running through their political thought that too often is missing in the social attitude of supposedly more advanced nations. Another striking characteristic of modern Russia is its open-mindedness to its own theories; whenever an experiment fails a quick change is made.

They tell me that 75 per cent of the younger generation can read and write; and by 1932 they expect every boy and girl will receive at least a common-school education. This would represent remarkable progress. There is a great thirst for education among the masses, for at least enough to enable them to continue it as time and leisure permit. Working hours are short (their immedi-

ate goal is a seven-hour day), and a part of their leisure is devoted to lectures and study at the various circles and clubs organized everywhere. The effect of this on the mental efficiency of the masses should easily compensate for the shorter day.

In all plants they have schools which apprentices are obliged to attend for half of the working day; and in one large plant there is a miniature college in the course of construction. They are certainly making a real effort to train intelligent workmen. The Russian thirst for knowledge is at least beginning to be satisfied; the only thing that holds them back from much larger plans for the education of their children is the lack of funds.

Every university student, man or woman, in addition to receiving free tuition, books, and room in a dormitory, has a monthly allowance from the Government of 40 roubles (\$20) for living expenses. Every child is assured of an education, and everyone who has the ability and will to continue, and can pass the rigid entrance examinations, has no difficulty in obtaining a higher education.

February 7, 1929.

This morning I walked over to the Amtorg office and to the bank to draw some money. It was only five minutes' walk from here, but on the way a man called my attention to a white spot on my face, telling me that it was frozen and that I should rub it. I followed his advice and was relieved when I finally reached the office. I never knew before what 45 below zero means. It almost took my breath away, and my glasses were soon covered with ice, and I had to take them off. I invested in a fur cap with ear laps and a flap for the back of the neck. You should see the people, wrapped up in everything they possess, virtually running through the streets. How the men driving the sleighs stand it is more than I can tell. They are bundled up until only a small part of the

face shows; their scarfs around the neck and mouth are covered with icicles.

The food in the hotel is good, and no lack of it, but it is expensive. T. had dinner with me last night. We had hors d'œuvres, caviar, and smoked fish, soup and the delicious Russian *riabohik*, and a dessert with a bottle of Crimean wine, which costs \$2. The whole dinner, including the wine and a drink of vodka, cost \$13.50, about double what it used to be and more expensive than in the best restaurants in Paris. But T. said that the cost of food in the markets is not very high and more reasonable than in New York.

February 10, 1929.

I was taken last evening to see a play given at the First Moscow Art Theater. There is a Second Art Theater across the square from the First. The play was an old classic by Ostroffsky, entitled "A Warm Heart," and the acting and staging were perfect. The play is a comedy depicting the life of the rich merchants in the period of about 1870. The interior is the plainest and simplest I have seen in a large theater in a metropolis, and the audience was equally modest in its dress.

After the theater we all came up here for supper. On Saturday nights they have dances at the hotel, and most of the foreigners in town come, as it is the only lively event of the week. For the dancers a good orchestra furnishes excellent jazz music, and the setting in the large marble hall is very attractive. About two hundred people were present. P. is to call for me at five o'clock to take me to his house for dinner, and then to a show, I imagine to the famous new ballet "The Red Poppy" which is given tonight.

February 11, 1929.

I saw Mr. R. this morning at the Kremlin and was very much and favorably impressed with him. He seems to be in his early forties, an earnest and wide awake man. Have just had a call

from the Mechanical Engineer of the Railway Administration, who is to accompany me on the trip south. He had to make a report to-day to the Administration and wanted to gather data to discuss with me on the trip, and so suggested that we delay our departure a bit. We decided to leave to-morrow afternoon. I called this afternoon on the Head of the Import Department of the Government and had a long talk with him. To-morrow morning I have an appointment with the acting head of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and that will close the list of important officials here that I am to see.

February 12, 1929.

Rose early and kept my appointment with Mr. H. He is the first man of advanced years that I have met among the higher government officials. He is a very kindly, charming old man. He is at his office every morning at eight and works often till late at night. This seems to be the case with most of the higher government officials, who work hard and earnestly on a meager salary, about the same as a good workman gets.

Like the rest of his colleagues, he impressed me very favorably. This group of men, imbued with certain ideals and definite plans, are proceeding on definite lines which they have mapped out for themselves, with a zeal, devotion, honesty, and earnestness that cannot fail to command our admiration, however much we may differ from them. The direction of large enterprises by our Captains of Industry are child's play compared with the magnitude of the enterprises which these men are directing. The discipline is very rigid, everywhere. To enter the Kremlin, where are located the headquarters of the Government, is no easy matter. It is guarded like a strong fortification, and passes are examined by two sets of guards at the gates.

So far I have seen no beggars in the streets, nor any of the wild orphans mentioned in our books on the New Russia. The crowds move rapidly on the streets,

because of the cold, and seem well clothed for this rigorous weather.

En Route, February 14, 1929.

We arrived at Izum early this morning and after breakfast went out to see the railway shops. They are fairly large, quite modern, and were completed by a German construction company in 1913. It took us about four hours to make the inspection.

My companion pointed out to me with justified pride the improved condition of the workmen as compared with pre-war times. The shops are warm, with plenty of light, and dining rooms are provided for the employees. During their lunch period of one hour they have discussions and readings.

The hours of work are from 6:30 to 10:30 A.M., with one hour for lunch and recreation, and from 11:30 to 3:30 P.M. This gives them an eight-hour day, but an order has been issued gradually to reduce the working day to seven hours. This has been carried out in some plants at Moscow, at some railway centers; and at Izum, where 2,300 men and women are employed, it will be put into effect next year. I asked why the eight-hour day is being curtailed when there is so much to do to make up for the six years lost in the war and revolution, and their reply was that the workmen must not be so overworked as not to have a few hours every day for cultural pursuits. Their program, which is directed from administrative headquarters in Moscow for the entire country, provides for two definite lines of action: one to industrialize and mechanize the country with all possible speed and energy, and the other at the same time to raise the cultural level of the masses. The two, they think, must go hand in hand, being more or less interdependent, as an ignorant and uncultured man cannot make the best use of the modern machinery placed in his hands. So in spite of the great need to work to the utmost at reducing costs and creating wealth with which to accomplish the necessary industrialization,

they *do not permit* a man or woman to work more than the established seven or eight hours a day, thereby guaranteeing at least the opportunity for study of one kind or another.

At home we have the idea that Russian workmen have no incentive for better or harder work or for individual improvement. The old Chief of the works called my attention to some 1,400 suggestions and inventions submitted during the past year by his 2,300 employees. These are considered by a committee selected by the men themselves, and inventions that are considered worthy of further development receive it, and the inventor receives a monetary prize if it is used. He mentioned a Mr. T. who made a notable improvement on locomotives, which is now being applied generally and for the use of which a German locomotive builder offered him \$50,000; this T. declined on the ground that he did not need the money. I replied that whether he needed it or not, the acceptance of this sum would have been of benefit to the country, and he could have done some good with it. The old Chief said that he himself had made an improvement, which he had shown us earlier in the forenoon, but had accepted no compensation from either the Government or anyone else. He added, "Why should I want money? I am assured by the Government of a living for the rest of my life; I have a son and a daughter, who are both being educated by the Government; I don't need money."

When one compares conditions in Russia before the War with present conditions, there is no question that the masses are much better off. There is no wealthy and no middle class, but there is also less poverty. Considering the opportunities the working-men have now as compared with the life they led before—"like swine and treated as such"—the strength of the present regime is not surprising. The country is being run by a group of practical idealists who are trying earnestly to lift the masses to

a higher level of living and culture. When one considers the complete reorganization of the country since the close of the civil war in 1920, their achievement in bringing the country to its present status is really marvellous. Their system would probably not work in any other country, but apparently it is succeeding here, possibly a reaction to the tyranny of the past.

*En Route for Rostoff,
February 17, 1929.*

On account of heavy snows our train is several hours late. Everything is being done to make this trip comfortable, pleasant, and instructive, and it is all of these. We spent the entire day yesterday inspecting the large hydro-electric development at Dniestrostroy. Colonel Cooper, the well-known American builder of dams, is the consulting engineer, and several Americans are stationed on the job. American machinery is employed to good effect for excavating, boring, and loading. It is a gigantic enterprise that will cost about \$100,000,000, and will develop 800,000 horsepower, as much as all the other electrical stations now in operation throughout the country. The work is progressing with American speed.

I confess that it is difficult to grasp the whole situation; that is, to see how far it is going. Just now the energy and enthusiasm displayed by all strata of society are remarkable for the unselfish devotion to the interests of the country. This devotion was inspired by Lenin and his associates, and is now being carried on with the same apparent zeal. How long will it last? When will self-interest and selfishness begin to creep in? My companions think that it will continue indefinitely and that the people will be satisfied to work for moderate compensation and the utmost simplicity of living conditions, and that greater comforts can only increase for all alike. However fascinating this human experiment may be—and it is perhaps the greatest in human history—I am inclined to believe

that eventually they will come round to our own system. But the humanitarian reforms which they are introducing will leave an indelible impress upon the nation, and for its ultimate good.

It was demonstrated during the years of civil war that communism in its broadest sense, involving as it did the abolition of all private property, led inevitably to chaos. Lenin recognized it quickly, and as quickly adopted a new economic policy (NEP), which has been in the process of evolution ever since. So gradually the pendulum is swinging toward normal; quixotic ideals and measures are gradually being abandoned, and saner ones enacted in their stead. The nation is being trained for self-government, but it may take another generation to accomplish that.

February 18, 1929.

We did not stop at Rostoff last night, because we found that the fast train to which our car is attached runs only twice a week. The fast trains are not very fast, about thirty miles an hour, but the slow trains are very, very slow. So we decided to continue with this train, and we shall arrive in Baku Tuesday morning. We are now traveling through the Caucasus. Unfortunately this unusual winter extends down here in its severity, and not only is the ground covered with heavy snow, necessitating a rotary plow ahead of us to clear the track, but the air is thick with snow blotting out the mountain scenery and the famous Erberuss, some 17,000 feet high.

The Chief Engineer of Rolling Stock and Shops, who is on the train, told me yesterday that many Russian women are taking up engineering and qualifying as mechanical and electrical engineers. Recently out of ten postgraduate students in engineering there was one woman, and her thesis received higher commendation than that of any of the men. In the finance department of the railway administration in Moscow there is a woman in an important executive position. In all the shops that I have

visited women were operating lathes and other machines side by side with the men. I was told that women operators are more accurate than men on light machines, and the presence of women in the shops is felt to exert good influence on the entire organization. They receive the same pay as do men and are treated in exactly the same way. I am told that women go into all professions to become economically independent, whether they marry or not.

Baku, February 19, 1929.

Have spent the morning here visiting the oil fields, a refinery, and the new development of homes for the employees of the oil trust, which is a government enterprise. By the time I got back I was almost frozen, since we were driving about in an open car, and it was snowing off and on. This town has grown remarkably during the past few years, doubling its population since 1920. It is truly cosmopolitan, and its population comprises Turks, Armenians, Persians, Hindus, as well as other eastern peoples, in addition, of course, to the native Caucasians and Russians.

I was impressed by the very active campaign for saving. In every shop I visited, in every workman's club, in every public place, and even on match boxes, the workman is urged to save something from his income and invest it in Government securities. The campaign is very much like our Liberty Bond campaigns during the War. I asked what incentive there was for the people to save money and invest it in Government securities, if they are not allowed to own a home beyond a certain value. There are no luxuries that they can buy with their surplus savings; the Government assures them food, shelter, and an education for their children; the temptation would seem only too strong to squander on drink and non-essentials whatever surplus they may have. And yet the Government needs every dollar of surplus capital that can be saved by the people over and above their ordinary

needs. It is a difficult problem, but a solution will be found, and that solution will have to be a still further concession to the doctrine of private individual ownership in contrast to State and co-operative ownership.

There is a remarkable *esprit de corps* in all organizations. Whether in a car plant, a railway repair shop, a refinery, or in the fields, the co-operation among all, from chief down to the menial laborer, is apparent. With all that, there is the usual due deference between various ranks of men, but a total absence of sullen obedience and inconsiderate severity between manager and foreman or foreman and men. The new order has developed a kindlier, more human, and more humane relationship between the various classes in everyday life.

The labor union, or what they call the "Protector or Guardian of Labor," has representatives in every plant and in every industrial city. No manager can order an employee to work overtime without a special permit from the union, and these permits are granted only in cases of real necessity and are often refused, when there is nothing for the manager to do but submit gracefully. If overtime is allowed, the compensation is one and a half for the first two hours and double thereafter.

The unions insist upon every safeguard to protect the life and limbs of the workmen. They make provisions to entertain the workmen after working hours, to improve their education, to teach them the fundamentals of hygiene, to interest them in sports, etc. Under their leadership numerous fine club houses for workmen have been built, which are undoubtedly a source of inspiration and real help to the working classes. It is difficult for anyone to grasp fully the effect of all this on the people unless he has known, as I have, the Russian workman before the War, the treatment he received and the life he led, and compares them with present conditions.

Outside of high-sounding phrases and

revolutionary shibboleths there is little difference between the relations of the unions of Western Europe or America with the employers of labor and that of the Soviet labor unions with their employer, which is the State itself. Russian unions demand of the State that it provide wholesome working conditions, ventilation and light, safety devices of all kinds, clubs for employees, general dining rooms, etc. All this and more modern industrial plants at home furnish voluntarily; but the Russian working-man is getting them for the first time, and he shows his appreciation. It is being done under this present regime, and he is loyal to it as his benefactor.

The oil fields here were practically destroyed during the civil war and the subsequent occupation of Baku by the English, Turkish, and Tzarist troops. In 1921 the present Government took hold of the place, and out of the wreckage that was left they have built up a plant that places Russia as the second oil-producing nation in the world; all this without foreign assistance and started at a time when there was neither money, nor bread, nor clothing, nor living accommodations.

February 20, 1929.

Before leaving Paris Mrs. S. expressed considerable concern that I should not find enough to eat in Russia; she had an idea that people were starving here, and suggested my taking along some provisions. As a matter of fact, there is plenty good, simple food, and I have to exercise considerable self-restraint not to overeat. There is not much white bread, but even that I imagine is obtainable in a few private bakeries. The Government is building in all the large cities large modern bakeries, sanitary and equipped with modern machinery, to supply the people with bread. The bread from these bakeries is of two kinds, rye and black bread; both are tasty, but I prefer the black bread, which is more wholesome and nutritious. In traveling

over so large an area I have been surprised to note the uniformity of the bread in quality and taste. This mass production reduces the cost of bread and improves its quality.

Meat, vegetables, and fish, as well as all kinds of fruit in season, are abundant and cheap. As a result the people are comparatively well fed, certainly much better than in pre-war times. As against having meat once a week the working-man, and I assume the peasant, now has it several times.

Tiflis, February 22, 1929.

We had a busy day in Tiflis yesterday. The forenoon was spent in making calls. This is the capital of the Georgian Republic, and it is like a foreign country compared with Russia proper. The official languages are Georgian and Russian, but Armenian is spoken too, and then there are Persians, and Turks, Kurds, and other Orientals.

We called on the President of the Caucasian Republics, a sturdy Georgian of about fifty, and a close friend of Stalin, who is also a Georgian. We spent an hour with him, and discussed Soviet propaganda in the United States, which he said was a myth. He said that they have neither the time nor the money for this alleged propaganda, for they are too busy setting their own house in order. Of course, he believes that their regime is much more advanced from a politico-economic point of view than ours, and that eventually they will outstrip us. He pointed with pride to the achievements of the present government under its system of central planning and direction. However much they may condemn the capitalistic form of government, they look, nevertheless, to the United States for financial and technical assistance, and are determined to bring Russia to as high a state of mechanical development as we have to-day. He also pointed with pride to the completion two years ago of a hydro-electric power station ten kilometers from Tiflis, which we visited later in the

afternoon, developing 18,000 HP, with provision for doubling its capacity within the next two or three years. Another and larger hydro-electric station is now under construction. Tiflis is now lighted by electricity, and electric power operates a few plants established recently. The progress made in the development of electric power and the introduction of modern machinery is noteworthy only by comparison with Russia's well-known backwardness before the War; it is extremely doubtful, however, whether the same rate of progress can be maintained without considerable foreign financial assistance.

After lunch we inspected the hydro-electric power station, and then the dam two miles farther up the river. At the dam, on the bank of the river and in the heart of the mountains, on a huge granite base stands a bronze monument of heroic size of Lenin with his finger pointing to the river which was to be dammed that power might be produced. There is hardly a public office that I have visited, a railway shop or club, or even semiprivate office, but has a portrait of Lenin. So far as I can judge, the statement is quite correct that Lenin's portrait has supplanted the ikon, certainly in all public places.

February 23, 1929.

Arrived late last night in Batum. The last hope for a warm day is gone, for the ground is covered with snow. Batum is the southernmost point of Russia, about eight miles from the Turkish boundary. At every stopping place we have been met by the station master, who had been informed of our coming. There are only about 18,000 automobiles in Russia, but everywhere we have had an official car to take us about. Most of the cars are of American make. Russia is anxiously awaiting arrangements with Ford or General Motors for the local manufacture of their cars; eventually they could absorb a million cars a year. The car we had to-day was a German Benz chassis and engine with a Fiat

body, both of the vintage of 1912. But these old cars will soon disappear. I saw carloads of Fords on the pier to-day, and some Buicks too.

Batum is a quaint old town of 100,000, and an important port. A pipe line from Baku has just been completed, and they are building an oil refinery and large storage tanks. Batum has more nationalities than New York, if such a thing were possible: filthy Turks, Kurds, Persians, Armenians, Jews, Georgians, Russians, with many variations of these, surge through the dirty streets of the native towns. The Russians are trying to clean it up, but it will take generations to bring that about; but at least a real effort is being made for the first time to build up a city on modern and sanitary lines. Surrounding Batum are the Caucasian Mountains, which give the city a most picturesque setting. A few miles out of the city are large tea plantations. The tropical palms, and eucalyptus in the public parks and gardens are in strange contrast with the unusual snow.

Our party had lunch at the Hotel de France, with the Port Commissar, the head of the local autonomous republic, a Mr. B., and with the chief engineer of new buildings and construction. B. was an interesting type, a Georgian of forceful personality; he wore three orders on his blouse, one the highest military order awarded by the Soviet Government. In some respects he resembled our Western booster type of man. As we were leaving for the train I put on my rubbers without heels; he noticed them and thought they would be just the thing for Batum, and so, in accordance with the old Spanish custom, which is the same in Georgia, I made him a present of the rubbers. He is going to have rubbers manufactured like my sample for the people of Batum. He is constantly creating new industries for his little republic, giving them his personal attention, and seems to be a real hustler. America and everything American seems to be their ideal.

February 24, 1929.

We are now on our way to Moscow with only two more stops, Rostoff and Voronej. I shall have traveled through five of their republics. I used to think that these republics are like our states, but there is quite a difference. In the Ukrainian Republic Ukrainian is the official language; in Georgia Georgian as well as Russian and Armenian. The official language on all the railways is Russian, but in outlying districts railway men must know the native languages and dialects.

The population of Trans-Caucasia is only 5,500,000, but three per cent of the population of the entire country; but it occupies a very rich sector of land as large as the whole of Italy, with great mineral wealth. Many of their finest summer resorts are located in the Caucasus, both in the mountains and on the shore of the Black Sea.

February 27, 1929.

At Rostoff we visited the railway shops and a large farm implement plant under construction. I was more interested in the latter, which will cost \$50,000,000, and will have an annual output of one million farm implements, both large and small. It is located several miles from the city and, surrounding it, is laid out a model village with brick houses to accommodate three or four thousand of its nine thousand employees. The interesting thing about this and similar plants is that they are planned in Moscow, by the Central Government, where every consideration is given to proper size, location with respect to availability of raw materials and labor, to living conditions, and to distribution of product; and since they are Government projects built with Government funds, they can be planned on a comprehensive scale with less need to show quick returns. If they are allowed to go on at the present rate for ten or fifteen years, they will accomplish more than private development of pre-war Russia accomplished in half a cen-

tury. Much of the machinery for this plant will come from the States, but most of it from Germany.

The Vice President of the North Caucasus Railway and the Vice President of the Don Railway dined with us to-day. Both are members of the Party, and each draws a salary of \$125 a month; corresponding positions at home would command from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. Both men, in their early forties, are capable and hardworking, spending twelve or more hours on the job every day, for the Union doesn't curb the energy of high officials. Besides the management of their railways as members of the Party they devote considerable time to public duties.

I have met quite a number of these Party men, and I have been impressed by their earnestness and devotion to duty and party. That is why I consider this situation unique in history. A million two hundred thousand men occupying positions of responsibility, of which there is no parallel in any other country, have so disciplined themselves that they will not accept greater compensation than is earned by a good engineer and little more than double the wage of the average workman. They have kept this up for ten years; however much I may disagree with them, I take off my hat to them. Most of them are simple, unassuming, kindly, and with all that good executives. This word "*tov-arishch*" (comrade), of which so much fun is made, does not seem to impair discipline or deference in business or industrial organizations.

En Route, February 28, 1929.

To-day we are at Voronej. After visiting the shops we took a sleigh ride, not my suggestion, and my nose was almost frozen off. This is a sleepy old provincial town of some eighty thousand inhabitants, with wide streets, electric trams, and a few imposing buildings.

It was interesting to watch the children on the streets returning home from school; they looked so well fed, well

dressed, and happy. I was told they were workmen's children, but I can hardly believe that they could be so well dressed on a workman's budget when his income averages about \$55 a month.

There is no uniformity in pay among workmen, engineers, or other employees; unless they belong to the Party, wages are determined by value of service rendered; only the members of the Party receive the invariable 250 roubles (\$125) a month. The Commissar of Railways, the President of Russian Federated Republics, Stalin himself and the members of the Polit Bureau, the highest governing body in Russia, all receive the same salary, 250 roubles a month.

It is assumed at home that under this regime the workman or peasant has no incentive to work hard or to produce more. This assumption is unwarranted, for in all shops wages are based on piece work, with a minimum wage guaranteed, just as in our own shops. A capable man who is working hard can earn twice the minimum wage; the average wage is about 35 per cent above the guaranteed minimum. This wage scale is revised every year by negotiation between the Union and the management, just as is done at home; as men become more proficient with their tools and increase their output the guaranteed minimum is raised, and with it rises the average wage. My general impression is that the workmen are better clad, better fed, and more satisfied than ever before, and the end has not yet come.

We visited a shop to-day at lunch hour. Every large shop, where there is no general dining room or that is too far away, has what is known as a "red corner" where there are large tables and benches where workers may eat their lunches; here loud-speakers from a central radio broadcast music or speeches or stories; or newspapers are provided, and someone reads aloud for those who cannot read. None of these things existed before the War, and few employers gave much thought to the comfort or interests of their employees.

A pension system has been instituted which will furnish pensions to all workers after twenty-five years of service, and now every workman has two weeks' vacation on full pay, and the plan is to increase this by degrees. Engineers and higher officials get a month's vacation with railway transportation and living expenses at some resort in the Crimea or Caucasus for himself and family.

Beyond the immediate demands of simple living there are no means of spending money; no luxuries or non-essentials are manufactured in the country and none may be imported. Everyone lives most economically, still under military discipline so far as production and consumption are concerned, and every effort is made to increase the production of what is most essential, as well as to increase the exportable surplus of their products, so that they may have foreign exchange with which to buy necessary machinery, cotton, and other materials.

No cigars or tobacco of any kind may be imported; I did not bring enough pipe tobacco to last me, and I have only six cigars; I shall know better next time. I have my camera, but no films, and none are to be had. There is the greatest imaginable famine of foreign merchandise, as foreign purchases and importations are controlled by the Government, as was true with us during the War, when all exports and imports were controlled by the War Trade and the War Industries Boards, and importations are limited strictly to essentials. Human nature being what it is even in altruistic Russia, they try a little bootlegging of silk stockings and other luxuries which, when discovered, are treated with the same scant ceremony as is our liquor.

I have been using every scrap of paper that I could find for this letter, for in Russia good paper is counted among the nonimportable luxuries.

Moscow, March 1, 1929.

I am told that a group of Americans have just signed a contract for erecting

apartment houses in Moscow. If the first house, valued at about two million dollars, is satisfactory, the contract calls for an additional ten and a half million dollars' worth of apartments.

I had occasion to consult a dentist to-day, and I saw another and pathetic side of the present system. This dentist works from 10 to 4 in Government offices, and picks up what private practice he can get at his own apartment. He has lived in Moscow for thirty years; before the War he lived in a large apartment of eight rooms with his wife and one child; now this same apartment is portioned out among twelve people because of the shortage of living quarters, Moscow having grown from a city of 1,200,000 to almost 3,000,000; before the War he earned 3,000 roubles a month, and now he receives 105 roubles a month from the Government and occasionally a bit from his outside practice. A good workman in a factory earns twice as much as a skilled physician or teacher—wages in each case being fixed by their own Union; for there is an oversupply of professional men and a real scarcity of mechanics and engineers, and as a result some of the latter earn as high as 600 roubles a month. Conditions are really oppressive for the professional classes, and yet this dentist told me that they were now immeasurably better than a few years ago.

March 3, 1929.

This is the tenth anniversary of the Third International. The morning paper, *Pravda* (The Truth), devotes several pages to a historic review of its organization and activities, but there has been no particular jubilation or demonstration in the streets. This organization is the bugaboo of the conservative press at home and in Western Europe. If one should take seriously and literally what they write, it might be disquieting; but, after all, it is only a repetition of what has taken place before, and the present Third International will lose its sting just as soon as the workman's lot

has improved. It could not make serious inroads in America, where workmen are so well off; you will remember that the Socialist candidate in our presidential elections last fall polled only three-fourths of one per cent of the entire vote.

The First International was organized in 1848 and died in 1872; its attempt to put its ideas into practice was the short-lived Commune in Paris in 1871. The Second International was organized in 1889 and died at the outbreak of the World War. The members of the Second International were committed against international war; but when war did break out it was all forgotten, and the attitude of the Socialists and Communists of Europe in the early months of the War is a matter of history.

The Third International was organized after the Armistice and launched in Moscow on the 2nd of March, 1919. It will follow in the footsteps of its predecessors. The spirit of nationalism is so strongly ingrained in human nature that when war does break out all these high-sounding phrases and principles go by the board.

The Soviet Government has as well trained an army as the Tzarist government had, and I am inclined to think that it is even more efficient, because it is instructed in what it is to protect in case of war; it has greater enthusiasm because of a clearer understanding of its functions—solely self-defense against foreign invasion. But all the teachings of the Third International that the proletariat of all countries are the same and must unite will not prevent the Russian army from fighting and butchering any foreign proletariat army that might attempt to invade Russia.

I hardly imagine that some of our friends could be induced to take a calm and dispassionate view of the outpourings of ardent Communists on this tenth anniversary; they will readily agree that safety valves are essential on locomotives to relieve excess pressure and thereby prevent explosions, but will not

see that such safety valves are just as necessary for the body politic. I cannot see that the proletariat dictatorship is much different from other dictatorships that have ruled this country. All dictatorships involve unequal treatment of the various classes of society; and under the proletariat dictatorship the class that is favored most happens also to be the largest numerically, and the classes that suffer the most are by much the smallest. After all, this is not so far removed from the principles of our own democracy whose cardinal doctrine is "the greatest good of the greatest number."

March 8, 1929.

To-day is Woman's Day in Russia; during the revolution in 1917 this day was designated for the emancipation of women throughout the world. The papers devote many columns of red hot stuff showing why women should be freed and placed on a level with men; and it is amusing to read their violent attack on all capitalistic and bourgeois countries where the position of women is pictured in very dark colors. Most of these writers haven't the slightest idea of woman's position in Western Europe or in America. Their own position here was very bad in the past, and they assume that they only have been emancipated, the assumption being based on the fact that the rest of the world has not embraced Communism.

March 9, 1929.

Last night we went to the Big Opera House to see the "Red Poppy." I enjoyed it thoroughly, because the music was beautiful and the *mise en scène* extremely artistic; not a word was sung or spoken; just a ballet, but so well done and so expressive that one could not fail to follow the story. The music was written some three years ago by a young Russian composer, Glizra, and the story is by Kourcelke. The orchestration was perfect, and the young conductor showed real ability in directing his eighty-five men. The company, exclusive of or-

chestra, was close to two hundred people, and at times there were more than a hundred on the stage. The opera house is much like our Metropolitan, though the stage is larger. The audience in street costume, sweaters and plain blouses, was in strange contrast with the brilliant interior of the house. Although the ballet has been given twice a week for three years, the house was packed. The range of prices is from \$4.00 to 35 cents, Government employees getting a 50% discount.

The one great and inspiring thing about Russia and Russians is their love of music, of art, and literature. A nation that has made so great contributions to classic literature and art and music has, in spite of transitory politico-economic notions, something too fine and enduring to go to the dogs.

March 11, 1929.

The daily papers have recently devoted considerable space to the discussion of the five-year (1928-1933) Government plan. These discussions will probably continue for some weeks until the plans and estimates worked out by the various committees under the direction of the Supreme Council of National Economy have been modified and approved by the Government Central Planning Committee; the whole program will then be submitted to the Party Council, and in finally approved form be submitted to the Union Soviet Congress, which is now being elected and which will meet some time in May. When passed upon and approved by this Congress the program becomes the Government Plan and Budget which must be carried out by all the respective agencies of the Government.

The people I come in contact with give serious thought and attention to these discussions, as they embrace not only general administrative measures, but every phase of the industrial, agricultural, educational, and commercial life of the nation. The published data of the industrial progress made by the

Soviet Government during the past few years under this method is really remarkable and warrants the belief that the proposed plans for the next five years, however ambitious they appear, will be carried out. There is an undoubted advantage in the scheme of one Central organization planning for the production and needs of a country of one hundred and fifty-four million people. Only with a Government purse can such large industrial units be created, as the Government is not concerned with the prompt return on the large investment involved, and is less subject to criticism from stockholders. Building on a large scale, it is able to take full advantage of all the progress that each industry has achieved anywhere.

And so everything is being sacrificed for the rapid industrialization of the country, which entails great hardships and privations on the entire population. This might have been alleviated materially if Russia had been able to secure foreign financial assistance. Germany, Belgium, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Serbia, and other countries of Europe would be in as sad a plight as is Russia, economically and industrially, were it not for the hundreds of millions of American dollars that have been poured into them during the past seven or eight years, while Russia has been going her way unaided. Many economists of international repute have for years been predicting the doom of the Soviet Government because, they claimed, it had created "an economic vacuum" and that it could hardly pull itself up by its own bootstraps. But subsequent facts have not seemed to bear out their contention. The Russians publish a mass of statistics to prove that there is an increasing measure of progress from year to year. Whether their figures are correct or not, the evidence that I have myself seen on my five-thousand-mile trip: large new plants just built or building, the enormous development of the oil fields, the feverish activity in Baku, the increased output of coal, manganese, and iron ore, the

rehabilitation and expansion of the railways, where before had been waste and inactivity, bespeak progress more eloquently than could any statistics, and they would seem to justify a belief that Russia will succeed in carrying out her program by sheer force of her faith in herself.

The program involves an expenditure on industrial and agricultural development during the next five years of about eight billion dollars. It contemplates increasing the production of iron from 3,280,000 to 10,000,000 tons by 1933; to double the present annual output of 37,500,000 tons of coal and of 80,000,000 barrels of oil. It provides for trebling the production of electric power and for creating a new chemical industry with the erection of extensive plants for the manufacture of fertilizers. The money required for these vast expenditures will be derived in part from taxation but principally from accumulated profits of industry under Government control, which profits will naturally increase in proportion to the expansion of industry.

While the Government controls possibly two-thirds of all industrial enterprises, it does not sell any of its products at cost or at a loss—at least in the domestic market. Their bookkeeping is quite in harmony with capitalistic methods; before the cost of any product is fixed it adds 10%-15% to the cost of manufacture, cost representing labor, material, 100% overhead, amortization of plant, and 15%-18% to cover workmen's compensation, life and accident insurance, as well as unemployment insurance. This, coupled with their backwardness and lack of modern equipment, makes the cost of Government products higher than the cost of similar articles if imported. It is this discrepancy that causes the dissatisfaction of the peasants and of many of the consumers. The Government's answer to this criticism is substantially this: with the modernization of our plants we hope within a few years to reduce our manufacturing costs to the level that obtains

in Western Europe and America, and to become more or less self-sustaining so far as our most important requirements are concerned; if we used our available foreign exchange derived from our exports for the purchase of articles which we ourselves produce, though at greater cost, we should remain indefinitely a backward, dependent, agricultural country. We are making gradual reductions in our cost of manufacture and expect to make further reductions of 37% during the next five years. The indirect tax is only a temporary burden while we are building up industries that are essential to our national well-being. Our \$800,000,000 of foreign exchange is used principally for the purchase of machinery, for technical advice and assistance, and for raw materials that we do not produce. We do not permit the importation of luxuries or of articles that we ourselves can produce, though ours be more costly or inferior. It is a sacrifice we ask of our people to enable them in the future to be independent of the rest of the world for their necessities.

This, in brief, is the doctrine and method for the industrialization of Russia, and the people, noted for their patience and their endurance, are apparently willing to give to their leaders, who above all are sincere and honest in their intentions and devoted to the best interests of the people, a free hand to put through their carefully worked out program.

How much longer will this driving force last? When will the enthusiasm of being the saviors of the workers of the U. S. S. R., and the hope of being the saviors of the workers of the world, begin to wane? I put this question to a foreign diplomat in Moscow, and his laconic reply was, "As soon as the material and economic conditions of the masses have come up to the present economic standards of the workers of the more advanced nations of Europe and America." In this I am inclined to concur, but that time is far off in the future. Until then this Government

seems safe; what will happen then is in the hands of the gods. The next few years, according to this diplomat, will be a period of great hardship; but bearing in mind what this country has gone through during the past dozen years there is justifiable hope that it will survive the next few critical years as well.

There is as much misinformation and misunderstanding at home about the Bolsheviks as there is here about America and the Americans. They have an idea that we have on the one hand our Rockefeller, Morgans, and a few other rich men, and on the other side the poor, down-trodden workmen. They have no idea of how the great mass of the American people live, nor of the great humanitarian work sponsored by the very men whom they consider the outrageous oppressors of the working-man, the malefactors of wealth, as Roosevelt used to call them.

March 11, 1929.

You may recall the constant ringing of church bells in Moscow on Sunday; it used to begin at six in the morning and continue for the rest of the day. And now there isn't a sound of bells anywhere; the numerous churches are still standing, unmolested and silent. The Church was formerly supported entirely by the State; government support has been withdrawn, except in a few cases where attempts are made to preach a New Thought doctrine, and the people have not come to the Church's rescue. My window overlooks the famous Chapel of the Iberian Holy Mother, who had the reputation of curing everything and everybody, of course for a consideration. Before the War everybody that passed crossed himself and there were usually many people on their knees in front of the chapel. Now the chapel is occupied by a monk, and traffic uses its gateway as a shortcut to the Kremlin.

Helen need not hesitate to come here whenever she wishes to, for none of the dire things she has feared will happen to

her. She will not be looked on with disfavor if she is well dressed and well groomed; she will even find good hair-dressers to cut and marcel her precious bob. All the women here do not dress like peasants, nor do they go about looking run down at the heel. They are simply moderate in their display. She will be treated with courtesy and respect; she should merely speak and act and dress as naturally as she would at home, as it seems to me every visitor to a foreign country should do, so as to give out an accurate impression of what we are in America, and what we stand for. Please tell her this for me.

March 12, 1929.

This is a holiday, the Fall of the Emperor, from the top of the stairway, all the way down, on this day twelve years ago.

The theaters are generally closed on Monday nights, but last night there was a benefit performance in memory of the leading actress of the theater for fifty years, Maria Ermolova, who died a year ago. Mr. Lunacharsky, the Minister of Education, was to deliver the principal address, and so I went. I had heard that L. is a very fine speaker and a man of fine education, as well as a playwright, and I was not disappointed. He is a man of about fifty with an impressive personality, and he made an impassioned plea for the maintenance of the high traditions of the Little Theater during the past century; he referred to it as the Comédie Française of Russia, and he urged that the people should not go to the classical plays of the past for their inspiration, but rather to plays that would reflect the problems of the day and the hopes and aspirations for the future. He deprecated the use of the theater as a mere place of amusement. Some of the foremost artists were on the program, but I was more interested in the audience, which formed a delightful contrast to the theater crowds that I had been seeing. There was naturally a preponderance of theatrical and literary

people; the women were generally well gowned, bejeweled, bright and intelligent looking, as were the men. There was a good sprinkling of the old type intelligentsia, and it certainly was a relief. The whole gathering was an eloquent testimonial to the Russian love of dramatic art which years of terror and privation have neither deadened nor eradicated. Of course, Lunacharsky is trying to use the theater for revolutionary propaganda, but his views are not yet commonly adopted by the profession, although a number of political plays have been written and staged.

March 18, 1929.

Yesterday we drove some fifteen miles out of Moscow to a place called Vouzie, a beautiful estate that must have belonged to some merchant prince or royalty, and covering thousands of acres of magnificent pine forests. It is now used as a retreat for the learned or scientists, where anyone entitled to such an appellation may go for several weeks of rest at a total expense of two dollars a day. We arrived at dinnertime and consequently saw few of the distinguished guests, but one particularly unkempt individual proved to be the Vice Commissar of Education, who was a great friend of Lenin, and is now the literary censor for the Government.

We then drove to another suburb and another pine forest where there are a lot of summer cottages out of which the Government is planning to make a children's village. The Government has fallen heir to all the former summer homes of the privileged classes, and now they have become vacation centers for the proletariat and the Government employees. Every workman is entitled to two weeks' vacation with pay in a Government resort without charge. You will find an excellent description of this system in Anne McCormick's chapter on "The Workers at Play."

This is Commune Day, and I celebrated it by going to Lenin's Mausoleum. It is located in the Red Square, between

the two main gates of the Kremlin, opposite the monument you may remember to Minin and Pojarsky. Admission is only on certain days and between certain hours. The mausoleum is built of wood, square, extremely plain and dark in color, with a guard of soldiers at the entrance; the interior is a square room, unadorned, and in the center is a large glass case in which Lenin reposes clad in a khaki uniform. He was a slight man, about five feet six, bald with a few gray hairs, fine features, and an intelligent face.

From my window to-day I watched the largest parade I have seen since my arrival; many bands and countless red banners with all sorts of inscriptions, but especially "Mopr" (probably International Association of the Proletarian Revolutionists), "continues the work of the Paris Commune." There were many floats; one section was preceded by a black coffin carried by four men and with the inscription, "Death to Fascism"; a man in a white gown over his black coat was swinging on a chain a bucket filled with burning charcoal, a take-off on the incense pot. Women and children preponderated, and when the bands stopped playing they sang revolutionary songs. It was a motley crowd, out of step, out of line, slovenly and except for numbers unimpressive; but so the revolutionary spirit is kept alive. It seems in such strange contradiction with the constructive spirit of the responsible leaders. Perhaps they think it necessary to keep up this fetish of the Communist's ideal-revolution, to replace the religious fetishes of which the people have been deprived; perhaps, too, for much the same reason as our veterans parade on May 30th and July 4th.

March 21, 1929.

This afternoon I saw the crown jewels at the State Bank. When I expressed a desire a few days ago to see them I was told that it could be arranged with a two days' notice; so I went to-day, and after some formalities, was ushered into a

cage in which, on a large table, were spread jewels worth \$250,000,000, of which the Orloff Diamond in the scepter is worth \$32,000,000, and a sapphire, the largest in existence, is valued at \$11,000,000, and so on *ad infinitum*. It was an interesting sight, and I could understand why they needed two days' notice to get them out and ready for showing. Half a dozen men stood on guard in the cage with us, and an expert gave us the history and detailed information about each piece. In addition to these jewels, a quantity are on exhibition in a museum in the Kremlin; so, you see, the story that the Crown Jewels were sold is not true.

March 23, 1929.

Well, here I am back in Moscow from a short trip to Leningrad, and I hope my next trip will be to the Polish frontier and on my way home, properly equipped this time with all the necessary visés, of which I have accumulated some forty dollars' worth in Russia alone.

Twelve years have elapsed since the present government of the U. S. S. R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics) has come into power; eleven years since the close of the World War and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles; nine years since the Allied and Associated Powers gave up as hopeless the wars of intervention, the blockades or the "Cordon Sanitaire" as a means of suppressing the present Soviet regime, and yet this country is still a mystery to the great mass of our people. Our relations with Russia, for many generations our traditional friend, are still shrouded in a maze of misunderstandings, mistrust, mutual recriminations, and ostracism. The spirit of intolerance and prejudice assiduously developed and spread throughout our country during the years of intervention, 1919 and 1920, is still in full control of public opinion, although the regime of military communism against which our propaganda was directed has since 1921 given way to a new regime known as the NEP (New Economic Policy) which is in force to-day.

The popular conception of the men composing the present government of the U. S. S. R. is of a group of bloodthirsty, unprincipled savages bent on destruction and extermination of all that it has taken centuries to build up and produce; of firebrands preaching the forcible overthrow of all existing capitalistic governments, the confiscation of private property, the nationalization of women, more barbarous treatment of political opponents than was the rule under the government of the Tzars; in short, of a small group of shrewd, selfish, ruthless individuals terrorizing a hundred and fifty million people, and still having time, means, and energy to plot the destruction of all the other governments of Europe and America, with Asia thrown in for its recreation.

During the past few years occasionally a venturesome American has entered the U. S. S. R. for a brief sojourn, and has returned home with ideas diametrically opposed to those with which he entered that land of mystery. But the professional writers and propagandists hastened to assure our public that the stories these travelers brought back did not portray accurately the actual conditions of the country, that the sly Soviet officials had taken them on a dress parade and had shown them only the things they wanted them to see specially arranged for these foreign travelers and calculated to create a favorable impression, but that they had withheld from them all the misery, privation, and suffering under which the 150 millions live. During my ten weeks here I have not been hampered from seeing anything I wanted to see, have circulated as freely as any native citizen, and have felt as free from molestation of every kind as in any of our own cities or in any of the capitals of Europe.

Many interesting books on the U. S. S. R. have appeared during the past year, dispelling many of the fantastic stories about this country, but they seem to have made no dent in the armor of prejudice and intolerance toward a

nation that chooses to live under a system of government so radically different from our own. We are too prone to measure everything abroad by the American yardstick, and it may not occur to many that our political institutions and doctrines might not quite suit the conditions and temperament of other peoples. Many Latin-American republics have modelled their constitutions after our own, but apparently they do not guarantee or produce the same results. Of recent books on the U. S. S. R. *The Hammer and the Scythe* presents a graphic picture of the life of the Russian people under the present regime; but even this book is no longer a faithful picture, because so much has happened since the author's visit. Doctor Schuman, of the University of Chicago, has written *American Policy Toward Russia Since 1917*, based largely on State documents.

A perusal of these two books cannot fail to convince a fair-minded person that however different Russia's political doctrines may be from our own, and however little we may acquiesce in the confiscation of American property or the repudiation of debts to American citizens, the incommunicado attitude that we have maintained toward the U. S. S. R. during the past decade seems hardly justified.

It is not, therefore, surprising that the leaders of the U. S. S. R. government should question the sincerity of the oft-repeated good will toward the Russian people, of our fine expressions of idealism, of our desire to serve the economic development and the peace of the entire world.

The leaders of the Soviet Government claim that our actions do not square with these fine expressions and sentiments, since our Government has not shown any disposition to lend a helping hand to Russia for the advancement of its economic rehabilitation, so that the standard of living among its people may be raised and they may catch up with the civilization of other nations.



TALKIES' PROGRESS

BY GILBERT SELDES

WHEN I wrote about the talking films in these pages a year ago, the sentimental interest lay entirely with the silent movie. At the end of the first decade of their existence the movies had threatened the legitimate theater in spite of its glorious record of twenty centuries; at the end of the third decade the movies were being hustled off into obscurity by the novelty of the talkies, brash, loud, and vulgar. When invention, mechanism, and commerce are concerned, the acceleration in the rate of change is high: the talkies, as a successful entertainment, are only two years old and already they are threatened in turn. Within twelve months—eighteen months at the latest—the talkies will have to meet the competition of the talkie-projector in the home—something resembling the popular amateur movie projector, but equipped with synchronized sound. And within another year we shall probably have the simple and comparatively inexpensive mechanisms, now being perfected, which will throw on a small screen set up beside the home radio set a moving picture projected from a central broadcasting station; it is only a matter of time before this televisual entertainment is extended so that it, too, will have speech and sound in perfect synchronization. Thus two separate ways of having the talkie without going to the theater will challenge the talkie which stays in the theater.

To overcome these rival novelties, the talkie will have to be a much better entertainment than it has proved itself in the past two years; and the way to

become a better entertainment is to stop the senseless sacrifice of good movie elements in making the talkies. Purists, aesthetes, and a few practical makers of movies assert that the talkie can never be a good movie; my own feeling a year ago, when I said "the movies commit suicide," was that the two forms had to develop separately and that, while the talkie went forward to an assured commercial success, the silent movie would proceed to an unexampled artistic one. I am now not nearly so certain of the talkie's inevitable success and quite willing to believe that an intermediate form can be created. If it cannot the talkie will be the loser.

Not one of the talkies shown by mid-summer, 1929, is worth a minute of any intelligent person's time. In themselves, that is. A number of them are good enough entertainment because they are transpositions to the screen of good stage melodrama or of good musical shows; some are good entertainment only in the accidental moments when they remain movies. But as a self-contained, self-sufficient form they are wholly negligible and are worth consideration only because they are beginning to show signs of knowing what direction they want to take. Up to the present they have lived on borrowed material; and the trouble with living on the energies or emotions of others is that one doesn't live.

The same situation occurred in the movies about twenty years ago. The movie had begun in all ignorance and innocence to find its own way; in the pictures of Western adventure, the

serials, and slapstick comedy it made a fortune and almost created an art. Then the major portion of the industry contracted a mesalliance with the theater; actors from the stage condescended to play in the movies, and the hits of the season were transferred to the screen. The result was that for ten years the movie stood still. In spite of the lesson of D. W. Griffith, who threw out the novel and the play on which he was supposed to base his masterpiece, and made "The Birth of a Nation," in terms of pure cinema, the movie clung to the skirts of the stage and called itself "the photoplay" and "the silent drama," as if it were proud of being kept by the respectable old theater. It is as if the art of painting had insisted for years on being known as "flat sculpture," or symphonic orchestras as "operas without singing." "The Birth of a Nation" was not a drama; it was a movie, and its elements were the series of movements, the flow of images, the special tone and the special rhythm which the movie alone could create; it was the product of the camera. Five years after its production the lesson it taught was reinforced by a few other American directors and by the German films which began to come into America; the movie threw off the stage and began again to make its own way, going back to some of the first principles of the Western thriller and to those principles of good movie making which Chaplin, for instance, had never abandoned.

The ten dead years in the development of the silent movie may be repeated in the talkie unless the producers of the new type are capable of discovering their own materials and their own methods. It is hard to say what these materials and methods are; it is easier to say what they are not. For instance, the talkies use the technic of the musical show of ten years ago when they make excuses for introducing a song; they use the technic of vaudeville when they treat speech or song as something extraordinary, like card tricks or swinging by

the teeth, and work out the most elaborate pretexts for introducing perfectly simple things. They use the technic of the stage where people are always being urged to "tell me all about it" in order to explain the action. In "Alibi" the director even used the old stage-aside by the expedient of cutting one character out of the picture while the others plotted against him—a trick which infuriated the editor of *The Film Spectator*, who made it a text for a warning sermon to the talkie-directors, the excellent theme of which was, "Find your own technic."

The most significant instance of failure to find a proper technic appeared in the early days of the talkie when, entranced by the novelty of synchronized speech, the directors trained the camera upon the speaker, usually in a close-up of the throat or gullet. This was unpleasant to look at, but was passable when the subject was a tenor singing a ballad; when the speaker came to take part in an action, the isolation of his vocal cords in the close-up made it impossible for us to observe the effect on his listeners of what he said; the camera had to shift back to the next speaker. It required a year before the directors saw that they could include three or four people in a scene and let them talk in succession without focusing attention exclusively on the speaker. In the last pictures I have seen the directors are awkwardly fumbling for a technic by which they indicate that a person is speaking and then let him disappear from the screen, to make way for the people who are listening.

The whole problem could have been solved at the beginning if the producers of the talkies had troubled to look carefully at their instruments. The voice in the talkies is recorded by one mechanism, the movement by another; by one method the voice goes on a record synchronized with the film; the other method sets the voice on the film itself; but even here the recording mechanism is separate and the studio custom is to

use two separate films, one for the voice, one for the action. The microphone is comparatively stationary; the camera is mobile to the highest degree. From this separation of function it should have been clear at the start that, while the voice might go on steadily, the camera could leave it behind, could show not only the listeners, but whatever else was relevant to the action at the moment. The producers immobilized the camera in favor of the microphone; the result was not a new form of entertainment—the true talkie—but a combination of movie and phonograph.

II

The problem of talkie material can best be approached by observing the material actually used in the successes of the year. "Noah's Ark" was not properly a talkie and owed its success to the spectacular film as we have known it since the time of Griffith's "Intolerance"; "Bulldog Drummond" and "Broadway" are melodramas imported from the stage; "The Coconuts" is a musical show transported to the talkies with only a barely perceptible change of *décor*; "The Singing Fool" is an "original" story (the quotation marks will be forgiven by all who know what constitutes originality in Hollywood), but it lives by the perverse exploitation of the talents of Al Jolson, talents so great that even the perversion cannot conceal them; "The Broadway Melody" is a synthetic talkie made up of bits of movie, bits of vaudeville, bits of musical revue. The last, however, begins definitely to be a talkie, because the mixture is so skilfully compounded that one does not recognize any one element as dominant. It is certainly not a movie with sound effects and dialogue—which is what most of the others are.

Consider some of these outstanding films in detail. "Bulldog Drummond" adds to Sapper's exciting melodrama an exciting motor chase in the rain, also a lovesick yokel who sings a ballad. The

former, which fits perfectly and enhances the speed of the melodrama, is pure movie; the latter, which is an interpolation so awkwardly made that it does not even give suspense, is talkie.

The stage version of "Broadway" concentrated the action in the small ante-room of a night club, the club itself was never seen. In the ante-room took place a series of dramas, a little love-duel between a dancer and a dancing girl, a sinister duel between two hijackers, a duel between criminals and the law, and the fundamental drama of the entire piece, the struggle between the earnestness and purity and decency of the two dancers and the foul crime and lasciviousness of their surroundings. To give this drama point, the life of the night club had to be suggested—and was, by a miracle of direction and staging; it was never seen, hardly heard when the doors opened, but you felt it there, pressing against the walls of the ante-room, forcing the dancer to break off in the midst of his love and anguish to go on and dance, disgorging drunkards and detectives and waiters, calling for the liquor which in turn calls for two murders. In the talkie version the director added the scene which the play omitted: the nightclub was there, elaborate and noisy; and the moment you saw it, it ceased to exert its power, it had lost the mystery of the unknown. Once, *in a silent sequence*, the director shot the cabaret scene from above while scrubwomen cleared away the smashed glasses, the soiled confetti, the torn menus; and this scene became a sour commentary on the nervous gaiety of the night before. Otherwise, visualizing the cabaret stopped the imagination. It added to the talkie an element of spectacle and gave excuse for that combination of singing and dancing which the directors think essential, reducing "Broadway" to the Pagliacci-plot, the clown with the breaking heart.

To "The Coconuts" nothing was added. I am obliged to assume that the beach was a real beach and the palm

grove had real palms; but they seemed to be stage sets. Like all the other musical talkies, it had one supreme advantage over stage production: there are no encores. In this special case, however, there was a notable disadvantage. Of the four Marx Brothers, Harpo is constitutionally mute on the stage. Carrying this muteness over into films, still excited by their capacity to make noises, was a delicate job not successfully done; the close-ups seemed to be pleading with Harpo to talk, his muteness seemed unreal. With that much lost, the film was remarkable only for the brilliant recording of the speech of Groucho and Chico Marx; the famous delivery of the former, which I should have thought baffling to the mechanism, was almost flawless, and this is all the more remarkable because Groucho speaks at a terrific speed, the speed being part of the fun. Everyone else I have heard from the screen enunciates painfully, to carry out the director's illusion that speech is unnatural to human beings; Groucho and Chico chatter along.

Al Jolson's two successes were both critical points in the history of the talkies; it was "The Jazz Singer" which sent all the producers scurrying for equipment, and the cumulative effect of "The Singing Fool," dispelling all notions of a fluke, persuaded them that the silent movie was done. The second picture was still another version of the obligatory plot, only this time the clown had to live through the departure of his wife and finally the death of his son. So long as Jolson was the Jolson of his stage days, unctuous, energetic, dynamic, possessed, the talkie was held together by his genius; when he was compelled to act, to surrender his genius to the necessities of the talkie, it lapsed into dullness and vulgarity.

Next to the Jolson pictures, the decisive factor in the progress of the talkies was the critical praise and the financial success of "The Broadway Melody." It happens that both were well-deserved; "The Broadway Melody," unimportant

as adult entertainment, is the beginning of a real talkie. Edmund Goulding, who wrote the story, and Harry Beaumont, the director, were apparently not oppressed by their own experience in the silent movies. They used the obligatory setting of the 1929-model talkie: backstage of a musical show; they interpolated a revue number (in color) which had nothing to do with their story; they had one of those theme songs which are rapidly becoming the most insufferable pest of the talkies; they created, in short, a potpourri of all the safe elements. But they justified the high praise given to the production by a sort of simple acceptance of their medium: it is, in the ancient phrase, "not a movie." Nor is it a play. It hangs together, and surpasses all the others, through inner conviction that this is what the talkie ought to be doing. It tells the story of a "sisters act"—two small-time song and dance artists, both pretty bad, and one destined to "get by on her legs," the other, to return from a Ziegfeld dress-rehearsal to the sticks. The ill-fated one loves, and at the beginning is loved by, a composer of popular songs; his love turns to the younger sister. The complication lies in the attempted double sacrifice; the younger sister, to efface herself, tries to accept the proposals of a man about town; and the elder, to leave the field clear, persuades the man she loves that she has been using him only for advancement in her profession. This is a competent plot for a movie or a play, but nothing in it is specifically outside the province of the talkie; and the singing and dancing require the talkie with its opportunities for verbal fun, its comparatively easy handling of singing crowds, its use of the old movie spectacle, and all its other capacities.

III

Derived material and an undeveloped technic make these talkies unsatisfactory even when the original source is not entirely spoiled; a stock company per-

formance of "Sherlock Holmes" gives about the same satisfaction and the same feeling that something is lacking. How can the talkie go about discovering material which is not only suitable to itself, but more suitable to it than to any other form?

There are two ways. The way of the theorist would be to learn the capacities of the talkie mechanism, to develop the technic and, with each gain in mastery, to try something new. The way of the practical man is to take whatever comes to hand, make it as a talkie and, in the process, master the technic. The instinct of the first producers led them to musical shows and to melodrama; it was sound because in both of these the movements are broad, the lines of development are coarse, the action simple. In the melodramas the fights and the chases revert to the silent movie; in the musical shows all action is stopped for a ballet number or a vocal solo. Most of the talkies promised for the next half year lie in these two fields: talkies built around the songs and dances and camp meetings of negroes, talkies of the sounds of cities, talkies of Tin Pan Alley and the radio, talkies about composers; and melodramas reworked from the stage or straight mystery stories transferred from books.

Until they develop a group of special writers, conversant with the talkie mechanism, knowing its capacities, and intelligent enough to direct experiments, the talkies will naturally borrow, and their growth will depend on the skill with which they reduce their material to their own terms. They would do well to observe the radio-playlet to see how completely material can be worked and handled and made to fit in a difficult medium. The radio playlet, totally insignificant in itself, instantly separates itself from the same playlet broadcast from the theater. Action is reduced to sound as far as possible, and nothing which cannot be adequately described or made immediately audible is admitted. Change of place and time are easily

indicated by a phrase; but the directors are not satisfied and find a characteristic noise for the new setting, so that at the end of a scene in a drawing-room, if the characters go to the street, you may hear a parade, or if they go to a store, the cash register will ring. On the other hand, new characters have to be carefully planted, because the person cannot be seen and the new voice may not be recognized. If in a stage play a character indicates awkwardness by dropping a felt hat, in the radio version he will drop a gong or a glass. These are elementary things, but the result is that when you listen to a radio play, you do not feel that you are missing any significant element; just as in the few good silent movies you do not miss sound, or as in certain paintings or statues you are not aware of the lack of motion, but say with complete justice, "Look at the movement in those bodies."

In its first excitement over the new trick of speech, the talkie forgot that it was still a movie; it chose to exploit the phonographic and to neglect the cinematic. But the cinema is still the greater marvel, it is younger and more mysterious than the talking machine; and as the talkie develops it will choose such material as does not too violently conflict with its cinematic nature. For if the movie part of the talkie stops moving, the talkie becomes merely a phonograph. To avoid that, to keep the movie going while speech is heard, is the actual problem of the talkie. From my experience I note the following details of the problem, the first group being current defects which will certainly be eradicated, the second being more general principles:

1. With the exception noted, speech in the movies is too slow. There is a perceptible pause between the end of A's remark and the beginning of B's answer, as if the mechanism were catching its breath.

2. The lip-movements do not coincide with the speech. I am not referring to faulty synchronization; the movements

and the sounds begin and end precisely on time, but, in between, the screen characters seem either to have their mouths half closed or violently in action, without reference to what they are saying.

3. The speech still fails to come always from the mouth of the speaker. The Photophone employs a battery of loudspeakers placed on each side of the screen, and some of these speakers throw the voice obliquely across the screen, so that wherever the speaker is standing, the voice should issue from him; it is an improvement, but imperfect.

4. Voices are not easily differentiated and sounds hardly at all. The tinkle of a glass, the shot of a revolver, a footfall on a hardwood floor, and the noise of a pack of cards being shuffled, are all about alike. Telephone bells sound either like fire-alarms or like school bells.

5. The acoustics of the theaters may be faulty. Voices sound hollow and metallic, far more so than over the radio or on the phonograph. Even the movie palaces built for elaborate presentations adjusted their acoustics to the human voice issuing from the stage; with the loudspeaker new problems occur.

6. The sob (except in the case of Mr. Jolson) causes giggles in the audience, and the loud shouts and cries of a quarrel scene, the inter-crossing voices of a dramatic moment almost always cause laughter. This is due not to faulty direction, but to the mechanism.

The points in the æsthetic field are easily made:

1. Speech slows up action. I do not offer this as a definite principle; it is merely a fact of the present talkie. Although an adequate studio now has microphones concealed in the chandeliers, under the potted plants, and everywhere else, directors and players agree that in the talkies no one shall speak and move at the same time. There are signs that this immobilization will come to an end within a year.

2. Description takes the place of visualization. Action tends to be limited in the talkies to the precise plot of

the story and preceding or outlying action is spoken of, instead of being shown. (I am told that this saves a great deal of money.)

3. The art of cutting the new films has not yet developed. Those parallel, and emotionally cumulative sequences, which Griffith used years ago, which the Russians have developed into a systematic technic they call *montage*, are barely visible. In this technic the camera gave you just enough of an action to hold your interest, then swung to a related incident which, by contrast or by parallel, intensified the emotion, and these alternations continued to the last moment of suspense—as in the familiar race between the villain at the barred door, the threatened woman looking for a revolver within, and the cavalry riding to the rescue miles away. In the talkies I recall one example where this technic was needed. In the night club at which Jolson plays the entertainer, he goes into his office to telephone his wife to come and be reconciled on the stroke of midnight, New Year's Eve; the maid answers and tells him that his wife has gone, taking their child; at that moment a drunken group crashes through the door, seizes the second telephone and begins a maudlin and hilarious conversation. The director's passion for showing the person whose voice is heard detracted from the effect—one was entitled to see the suffering of Jolson while one heard the voices of the gay party; yet the beginning of intelligent cutting was in that scene. In a manifesto on the talkies Eisenstein and Pudowkin, the great Russian directors of silent films, say, "The first experiments with sound must be directed towards its pronounced *non-coincidence* with the visual image"—that is, in the *montage*-technic you would have had not the little tune of Jolson's despair, but an orchestration of it in the careless revelry of the others.

4. The use of silent sequences has not been studied. The egregious error I noted a year ago still persists: directly after a dialogue sequence a silent scene

follows, and in this the characters are allowed to move their lips as if speaking. The silent movie was arriving at the point where speech-movements were never used except when they constituted action, as in the shouting of a man attacked by thugs or the cry of a baby which woke a sleeper in danger of death. The talkie falls back and, not recognizing silence as a dramatic element, merely uses it as absence of speech, with all the motions of speech continuing.

5. A new convention of speech needs to be created for the talkie; so far I have found no recognition of this necessity. Speech on the stage, even in realistic plays, is never the speech of real life; a single sentence may be, or a group of questions and answers, but the stage, to carry on its drama, has to foreshorten speech. When the movie accepts a stage play it uses the lines excessively. In "Broadway," for instance, the movie-technic allowed us to see a bullet crashing through a taxi window and perforating the hat of the villain; and the talkie-technic, as now understood, required him to describe this incident a moment later in the words of the original play. Talkie-speech requires a condensation based on two things: the accuracy of the recording and broadcasting machinery, and the proper use of the camera, so that nothing which can be better seen will be spoken. Unless this new convention of speech is accepted, the talkie will remain languid, and it dare not be because it is associated with the movie which has accustomed us all to speed.

6. Wagner wrote of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" that after the emotions of the first three movements it seems impossible to go farther with instruments, that the "Hymn to Joy" demands the human voice. The human voice as climax, as essential, has not yet been thought of in the talkie.

IV

It is possible to reduce almost all the major difficulties of the talkie to a single

formula: The movie, by way of becoming an art, had created certain conventions; it had taught us, for instance, to judge movie-time without reference to real time, so that ten years of action might be reduced in the movie to ten minutes and ten minutes might be expanded to an hour; we accepted also the pace of action in the movie and the tricks it played with space. The vocal element of the talkies, being new, has no conventions, and we apply to it the rough standard of everyday life. The combination of the two causes a want of balance. The restoration of equilibrium will create the talkie of the future. As I have suggested, the vocal part will have to become conventionalized; it will have to approach the pace and the rhythm of the movie element; and the movie will have to adjust itself to the requirements of the voice.

In its competition with television, the talkie will presently have the aid of three-dimensional films and of color. Of the first I can say nothing as I have never seen a satisfactory example of movies with the stereoscopic quality of depth. As a novelty, this may be important in a financial way; æsthetically it will only double the difficulty of combining with the movie, because depth, like the voice, will be an element of realism in a medium which has ceased to be realistic. Color I have seen. For a time it will also give the effect of reality although to my eye it takes all expression out of faces and gives a peculiarly unlikelike effect—chiefly because the directors who fail to appreciate a moment of silence in the talkies, fail to appreciate the value of black and white in the color films. (The only interesting use of color is where the camera plays over a color-scene very rapidly, mixing the color effects as a kaleidoscope might, for the purposes of fantasy. It was, I think, in "Broadway," in a brief color-sequence, that this was done.)

With or without the stereoscope and color, the talkie will have to make peace between its now warring elements.

While this adjustment is being perfected, the talkie will tend to be operatic, the movie symphonic. I am not aware of a precise musical parallel to the new form which will come of the combination—perhaps something as fresh as the Wagnerian music drama was in its time. The commercial talkie of the next few years will probably continue to borrow; if not actual plots, it will borrow a style. "Carmen," twice done in the silent pictures, is said to be scheduled for a talkie production, and other operas may follow; the talkies will do well with such essentially operatic plays as "The Patriot," "If I Were King," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hernani"—the rhetorical and the romantic, and even with Bernard Shaw's burlesque of the type in "Arms and the Man." It probably will not succeed with "The Importance of Being Earnest." It will do musical shows, revues, operettas; and whatever it takes of our modern, comparatively realistic drama it will trick out with melodrama or music. I see no interesting future in all this, but with sufficient material and sufficient skill, the talkie may hold its own against new mechanisms.

Its greater prospect is that of becoming a creative force in itself, when the microphone and the camera are integrated, each performing its own function, under the guidance of a director who understands the value and the capacity of each. When the movie created its conventions of time and space and movement, it began to have a rhythm of its own, a series of rhythms, rather, comparable to those of the movements of a symphony. These rhythms are, for the present, being destroyed by the talkie. In the movie you might see a blacksmith singing at his work, unaware of the presence in the next room of his erring wife who has come home to die. The

contrasting rhythms of his work and her agony might be presented in flashing seconds of movement. The talkie could emphasize the song of the smith and the clang of his hammer on the anvil; it could give you the groans of the woman. But it would have to take longer with each of these, for a mixture of sound would be rejected by the ear, where the succession of pictures is not rejected by the eye. How far to slow up the picture, how far to speed up and conventionalize the sound, are beginner's problems for the director of the talkies. The real problem is to create a new method, to find the material to which this method can be applied, and to create a new art.

Apart from the Russians I have mentioned and a few theorists, I know of no one who is even trying to solve that problem. The most intelligent of the directors of talkies are, to be sure, making experiments, and as the scientists in the laboratories bring forth improvements and accessories, the technic will improve. But the warning of the old movies is not to be denied. Three times, at least, the industry faced such falling off in popularity as threatened bankruptcy. It was saved not by technical tricks, but by the application of intelligence to the movie's essential problems. Just at present the talkie does not want to hear of such things; it is in a mood of expansiveness and prefers not to concentrate on abstractions. It has, definitely, pushed forward the frontier of the movie and is triumphant in its success. What remains to be seen is whether the talkie can integrate its new dominions without losing its head or, like many imperialisms of the past, will spread itself so widely as to lose its own force and character.



FUNK

A STORY

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

"MAGIC?" The Bank Manager leaned back reflectively. "I don't know. Is it mood or medicine, as vague as a dream or as definite as an experiment in physics? You've been in Africa only a fortnight. It's your place to tell me."

"And you, how long?" I asked.

He smiled.

"How shall I reckon? Through two eruptions of the cone up there? Through rain enough to cover Europe twenty fathoms deep? . . . Bless my soul, is it quinine or your foolish face? My conversation practically rhymes. If you really want to know, I've been on the Coast for eleven years and some days. 'How long, O Lord, how long!'"

"When found, make a note on?"

"Huh?"

"Captain Cuttle, *Dombey and Son*, Charles Dickens," I explained.

"If you can read, what did you want to come down here for?"

"Just a social climber," I suggested. "But you're wandering. This magic business. I've heard some remarkable tales. What the deuce is it . . . funk, perhaps?"

"You mean the blacks are simply afraid? Possibly. A witch doctor has the awesome quality of any great tradition. But there's a hitch in that. A man who is afraid automatically resists. Fights back. He can't help it. But take my word for it, no one fights black magic, not in Africa. . . . Could you stand a story?"

"I can stand anything."

"Stout fella." The Bank Manager busied himself for a moment among the bottles on the table, then leaned back.

"First place—let's have some atmosphere. That's important on the West Coast. All important. Down here atmosphere—the thing writers and restaurant proprietors are always jabbering about—isn't just background. It's foreground. Usually it's the whole story. Look out the window there and shut up for a minute and you'll see what I mean."

"I shut up?" I began indignantly. But the Bank Manager had taken his own advice.

We had come for the week-end to a "bush-house" half way up the mountain, ostensibly to shoot some leopard by the moon—if we should feel energetic. Eight miles up the road was a John Holt factory and eleven miles down the same road one came to the port. In between, except for one or two native settlements, there was nothing.

The window behind my chair was small and high, fringed at the top with a black, ragged line where the thatch hung down. Outside, a tall oil palm cut its stately silhouette against the night sky. There was no wind, yet its dry fronds whispered livingly. Ghostly snakes of vine hung down from it. That was all, but over us and over everything hung the throbbing, breathing silence of the tropic night. Somewhere behind the house a branch snapped. A sausage fly flung itself

against the lantern and fell to the floor.

"Africa," said the Bank Manager, "is the only continent I know where the sense of vastness is inescapable. Even the air seems ancient sometimes—as if the old monsters of the swamps had breathed it first and sort of got the savor out of it.

"But this is Cameroons. We aren't in it. Do you know the Benin River country in Southern Nigeria? Because if you don't, my dear fellow, you're in luck. . . .

"We had a branch bank up there about five years ago at a place called Bulambo. There was my assistant and myself, the Assistant District Commissioner, and an old-timer at the Hatton and Cookson factory. We four whites and about a hundred swamp natives were the population. There were three European houses, some tin sheds on the beach, and the native town. A cheery hole. Exhilarating, if you understand me. If a chap had a passion for canoeing there were about fifteen thousand miles of connected creeks and rivers—the whole Niger Delta—at his disposal. But there wasn't any walking. Bulambo occupies about ten acres of fairly dry land. Around it is nothing but the river and miles upon miles of mangrove swamp, mud, water, snakes, and roots. And hot! Hell is a winter resort in comparison. Sticky, steamy heat with nary a breeze.

"Naturally we whites had a good dose of one another's society. And our contact with the natives was much closer than is usual. Couldn't help but be. I mean, when the Bulambos brought out their drums and danced, they did it fifty yards from our windows. When their people died we could hear the women singing. We knew them all by sight and many by name—the chief and his wives, the witch doctor, Sokinoma, he was called . . . all of 'em.

"There, ordinarily, the intimacy stopped.

"But my assistant—he was a nice, thin young fellow with black hair and eyes that made me feel like his mother

every time I looked at them—was absolutely tickled.

"The night he arrived—a Dutch freighter cruising the rivers for logs and palm oil put him down in the front yard, there was a jamboree of some kind; two men with tom-toms, two with palm-fiber harps, the women swaying in a line chanting, the young bucks dancing in the firelight. You know the sort of thing. Civilization checked with the pile of pants outside.

"Well, Croker—that was his name, by the way, Jimmy Croker—absolutely loved it. We were sitting on the verandah, slapping mosquitoes, and this business was going on just across the yard.

"'This is gorgeous,' says he. 'This is perfectly marvellous. Don't know as I'll be able to spare much time for your silly bank. Why, there are no barriers at all. I'll have the time of my life!'

"'You make me very happy, darling,' says I. 'You'll find that barriers is just one of about twelve thousand things Bulambo hasn't got. That's why we love it so.'

"But I couldn't put him off. It seems that all through school anthropology had been a kind of hobby of his. He'd read Spencer and Tylor and Boas and Westermarck and the rest of the big men, and even that hadn't discouraged him. That was one reason he'd tried for a West African job.

"The next afternoon, as soon as we shut up shop, he put on his nice new sun-helmet and was off. A few minutes later I looked out the window and there he was, sitting on a low stool in front of Chief Bulambo's hut, his helmet on his knees and the Chief's three-weeks-old baby in the hat. Old Bulambo was sitting beside him, and some women were standing around, and all of them were jawing away like a family reunion. I was rather pleased. It would keep the kid out of trouble, I fancied. There are lots worse vices than anthropology to gobble up a youngster on his first tour down here. And in a small place like Bulambo the 'losing caste' thing didn't

matter, in spite of the way the A.D.C. cried into his whiskey about it.

"Every day he followed the same program. After he was finished with his work—and Croker was the best assistant I ever had, I might mention—he'd pop across the yard and fraternize for all he was worth. His ambition was to learn the language and, with that as a key, then enter into their ways of thinking, their legends, magic, and the rest.

"Pretty soon he began to pick up a few words, in three months he was adept. He knew every man, woman, and child by name. And at last he got pally with the really big man—the witch doctor Sokinoma, a dried-up, wise-looking old chap whom we rarely saw.

"At night sometimes he'd come into my room, sit on the edge of the bed, and give me a yarn. He told me how a white rag hung from the end of a bending pole moves in the starlight and sets a tune for the pale swamp ghosts to dance to; how when a black mother loses her first-born she can mend her heart with a mess of blood and dirt that sets the cycle going round again—life back to the land-mother it came from; why it was, in terms of their philosophy, that Sokinoma could reach into the grass and pick up a six-foot hooded cobra as casually as you'd handle so much rope.

"He was making extraordinary progress. He had begun a Bulambo dictionary, a thing no one had ever attempted. I began to catch a queer, rapt, religious look on his face sometimes . . . and I began to notice something else." The Bank Manager broke off.

"Look here." His eyes roamed the matting-covered walls. He pointed to a huge house-spider sprawled at the edge of the glow of lantern light. "Spiders, giant cockroaches, lizards in bed with you—that sort of business. Do they get on your nerves?"

I shook my head. "No. I can't say they do. They gave me the jumps a bit the first few days, but then I fitted them into the landscape. I don't mind them now."

"Put the sugar in your tea, wait a minute till the ants come up, bale 'em out, and carry on?"

"Exactly."

"Croker had the same experience. Jibbed at the fauna for about forty-eight hours, then forgot it. But he changed again. He started being careful about tucking in his net. Then I noticed he always shook out his pajamas and hit his slippers on the floor before he put them on. It would have been trivial, sound sense, in fact, if he had known he was doing it. But he didn't. He gave me the curious impression that he was being ridden—ridden by subconscious fear. Invisible Africa was getting on his nerves."

"What do you mean?"

"He'd 'gone native' spiritually. It's an intangible thing and hard to explain. But any old Coaster would understand me. There are qualities and kinds of fear. A big black Bulambo with his hair in plaits, tattooed ridges all over his face and chest, and a fish-spear and handkerchief by way of costume is, for example, superficially fearless. He's no more afraid of the Governor of Nigeria than, er . . . the Governor's wife, and he'll charge a machine gun as quick as a wink. But watch that same man about his daily business. Watch him avoid a certain stone, carefully twist off a cocconut so as not to hurt the branch, do anything rather than pass a certain point. Why? Simply because he believes that not seeing a thing does not argue that it does not exist.

"Croker gave me exactly the same impression. Then he absolutely proved it.

"One afternoon he was fiddling with some papers on my desk, looking for something. I heard him suck in his breath in a curious, frightened way, and I looked up.

"He had a blue print in his hand and was as white as a sheet. 'What the devil's this?' he asked.

"I took the paper from him and looked at it. It was a plan of the Bank's

Bulambo property with the place marked on it where we were going to build a new vault. I didn't savvy at all. Croker knew as much as I did, I thought, about the new vault. Anyway, I saw nothing to get excited about. . . . By the way, I wonder if you know the sort of vault we build down here?"

"No."

"It's simply a small steel-frame shed roofed and sided with corrugated iron and fitted with a strong-door, usually built in the back yard of a bank property. In a place like Bulambo, where the bank handles the government tax money and where there is continual trade with natives who bring in kernels and palm oil, one naturally keeps a great deal of small coin on hand, shillings and sixpences and threepenny bits—paper not being current. And its bulk is out of all proportion. Therefore the vault—just a place to keep the spare currency boxes.

"But to get back to Croker. I asked him what the devil was up? He pointed to the plan. 'I didn't realize you were going to stick the vault just there,' he said. 'Because you can't.'

"He turned his back to me, walked over to the window, and began to explain before I had a chance to say anything. 'Look at the plan,' he said. 'You notice that the vault is marked to go at the back of the property just at the edge of the swamp? Yes? Have you ever noticed there is a trail through the grass back there?' He turned to face me.

"I nodded. 'I have,' I said. 'I've often wondered where the deuce it led and who used it.'

"Croker looked straight at me. 'It begins behind Sokinoma's house and leads into the swamp. And no one uses it except Sokinoma, the King Crocodile, and the Bulambo dead.'

"At that I jumped up as if someone had fired a gun at me. 'What the hell are you talking about?' I shouted.

"Croker laughed. 'Of course,' he said, 'as to the dead using it, I have only the

word of the natives for that. It's their belief, I should say. But when it comes to Sokinoma and the King Croc using it—why I've seen them a dozen times.'

"He waited for me to say something, but I hadn't the wind. He went on.

"'Every morning at sun-up Sokinoma comes down the path from his hut carrying a basket of meat and fish—stuff contributed by everyone in town. At the same moment a big crocodile—an enormous creature fully sixteen feet long—comes out of the mud at the other end and crawls up the trail. Fact. About half-way Sokinoma tosses his stuff to the crocodile, then it turns around and goes back. The half-way point is marked by a little arch of palm leaves. And just there, old chap, is where you've marked the site of your precious vault. You see my point. What's infinitely more important than the crocodile feeding, is that Sokinoma does not take his offering down the trail when a Bulambo dies. The mornings following a death all stay indoors and sing—you've heard them many times—and they think the soul of the dead person takes Sokinoma's place, goes down the path, and is consumed by the croc. Becomes part of its soul, you know, and returns to the swamp. That's a very common belief.'

"Can you beat that? I thought I'd never get my mouth shut. There was Croker explaining the maddest stuff I'd ever heard with hardly more emotion than a school teacher explaining algebra to the boy defective. I suppose I looked impressed. Jimmy grinned at me. 'Get up early to-morrow and I'll show you.'

"I said something clever like 'My eye!'

"Croker went back to his desk. 'So help me! I'd have told you long ago if I thought you'd be interested—or if Sokinoma wasn't so afraid that if it got out we'd turn the show into a sort of circus. . . . But that vault is no go!'

"That's all that we said just then.

But, sure enough, next morning Croker stirred me up when it was still dark and we went to a top-floor window. He gave me a pair of field glasses."

The Bank Manager paused, produced a cigarette from his shirt pocket and tapped it emphatically on the table. "You don't have to believe me, but I swear to you I saw just what Croker had described. Sokinoma came with his basket and stopped midway. A tremendous big crocodile sprawled and slithered itself out of the water and up the path, took the food, and went away again. Just that. Since then I've looked up the thing in books and it seems to be generally known all up and down the Coast. According to the experts, the crocodile-fetish tribes all make a daily offering of food, and one or more crocodiles soon learn the time and place and form the habit of coming. But believe me, that old black man and that damned lizard in the pale grass with the daybreak mists hanging round them made a picture.

"I came out of a kind of daze to hear Croker's voice. 'About the vault, now,' he said. 'You realize, of course, you've got to move it?'

"I looked at him. He meant it. Lord, how he meant it! All my little indistinct worries about him came to a head. I did some quick thinking and decided.

"'Look here, Croker,' I said. 'The materials for that vault are at Lagos now. Within a few days the construction man will be here with them. He decided on its location, not I. It's the logical place for the thing. There, I think, it will go.' I took his arm. 'I don't care a hang about the vault, but I do about you. Take my advice. Drop this sort of thing and drop it quick.'

"He nodded, said something about 'Very well, of course you are the boss,' and left me.

"I thought about it then and later. I kept to my opinion that to go ahead would lay the invisible ghosts for him."

The Bank Manager wiped his face with a large, already moist handkerchief, and continued.

"At the end of the week, the *Benin*, an Elder-Dempster local boat, put in, unloaded the materials for the vault, and landed two passengers—the Lagos construction man and a girl, Betty Shaw, daughter of old Shaw, the Hatton and Cookson manager.

"She was a surprise—her existence, even. I haven't said much about Shaw for the reason that there isn't much to say. He was a first-rate African trader verging a little on the palm-oil ruffian type. He drank like a fish and showed it no more, and kept a tight mouth. The girl herself was the first announcement of her coming.

"Croker and I were on the quay receiving the builder and getting the boxes off, and old Shaw introduced us as soon as she was down the ladder. Said she was finished with school and had 'come down to keep her old father company.' In Bulambo, the poor ass!

"She had red-gold bobbed hair, a turned-up nose, and marvellous eyes. She was wearing white, had a red Hausa leather bag in her hand, and not a trouble in the world. She was as pretty as a magazine cover—and as common. Cruel and stupid and vain and unimaginative, all the commonplace faults. That was the way I sized her up. It took me about two minutes. But I'm an old-timer. In the same two minutes Jimmy Croker, with brains and breeding enough for three men, fell dazed in love.

"We seemed fated to have differences of opinion. But I was middle-aged and full of quinine, and he was twenty-four and hadn't seen a white woman in six months. And, I admit it, Betty Shaw was pretty—pretty as a paper rose. I nearly burst that night trying to get to tell him what a fool he was. But I'd said say enough for then.

"They began seeing each other. She had nothing to do, and he was the only presentable white male. One afternoon he took her out in a native canoe. It

was a beauty, one of the most exquisitely carved things I've ever seen, delicate and graceful as a bird. She called it 'quaint' and laughed at it. It wasn't nice neat green canvas and shiny varnish, so it was merely funny. Croker laughed with her, in an obliging, half-hearted way.

"Pretty soon Shaw had us over to dinner. All of us, the Lagos fellow and the A.D.C. included. A bad hour, that. We adults exhausted the chatty possibilities of the kernel trade in about five minutes, and then it was up to Croker and Betty to keep things going—which they did not. After dinner we all went out on the verandah and simply sat there brooding over our gins. Then Betty Shaw stretched back in her chair, stuck her legs out so her skirt slid half-way up her bare thighs, and remarked, 'Cæsar, how *can* you go it? All the desert island yarns are simply blithering. Does nothing *ever* happen here?'

"At least the desert island is inhabited,' Croker said.

"She made a mock bow. 'I didn't refer to present company.'

"Neither did I. I meant the natives.'

"She smiled. 'Dear me, I *did* forget the poor heathen. But just what do they contribute to Bulambo night life?'

"That was all Croker needed. He talked for half an hour. We men were all ears. Any knowledge we fancied we had of the country seemed childish when he told us what he knew. Fascinating stuff, unquestionably. But the girl smoked cigarettes and smiled at him.

"He must have felt he wasn't making the impression with her he'd hoped, so, to my surprise, he topped off with the crocodile yarn. He told first of the legend that the lonely dead go down the trail at dawn to become part of the crocodile—to them the great spirit of the marshland that they love. Then he detailed the scene I'd witnessed.

"She was attentive, all right. 'Do you mean to say this goes on every morning?'

"Yes. If you like, I think I could

arrange for you to watch. Would you care to?'

"At that she burst out laughing. To me it was like rubbing a knife-edge sideways on a plate. She positively crowed. 'Would I just? Rather! See the funny nigger feed the tame crocodile? Sixpence, ladies and gents, and worth every farthing! For tuppence more can I see a bit of ghost gobbling? I beg Bulambo's pardon. It's a perfect Wembley. To-morrow, then?'

"Perhaps not to-morrow,' Croker said. That was all and pretty soon we pushed along home.

"I realized that one of two things would happen. Either that scene would make him see what a fool she was, or, for calf-love's sake, he'd switch to her view and let the magic business go hang. I couldn't for the life of me make up my mind which I'd prefer. He didn't show his cards until the following afternoon.

"We were in the office, and the Lagos fellow barged in and began to grouse about not being able to get any labor. He had his boxes open and every piece of stuff was numbered, but he'd found out that not a soul in town would have anything to do with him for any price.

"I'd rather expected something of the sort, but still I had no suggestions. I looked over to Croker's desk. He was working away with his lips set, looking sort of pale and worried. I didn't think he'd heard us.

"Jimmy, old man,' I began, but he swung round and started talking before I'd gone any farther.

"You can change the site of the bloody thing. Put it twenty paces nearer the house, get a drier location and one easier to keep under observation—and not stir up a hornet's nest, which is incidentally a needless and stupid cruelty to a whole townful of people. You can either do that . . .'

"Then I broke in with some sort of noise intended to convey doubt. After all, the silly vault didn't have to be just there. But Croker interrupted me.

"Or,' he said, accenting the *or*, 'or,

you can take my canoe, go fifteen minutes' paddle up the creek to Bafang, and get all the labor you need. The Bafang don't belong to the crocodile totem and they would welcome a chance to do the Bulambos a bad turn. What's more, I happen to know the chief's son is a trained carpenter. . . . And in either case you can both damn well go to hell.'

"He turned back to the desk. I knew the girl had won."

"For upwards of a month there were no developments. The vault was finished, and we moved in the currency boxes. We got a night watchman to come over evenings from Bafang. Sokinoma and his crowd made extraordinarily little fuss. A delegation of them called on the A.D.C., but they were frightened and their English was practically non-existent. So the Commissioner, not having the foggiest notion what it was all about, threw them out. Except that not one of them would go near the vault, that the whole town seemed to be wearing long faces, and that there was an unusual lot of doleful singing at night, there was no evidence that anything out of the way had occurred.

"The African is the most easily licked of human creatures—on the surface.

"Croker seemed to have lost interest in them. It was rarely now that he went over to the native side to have a chin-chin with his old pals. In their unaccusing fashion I believe they held him responsible for what amounted to a desecration of an altar, which to them appeared the greatest calamity in remembered history. Sokinoma cut him dead. In fact, the old man was rarely visible. He stayed indoors all the time. Croker practically quit working on his notes, on the book that was to be the fulfilment of the enthusiasm of his short lifetime. And when he did work on it, he made excuses to his girl—damn her red head.

"It was March and the rainy season had begun. You know—clear days,

and nights that would make Noah nervous. I used to wake up at night, being sympathetic for the poor Bafang watchman standing out in all that wet. He had built himself a little shelter of palm branches, but in rain like that it was useless.

"Then one evening he turned up sick. I saw him staggering out of his canoe, yelled for my boy, and had a bed made up for him on the back verandah. He had pneumonia, obviously. Croker popped over to get Sokinoma to have a look at him—the old man was the leading doctor of Bulambo, of course; but Sokinoma turned him down flat. The vault, of course. By taking the watchman job the Bafang had put himself outside the pale, you understand.

"He checked out that night, poor chap. Absolutely like snuffing out a candle. . . . And generally the Delta people can stand anything in the way of wetting. They're acclimated.

"Next day I paddled over to Bafang to hire a successor. No one seemed too keen on the job; but I raised the pay a bit, promised to build a tin shelter to make things more comfortable, and at last signed on one of the chief's younger sons. He was a fine big chap who wore nothing but a loin cloth, carried a carved paddle around with him all the time, and had a rarely enthusiastic dislike for everyone in Bulambo. He seemed all right. There was no real point in having a watchman anyway, except that the London office insisted on it."

The Bank Manager eyed the acetylene lamp. "The silly thing's going out, isn't it?" he remarked.

I observed it long enough to be able to add my expert opinion that the silly thing *was* out.

"Damn," said the Bank Manager. "I'd better push along. The moon there will do to turn in by, won't it? Filling acetylene lamps is no fit occupation for the white race."

I agreed. The moon was streaming directly in the window. The shadow of

the ragged roof thatch drew grotesque, ghastly lines on my friend's face. He re-commenced abruptly.

"A week later, about midnight, I heard the most frightful scream. Woke me up and addled my nerves so that I couldn't stir for a moment. I was just shakily getting my slippers on when Croker came in, said, 'Something's up,' and grabbed an electric flash-lamp. I got my shotgun and we went out on the back porch. It was a clear night with stars. And still! We could hear each other breathing.

"'Ndita, Ndita,' Croker called. That was the watchman's name. The scream, we thought, had come from somewhere near the vault.

"No answer. A big night bird flew high overhead somewhere, zooming its wings. Everything absolutely still, peaceful.

"'We'd better go down and have a look,' Croker said.

"We went slowly, turning the lamp in all directions, and at intervals called Ndita. No answer. We went right up to the door of the vault, getting our feet and pajama legs in the deuce of a mess from the wet grass. No sign of anything. Then we cruised back to the house, feeling a bit shaky. There seemed nothing we could do.

"With daylight the whole thing became clear. It was all patterned on the ground. That crocodile, of course. Queer we'd never thought of it. We could see where the thing had crawled out of the swamp and up to the door of the vault where the watchman sat, most probably asleep. It had evidently taken one bite, knocking that one awful scream out of the man, then slithered back, dragging him under water in the marsh. They won't eat live meat, you know. . . . It was all printed there in the mud. It gave us the creeps, under the circumstances. After all, though, the place where the watchman sat was the crocodile's habitual feeding place. One could argue it was a natural death just as much as was the death of his

predecessor. Damn' near anything is a natural death in Africa except dying of old age.

"Croker said nothing. Not a single 'I told you so.' He was in love.

"On the surface he neither feared nor believed in magic any more. On the surface he'd adopted Betty Shaw's reasoning about such things. It was perfectly simple. 'Africans were niggers.' That was that. Beneath contempt even, much less credence. A not unfamiliar point of view, you know."

"Of course there was nothing doing at Bafang for any more watchmen. Two even slightly related accidents is all you need on the Niger Delta to start a new religion. That vault was haunted by the spirits of the cheated dead—that's all there was to it. There was no use talking. I sent up to our Sapele branch for them to send down a man who spoke nò Bulambo and as little English as possible.

"He came two days later. I arranged with our cook to find a place for him to bunk in the tool shed under the house and that same evening he started work. I was as fair with him as I dared be. I told him about the croc, and to prevent the same thing happening again, I gave him my gun and a big gasoline lantern to keep going. I also took the chair away from him to prevent his falling asleep.

"Nevertheless, I was anxious. The business had got on my nerves far more than I cared to admit. Sokinoma and his crowd had, it seemed to me, been entirely too quiet. Seemed too completely detached from what was going on to be really convincing. And I thought I'd caught a queer new note in their singing—a speeded-up, clamorous, almost gay quality. Several times in the course of the night I got up and went to look out the window. But his light was burning and I could see the man standing on duty by the door.

"Croker's voice pulled me out of bed

next morning. He was in his room next to mine leaning out of the window shouting at the watchman. He called several times, then shut up and came in to me.

"Look here," he said, "that new man is still on the job and doesn't answer when I yell at him. I can't make it out. Get up."

"I put some shoes on, and we went downstairs together. It was still early and the house-boys weren't yet around. We could see the watchman from the verandah, apparently, as Croker had said, still on duty. We walked quickly down the path toward him. He was stone dead. He was standing bolt upright, his back against the vault door. My gun, its stock on the ground, was held in his hand. And on his black face was the most frightful expression of terror I have ever seen. The eyes were wide open, the lips slightly apart, the nostrils dilated. Killed in an instant of unbelievable, dreadful fear.

"Croker grabbed my arm.

"My God, look," he said. He pointed down. There in the earth, soggy from the fall of dew, was the print of the body of a huge crocodile, the arc of the tail, the deep depression from its belly, the four prints of its clawlike feet, the wedge-like mark of its head. *But there were no traces anywhere of its departure or approach.* Simply, though the ground was everywhere soft, that isolated, uncanny spoor at the dead man's feet.

"I went over at once and got the A.D.C., and the three of us looked over the ground. We were not mistaken. We examined that ground as if our lives depended on it. We were scared. I confess it. I could hardly seem to get my breath. The A.D.C. was so white I thought he was going to faint. But there was nothing. The dead man and the great sprawling, frightful mark. That was all.

"The Commissioner walked over to the native quarter to have a look round while Croker and I got the body into the house. He came back in a few minutes to say that not a soul in Bulambo,

though it was now long after daylight, was abroad. They knew.

"We sat down to talk it over. There was, as far as we could see, nothing on earth to be done. The A.D.C. couldn't arrest the townspeople on a charge of corporate oversleeping. Yet that was the only sign they'd given.

"We had breakfast with the Shaws. Our servants and the Commissioner's, we discovered, had skipped. Simply vanished. None of them happened to be Bulambo boys and they'd lit out. We wondered how they'd come to know the latest development before we did. But there was no use wondering. We were hungry. On leaving the house we noticed the crocodile mark had been deliberately stamped out by bare footprints. One or several Bulambos had slipped out while we were in the house and trod up the neighborhood so there was nothing left.

"Shaw's boys were still on the job, and he told us to come on in. He, I suppose, was so outside of the thing that the servants weren't afraid to stay, though to judge by their expression while they gave us breakfast they weren't going to stick much longer.

"It was an intensely serious business. Shaw was furious. Said that unless something was done quick the natives of the district would quit bringing in produce, and Bulambo would simply vanish from the map. A sort of general strike, you know. We couldn't for the life of us figure how, but the deaths of the three watchmen were certainly connected. Sokinoma and the powers of magic had declared open war. I say magic now and I said magic then simply because I know no other term that covers the facts—or the hopeless lack of facts.

"Betty Shaw, or course, was present at that breakfast. She listened politely until each one of us had had his say, then she took her turn. It was like a cold shower bath.

"She lighted a cigarette and leaned back smiling in that devilish, self-assured way. 'You're making yourselves ridic-

ulous,' she told us. 'Four grown men tiptoeing around with their fingers crossed as if they actually swallowed ha'penny nigger nonsense. Be logical. A man dies of pneumonia. Well, why shouldn't he, in this climate? Then a crocodile slips out and drags away Number Two. Why not, again? It's the nature of the beast, isn't it? What do you think crocodiles live on, olives? And then the local crowd get it into their thick heads that if they can top off two coincidences with a third they will produce a tremendous effect? So what do they do?'

"The A.D.C. snorted. 'That's just what I'd like to know.'

"Betty just looked pert. 'Well, how's this for an explanation? Just off-hand, of course. Why do you think the crocodile mark was destroyed the minute your back was turned? Perhaps to prevent your having a second look at it by broad daylight? Suppose, just for the sake of argument, it was merely a clever bit of sculpture done by a man who carefully obliterated his own tracks when he had finished and backed away? That would cover the thing, wouldn't it?'

"My dear child,' said the A.D.C., 'the man was dead!'

"Betty waved her hand airily. Nothing could trouble that red head.

"Nothing easier,' she explained. 'A witch doctor in the correct costume jumping out of the dark would scare anyone to death, wouldn't it?'

"Croker was impressed. I imagine it was the most constructive job of thinking he'd ever heard her perform. He was absolutely soft-eyed with admiration. He leaned forward. 'But what shall we *do*?' he asked.

"She reached across the corner of the table and patted his hand. 'Do the regular thing, of course.'

"What?'

"She smiled again. '*Lay* the ghost! After all, what is this except the old haunted house yarn all over again? Let Jimmy here, in the role of the young

hero, spend the night in the vault. He can take plenty of cigarettes with him and wear an overcoat so he won't catch cold. I say inside the vault because there there won't be danger from anything but ghosts—which, after all, is what we want to lay. And I hardly think ghosts will bother Jimmy! What do you think?'

"As for me,' I said, 'I'm against it completely. It's perfect nonsense.'

"The girl turned to me. She was angry. 'You may think he'd be afraid, but I don't,' she said.

"Damn her, do you see? She had him. I saw through her at once. Simply the fool girl feeding her own cursed vanity by making her lover do some brave thing. She was bored and this was her way of amusing herself. Jimmy Croker, though, didn't realize. He couldn't take his eyes off her face.

"To my disgust the A.D.C. agreed. Quoted instances from his experience where a white man had shown up some native myth or other and ended it on the spot. . . . The poor beggars have a tremendous respect for us, you know.

"That afternoon I had a talk with Croker. He was frank enough with me. Told me he didn't favor the idea particularly, that he was frankly nervous. Especially since he'd been against that cursed vault from the beginning. But it seemed he had asked Betty Shaw to marry him and that she hadn't given him her answer yet. So naturally he didn't dare back out. He would look the coward and it might be all up with him then. He said he'd figured a way to keep himself occupied during the night, to keep his nerves from getting *too* badly frayed there in the dark. He would take a hammer and nail down the lids of some currency boxes that we were going to ship down-river the next day. It would be something to do, and if he made a botch of it, then no matter. You know how it is when you're alone in the dark—if you can find a piece of string and make cat's-cradles—anything of that sort, it keeps you from getting fidgety.

"About nine o'clock in the evening we all walked over to the native town, and the A.D.C. made a speech. Called them all sorts of names for being silly and superstitious and told them how Jimmy was going to show them the vault was the safest place in Nigeria. They listened carefully enough, but I couldn't tell whether they were impressed or not. I noticed old Sokinoma on the outskirts of the crowd. He had a queer, vicious little smile on his face. Jimmy, remember, was the one white man his tribe had ever trusted and he, it seemed, was mocking them worst of all. Croker felt it, I think, and it must have hurt. But with that girl beside him, with her hand in his, nothing else in the world mattered.

"We made the thing as ceremonious as possible. Escorted Jimmy in great state over to the vault and ushered him in. Betty spoiled the dramatic timing just a trifle by remembering he didn't have his overcoat and running up to his room to get it. One really does need a coat down here in the rainy season. It gets chilly at night. I liked her little show of decent female tenderness.

"He gave us a half-hearted grin and went inside. I three-quarters closed the door on him. We stood around a few minutes, not exactly knowing what to do next and then we said good-night and left. I climbed the steps of the back porch and stood there in the shadows, watching. The crowd of natives hadn't entirely dispersed yet, and I didn't want any monkey business to take place right under my nose. It was a windy night and ravelled rain clouds scudded through the sky. But a bright half-moon hung above the swamps, and I could see pretty clearly. Gradually the group of natives thinned. In the vague light it was like the slow disintegration of a shadow. There wasn't a sound or a whisper or the rustle of a blade of grass. They were impressed, all right. It occurred to me maybe the Commissioner was right—that if all went well they'd really be convinced.

In a few minutes only one was left—Sokinoma. The silhouette of his weedy, skinny little body was unmistakable. He stood perfectly quiet, facing the vault door, perhaps a dozen paces away from it. I watched him as I would a snake. Then a queer thing happened. He drew himself together and with a curious rhythm began to lift his arms over his head. I've never seen quite the same gesture. Ordinarily, you know, when a man lifts his arms they fan out. Sokinoma's didn't. They crept up along his sides like snakes, then seemed to grow into the air—a weird, commanding, ghostly gesture. I had the delusion he had grown immensely tall. I was just going to shout at him when a denser cloud obscured the moon and everything was blotted out. The wind carried the cloud past in what seemed no more than a fraction of a second and the light streamed out. That old magician had vanished. I suppose I was upset and credulous, but I swear it seemed to me he had leaped away into the sky. A trick of the light, of course. But his shadow, when that cloud came, had appeared to attenuate and dart in an arc of blackness up and away across the marsh."

The Bank Manager replenished his glass. "Of course, I suppose he'd merely taken advantage of the momentary darkness and made a break. Done it for effect, you know. But it didn't make me any easier in my mind, believe me. I hung around for a little, then went to bed. I got a book and read; that is, I turned the pages at decent intervals. I never shall know *what* I read. I only knew sleep was out of the question. After perhaps an hour I couldn't stand it any longer and got up, put on mosquito boots over my pajama legs, and went out.

"From the porch I could hear the sound of his intermittent hammering and knew he was all right. Poor kid, toiling away on those currency boxes by the touch system—fighting phantoms with a hammer and a box of nails. . . .

"I had sense enough, at least, not to walk near the vault. The sound of my tiptoeing around in the grass would have given him the horrors. But I walked everywhere else. First I made a cruise of the native end. Not a soul about. The crazy little shacks were all boarded up tight. A heavy mist was rising from the ground so I seemed to walk in cloud. And the grotesque shadows of the huts played on it, made the whole scene seem like a madman's dream. I found Sokinoma's hut and stuck my head in the door. He wasn't there. There was no sound except the rushing of the wind among the tree tops and the faraway, plaintive calling of a bird. The clouds were thickening and running fast.

"I walked along the waterfront toward the other end. I looked up at Shaw's house and saw a light in one of the windows. I happened to know it was Betty's room. I don't know why, but it cheered me up no end. Evidently she couldn't sleep either. At least poor Jimmy's luck had two guardians that night.

"I hung about for a little, then realized it was growing black dark. A flash of lightning made everything blaze blue-white, the next second there was an immense boom of thunder and the rain came. Glory, did it come! Like a waterfall under pressure. I had quite a time making the house—arrived at last looking like something off one of those Roman galleys in the Thames mud. I rubbed down and got into clean things and went to bed. The last thing I remember was the roaring and the booming of the rain on the tin roof and the sound of its lashing on the river."

The Bank Manager rose from his chair and walked to the door of the hut. After a pause he went on. His back was turned to me.

"I woke up with a start and realized it was daybreak. I knew something had wakened me and the next instant I knew what. The Bulambo were singing, and

I recognized their song. It was the one Jimmy had made me know—the one they sang of a morning when one of their people died—the accompaniment they supplied when a spirit walked the last time down the Crocodile trail. . . ."

The Bank Manager gave a snorting, uneasy laugh. "I've never moved so quickly in my life. Didn't even put on slippers. Just pelted down the stairs and out to the vault and jerked the door open." He turned, came back, and leaned his hands on the table. "They'd got him." He drew in his breath. "He was half standing, half sitting, leaned back against a pile of boxes. The hammer was gripped in his hand as if he'd fought with it. His dead face was gray, contorted with appalling horror. His eyes were staring, his lips snarled back over his teeth. He'd seen ghosts, I tell you—shapes that had devoured his mind with the tearing, savage fury of lion's claws in meat. I'll never forget so long as I may live. A human sacrifice to nameless, fearful things . . . poor Jimmy."

"So you do believe in it?" I hesitated. "There was no other explanation?"

He sprawled into his chair. "Not altogether. . . . And there was an explanation . . . of a sort. We found it when we lifted him. The tail of his overcoat was nailed to a currency box. He'd been sitting on the box, nailing on the lid, and in the dark had hammered down his coat. When he tried to move he was jerked back. He struggled, but something in the blackness held him fast and yanked him down. An invisible hand. His heart stopped." The Bank Manager's voice dropped almost to a whisper. "But how, in heaven's name, can the witch men seem to *know*?"

"What did the girl say?" I asked.

"She?" The Bank Manager hesitated. "She said what you did. 'Funk.' I don't know. Possibly you're right. I've been here eleven years, I tell you. I don't know. Not any more." He got up.

"Let's turn in."



UPROOTED AMERICANS

BY EUGENE BAGGER

WE WERE discussing the unpopularity of the United States among European intellectuals. We had touched upon the Allied debt, imperialism, Hollywood, the Fourteen Points, jazz, tariffs, and tourists, when the kindly and enlightened Englishwoman who had lived in America, liked Americans, and even professed to understand their language, contributed a new suggestion.

"What about the anti-American propaganda of the American expatriates? One would expect them to criticize; but why do they vituperate? Why do they hate America?"

My answer was that they don't.

In the first place I warned the lady against hasty generalizations. Doubtless many exiles have hard things to say about the shortcomings and crudities of their country; but what they hate is the shortcomings and crudities, not the country. An expatriate myself, I have found, in the course of my wanderings over the Old World, that most of my fellow-exiles live in Europe exactly because they love America and wish to preserve their love by keeping away from her. Their denunciation of America as she is to-day is fired by a vision of her as she should, and some time may, be. They leave behind the America of Mabel Willebrandt and Aimee McPherson in order to get nearer the America of Walt Whitman. They are angry because they care. They clench their fists where an aloof foreigner would shrug his shoulders.

To which the Englishwoman replied that, in the first place, a healthy, robust,

self-sure love does not take refuge behind the pathos of three thousand miles; in the second, that the language of thwarted affection and that of hatred sound curiously alike, and that most Europeans will listen to the language but will not probe into its motive.

At this point somebody had to catch the 6.48 to town and the discussion, side-tracked from a review of anti-American feeling in Europe to a consideration of expatriate psychology, was adjourned *sine die*. I had no chance to tell my interlocutor that in my opinion the disgruntled intellectual's criticism is apt to hurt his country rather less than the one hundred per cent booster's complacency. But her query set me to thinking about the psychology and social value of the expatriate. What is an expatriate, and why? Is he an asset or a liability to American life and culture? These are the questions to which I shall now attempt to trace answers—answers, it should be understood, which express my personal views and are deduced from my own experience. I disclaim any status as official spokesman for any number or group of my fellow-exiles.

II

Being an expatriate is not a physical condition but a state of mind. Not all Americans who live abroad are expatriates; indeed, many of them would resent the label as a libel. One must exclude, in the first place, those who have come to Europe for a more or less definite period in quest of recreation, rest, or instruction; in the second, those who

reside abroad on account of their jobs: members of the diplomatic and consular services, representatives of American banks, business houses, steamship lines, etc.; and some, though not all, of the newspaper correspondents; in the third, the inhabitants of the New York *Herald* society column, the ultra-rich and ultra-fashionable migratory population of Park Avenue, Passy, and the great international resorts. The latter are released by the size of their unearned increment from the common human bondage of choice and renunciation; the former live abroad to perform a specific function, whether of fun or of duty, and return to New York, Washington, or Kansas City when their time is up with no emotional crisis beyond that of the discomforts of removal.

The true expatriate is set apart from the various types of mere residents abroad not by external criteria but by an inner test. He *knows* that he is an exile. He may have sailed from New York with his mind all made up, or he may have arrived as a student, or on an assignment or appointment, or simply as a tourist, and then drifted into staying: the crucial fact about him is that he is conscious of having burned his ships. He may even from time to time set a date for his return home; when the hour strikes he will postpone it, and then postpone it again; and he will rationalize his growing inner resistance to the idea of repatriation by exaggerating or inventing material obstacles.

In respect to economic status expatriates may be divided, roughly, into two groups. First, there are those possessed of independent incomes, usually of a moderate size—men and women approaching or arrived at middle-age who have retired from their business or profession while still in their full physical and mental vigor. This fact alone suffices to mark them off as a special type among their compatriots even before they leave the old home town; for Americans usually prefer to translate the last ounce of their vitality into dol-

lars, and regard apoplexy in a swivel chair as the most honorable exit from this world, equivalent to the Moslem's death in battle for the Faith. The second group consists mostly of writers and artists who sell in America what they produce in Europe, and also includes those of the American newspaper correspondents to whom a Continental assignment means not simply a job, but the financial backing of their escape.

III

Thus the great majority of exiled Americans draw their incomes—whether independent or toiled-for—from the United States. This is an essential point, for it covers one of the most powerful inducements to expatriation: the superior purchasing power of the American dollar. In most European countries to-day the cost of living—including both fundamentals like rent, food, and clothing on the one hand, and luxuries on the other—is a good deal lower than in America. The notorious exceptions are England and Germany, or, more accurately, London and Berlin; the former city being almost, and the latter fully as expensive as New York. It is the country which in other respects, too, holds most attraction to Americans that offers the most considerable advantages to wallets stocked, however moderately, with United States currency: France.

The casual well-to-do American traveler who would feel his social standing lowered if the bills presented to him at his Paris or Riviera hotel did not match the prices of Park Avenue or Palm Beach may disagree with my assertion that living in France to-day is cheap. The resident American who speaks a little French, knows the ropes, avoids the de luxe establishments run for the benefit of the seasonal dollar-splashers, and has learned from his French neighbors that good living and extravagance are not necessarily synonymous, finds it possible to live in France on his American level

at one-third or even one-fourth of his American expenditure. If he be a New Yorker he will find that the equivalent of his New York rental will over here pay for his lodging, food, and service, and that his reduced budget will even cover small luxuries which his friends who spend three or four times as much in New York cannot afford. He will be able, for instance, to rent, in Paris, a comfortable furnished apartment of three or four rooms plus kitchen, bath, servants' quarters, etc. (which on the Continent are never included in the given number of rooms of an apartment or house to let), or on the Riviera, in one of the less fashionable and, therefore, more desirable spots, a charming furnished villa of five or six rooms, for from \$100 to \$120 a month; though if he be particularly clever or lucky he may have to pay less. He will pay a competent servant something like \$15 a month, plus food and lodging. He will find the upkeep of a car inexpensive even with gasoline at 45 cents a gallon; for in the country his house rent will include the garage, while even in Paris his garagerental need not exceed \$12 a month; and service is cheap and ubiquitous.

These figures speak for themselves. Ask your expatriate friends to name three reasons why they prefer living in France to living at home, and it is a safe bet that the answer of every one of them will include the clause "Because it is cheaper." To the exiled American writer or artist this cheapness will mean, in most instances, not an actual saving of cash, but work at a lower pressure, the possibility of stressing quality rather than quantity of performance, more comfort, more leisure—withal, a fuller life. Against these advantages must be set the limitations imposed upon his earning capacity by his absence from the base. The exiled writer, for instance, unless his standing be fully established, will find himself severely handicapped by distance in the competitive game to which writing, as everything else, has been reduced in America.

This consideration is one of the prime factors in determining the sort of American that will go abroad to live. The exile is apt to be a person who holds that there are better things in life than the dollar, worthier ways of spending one's time and vitality than its pursuit, and more valid tests of a successful life than its accumulation; who sets greater value by his freedom than by his bank account. He may be a creative worker with true achievement to his name, or a hopeful beginner, or a mere dreamer; he is not likely to be a booster or a go-getter. That is why the average American instinctively—and from his own point of view quite rightly—distrusts and despises expatriates whose motives and outlook he cannot understand.

IV

Ask the same average American why the average exile leaves home, and he will promptly answer, "Because of prohibition." The assumption is obvious enough; it also happens to be wrong. Prohibition in its immediate, legal sense—the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act—may launch the thousand ships that in the tourist season unload their human cargoes upon the wharves of Southampton and Liverpool, Cherbourg and Le Havre. It is hardly responsible for the settlement abroad of Americans in any large numbers. There are, I gather, other ways of beating the Anti-Saloon League than by uprooting one's existence and by starting life anew, more or less, in foreign and often not altogether congenial surroundings. Alcoholic refreshment, I am told, is still obtainable in practically all its standard forms except good wines, all the way from New York to San Francisco. As to wines—well, Americans are not, and have never been, a wine-bibbing race, and their overwhelming majority would not cross Forty-Second Street, let alone the Atlantic Ocean, to procure a bottle of Montrachet 1911 in preference to a quart of gin.

But even though comparatively few Americans emigrate to France on account of Prohibition, it is only fair to state that those who have done so for other reasons readily accept the incidental benefit of being able to purchase standard Scotch at \$3 a bottle, standard brandy at from \$1.60 to \$2, authentic Gordon at \$2.40, and excellent vintage wines (from a reliable merchant) at from forty cents to a dollar. This blissful state of things notwithstanding, it is a conspicuous fact that the average American resident of Paris consumes a good deal less alcohol than the average resident of New York or Chicago. If Americans to-day enjoy the reputation of being the hardest drinkers and the long-distance whoopee champions of the world, the credit belongs, not to the expatriate sipping his *demi* of aqueous French beer or his glass of mild vermouth, but to the tourist who believes in filling up while the filling is good, and who is, as likely as not, a voter of the dry ticket in Kansas or Iowa. Nothing could be more natural. The expatriate may cut loose during the first few weeks when the cheapness and excellence of drinks and the ease with which they are bought are still a novelty. But in time the novelty will wear off, and most of the exiles will settle down to an existence of more or less temperate normalcy. Getting drunk in France is so easy and so cheap that very few people, apart from visiting Prohibitionists and their temporarily escaped victims, think it worth their while. The same psychology of satiety operates here as among the employees of a candy factory. After the first week's orgy, encouraged by a wise management, the girls will lose all interest in chocolates.

Yet in another, less direct and obvious sense it is quite true that Prohibition recruits more candidates for the permanent American colonies in Europe than all other factors taken together. Not the Eighteenth Amendment, but the spirit which brought it about, the spirit of moral supervision and inter-

ference, is driving thousands of Americans to seek refuge on the alien but hospitable shores of Europe, just as in the past political tyranny drove hosts of Europeans westward across the ocean to America.

I shall illustrate my meaning by an example in the flesh. My case history may sound trivial; that, in my view, is its strongest point. There is nothing exceptional about it; the experience it is invoked to symbolize is open to one hundred million Americans.

V

His name was (let us say) Mr. Smollett, and he was a retired high-school principal from (let us say) Zenith City. He was fifty-seven and looked fifty, a sedate, comfortable gentleman of manifest Anglo-Saxon antecedents in unobtrusive tweeds and gold-rimmed spectacles who attracted my attention on the terrace of the Select, in Montparnasse, by reading the *Hibbert Journal*. He read also, as I was to learn presently, the *New Republic*, *Nation*, and *American Mercury*; he believed that armaments make for war, that present-day American prosperity is due to complex historical and geographic causes and not to the genius of Mr. Calvin Coolidge, and that the new generation is not worse, and in certain respects is even a little better, than its elders. In a word, he was an intelligent moderate liberal, at the same time proud of and slightly apologetic about being a Mid-Western American of pure Yankee stock.

Reading the *Hibbert Journal* is one of the most unlikely things for people to do in the dusty heat of a July night in Montparnasse, and the mild-eyed elderly American looked rather forlorn and out of place. He was obviously relieved when the friendly advances of my little terrier induced a conversation. One round of *fine à l'eau* led to another, and within fifteen minutes I had his biography.

His wife was dead; his children were

married; he lived alone in a big suburban house on the outskirts of Zenith City, and he was very unhappy. One day he decided he had had enough. He let his house, packed his trunks, and came to Paris. He had his pension and a neat little income from investments; he was in good health and had no worries; he meant to enjoy life. Why not?

Why not, indeed, I echoed, and inquired whether he was happy in Paris.

"Happy? That isn't exactly the word. Truth to tell, I am a bit lonely. But I have been here only three weeks. I shall make contacts by and by. But I am not discouraged. If I am not happy, at least I am free. There's no one to keep tab on me. You see, the difficult problem for a person like myself in a great Mid-Western city is how to spend one's time. A man of my age who has retired from his life's work but still feels too young just to sit down and worry about his liver or his arteries is absolutely lost. Once I have played my little round of golf and gulped down a highball or two, the manhood of Zenith City has no use for me. Everybody is doing something and despises those who don't do anything. If I go to the club to read my magazines and a book or two on economics or philosophy, the others will soon begin to whisper that I am a highbrow, a pacifist, and a parlor bolshevik. Here's a small detail: I like a cup of strong tea at half-past four, with some toast and jam. Innocent, isn't it? I used to have it at the club until a friend tipped me off—would you believe it?—that some of the fellows called me a sissy and worse. As to women—why, one calls one's middle-aged friends' middle-aged wives by their first names, and kids them a bit; but if one is seen taking the same woman twice to dinner or for a ride—my God, you know what they'll say—" He raised a hand in despair.

"There is nothing left for one to do but to go back to work or to get drunk, and I have no taste for either. The point is that in the Middle West doing

nothing as an occupation is sheer moral suicide. To admit that you are a loafer by preference is like admitting that you take drugs. You lose caste. Over here in Europe loafing is delicious. I even have my breakfast in bed—by golly, at home they'd have me blackballed from the club if they knew it—they regard breakfasting in bed as the last word in degeneracy. I get up when I feel like it, have my bit of lunch, then sit in front of a café, stroll about, look at the bookshops, look at the women, and sit in front of another café, sipping a vermouth and soda or a *café crème*. It's sort of lonesome but it is lovely. I feel alive, and that's a new sensation. Imagine anybody spending an afternoon sitting on the sidewalk in front of a café in Zenith City."

I thought that Mr. Smollett put his case well but that he sounded just a little bit wistful and uncertain. One felt that he was not simply describing his mode of life but defending it, arguing with himself that it was all right. It was clear that he needed moral support. I hoped for the best. I saw him again once or twice, then he faded out. One evening about a month later I was sitting on the terrace of the Deux Magots when suddenly I saw an apparition. An elderly but ruddy-cheeked and erect American in the gayest of striped flannels, a flowing scarlet necktie with huge white dots, and a merrily cocked Panama hat with a good-sized red feather stuck into its red ribbon. I rubbed my eyes. Yes, it was Mr. Smollett.

He walked up to my table and sat down. "No, I am not drunk. Just happy. And I want the world to know it. I have discovered how it's done."

He had found the moral support he needed. A lady from Kansas City. Not quite young but charming and smart and all that. Buyer for a big department store over here on a spree to celebrate a brand-new divorce. Full of pep and zest and everything. She was showing him the sights.

"By golly!" said Mr. Smollett with

conviction. "I am learning a thing or two about life. Never knew it was so easy. You think I don't know that I am making a sight of myself with my scarlet rig. Hell! I *want* to make a sight of myself. All my life I wanted to wear a red necktie with white polka dots and never dared. Nothing but dark grays and blues. It would never do—not in Zenith City, for a high-school principal. Now I wear this. To-morrow it will be emerald green with canary-yellow dots, and feather to match. And I hope to God that I shall run into somebody from Zenith City. Preferably into the President of the School Board. I want to show 'em. I don't care a damn."

I offered Mr. Smollett a whisky and soda. He said he preferred black coffee, and asked me if I had seen the latest copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was, even as he had said, perfectly sober. Only in his kindly blue American eyes there burned a new flame.

Now the point of this story of escape is that the Eighteenth Amendment *per se* had nothing to do with it. Volstead or no Volstead, my friend Mr. Smollett could buy in Zenith City all the whisky and gin that he could swallow; but he could not wear a bright necktie, read Bertrand Russell, or drink his afternoon cup of tea at his club, watch the passing show of Main Street over an innocent *apéritif*, ask a woman to dinner—in a word, he could not live his utterly harmless and well-ordered life without getting himself into trouble. By attempting just the tiniest little deviation from the standard pattern he aroused against himself the entire Invisible Empire of social terrorism.

And Mr. Smollett is only one of thousands. Considerations of space and fear of monotony restrain me from adducing at least a dozen similar case histories of expatriates which have come my way; indeed, I am convinced that a methodical survey of exiled Americans would fill a good-sized volume with them. The lesson toward which they all point is

clear. Americans emigrate to Europe because life in Europe is free and in America it is not. Bureaucrats and policemen in Western European countries can be fully as obtuse and noxious as in the United States, but their impact upon the lives of individuals is restricted to a minimum. Their business is to look after the sewage system and to prevent social friction and violence, not to enforce arbitrary codes of private morals. Above all, there does not exist in Western Europe that organized meddling with individual conduct by extra-legal, self-appointed groups, more hateful than any official control, which to-day is one of the most conspicuous features of the American scene. Europeans above the age of twenty-one regard themselves as adults and insist on being treated as such. They will not allow any federation or committee of busybodies to tell them what to drink, what to eat, what books to read, what plays to see, what time to go to bed, and with whom. They hold that what are called the temptations of the flesh are the affair of the individual, and that it is more becoming a grown-up person to deal with them on his own than to hire an army of policemen to hit him on the head and clap him into jail whenever he shows signs of weakening.

The notion prevalent in America that the freedom of Continental life is merely another name for its immorality is, of course, a myth. Human nature is pretty much the same on both sides of the ocean. The differences that strike the eye are due principally to the fact that, while Continentals take human nature for granted and allow it a certain margin, Americans try to deny its rights and drive it underground. Thereby latitudinarian conduct in America acquires a sordid tinge but also an attraction which it does not possess in Europe. A moral code which makes mountains of depravity out of molehills of a little fun puts a premium on concealment and consequently on blackmail, and causes Americans to regard the notions

of "immorality" and of "having a good time" as overlapping—a point of view which Continentals are wont to outgrow with other malaises of pubescence. There is awful significance in the fact that the really immoral and detestable forms of amusement in Paris, such as the establishments of visual gratification, thrive almost exclusively on American tourists. The vast majority of natives are not even aware of their existence; the sophisticated few despise them as paltry frauds imposed on badly brought up adolescents; nor is the resident American likely to patronize them, for in time he will acquire the Continental attitude which regards vice as neither revolting nor interesting, but simply as a bore. The American tourist, on the other hand, pays his fancy admission fee, gloats on whatever these sad haunts of commercialized imbecility have to offer, and then will return to Pittsburgh or Omaha and harangue his gaping and envious brethren on the immorality of the French. We who know France know that the average native-born Parisian is an almost depressingly respectable philistine, and the Frenchman of the provinces the same, only more so.

In estimating the larger margin allowed by European life to individual divergence from the norm it should not, of course, be forgotten that the exiled American enjoys the special privileges of an outsider. European towns, too, have their Main Streets; Europeans, too, can be quite narrow and intolerant toward their own kind; but they will ignore or condone minor irregularities in foreigners. The indulgence shown to the stranger within the gate not only by metropolitan populations but also by the inhabitants of smaller cities is one of the most marked differences that distinguish the moral atmosphere of the Continent from that of the United States. Americans staging an elaborate and prolonged whoopee in, say, a small French or German town will provoke nothing worse than shrugs and smiles.

The equivalent celebration by a group of Frenchmen or Germans in an American town of corresponding rank would call out the local Ku Klux Klan with buckets of tar and shotguns.

Needless to say, this should not be taken to mean that the average Continental is an intelligent liberal, a conscious and articulate champion of tolerance. He is a philistine who, examined singly, will reveal an astonishing maze of mental kinks and prejudices. But he is also an individualist, which in this context simply means that he lacks that tendency to organized meddling which might be called the "boobonic" plague of America. His prejudices are for home use only; they are not tense enough to seek outlet in concerted action. Centuries of monarchic rule and aristocratic organization have reduced his self-righteousness to a wholesomely passive level; he may grumble to his wife about the outlandish pranks of those foolish Americans but he will not start nor join a movement to have them deported.

VI

Thanks to the lower cost of living and the absence of public interference with private conduct, the American expatriate who is engaged in literary or artistic work is relieved from that everlasting preoccupation with his limitations, both material and moral, which would constrain him at home. He can afford to cease regarding himself, first and foremost, as a competitor in a mercantile race with an ever-growing list of entries where the prizes are apt to go not to superior merit but to superior self-salesmanship. He feels at liberty to do the things he likes to do because he can live on one-fourth the money, or less, of what he would need in New York. He is freed from that sense of surveillance by hostile groups which cramps his style in almost every American community except Manhattan, and from that feeling of overcrowding which oppresses him in what is topographically

the smallest metropolis in the world, where the absence of Main Street restrictions is offset by a congestion resulting in too many and too inescapable contacts, in the obligation to keep up, both socially and professionally, with a pace dictated by others, in the penalties attaching to continued aloofness from cliques and coteries, in the difficulty of securing that sustained privacy without which true self-realization is impossible. Last but not least, the American writer or artist who lives in Europe is exempt from that compulsory drinking which is one of the concomitant blessings of Prohibition.

Next to the larger freedom of European life comes as an inducement and reward of the expatriate the stimulation derived from surroundings fundamentally strange. Even different food, a different climate, a different rhythm of life stir the imagination and enhance one's sense of being alive. But the novelty of externals, it might be argued, will wear off; the unusual will grow stale, and in time the vista from the Louvre up the Champs Elysées, or the Gulf of Naples may become as commonplace and tedious as Twenty-third Street or Akron, Ohio. Beauty is not enough; for all the cities and landscapes of the world tend to grow more and more like the image one carries in one's soul. It is the image that matters. Still, allowance should be made for what might be called the legitimate wear and tear of the stimulative value of environment; and it is unquestionable that the great American antidote to boredom, flight into geography, acquires a new meaning and new potency in Europe where the railroad radius of twenty-four hours spans such contrasts as Marseilles and Amsterdam, or Paris and the Tyrolean Alps.

But to the imaginative the greatest charm of European life is, of course, the ever-present sense of the past, that rich yet mellow glow with which the heritage of centuries transfuses the setting of the humdrum actions and processes of every-

day existence. When I lived in Cleveland, Ohio (a fine city in its way) half a mile behind my house ran the Nickel Plate railroad. Now I live on the coast of Provence; and half a mile behind my house runs the Via Aurelia, the main highway that connected Rome with Gaul and Spain. Within an hour's drive to the west lies the beach at Fréjus, where Napoleon embarked for Elba, and at about the same distance eastward slumbers the little port of Golfe-Juan, where he landed on his return to start on the most glamorous and desperate adventure in history. Within a few hours I may reach that Mount of Victory where Marius crushed the savage hosts of the North and saved Rome; or, if I choose, La Garde-Freinet, where the deep black eyes and crème-caramel complexions of peasant women squatting on the doorsteps of flat-roofed windowless African houses still speak of the Arabs, masters, one thousand years ago, of the sea between Nice and Hyères, and the land route from Genoa to Marseilles, from that ingeniously chosen stronghold perched in the saddle of the chestnut- and pine-covered range which to this day bears their name; or else Les Baux through whose underground halls and galleries, hewn into the majestic gray rock, Dante wandered.

Incidentally, living in the Provence has cured me of the American intellectual's contempt for the automobile as the favorite toy of Babbitry. That contempt may be justified in a country where every third (or is it second?) person owns a car but where there is no place to go; where, to paraphrase Matthew Arnold, it matters little whether one goes from Berea to Sandusky at five or at fifty miles an hour. One begins to feel differently toward the coquettish French edition of Lizzie if her possession enables one to breakfast in the shadow of the Popes' palace in Avignon, have an *al fresco* lunch in the gallery of the Greek theater at Arles, and dine amidst the Roman temples and gardens of Nîmes; and brings within

comfortable cruising range of one's home the Tarascon of Tartarin and King René, the Saintes-Maries of Mireio, the Cassis of Calendal, and that farm Escampobar from whose upper-story window Conrad's rover watched the sails of His Britannic Majesty's corvette *Amelia*, glistening white against the dark cliffs of Porquerolles.

VII

It is, in my view, principally through the moral freedom of its atmosphere and the perspective depth and associative riches of its scene that European life quickens the mind of the American expatriate engaged in some form or other of creative work. On the other hand, I believe that the tonic value which the hopeful young American looking forward to his spiritual rebirth attaches, in anticipation, to whatever is included under the mystic term "contact with European literary currents" is mainly illusory. The best part of the energizing virtue of such contact is derived from books and magazines, most of which are available in New York. As to personal intercourse, the majority of exiles associate with their own kind and with visitors from the States; the number of those who take the trouble of getting themselves accepted in native circles is comparatively small.

On the contrary: it is my conviction that it is exactly on the score of the immediate intellectual stimulus—that mysterious electrifying influence which emanates from the work of contemporaries and to which the sensitive mind reacts as does a receiving set to Hertz waves—that the American *litteratus* who stays at home is better situated than the expatriate. There can be no doubt that the best literature of to-day is produced in Europe; that the standards of good writing are higher in the old than in the new world. But good writing is not everything. In Europe, with its thousand years of uninterrupted cultural evolution superimposed upon

another thousand of the Græco-Roman past, good writing is the exercise of a craft. Europeans write better than Americans because they possess a traditional ingrained technic which is its own justification and which as often as not creates its own material. In a word, Europeans often write simply because they know how. Americans may write less well, but they write because they cannot help it. There is to-day in America—and I say this from the perspective of five years' European residence—a literary ferment, an *Aufschwung* which in contrast to the late afternoon moods of Old World literature appears like the burst of a new day. Writing at its best in America may be less finished, less sophisticated, less brilliant, but even at its less good it is more inevitable; its faults are the enviable faults of immaturity; it is the fumbling, groping, erring, but infinitely vital and hopeful attempt of a new civilization to break through old molds and to create its own forms in language, as it has already created them in concrete, steel, marble, and glass, in the majestic fugato of New York's skyline.

There is in America to-day that belief in the efficacy of human endeavor, in the capacity of man to better himself and to shape and steer his own destiny which differentiates her from the rest of a white world more Spenglerian in its fundamental outlook than it cares to admit; a belief which corresponds to the great Gothic wave of religious feeling in Europe's youth. That belief, indeed, and not the cruel and narrow bibliolatry of Fundamentalism, is the true religion of America. There is in the United States that surplus of faith and energy from which in the past the great arts have sprung. Against this resplendent springtime fullness, the mellow perfections of European culture shine with the sadness of finished things, with the melancholy radiance of autumn declining toward winter. If European culture is superior to American, it is superior only in the sense in which

Alexandrian civilization was superior to the Gothic awakening of the early Middle Ages.

But then, there is a good deal to be said for life in the Alexandria of the second century as compared with life in the Paris or Oxford of the thirteenth.

VIII

Society is not a mystic entity, but an agglomeration of individuals. There is no transcendent social good; the common weal is the integration of what benefits the component members. Thus expatriation as a social expedient is valuable to the extent to which it solves the individual problems of the expatriate without damaging the interests of others.

To assess that extent let us, in the first place, imagine the enactment, through the efforts of an Anti-Travel League, of a constitutional amendment to prohibit Americans from crossing the Atlantic and from taking up residence abroad. What glorious prospects for a new mass neurosis! Americans who go into voluntary exile in Europe obey an inner urge strong enough to overcome obstacles, often considerable, both material and psychical. To baffle this urge by outside pressure would be obviously harmful. A frustrated expatriate is a social misfit. Whatever else exile may do for a person it is apt to release the energy which he would spend in adjusting himself to uncongenial conditions at home.

To be sure, part of the energy thus liberated goes into the price the expatriate has to pay. He pays, in the first place, by loss of contacts. To a native of Des Moines freshly landed in Montparnasse this may seem a small price. But what is at first loss of contact with Des Moines tends to develop into loss of contact with reality.

To some even that loss may seem a reward. The irresponsibility that goes with the status of outsider constitutes, no doubt, one of the subtlest charms of exile. Expatriates are anarchists at

heart, whether they know it or not. The expatriate need not concern himself, living as he does in a foreign country, with injustice and stupidity in public life, with the incapacity and corruption of officials, the struggles of class and party, the callousness of rulers, the sheepishness of the ruled, the boobishness of the boobs, with all the symptoms of decay and degradation exhibited by modern democracy. What in one's own country would cut into one's flesh becomes abroad a mere spectacle, to be viewed from a box seat. This enforced yet delicious detachment may, unless one be on one's guard, deteriorate, in time, into an illusion of superiority. The tests of everyday struggle cease to apply in exile; whatever problems and difficulties the expatriate may cope with in reference to the environment he has left behind are blurred by distance, while in reference to his chosen surroundings his life takes place on the plane of a perpetual holiday. A sense of exemption may blossom out into a consciousness of achievement: therein lies the spiritual danger of expatriation.

Another installment of the price of exile is what might be called an exchange of irritations. For one thing, intellectuals in New York flats may scoff at the irrelevant perfections of the machinery of life's routine and yearn for the stimulus of primitive but picturesque societies. Five years spent in some of the most charming but rather unprogressive regions of Europe have taught me to appreciate the cultural relevance of good plumbing, good desk lamps, a telephone that connects, letters that arrive, heating plants that heat, trains that run, repair shops that repair, and salesmen that sell: of all the temper-saving devices and methods that by insuring the smooth working of the external mechanism help to sustain the even flow of mental processes. Even an enthusiastic lover of the Provence will get annoyed by and by if his work is retarded by the electric light going out for five minutes or five hours every time

a little mistral shakes up the wires. And let him who raves against the American ideals of service and efficiency try, in that paradise of immemorial culture which is Southern France, to install a boiler in his house, or get a newly bought small car adjusted, or purchase some sheets of carbon to match the format of his typewriting paper, or simply to register a letter. He will grow more charitable toward Rotary itself.

Those may be trifling troubles. But my point is just that the American who comes to Europe in quest of a new life may discover that he has merely found new worries for old. If he be a writer or artist who "simply could not do a stroke of work" in Chicago or in Syracuse, N. Y., he may find all the excuses he wants for not doing any in Paris or in Syracuse, Sicily, either. And he may seek refuge in a sense of intolerant superiority which there is no one to challenge, or anodyne in that lotus of æsthetic enjoyment which is the staple product of the mellow European soil.

And that leads up to the ultimate query: is the American expatriate propelled by what psychologists call the mechanism of escape? Is he, in fleeing Gopher Prairie, merely trying to evade an issue?

Tracing the answer to this question in individual cases may be interesting, but it is socially irrelevant. The belief in salvation by geography may bring Americans to Europe, just as in the past it brought Europeans to America; but the believer is not lessened in the transfer. He remains what he was.

The strangest thing about the country called El Dorado is that it exists. Only it is very few people who ever reach it. Joseph Conrad set sail for the Indies

in its quest; so did Kaspar Almayer. Both were driven by the mechanism of escape. Conrad found the land of his dreams, and in it a treasure *aere perennius*. Almayer found his folly. The difference was in the seeker.

There are escapes and escapes. If the exile's flight to Europe is that of Almayer, America has nothing to lose; if it is that of Conrad, America has much to gain. And I believe that even apart from his eventual measurable achievement, the expatriate who is made of the right stuff is an American asset. He makes for variety of type—a value in itself in a civilization marred by its tendency to stamp out variety. And by exposing himself to the radiation of the older culture he may absorb some of the qualities in which the younger is deficient: an understanding of the complexities of organic growth; sympathy with the processes of slow ripening; distrust of simple explanations, short cuts, and purely mechanistic remedies; impatience with mere action for action's sake regardless of its end; respect for abstract, unapplied thought. I do not say that he will inevitably register these gains; I merely say that he may register them. Yet somehow I feel that no American who has lived in Europe for a number of years and is not congenitally a moron can believe that a solemn undertaking of the nations to be good will prevent war, or that the possession of a set of leather-bound classics will open the royal road to culture.

And even if some expatriates indulge in what may to others appear excessively harsh criticism of their country—what does it matter? In the long run the only propaganda that counts is not what Americans say, but what they do, and are.



THE OTHER PROHIBITION COUNTRY

THE FACTS ABOUT FINLAND'S NOBLE EXPERIMENT

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR

ALTHOUGH geographically remote, and a little too near the Arctic Circle to afford a genial climate, Finland in some aspects might seem almost homelike to traveling Americans. The breakfast coffee is good, the women are entirely emancipated, and the country has voted itself bone dry.

Five northern countries of Europe, Sweden, Norway, Russia, autonomous Iceland, and Finland, bravely embarked on the prohibition experiment after the World War, but the first four soon abandoned the extreme policy and substituted systems of State control. Finland, however, adheres stoutly to complete prohibition, thus constituting herself before all Europe a shining example or an awful warning, depending on the point of view. To the Blue Cross Society, the International Order of Good Templars, the World's W.C.T.U., the International Bureau Against Alcoholism, the European Committee of the World's Prohibition League, and other organizations devoted to the ideal of a total-abstinence world, Finland is the prize exhibit, the symbol of hope, the lode star in an otherwise vacant horizon.

On the other hand, Finland is probably the main reason why the prohibition movement in Europe, once flourishing, has now halted, not to say collapsed, at least as practical politics. Liquor reform is part of party programs in many countries, but in none will statesmen or responsible reformers admit that prohibition is contemplated even as an ultimate end. In England, Norway, Swe-

den, Belgium, and the Baltic States they tell you that it is Finland, not the United States, which has discredited dry propaganda. America is too far away, the reports are too conflicting. But Finland is a neighbor. What goes on there can be seen and understood. And the general conclusion is: "We can manage with a few drunkards, but a nation of law-breakers we cannot afford."

I could not take literally the phrase, "a nation of law-breakers," as applied to Finland, because I knew, from previous visits, the almost religious devotion to law and order which prevailed, and I knew also how thoroughgoing and deliberate had been the country's preparation for the dry regime. It began in 1865, when Finland put a stop to home distillation of spirits, then regarded by the peasants as a legitimate adjunct to the raising of potatoes. About that time temperance societies sprang up all over the country and, perhaps to supply a real social and recreational need, became part of the activities of every rural church. Within a few years almost a third of the Grand Duchy had gone dry by local option, and by 1914 approximately eighty-five per cent of the entire population were living in districts where the sale and distribution of intoxicants were strictly forbidden. In the cities a modified Gothenberg system was established, no such thing as a saloon or an open bar being permitted. Liquor with meals could be obtained in hotels, restaurants, and cafés, and it was possible to buy for home consumption lim-

ited quantities in Government-controlled stores.

It is true that upper-class Finland, well-to-do Swedish Finns and Finnish city dwellers and estate owners, had much the same drinking habits as other Europeans. They served imported wines with their meals, and before dinner the men drank small glasses of schnapps or vodka. It was not good form for women to indulge in these fiery liquors, a little beer or sherry being their favorite *apéritif*. As for the working-class Finns, mostly farmers, they could get very little to drink even if they wanted it. When they went to town they could visit the cafés; but since at the stores it was not possible to buy less than two liters at a time, the farmers and villagers ordinarily bought only for special occasions, betrothal parties, weddings, anniversaries, and big family reunions. Finns drank spirits when they drank at all, but in the years immediately preceding the War it was their boast that they lived in the soberest country in Europe. The claim was amply justified, for the annual per capita consumption of alcohol was only 1.4 liters, which compares favorably with Sweden's 7.21 liters, and Great Britain and Ireland's 1.96 gallons of spirits alone, to say nothing of their per capita consumption of beer, which was in the neighborhood of twenty-seven gallons.

Small wonder, therefore, that when the first prohibition bill was introduced in 1907 it passed the Diet with hardly a dissenting vote. The bill was not approved by the Senate or by the Tzar, but in 1909 it was again introduced and passed. This bill also failed of ratification, but it was held in abeyance, and after the Russian Revolution was presented to the Kerensky Government, which promptly approved it. In 1919 Finland emerged as an independent State, with prohibition a part of its Government program. The law went into effect with every external condition favoring its success. Finland is a small, compact country with a homogeneous

population, the Swedish Finns constituting less than one-tenth of the total. Unlike America, Finland has no immigrant aliens to whom the national ideal is obscure and who with easy consciences turn to bootlegging as a rapid means of wealth. The native Finns are nearly all farmers and are content to toil hard and expect few pleasures. Illiteracy is unknown, and even on remote farms newspapers circulate, and the people interest themselves in public affairs. Women and the pastors of the State Church, the Lutheran, exert a very strong influence in the religious and social life of the country. Finland is, in fact, a very paradise for women. They enter freely into all trades, businesses, and professions, and occupy every kind of elective and appointive office except the pulpit and the judge's bench. They have voted and sat in the Diet since 1906.

In such a country, it seemed to me, prohibition had a better chance than in the United States, and when I revisited it in the Spring of 1929 I hoped, in spite of what I had heard on the outside, to find the law respected except by an irresponsible minority. If prohibition, with everything in its favor, had failed in Finland I determined to find out why it had failed.

Twenty-four hours was long enough to convince me that the noble experiment which we, misquoting Mr. Hoover, have learned to call it, was a failure, but several weeks were required to satisfy me that I knew the reason why.

I ate my first dinner in Helsingfors—Helsinki, the Finns call it—in a popular but not particularly fashionable restaurant. As usual in climates where large quantities of food must be eaten, the meal began with hors d'œuvre. In Finland this expresses itself in little finger-sized sandwiches, the open-faced variety with no covering slice of bread. Over an inviting display of tiny sandwiches spread with anchovies, sardines, salt and smoked fish, ham and bacon, cheese, hard-boiled eggs with mayon-

naise, highly seasoned cold meats in aspic, the hardy Finlanders work up an appetite for the substantial soup, meat, vegetable and sweet courses of their dinner. Such meals have to be washed down with something, and in the present era the waiter offers you a choice of mineral water or beer, the vapid one per cent beer allowed by law. I chose Vichy, but I noticed that most of the diners preferred beer. At least the tables were strewn with familiar brown beer bottles.

Presently it occurred to me that Finnish near-beer came in a variety of colors. At the table next my own the women's beer glowed in their glasses with a rich ruby hue, like claret or burgundy, while that of the men was as white as gin. The men filled their glasses half full of this liquid, adding plenty of soda water. Glancing around curiously, I saw the same phenomenon repeated at other tables near-by. Finally two men who came in late consumed with their sandwiches, and without any soda water, a large bottle of something which closely resembled sauterne. However, the bottle had a serviette pinned around its middle, so I could not be sure.

The next day I referred the matter to an old friend, an official of the Helsingfors Chamber of Commerce, who smiled cynically and said that everything came in beer bottles these days that didn't come in teapots, but as for the large bottle, he doubted if in that particular restaurant one could get sauterne. Claret, of course, one could get almost anywhere. What those men and the others drank was probably ninety-six.

"Ninety-six?"

"Our national drink since prohibition," was the reply. "As a matter of fact it is simply pure spirits. We call it ninety-six for short."

"Not the stuff you used to drink before dinner?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, no. Before the War the strongest spirits permitted were only eighty-three per cent pure alcohol. This con-

centrated stuff is what Germany and Poland supplies us with, the chief stock in trade of our *trokari*, our bootleggers, as you call them. Oh, I don't mean that we get nothing else at all. You are dining with the Blanks to-night, and so am I. They will give us the correct thing, I assure you."

They did. We had sherry with the hors d'œuvre, white wine with the fish, claret with the roast, and afterwards with our coffee liqueurs and Swedish punch. Over coffee and liqueurs my friends talked freely about their prohibition. Indeed, I discovered that in Finland, as in the United States, all conversation gets around sooner or later to prohibition. Unblushingly we flouters of our countries' law compared notes as to quality and prices current in our respective cities, the advantage being decidedly with Helsingfors. The Finns do not drink synthetic gin, *ersatz* whiskey, home-manufactured cordials, raw wine fermented in slum cellars, or ginger ale, red pepper, and charged water masquerading as champagne, because the real thing comes in as regularly as of old, at prices no higher than changed conditions warrant. Such standard brands of Scotch whiskey as White Horse, Dewars, and Black and White, which in London retail for twelve shillings sixpence, sell in Helsingfors for thirteen shillings, \$3.25. Bordeaux and Burgundy cost about a third more than in Paris, while a fairly good champagne may be had for six or seven dollars. These are top prices and represent the expense and hazard of delivering small lots at the door. Local bootleggers and enterprising private buyers who bargain with ships lying outside the twelve-mile limit get all they like at wholesale prices, paying as little as a dollar and a half a bottle for whiskey, cognac, or the ubiquitous ninety-six. Naturally, all prices advance as liquor travels into the interior of the country, especially in winter, and in the far north, I was told, a liter of alcohol sometimes brings as much as five hundred Finmarks, about

\$12.50. The almost prohibitive price of ninety-six—the peasant's only drink—has led, in remote districts, to a revival of the home distilling of potato brandy, but precisely to what extent cannot be known. Little or no vodka reaches the peasant from Russia for the reason that Finland maintains along the border a very vigilant frontier guard, a branch of the regular army. Finland is taking no chances on the bootlegging of Communist agitators.

Against the bootlegging of liquor by sea, the army and the customs officials are alike helpless. Nature herself is against them, for in the wealth of small and mostly uninhabited islands which strew the waters of the Gulf of Finland, the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Baltic Sea she has provided a smuggler's perfect paradise. In a boundary line of a thousand kilometers extending from north-western Finland to Viborg, in southeastern Finland, there are at least thirty thousand of these islands. They form the most secure of refuges, especially when the seas freeze over in midwinter. In fact, for five months in the year those seas are so full of floating ice that revenue cutters can hardly visit the islands at all. In winter also the daylight hours are very short, and the darkness is another advantage to the busy *trokari*. Liquor ships anchor as near shore as the ice allows, and small motor boats receive the cargoes, which are either stowed away on the islands or carried immediately to the land on sledges.

Most liquor comes from Germany and Poland, Kiel and Danzig being the principal ports of departure. An even nearer neighbor, Esthonia, used to be a leading exporter, but competition drove her out, and now her bootleggers make a good living buying at wholesale, smuggling their stuff into obscure inlets of the Esthonian coast and selling somewhat under retail prices to their own countrymen.

A considerable population of native Finns operate in regular liaison with the liquor ships. A large proportion of the

Swedish-Finns, farmers of the southeastern coast, and the Aaland Islands, it is said, have practically abandoned farming and fishing for the vastly more lucrative liquor trade. The Aaland Islands, lying between Sweden and Finland, came near furnishing an excuse for war between the two countries in 1921. Had the Aalands been allotted to Sweden, the inhabitants would now be under the very rational Bratt system of liquor control; but Finland got the islands, and the Aalanders were brought under the blessings of prohibition. Their territory is happily placed for handling the high-class trade in Scotch whiskey and wines from England; and it is not surprising that their people took advantage of the situation.

II

Most of these facts I learned, not from the enemies but the friends of prohibition. The most optimistic prohibitionists admit that "Finland is not so *actually* dry as it theoretically is supposed to be. It is not even so dry as it *could* be. Relatively high figures for drunkenness prove, for instance, that intoxication is quite general." I quote from a pamphlet, *The Prohibition Situation in Finland*, written by Mr. Vihtori Karpio, Secretary of the Prohibition League of Finland, and translated into English for distribution to foreigners. Mr. Karpio adds hopefully that the customs authorities, at any rate, seize annually about 500,000 or 600,000 liters of spirits and a smaller quantity of other liquors.

The customs authorities, as a matter of fact, do a great deal better than that. Beginning in 1920, when they confiscated 98,000 liters of contraband, and extending through 1928, when close to one million liters were captured, the authorities have been most commendably busy trying to enforce the law. The figures quoted were furnished by Mr. W. Lindgren, Chief of the Statistical Office of the Customs Bureau in Helsingfors, who states that in addition to the alcohol con-

fiscated by revenue officers in 1928, fine bottled goods came into the net as follows:

Spirits, 384 bottles; cognac, 5,672; whiskey and rum, 4,452; liqueurs, 1,130; punch, 40; champagne, 290; wines, 7,332.

These were only the liquors which were confiscated at sea, or within five kilometers of the coast on land. According to police records, something like 100,000 liters additional were captured by the land forces within five kilometers of the coast. If all these intoxicants fell into the hands of the authorities, how much did the bootleggers succeed in getting into the country? Mr. Lindgren and the police authorities estimate that what they capture, and what is destroyed or thrown overboard to escape capture, amounts to about one-tenth of what is actually landed in Finland. If this is true there is no escaping the conclusion that the Finns, under prohibition, are drinking not less but more than they did before the law went into effect. In 1914 the per capita consumption of alcohol was one and two-fifths liters. At present it must be nearly two and two-fifths liters. Both sides agree that this is probably true.

The older generation are not drinking more than their former allowance, it is believed, but new classes of drinkers have appeared. In former days the arrest of a woman for drunkenness was so rare that it constituted a scandal. Now these arrests are common. The worst of it is that the women who appear in the police courts are usually young girls, workers in factories, shops, and offices. A number of very young men, youths from sixteen to eighteen, also fall into the new category. The Helsingfors *Huvstadsbladet*, principal organ of the Swedish Party, published recently an article on this disquieting aspect of the situation, quoting official figures of arrests for drunkenness in Helsingfors alone during the past five years. Summarized they are as follows:

	<i>Total Arrests</i>	<i>Women</i>	<i>Young Persons</i>
1924	18,642	529	147
1925	19,836	835	243
1926	19,392	864	247
1927	21,991	1,652	266
1928	21,105	1,027	448

Crimes of violence, especially murder and manslaughter, have increased alarmingly within the past few years. The Finns have ever been an honest people, little given to stealing or petty crime. But the peasants are hot-tempered, and when under the influence of liquor they invariably become quarrelsome. Every Finnish peasant, and most city workmen, carry at their belts a peculiar knife, a wicked bit of steel, which is their tool, their table companion, and their hereditary weapon of defense. After a few drinks, a few hot words exchanged, a challenge, out flashes the knife, perhaps a dozen knives in the crowd, and an encounter often as bloody as those recorded in the *Kalevala* is on. These knife duels and the hope of removing their cause was the real reason why so many intellectual Finlanders supported the prohibition movement. But neither the cause nor the murderous duels have disappeared. On the contrary, murders have increased. The prohibitionists explain this as one of the results of the War. "The people have become coarser, they have little regard for human life, and the use of firearms has become much more general. . . ." The police take another view. They point out that many of the current murders and murderous assaults are committed by young men who were in elementary school during the War years, and who never in their lives handled firearms. It is the undiluted spirits, the cheap and plentiful ninety-six which is responsible, they declare. The stuff acts like poison on the brain, rendering the drinkers dangerously insane as long as its effects endure.

The President of Finland, Mr. Lauri Kristian Relander, his predecessor, Mr. Kaarlo Juno Stalberg, every head of

Government, and every Parliament since 1919 have loyally supported the prohibition law and have done everything in their power to make it effective. The penalties for lawbreaking have been made as severe as the Finnish penal code allows, although these punishments would, in some of our States, seem rather mild. Thus no Finn has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the mere possession of a pint of gin, nor have many Finns been pursued and murdered by enforcement officers on the bare suspicion that they were transporting ninety-six. Parliament has not in any year appropriated fantastic sums to suppress smuggling, but in 1925 they did effect with ten Baltic States what is known as the Treaty of Helsingfors, under which the twelve-mile limit was agreed to, and also the right of Finnish revenue officers to board and search suspicious vessels flying the flags of the treaty States. The only apparent result of the Helsingfors Treaty, however, is that the rum runners from Germany and Poland—both of which countries are parties to the agreement—no longer fly their own flags. Instead they display the flags of Brazil, Peru, Turkey, and even of that conspicuous maritime power, Czechoslovakia!

III

The prohibition law is a failure in Finland, as it was in Sweden and Norway, and as it has proved in the United States, and for the same reason. Enforcement against the will of a large minority of the people is impossible. The Finnish law, it is true, was passed with the consent of a large majority of the people, but that was in 1917, twelve years ago. Clearly a radical change in public opinion has occurred, for at the present time those same people are buying, at prices far above pre-war rates, nearly twice as much liquor as they consumed twelve years ago, or even twenty-two years ago, when the first prohibition law was passed. What has caused this change?

The answer to that question involves not only Finland, but the whole history of Europe and America since July, 1915; fifteen years of revolutionary changes such as no single generation ever witnessed before. No one under thirty really knows what the world was like before 1914. A whole population has grown up who cannot even imagine it. In Finland, especially, a new psychology, a new conception of life, very different from the old, manifests itself.

What the older generation of Finns remember most vividly is that they and their fathers before them had to fight constantly to preserve their national life. For over a hundred years this had been the case. After a long struggle, in the course of which free speech was forbidden, newspapers suppressed, and domiciliary visits and arbitrary arrests instituted, the Tzar, in 1905, suspended the Constitution and announced that he would in future govern Finland without the aid of the Diet.

The answer to this was a general strike, not only of industrial workers but of every man, woman, and child in the country. Every business from the banks to the smallest shop closed its doors. The schools closed. Gas and electric light, and even city water works were shut down. Aside from feeding their animals the farmers stopped work. For five days and nights not a fire burned, not a wheel turned. Not a railroad train left a station, not a ship its dock. Most important of all, not a penny accrued to the Imperial treasury. Nicholas surrendered and the Constitution of Finland was restored.

The victory was only temporary, as the Finns well knew, but they took advantage of the respite to become more modern, more advanced than ever. The Constitution was altered to provide for a two-chamber Parliament, instead of the cumbersome and archaic Four Estates. The lower House was elected by popular vote of all men and women twenty-four years of age, while the upper House, the Senate, became an appointive

body, with members chosen for life by the Tzar and removable only on very grave charges.

This was the Finland which, in 1907, elated with a new sense of power, passed the first prohibition law. Universal suffrage and the rise to political importance of the peasants had given a great impetus to Socialism, and under its influence, perhaps also in emulation of Mr. Lloyd George in England, the Diet passed a good many idealistic measures, some of which they hoped to put into effect, some designed as an earnest of the aspirations of a democratic and a humanitarian people. The prohibition bill was one of these. It was a fine gesture, and it pleased the peasants in their church temperance societies. Nobody in the Diet seriously opposed the bill, because it was well understood that neither the Senate nor the Tzar would sanction it. When the bill came up again in 1909 it was met with debate and a divided vote, but it passed by a substantial majority, only to be disapproved once more by the Tzar.

Prohibition finally came to Finland in 1917, under circumstances wholly abnormal and unrepresentative. Almost as soon as Russia mobilized in the War the Tzar issued his prohibition proclamation, but it cannot be said that it was very well carried out anywhere. It could not be carried out in Finland because the War brought into the country great numbers of Russian soldiers and Russian workmen to build and operate with the help of skilled Finnish workers munitions factories and other war enterprises. Most of these Russians drank heavily, and their influence on the sober and law-abiding Finns was most demoralizing. Everything combined to strengthen the determination of the upper-class Finns to demand complete separation from the Empire as soon as peace was declared. The first Russian Revolution, in February, 1917, stimulated their hopes, and one of the first things they asked of the Provisional Government was withdrawal of the

Russian soldiers and workmen, and ratification of their prohibition law, in order that sobriety might be restored to their own working people. The visionary Kerensky, at first Minister of Justice, later Premier, was ready enough to ratify a prohibition law or any other Socialistic legislation proposed by the Diet, but he was in no mind to let a Socialistic province secede from the empire he hoped to rule. He did not withdraw the Russian soldiers, and he resisted with all his weak might the growing sentiment for Finnish independence. Finally he arbitrarily dissolved the Diet and ordered a new election. Very shortly after the November elections came the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, the flight of Kerensky, and the bloody dawn of Communism, more abhorred by the Finns than autocracy had ever been. In December, 1917, the Diet issued the Finnish Declaration of Independence, and named as first President of Finland, a leader in the conservative Old Finnish Party, P. E. Svinhufvud.

But now a new horror arose. The Bolshevik madness which had seized the Russians in Finland communicated itself to the Finnish workmen and, acting under orders from Petrograd, these men united to force a general strike and establish a soviet form of government. Socialists all over the country joined the movement, and in January, 1918, a reign of terror began which plunged the country into chaos and civil war. Starting in the north, the red hordes swept down to meet the insurrectionists of the south, murdering, looting, burning farms and villages as they advanced, until they surrounded and captured Helsingfors.

This is not the place to tell the story of those terrible months, the heroic resistance of an unarmed people, and of their final deliverance by the two thousand young men who in the early War years had learned soldiering in Germany. So exhausted was Finland from this experience that it was a full year before the Diet met in full strength again and the Republic in its present form was established.

Of the six political parties in the new Parliament, the Social Democrats and the Agrarians, representing the peasants, held a clear majority over all the others. This majority reaffirmed the prohibition law declaring that practically all the rural population desired it, and that, therefore, enforcement was assured in advance. Two elements in the community the radical reformers forgot—the large minority who bitterly resented prohibition, and the almost equally large group who wanted it for everybody except themselves. Another element they could not include, because it was not yet apparent—the new generation.

The young Finlander under thirty has not the same enthusiasm for any reform as his fathers had because he hardly remembers the long struggle against Russian oppression, he hardly even remembers the World War or the red insurrection. The Finland he lives in bears little resemblance to the distracted land of his fathers. It is no longer a poor province of a semi-oriental Empire, but a thriving nation among the nations of Europe. Farming may be this young man's lot, but not a tiny holding separated from its nearest neighbor by miles of forest and wild lakes. There used to be a proverb about those isolated farms: "The world will come to an end when one Finn can hear another Finn's door slam." The Finnish boy of to-day does not lead any such existence, at least not all his life.

Finland has a regular army now, and every young man has to serve his time in it. This means that even a farmer lad has a year or two of travel around the country and an opportunity to see something of town life. He mingles with strangers and from them acquires sophistication if not polish. The older generation learned most of what they knew and believed from the common school and the village pastor. The new generation learns from the moving-picture theater with its news reels and dramas of opulent life, the radio, the photogravure page of the Sunday newspaper, the cafés with

their dancing floors and American jazz bands. Thus the young Finlander, while he may remain a good Lutheran, no longer regards a church temperance society as an ideal form of recreation. Towards prohibition his attitude seems to be neutral and indifferent. He knows that as often as he takes a drink he breaks the law, but as far back as he remembers the law has always been evaded. That's the worst of it. *He is used to breaking the law and seeing others do it. It seems the normal thing to do.*

IV

This is the most disquieting aspect of the prohibition situation, and the Government know it. But they don't know what to do about it. They do not even know to what extent the enforcement laws have failed. In 1922 a Government Commission was appointed to inquire into the whole matter, and in August, 1926, the commission made its final report. As usual in such cases, the information is exhaustive and the findings are inconclusive. It was shown that offenses against the law had steadily increased in every year since 1919. Arrests for drunkenness had increased from 11,475 in 1919 to nearly 54,000 in 1925; penalties for other violations, sale, transportation, storing, manufacturing of liquor, from 10,408 in 1920 to 21,836 in 1925. From more than nine thousand questionnaires sent out to police authorities, pastors, judges, chairmen of communal and industrial organizations, public-school teachers, associations of farmers, trade unions, Salvation Army officials, etc., it was learned that these conditions obtained throughout the country, although the towns and coast districts of the south recorded the greater number of arrests. Evasions of the law were noticed particularly among young people, farmers, and women of the industrial centers. Drunkenness was commoner among youths than among older people. Criminality, particularly murder, violence, and robbery, had in-

creased, and the general health level had been somewhat lowered by increased records of chronic drunkenness, delirium cases, and alcoholic insanity. A still more rapid increase of accidents caused by intoxication was noted. Subsidies to the poor had increased. The gravest feature of all was the extreme youth of most of the persons involved in alcoholic cases, and the general disrespect for law which these young persons displayed. Yet the Commission made no recommendations as to a future policy in regard to the prohibition law.

Mr. Kovero, Chairman of the Commission, however, presented an independent report, in which he strongly criticized the "scientifically cautious" tone of the official report, and Mr. Serlachius, another member, also made an independent statement, in which he said that the social consequences and the harm done by drinking raw spirits in coffee cups in cafés and restaurants, the whole degrading custom of secret and illegal indulgence in alcohol, were more important than the mere quantity consumed. "Reports of judges, and of all police authorities show that laws, courts, oaths, and all institutions that preserve order, are losing their prestige in Finland," concluded this statement. "The misuse of medical prescriptions has turned out to be an unprecedented scandal."

Mr. Serlachius doubted however if the situation could, in a brief time, be changed for the better by any laws or set of laws. "Apparently we have a long, hard way before us, before we reach the condition of temperance existing before the War. It is certain that if prohibition is abandoned our statistics of crime will, at least for the next few years, show more alarming figures than now. We cannot believe that the thousands of people who now make a good living by illegal alcohol traffic will return to honest work. The transition to any new system will prove very difficult, but the situation will grow worse if the change is delayed. Is it possible to make the

prohibition law more effective? All attempts have hitherto lessened the moral prestige of the law. The application of the law disregards the moral standards of the criminal law in general."

The widest publicity was given these reports, and in the conservative press there was a general denunciation of the law and a demand for a popular referendum on the subject. But nothing has resulted, nor is it likely that anything will result in the near future, since the majority parties in Parliament continue to support the law. The Agrarian and Social Democratic Parties, holding respectively 52 and 60 seats, have a clear majority of 44 over the three parties of the right, and in any vote on prohibition they would have the support of the twenty Communist deputies. What may be the opinion of any of these radical deputies is not known, because they are not allowed to voice individual opinions, but must vote as their parties in caucus dictate. Only in the conservative and liberal Swedish, National Unionist and National Progressive Parties are members allowed to vote as individuals, and in the main they are in favor of a revision of the law, and a substitution or adaptation of the Swedish system of control. Yet even these deputies fear that the country is not at present sufficiently informed to warrant a referendum. The peasants read only the radical newspapers and these, naturally, tend to minimize the failure of the law. Farmers and villagers know that enforcement is weak in their communities, but they cling to a belief that it succeeds elsewhere. Individuals know that they break the law, but they hope that other people observe it. Because "prohibition is a good thing for the country."

Shortly before I left Finland I went to an after-theater supper at one of the principal restaurants of Helsingfors. The guests were six in number, including one of the leaders in Parliament of the Social Democrats. We had claret in beer bottles and Swedish punch in coffee cups, and under the mellowing influences

of food and wine, the political leader confided in me that prohibition was like religion, a very good thing for the masses. An educated man might be an agnostic and remain a good citizen, an upright and moral man. But take away religion from the people, and what happened? Well, look at Russia. Look at the Finnish trade unionists, skeptics and Communists almost to a man. It was the same with liquor. You couldn't trust the masses to drink moderately or to refrain from violence over their cups. Look at the Finnish peasants with their knives. Did I ever see a Finnish gentleman, or an American for that matter, who carried a gun or a knife?

I told him that I was strongly in favor of sobriety, even for gentlemen, and if any system of control promised better success than a prohibition law I was willing to see it tried.

"Any retreat from prohibition," said my Socialist friend, "would be a moral retreat, and any political party that advocated it in this country would commit

suicide. Look at the National Progressives. They tried to get a bill for a referendum through Parliament, and a year or two ago their general conference proposed some kind of a liquor-control measure. What was the result? Why they lost seven seats in the elections of 1927. The fathers and mothers of Finland are not going to stand for any legislation or any system of liquor control that gives their children opportunity to drink in restaurants and dance halls."

"Their children," I observed, "seem to be doing quite a lot of drinking under the present system."

He paused to fill his coffee cup with fiery Swedish punch.

"Those young fools," he exclaimed. "They drink because they think it's smart. They'll know more when they're older. They'll bring *their* children up good prohibitionists, you'll see."

I think I said, at the beginning of this article, that there was much in Finland to make an American traveler feel at home.





THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

THE dilemmas that give doctors concern are not those that Mr. Shaw wrote about. Occasionally a doctor may find himself in the "fix" of Sir Colenso Ridgdon, but fortunately it does not happen often. The Irish Diogenes has a poor opinion of the medical profession, and "The Doctor's Dilemma" was written to tell the world what he thinks of it; to show up the profession, to prove that it has an infamous character. A small portion of what he said was true, a lot half true, and most of it malicious. The medical profession is laudably esteemed in the eyes of the world, and it has earned this by industry, self-sacrifice, and devotion. Medicine as a science has made marvellous progress in the last three generations; medicine as an art has not kept pace with science.

Illness thrusts many dilemmas upon us, not the least of which is how to manage our doctor; but many find paying him equally difficult, though it calls for less tact and knowledge of the human heart. Doctors themselves often put patients in a plight both by what they say and by what they do.

A man develops certain symptoms which cause him apprehension and make him less competent to do his work. He consults the physician who has taken care of him and his family so long that he has come to be considered a staunch friend and safe confidant. The patient gets relief and assurance, but the symptoms return; or he conforms to the physician's instructions and finds himself no better. It occurs to him that his medical adviser does not understand his

case, or does not know how to make him well. What is he to do? Should he consult someone who is reputed to be more learned and skillful or should he continue to accept the services of the man who has given no indication that he is dissatisfied with the way matters are going? He receives assurance that he will get well, but he does not get well; he gets discouraged. His apprehension gives way to fear, and that adds to his incompetence. He thinks that his doctor will take it amiss if he consults another physician, and he is timid about asking to be sent to a specialist through fear that his doctor may construe it as a reflection upon his skill. His doctor has been devoted and understanding, and these qualities should be rewarded by constancy. Thus the patient develops an acute anxiety, a state more perilous than his malaise or threatened disease.

Illness imposes a responsibility which the patient frequently chooses to disregard. He thinks he does what is incumbent upon him to do if he follows his doctor's advice. That would be adequate if all physicians were wise, judicious, and infallible. Few men believe that they are, and among those few no physician is to be found. The person who is indisposed or ill does not discharge his whole duty to himself or to those beholden to him by consulting a physician. The man he selects may be familiar with the disorder that afflicts him but insensitive to his affective make-up. He may be addicted to giving assurance without investigation; he may be an unjustifiable optimist or pessimist; or

his services may be in such demand that he cannot give the time necessary to solve the problem that confronts him. The patient must satisfy himself that his selection is a prudent one. If he cannot do so by taking counsel with himself, he must elicit the interest and advice of others who have his welfare at heart. Should he conclude, after such conference, that there are better hands, heads, and hearts than those to which he has entrusted himself, he should change to others without hesitation.

In brief, the patient should size up his doctor. That is what he does with his broker, his confessor, and his butter and egg man. But he says he does not feel competent to sit in judgment upon a representative of an intricate science such as pathology. Yet pathology is no more beyond the comprehension of the lay mind than is theology; and we do not hesitate a moment to change our parson when he teaches unsympathetic doctrine or preaches unacceptable word. One does not continue to patronize a provisioner whose food no longer nourishes, particularly when he sees others waxing fat and strong on that obtained from a rival purveyor.

Doctors are human; they dislike to lose patients either by death or defalcation. Their defamers say they are not so chagrined when the loss is caused by the former as when by the latter. But probably there are few physicians who want to retain dissatisfied patients; for no kudos comes from ministering to them. One of the phrases we hear often is, "You must tell your doctor the truth; you must have no secret from him." One of the truths we should tell him—and as soon as we find it out—is that we are not making satisfying progress toward restoration to health under his treatment. Should we decide to be more confidential, we may ask if he cannot suggest the name of a colleague who has given special study to an ailment such as ours, or who has shown great aptitude and resourcefulness in dealing with it. I venture to say that in nine out of ten

cases, before that confidence is thrust upon him, the doctor will suggest that his patient would be well advised to consult So-and-So. But here is where the difficulty comes in. Unless he is an unusually understanding person, he does not suggest that the patient put himself in the care of that colleague. He sends him for confirmation of his own diagnosis and for suggestion of treatment; and the doctor to whom he is sent is bound ethically to direct him to return to the doctor who has failed to cure him.

The dissatisfied patient would be well advised to ask for the names of several physicians reputed to be skillful in dealing with disease like his. Then he should make his own selection and consult him free of entangling alliance. He is fortunate if the first one he selects proves to be the right one. Should he fail and be discouraged, he has only to think of the tailors and bootmakers he has tried before finding one who suited him.

Changing doctors is sometimes an expensive venture, but it is a sound investment.

Another thing our well-wishers never tire of telling us is, "Trust your lawyer, obey your doctor, believe your priest." That is excellent advice for the good, the well, and the happy; but when one is in trouble or determined to make trouble for others, when one is ill and apprehensive, incredulous and despairing, what he needs is fact, not dogma or doctrine.

The belief is universal that the physician manages the patient. That he has striven to do so there is no denying. Managing has been too one-sided. The patient does not discharge the obligation he is under to himself when he obeys the doctor. The doctor may be wrong. Unfortunately, he often is. Implicit obedience, then, makes for the patient's disadvantage, possibly his ruin.

I recall the case of a brilliant man who, at fifty years of age, was beginning to reap the industrious sowings of a lifetime, who obeyed his doctor implicitly

for six months while he was being treated for sciatica. When he decided at the end of that time to change doctors, the malignant disease from which he suffered was beyond surgical reach.

Doctors admit that they make mistakes. The better the doctor, the more freely he admits it. What he is reluctant to admit is that he is so often in error that for him to speak oracularly or to act as one infallible would be sheer effrontery. A physician should content himself with expressing an opinion, stating a belief, and giving advice. Exhortation and exacting submission should be left to the clergy. The patient should be free to get as many opinions as he wishes, to compare them, and to decide, after taking counsel with himself and with those whom he knows to have good sense and sound judgment, which is the most consonant with fact, and which counsel will restore him to health, delay the coming of the ominous night, relieve his suffering, mollify his misery.

But by doing so, he not infrequently thrusts a predicament upon himself: how to reconcile contradictory opinions of equally eminent physicians.

II

Every country has its favorite topic for comment and discussion. In England it is the weather, in France the other sex, here prohibition. All countries have one topic in common—conflicting diagnoses. Everybody has his pet story. There are probably better ones than the following, but it will suffice as an example.

A man of fifty-eight whose occupation of consulting engineer imposed a sedentary life upon him, one day was seized in his office with violent, spasmodic pain in the region called the pit of the stomach. A physician gave him prompt relief in the customary way. His family physician, examining him later, being unable to find a cause for the pain, suggested that he consult a heart specialist. The man he selected examined him in the

most approved manner, and he returned with an outline of his heart made with the aid of the fluoroscope, with a cardiograph, and various other testimonies of a "thorough examination." Whether he was told that he had angina pectoris or whether he inferred it from what he was told, I have never been able to determine; but he became self-concerned and apprehensive and after following for a few weeks the treatment suggested, he consulted another physician of equal, even greater, renown who put him through a similar examination and presented him with similar credentials. But this time the latter were flattering; there was no enlargement of the heart; its various chambers harmonized in activity; the valves opened and closed just as valves made by the Creator should; the electrocardiogram was as nearly perfect as the heart of any man of fifty-seven should furnish, and the physical examination corroborated the instrumental. The patient was delighted, the doctor was glad, the family were jubilant.

But walking home from his office one winter day, bucking a head wind, he felt an uncomfortable sensation in the left side of the chest and that night he was restless. He kept his own counsel, but revisited the physician and obtained reassurance; and peace once more pervaded the household. He felt well enough, but he did not have the punch, mental or physical, to which he was accustomed, and in the back of his mind was a devil, posted there by the first doctor. In the small hours of the morning this demon would strut the boards of his mind, slap his chest, and laugh derisively. And so he consulted a third specialist. No word will be said of the examination. It was made two years after the first one and it may have had what the Yankee calls some "fancy touches." But the man who made it is a modest man who amalgamates wisdom with worldliness and tempers truth with understanding.

He told him that his circulatory apparatus was not in perfect condition;

that frequently men who led an active, strenuous life in youth and a sedentary life in maturity, and especially those who were heedless of the intake of energy supplies and the output of waste products, often experience as they approach the sixth decade of life slight changes in the arteries; that it was not at all unlikely that such slight changes had gone on in the vessels that supply the heart itself with blood, but that they were not revealed by photograph or cardiogram; nor were they such as would necessarily alter the size of the heart or change its sounds. He told him also that conformation to the rules of hygiene applicable to elderly people was all that he should impose upon himself, and he assured him that neither would his span of life be abbreviated, nor would he experience suffering. Ten years have passed, and the possessor of that heart still beats me occasionally at golf. Occasionally may be too generous a word, but there are few men of his age who are living more decorously and usefully than he. He never tires of relating his experience which, he maintains, is a reflection upon doctors. In reality, it is not. It merely testifies that they are human.

One might legitimately infer from the frequent comment on conflicting diagnoses that doctors preempt the field "disagreement." Yet few marvel and say, "I don't understand" when men who interpret laws and administer justice disagree, nor do the judges feel chagrin or experience humiliation when they record conflicting opinions. Jurors, even though they have been locked up and otherwise "facilitated," often do not agree and few, except those whose interest has not been promoted, disparage them for stating the opinions and beliefs which prevent agreement.

Experts in every field of human activity disagree, even the exponents of the exact sciences. Why should doctors be denied the privilege that is accorded everyone else? Medicine is not an exact science, and two personal equations, one posed by the patient, the other by the

physician, enter into every problem that illness presents. The marvel is that doctors agree as often as they do. Even facts are susceptible of different interpretation. Under certain barometric conditions, I may be reasonably sure that rain will soon fall, while another person, equally weather-wise, is willing to risk the opinion that it will not rain.

The trouble with so many of us is we are unwilling that our diagnosis should be taken as opinion; we want it to be accepted as fact. Should the patient seek verification of it—which is not only his right but often his duty—we take umbrage and blame the colleague who checks us up.

I recall many mistakes, but none more vividly than one connected with what I thought was a Samaritan act. "My husband is having one of his terrible attacks of neuritis—can't you give him something that will stop the pain?" said a woman whose husband I was assisting to make the transfer from debauch to "normalcy." I found that his "neuritis" was locomotor ataxia, and that evening I called upon the colleague who had prescribed for him, and told him what I had found and what I had done. That was more than twenty-five years ago, and he has not spoken to me since.

There is one field in which it would seem to be safe, possibly sound, to be dogmatic—theology. There is one in which it is always unsafe to be cocksure—medicine. The trend of certain diseases is always to exact the life of the victim, but one can never tell when he may come across the exception.

Physicians do well to keep in mind that there have always been unbeatable invalids, patients who have proved the apparently hopeless diagnoses wrong. Dogmatic diagnosticians should add the autobiography of St. Teresa of Avila to their night-table books.

Patients who get contradictory diagnoses from men of equal standing in their profession are often so bewildered and discouraged that they desert to the enemy. One has to be on the skirmish

lines of the profession to see how numerous the "deserters" are. And it is not the poor and ignorant who go to quack and Christian Scientist, to psychoanalyst and physiotherapist; many "best people" who have failed to learn how to handle their doctor, how to utilize his knowledge, are among them. They should use their common and their uncommon sense and they should know something about the human body, how it works, what puts it out of gear, and where to take it for repair.

A doctor is a man steeped in the principles of hygiene, schooled to administer its laws, trained to detect disease. He is not a person with unique knowledge, scientific, esoteric, or mystic. There is always the human problem to deal with; and no specific instruction can be given how to solve it. In one case it is to be done in a manner which in the next case is bound to fail. Hence intuition, insight, knowledge of what is called the human heart is a great asset of the physician.

Pope's oft-quoted line, "The proper study of mankind is man," has been interpreted to mean man's conduct. The body is a "proper study" and a profitable one. No one should be considered mature who is ignorant of its structure and mechanism. When physiology is taught in public and private schools, properly and adequately, physicians will profit and patients will prosper. The ill and those who seek to restore them will be able to work together intelligently.

It is often said of physicians that they know nothing of business. Did they know as little of investments and of mercantile affairs as the business man does of physiology and pathology, the majority of them would be living in almshouses.

III

Why a man who considers himself educated should not feel humiliated by his ignorance of the structure and mechanism of his body is a riddle. He

would not think of driving a car or sailing a boat without knowing something of how they are put together and how they operate; but his own body, well, that is a matter for doctors to understand.

Just because a man is ill is no reason why he should stop using his mind. Illness thrusts a problem upon him, and to solve it he should have the co-operation of those who devote themselves to the solution of similar problems. But *he* is the important factor in the solution of his problem, not the doctor.

To solve the problem of ill health, a knowledge of physiology and psychology may not be essential, but it is most desirable; and until they are taught we shall continue to be the country of the world richest in cults, fads, manias, and "pow-wow" doctors.

Can anyone imagine a person with such knowledge becoming a fletcherizer or a Couéite, a colon-irrigation slave, a yogi or a "gland" maniac?

The truth of the matter is that we see both disease and doctors out of perspective. We do not focus correctly upon either. We are determined to gild the lily of health; so we go to be examined as conscientiously and regularly as a nun goes to confession; we have a thirst for patent medicine which, if it belonged to an anti-prohibitionist, no boot-legger could quench; and we pour mineral oil into our interiors as recklessly and copiously as a locomotive driver pours it into his machine; and should we thus obtain too much smoothage, we go in for roughage with similar determination.

We say Nature is a wonderful healer but we rarely give her a chance to practice. We say instinct is a reliable guide, but we never trust it.

A thing looks different in different lights. Remembering this, I had no difficulty in reconciling two experiences which an elderly gentleman, who had retired from the labor of his profession to the hardship of leisure, had in Europe and in this country. One evening in Paris after dinner he was annoyed by

moving spots before one eye. He gave it little attention, but on going down the steps of the stoop the specks were replaced by flashes of light. Those were so persistent and distressing that he sent for a physician when he reached his hotel who, the next day, took him to a specialist. The consultant, who examined him in such a way as to impress him not only with his skill but with his thoroughness, assured him that he found nothing in his eye to account for his symptoms; they probably had their origin in some transitory disturbance of the circulation in the eye. He gave him medicine which the patient assumed was to correct such circulatory disturbance.

The symptoms persisted intermittently, and when he reached London he consulted another ophthalmologist of great renown and royal patronage who said to him, "Don't tell me what my Paris confrère said. Let me reach my own conclusion." When he had done so, he said, "Unquestionably, you have an infection in one section of the eye and it is responsible for your symptoms." He prescribed drops and some medicine to take internally and instructed the patient to return in four days. When he returned he examined him again and said, "I find nothing whatsoever. That which I found three or four days ago has disappeared."

The symptoms reappeared, and on the journey to this country the man became much concerned. Immediately on landing, he consulted a physician who told him frankly that he had choroiditis, put him under treatment, and sent him to an internist with the request that he endeavor to discover the source of the infection—which he did, and this yielded slowly to treatment.

The patient believes that the American ophthalmologist is cleverer than the European specialists. The belief is not well founded. Floating bodies in the vitreous may be visible one day and not another. They were probably larger and more plentiful in New York than

they were in Paris or in London. Had the patient and the European doctors had a heart-to-heart talk, there would have been less worry and more international amity.

It is too much to ask of a physician that he himself should have had an enigmatic illness; but any illness makes him a better doctor. It is said that an ill doctor is a pathetic sight; but one who has been ill and has recovered has had an affective experience which he can utilize to the advantage of his patients.

The explanation of doctors' disagreements is to be sought and found also in their temperaments, in what psychologists call their affective reactions, and in their experience, personal and professional.

The most brilliant diagnostician which this country has produced was one of the worst doctors imaginable. He was a close observer, a keen analyzer, a thorough sifter, a logical thinker, and he had a vast experience with the quick and the dead. But he lacked optimism, skepticism, and heart, essentials for a good physician. A man who has the early symptoms of locomotor ataxia, or hardening of the blood-vessels, or disordered secretion of the liver or pancreas, of a beginning opacity of the crystalline lens, or inadequate closure of one of the heart valves goes to a doctor who recognizes the disease, who is familiar with the usual cause of it, and has had experience with those measures which impede its progress, or even check it, and asks, "What are my chances?" How can the doctor know? No two individuals react to disease in exactly the same way: one puts up a stiff resistance, another yields supinely.

Early in my professional life I had an illuminating experience. A Russian fur-cutter came to the clinic in which I worked, complaining of intermittent pain and lack of power in one of his legs. He had a disease of the blood vessels which seeks to encroach upon their lumen until it is quite obliterated—

the Jew's Disease it is called in Germany. The outlook for the victim is gloomy. I have lived long enough to see that patient experience amputation of both legs, operation on the abdomen for an intestinal mischief called diverticulitis, operation for hernia, three decades of hard work, and the acquisition of a large and lucrative business. A few days ago he came to ask me what he should do for symptoms which even I recognize to be an obstruction at the outlet of the stomach, and which a talented diagnostician confirms. At sixty-one or sixty-two years of age, he is going to take the last journey in a car that no one, least of all myself, expected would come along to pick him up.

I learned about disease and man from him. Were I to use the knowledge of disease acquired from him, I might be of disservice to the next victim of the disease I encounter, but what I learned of the man, I can use to my own and others' advantage; for truly the heart of this Russian Jew, of the humblest origin, is noble, and he has endured chastening that entitles him to the love of his Maker and the respect of his fellows.

Patients like their physicians and physicians like their patients. It is useless to say that in reality there is no necessity for a patient to like his physician, for there is an intangible but most real bond between them which is founded on nothing so much as personal feeling. One must like one's doctor, for he is confessor as well as confidant, mentor as well as savior. It is easy to confess a fault or to ask advice from a man you like, but not from a stranger or an antipathetic individual, though he were a wizard at diagnosis or an expert at therapeutics. How often one hears, "the moment Doctor X. comes to my room when I am ill I feel better." Scarcely justifiable from a scientific or technical standpoint, but most convincing from experience. One does not choose a lawyer or a banker the same way; but the services of a physician are

of so intimate and personal a nature that the two individualities must be in sympathy before each can extract the best from the other: the patient, entire and indefatigable devotion—the physician, full confidence and psychic response.

The doctor has always been, and still is too oracular. The things he really knows are very few. He has opinions about disease, and many of them are soundly based, and he should rarely go beyond expression of them. His opinion may not be shared by colleagues of equal experience and similar renown, and deference to the opinion of others is very becoming. It is the patient who must decide the validity of opinion from consideration of its source and probability. If the doctor's opinion does not seem reasonable, or if the bias of it, due to temperament or personal and professional experience is obvious, then it is well for the patient to get another opinion, and the doctor has no right to be incensed or humiliated by such action. By and large, doctors have too much property interest in their patients, like the Forsytes in their wives. A patient does not yield his individuality to his physician; he seeks counsel and guidance from him, advice and direction that will restore him to health and, if he is beyond restoration, something that will give him strength to bear his burden and courage to confront his fate.

When a man falls ill, he does not forfeit his rights to be treated as a sentient human being or as an individual. He consults a physician and conforms his conduct to the counsel received, but he does not get well. When his physician sees despair enveloping him, he sends him to a colleague of distinction who after hearing his tale of woe and examining him says, "I'll write to your doctor about you." Frequently, not a word to the patient beyond this. The doctor to whom that patient is sent may be the ideal person to help the invalid back to health. He can do it only through the mediumship

of one who knows little or nothing of how to do it. Obviously, this is to the patient's disadvantage. Neither patient nor physician should tolerate this state of affairs. If the doctor does not know, or does not know how, he should not only tell the patient, he should direct him to someone likely to know and to know how, and then bid him godspeed.

Every sane adult has the right to consult anybody and everybody about his ill-health and to conform his conduct to the advice he receives so long as it is not prejudicial to the welfare of others or of the community. By such conduct he may forfeit the respect of men who have consecrated their lives to the study of disease scientifically, but it should neither alienate their interest nor earn their disfavor; and they should suffer him kindly when he returns to the fold.

Pompousness, pretense, oracularity, and over-solicitousness on the part of his doctor should always make the patient suspicious of him. Whenever I see a physician accompanying a patient to the dentist who will draw a tooth, I cannot help thinking that he is either covetous or amorous. The better the physician, the less he coddles his patients. In his contacts with them he seeks to teach them the principles of healthy living, and to restore them when they infract such principles. He realizes that he is fallible and that the most he can ever hope to be is an expert assistant to Nature and God. The relationship of doctor and patient should be one of frank co-operation with free access to all outside sources of help and expert knowledge.

IV

We do not hear so much of "medical ethics" as we did. That is a good sign. It means we are becoming more civilized. The essence of civilization is the advancement of the welfare of the world and enhancement of the pleasure of its inhabitants. A patient has "rights" as well as his physician. His inalienable right is to consult as many physicians

as he chooses. Should he feel that he is not prospering with the physician of his choice, he should tell him so courteously, and express in money and kind words his gratitude for efforts made and services rendered. No fair-minded physician will take umbrage at such action. Those who do have only to put themselves in the patient's place to reacquire serenity. The patient who has had contradictory reports from doctors shows character if he keeps up the search for someone who can give him a rational explanation of his symptoms or direct him to recovery. I have encountered, recently, an excellent illustration.

A strong young Italian at work pushing a crowbar downward and outward, heard a snapping sound emanate from his right wrist, and felt a stinging pain. He kept at work for two or three hours, but did most of it with the left upper arm. That evening the pain was so severe that he called a physician who examined the wrist, then bandaged it. Whether or not he told him he would be all right in a few days does not matter. What physicians are alleged to have said rarely tallies with what they really say. The next morning the back of the wrist was black and blue. The doctor then subjected it to X-ray and advised dipping it frequently in hot water. At the end of a week, as the patient still complained, the doctor suggested that he consult a more experienced colleague, who treated him by massage and electricity for nearly six months. The patient had despaired before this time, but on the assurance of the doctor that he would soon be all right, he kept on. As he got no better, he decided to go to a clinic. His wrist was strapped, and he was given some medicine. No profit resulted from this, and he consulted a surgeon, who took him to a hospital and, after satisfying photographic and physical examinations were made, put a splint on the infirm wrist and forearm and suspended it from a bar, thus keeping the hand two or three feet above him. After two days

the swelling disappeared, the patient was discharged, and his employers were told he had some nervous lesion, "a hysterical joint," or he was malingering. A neurologist gave him a clean bill of health, and he was again sent to a hospital with the statement that he must have suffered either a partial dislocation of one of the wrist bones or rupture of some fibers of a ligament, and that the pain, swelling, immobility, and weakness were probably dependent upon a secondary arthritis or teno-synovitis. Again the examination was negative, and the surgeon suggested exploration of the wrist. The patient was willing, but by this time one of his physicians had become keenly interested in him and was determined to see him through. He took him to another surgeon, a youngish man who had seen service in the War. He found something that none of the other doctors had found, namely that the right radial pulse had much less volume than the left. He concluded that the man's symptoms were dependent upon lesion of the blood vessels, something akin to the disease that narrows the lumen of the arteries, and that they would yield to an operation that would remove a small piece of the outer coat of the main blood vessel of the arm, an operation devised by a French surgeon, René Leriche. This was performed and the patient slowly recovered the use of his wrist.

One does not need to have a very vivid imagination to picture the despair of this young man. He did not know where to turn or what to do. He had done everything he had been advised to do and gone everywhere he had been told to go. "I am young and strong, I have a family to support. I want to work. Cut my hand off if that will cure me," he said to one of his physicians. Only one of the many whom he consulted said to him, "I do not know what is the matter with you and I do not know how to find out." On the contrary, both the speech and conduct of some of them seemed to suggest that

he was responsible for his symptoms—that he cherished them, that he could lose them if he wished. There was a time when if the doctor did not recognize the patient's ailment he called it hysteria, neurasthenia, or malingering, and there was a note of contempt in his voice as he uttered it. The patient was looked down upon when in reality it was usually the doctor who was at fault. The various physicians who were consulted by this young man might legitimately compensate him. He has been of real service to them. Painters pay models to sit for them; doctors in certain instances should pay patients, for they facilitate the development of their art.

Patients have another problem besides getting and managing a doctor, and it is an infinitely more serious one. Briefly, it is how to escape high-priced second-raters. It is beyond dispute or denial that the top-notch physician or surgeon can be had only by the rich or the poor. Those who are neither rich nor poor, upon whom medical fees are a severe burden, either pay physicians more than they can afford or get only second-rate operators and specialists. What are they to do when their gasserian ganglia must come out, or when they must give up that gland which makes life hideous for many men after sixty? Their pride prevents them from going to a clinic where they might have the services of a five-thousand-dollar operator, and their purse prevents them from going to his private hospital. There would seem to be no alternative for them save the beginner or the second-rater. Tyros often become teachers, and Class B surgeons sometimes push into Class A. It is not quite true to say they achieve it at the expense of the small-salaried man, but it is true that it is by practicing upon him and his family that they become experts. At times the suspicion crosses his mind that they are so keen to get experience and possibly money that good tonsils and inoffensive appendices are sacrificed, and lesions, susceptible to

the ministrations of time and nature, are submitted to the knife. Even when his mind is free of any suspicion of the doctor's motive or integrity, he feels that he is getting both a rough and an unjust deal.

It does not mollify him to be told that he gets the same sort of deal from the lawyer, the schoolmaster, the merchant—in short, from everyone who ministers to his needs save the priest. But unlike the priest, the doctor has to support himself and his family. Every physician adjusts his charges to his patient's income, but it is something more than normal, praiseworthy generosity when a doctor gives his time to a patient for five dollars when another is waiting without, ready to pay twenty-five. Mr. Smith can scarcely expect Doctor Jones to operate on his child's mastoid for one hundred dollars when Mr. Brown stands ready to pay him a thousand. Doctors are human; they give hostages to fortune whom they must deliver sound and sane. To do it, money is necessary. There is small chance that the first-raters in the medical profession will reform. They pave their way to prosperity by serving the rich, and to paradise by serving the poor. It is the neither-rich-nor-poor who must reform. They must either pocket their pride and have their examinations made in pay clinics and their operations done in public hospitals or they must begin an agitation, or start a drive, for hospitals and clinics in which they can get first-class medical, surgical, and dental service commensurate with their means and which will enhance their self-respect and restore them to health. Everyone who serves such hospitals, from the hostess to the chief surgeon, shall be paid by the hospital. The person who thinks such a hospital will not command the best medical and surgical skill may likely think otherwise should he familiarize himself with full-time positions in medical schools and in hospitals.

Hospitals of the present day, other than those charged up to the munici-

pality, are run too much like commercial institutions. Those who endow them and those who administer them deny that they are run to make money; but it is difficult to convince many patients that they speak the truth. Modern hospitals are much like de luxe hotels for ill guests who can pay from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day. Some provide for the wage earner too, but they make little or no provision for the man who works for a salary. The philanthropist of his community who desires to build a monument to himself that will keep alive his understanding of the needs of his fellow-man and perpetuate his name may do so by building, equipping, and endowing a hospital where a patient can get medical and surgical care and all it entails for from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. The man who gives money to build a hospital and none to endow it so that it can be run without charging those who have need of its services more than they can pay often does the community a harm.

The laity and doctors should get together on the hospital question. I am of the opinion that there should be no hospitals administered by doctors for doctors. It is natural that if a doctor or a group of doctors have a hospital, they prefer to see it full than empty. Though adoring patients sometimes make doctors feel they are superhuman, they are in reality very human and should not expose themselves to great temptation. It must be easy to persuade oneself that an appendix ought to come out if your wife constantly reminds you she has not had a new dress for a year, or if your son is developing an inferiority feeling from wearing patched clothes.

The money side of the practice of medicine is the sand in the gear box. That is why hospital practice is so much more satisfying than private practice. I never knew a top-notch doctor who would not have been delighted to exchange private practice for hospital position, suitably salaried, with adequate provision made for pension.

The Lion's Mouth



"I ONLY DO MY DUTY"

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

THIS is the way the trouble started. While waiting for Clancy I noticed that the inspector at the desk next to his wrote left-handed. "Every southpaw has his own style," said I. "I'm one myself, and people are always asking me how I do it." "Yes," said the inspector, smiling, "it's a gift." In those few words we established a bond of accord.

Immediately Clancy bustled in, a large, red-faced inspector in his shirt sleeves, who announced breezily, "Let's have a little air in here." I warmed to him, as he seemed to be a man of humor. I looked forward to clearing my freight through the Customs with little formality and no friction. But the other inspectors, sitting in a row before a half-height partition on which draymen leaned, awaiting their turn, looked up impatiently as Clancy went about and opened all the windows. The morning was cool. Perhaps, I thought, they didn't like this particular manifestation of his humor. Yet they said nothing.

Clancy seated himself and took my sheaf of documents in a hairy hand. There were four papers, all pertaining to the importation of one small piece of yacht equipment—an arrival notice, a bill of lading, a manufacturer's bill, and a permit from the custom house—copiously initialed, numbered, and O.K.'d. He rustled them.

"What's this here article?" demanded Clancy.

"A reefing gear for a sailboat," said I; "used to shorten sail."

"Machinery," said Clancy, glancing at the bill. "Value \$25, duty forty per cent. Give me \$10."

I drew out my pocket-book. Like a good citizen who does blindly and in the pious avoidance of trouble what the servants of the Republic order him to do, I was on the point of passing the money over the partition. But right there the exchange of words with my left-handed companion in oddity bore fruit. Said he, "Blount called up the custom house about that reefing gear and they said it ought to be thirty-three and a third per cent."

"It's none of your business," snapped Clancy. "I say it's forty per cent and forty per cent it is."

But I held on to my money, for in came Blount. A glance over Clancy's shoulder told him what the argument was about and he said, "That's right, it's thirty-three and a third per cent." Blount, it seemed, shared the job with Clancy, but neither had authority over the other. Thus there was conflict.

"It's forty per cent," repeated Clancy, flushing darkly. "Hand over the \$10 and you get the package."

There I found tongue. Yet my tongue is very feeble in controversial matters and I could only blurt out, "There seems to be a difference of opinion. Is there any reason why I should pay extra for somebody's mistake? Suppose you call up the custom house and get the truth of this."

That part about paying for "somebody's mistake" was ill-advised. Clancy, as I learned presently, has

been in the Customs service twenty years. He doesn't make mistakes. He breathed heavily, and thrust the sheaf of papers aside. "Next."

In these few moments a long line of draymen had collected, each handling documents for consignments of goods a hundred times the value of mine. While I stood by, and mentally computed a third of \$25, and drew from various pockets \$8.33, warming the money in my hand, and wondering what a forceful individual would do in the circumstances, all these men received their releases and departed. This was a matter of fifteen minutes.

Then I spoke, for laboriously I had evolved an idea. Up to this I hadn't known the inspector's name, and I asked him for it, saying that I would pay the \$10 if he would hand me a receipt for it. Then I would go to the custom house and try to obtain a rebate. I gave him also that decrepit platitude about its not being the money but the principle of the thing.

Clancy said nothing, but thought; and his thought was as heavy as his breathing. Finally—"Have the box opened," he ordered. "I'll inspect it."

Outside the inspectors' office waited a checker for the steamship company and a cooper. The cooper ripped open the box, and the checker gave me sympathy. "It's the authority," said he. "Clancy won't admit he's wrong. Too bad you didn't get the other one. Blount is all right, but this one—well, he may climb down, but he'll keep you waiting to save his face."

In the insistent draft of the pier we waited half an hour while Clancy saved his face. Then he emerged and inspected the contents of the box, minutely, meticulously. "There's no mark on these articles, is there?" he asked, and I thought I detected the first friendly glint in his manner.

"None that I can see," I replied, hoping that in the mysterious maze of tariff regulations there was some clause bearing on the absence of marks from

imported articles. Such a clause, I reflected, would permit a conscientious inspector to reduce the duty and at the same time climb down.

"Come inside," said Clancy.

He went, but the sympathetic checker grabbed my elbow, detaining me. "Good Lord," said he, "you'd have done better to pay the \$10 and shut up. There's no use bucking these inspectors. That gear isn't marked 'Made in Great Britain,' and now it will go back into stores, and you'll have to get a punch and stamp that label on every piece."

I groaned and followed after Clancy. For one brief instant I had prepared to be magnanimous and laugh off our little contretemps. Now I knew that I must take my medicine.

With a thick pencil the inspector scrawled across one of my papers, "No mark of country of origin." He also wrote, "40% \$10."

"What next?" I asked, humbly.

"Next," said Clancy, triumphantly (and I saw then that what I had mistaken for humor in the man's breeziness was a superiority complex), "next you take that slip all the way down to the collector that gave you the permit at the custom house, and you pay the \$10 to him; *and* you try to get a release from him. *And* you pay a ten per cent fine for importing goods not stamped with the country of origin."

I glared at Clancy, but there was only defeat behind my glare. "You're giving me a merry ride, aren't you?" I asked.

"I'm only doin' my duty, me dear," said he, smiling his first smile.

On the way down to the custom house my radiator almost boiled over in sympathy. I drove fast enough. And I thought, "Why take this to the collector who gave me the permit? He'll side with Clancy, and then if I try to carry the issue higher up, my case is hopelessly prejudiced. Why not start at the top and work down?"

So I asked to see the Top. He mistook my name for another's and had me right in. But he would have seen any

humble citizen, for he was worthy of being the Top, and stood up in defense of his men while at the same time fostering a spirit of cordiality between Government and governed. (*O rara avis!*) I stated my case, and he thanked me for bringing it to him. The collector whom I had previously seen was ordered in. He also was friendly. The deputy who is an authority on legal phases and precedents was summoned. The deputy whose forte is pleasure boats was interviewed on the 'phone. Each heard the facts and was asked his opinion. Then I was catechized.

Q. Is this reefing gear to be used on a motor boat? A. Well, there is a motor in the boat, now that I think of it. It's an auxiliary. But the reefing gear is actually used only in sailing.

Q. Is the gear for your personal use? A. It is, most emphatically.

Then the decision was handed down. Since I would use the gear personally there would be no fine for failure of the manufacturer to stamp it "Made in Great Britain." Judges had already ruled upon this point in the matter of wearing apparel for personal use. (No, I would not have to stamp it myself.) Since the gear was intended for a sailboat with a motor in it, it was a part of motor-boat equipment under the law, and the duty on such equipment was not forty per cent. Nor was it thirty-three and a third per cent (someone had blundered there)—but thirty per cent. I could pay the cashier \$7.50, return to the pier, and collect my property.

Which I did. But before going I heard the collector tell Clancy on the 'phone that the case had been decided by the Top and that the legal authority had initialed my paper, excusing me from the fine. And that Clancy was to accept the cashier's receipt which I would bring him, and hand over the gear.

So uptown I went, going over in my mind what I would say to Clancy. During the first half of the run I composed sarcasm and gloating phrases.

During the second half I determined to be aloof—one of those strong, silent men who are generous in victory.

But I can never anticipate a conversation of this sort and get it right.

Clancy took the cashier's receipt and examined both sides. "Let's see," he declared; "the collector said you were to show me the legal authority's O.K. I can't let you have the gear without the O.K."

"He did not," I contradicted. "He said I would bring you the cashier's receipt, and that's it."

"But how do I know this \$7.50 that you paid is right? You say yourself the gear is for a sailboat and what's a sailboat got to do with a motor boat? The duty on machinery is forty per cent."

"Listen," said I. "I stood right beside the collector when he gave you your orders on the 'phone and I asked him, 'Can Clancy cause me any more trouble when I get to the pier?' and he said, 'He cannot.'"

There was more of the same, and another line of draymen collected, all the way to the door. One of them, impatient, called out, "Clancy's doin' all the work this morning."

The man next him said, "Work, is it? He's doin' all the talkin'."

The left-handed inspector—he who had been told by Clancy to mind his own business—remarked, sotto voce, "He's being talked to—and how!"

Clancy spoke abruptly. "Go get your gear."

I started for the door. He called me back. "Who did you see first when you went down there?"

"I went straight to the Top. I'd wasted time enough already."

Clancy rose from his chair and leaned toward me. "Don't think," said he, "I've been trying to be snooty to you. I only do my duty."

Hah! That was the second time he had employed the phrase. But what a difference in the intonation between the first time and the second!



OUR LYRIC PRESS

BY ARTHUR GUTERMAN

LET us consider that great compendium of information, rumor, opinion, and entertainment, the daily newspaper, as an inexhaustible source of poetic material and lyric inspiration. That it is so, is largely because of the ingrained romanticism of the journalist—as the newspaper man hates to be termed. His professional diction is full of words and phrases that are so pointedly and aggressively poetic that few practicing poets would venture to use them in their work. With him any agreement is a “pact,” a matrimonial engagement is a “troth,” and I shall forbear to dwell upon such interesting erotic compounds as “soul mate” and “love nest.” The sports page is always a mine of picturesque metaphor, especially in the sections devoted to baseball and pugilism. Even a tennis match must be described as a “net tilt”—a vivid phrase that immediately suggests to the mental eye the picture of two fiery young athletes, with couched rackets, charging each other across the frail, reticulated barrier. However, we shall concern ourselves mainly with the news pages.

The basis of all good verse is cadence. Well-written prose is often strongly cadenced. Rhythmic effects are produced by the repetition of cadenced lines after a predetermined pattern; consequently any well-cadenced phrase in common speech or written prose may furnish the foundation for a metrical composition. Its cadence need only be reëchoed in other lines so as to satisfy the expectant ear which pleasurably anticipates the repetition, exactly as it anticipates certain repetitions in music.

Observe how the most ordinary lines in our newspapers may be charged with dynamic lyric force.

Taking at random a copy of that excellent and conservative journal, the *New York Times*—to be specific, a copy of the issue of February 25—we find in a little box in the upper right-hand corner a prognostication of the weather: “Cloudy and warmer to-day, with rain to-night and to-morrow.”

This timely forewarning with its dying fall of gentle regret supplies a perfect basis for a triolet; in fact, considering how triolets are constructed, it supplies the material for five-eighths of a triolet:

Cloudy and warmer to-day
 With rain to-night and to-morrow.
 Drear is the welkin and gray;
 Cloudy and warmer to-day;
 So must I hasten away
 A new umbrella to borrow.
 Cloudy and warmer to-day,
 With rain to-night and to-morrow!

Almost directly below our melodious meteorological prediction, runs a story under an appealing heading, two lines of which inform us that

“Lindbergh Lands in Mexico
 Flies to Fiancée”

As we have just evolved a triolet, our mind is adjusted to the tempo of the old French forms of verse, and instinctively sets to work on a rondel which shall utilize the first line of the heading as its refrain:

Lindbergh lands in Mexico
 Gliding down a crystal trail;
 Speeding over hill and vale,
 Over lake and river-flow,
 Under skies of golden glow,
 Through the mist or through the gale,
 Lindbergh lands in Mexico
 Gliding down a crystal trail.
 What may call him earthward so
 From the heavens' azure grail,
 Slanting wings of silver mail?
 Why need anybody know?
 Lindbergh lands in Mexico.

To the right of the simple tale that inspired our rondel, we find, boxed in

rules that emphasize its importance, a brief dispatch from Constantinople entitled

"Leon Trotsky Refuses to Talk
During Constantinople Stroll"

This, "Trotsky refuses to talk" is a perfect refrain for a ballade. In composing a ballade we must first hit upon a suitable refrain, and then, as we may have only three different rhymes in our thirty-six lines, we must judiciously choose line-endings that will make our rhyming task not too difficult.

Trotsky went out for a stroll
In his accustomed array,
Watching the carriages roll
Constantinople's Broadway.
So runs the news of the day:
"Trotsky goes out for a walk;
Says he has nothing to say.
Trotsky refuses to talk!"

This is uncommonly droll!
Where did he loiter or stray?
What was his actual goal?
Whom does he seek to betray?
Looked he sardonic or gay?
Here is the point where we balk!
Tell the marines, if you may,
"Trotsky refuses to talk!"

Couldn't the eye of a mole
See that all isn't *au fait*?
How can we swallow that whole?
What is the plot of the play?
Make it the theme of your lay,
Write it or draw it in chalk,
Carve it in granite or clay—
"Trotsky refuses to talk!"

Envoi

Mustapha Kemal, we pray,
Watch with the eye of a hawk.
There'll be the devil to pay!
Trotsky refuses to talk.

In the issue of the *Times* under consideration there appears a dispatch from Mr. Russell Owen, a member of the Byrd expedition in the Antarctic, three paragraphs of which, with but slight changes, chant themselves in blank verse in this manner:

We stood upon the seaward ice and watched
The tall white ship creep off to disappear
Among the mists that cloaked the Bay of
Whales.

Then first we felt alone, for first we knew
How far we were from all the life of home;
Yet, glad of work begun, inland we turned.
Now, trotting fast across the hard-packed
snow,

The sledge-dogs waved their tails like gallant
plumes;

Our parka hoods were coated white with
frost;

But the men, gay of spirit, laughed and
joked,

Tipping each other over in the drifts.

Quite a few of our modern poets have discovered excellent literary material in the simple tribal songs of the American Indians, or Amerinds as they often prefer to call them, a discovery in which they were somewhat exasperatingly anticipated by the benign Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to disparage whom is, among very modern American poets, one of the obligations of the orthodox and elect. One who in his early youth was extensively exposed to Mr. Longfellow's influence may, however, be pardoned if a news story headed, "Chief Roaring Thunder to Sing" impels him, likewise, to sing the story thus, in the easy trochaics of the Song of Hiawatha:

From the plains of Oklahoma,
From the land of fragrant oil wells,
From that realm of wealthy Red Men
Came the mighty Roaring Thunder,
Best of copper-colored bassos,
Chief among the wise Ojibways.
Princess Pálankí, the Choctaw,
Sweet soprano, tripped beside him.
With them walked the puissant Pawnee
Called Nasáto Shimatóna,
Carlisle graduate and athlete,
Dancer, baritone, composer,
Able orchestra conductor,
Leading on his aggregation:
Curley Chief who chants the legends
Of the Seminole savannahs;
Wildflower, gentle Cherokeean,
She that toots the largest tuba
Ever made and manufactured;
Blue Coal Boy, the Sioux performer;

Proud Tall Pine, who plays the trombone,
 Born a Ute of Colorado;
 Swift White Deer, the violinist,
 Scion of the Kaws of Kansas;
 Long Time Sleep, the Potawatami;
 Knife Chief, Pawnee trumpet-blower;
 Deft Notónga, skillful 'cellist,
 Boast of Winnebago wigwams;
 Eagle Horn who strums the banjo,
 And that dauntless vellum-thumper
 Swearing Green, the Iroquoian,
 Swearing Green the kettle-drummer.
 To the District of Columbia
 Came these Indian musicians,
 Came to sing for Calvin Coolidge,
 Came to play for Herbert Hoover,
 Came to chant the Nation's anthem
 Lest the melody should languish,
 Lest the words should be forgotten.

I am repeatedly impressed with the loveliness and spirit of the odes that the art critics offer in laudation of paintings or statuettes which they delight to honor. These tributes exhibit an enviable lightness of fancy and originality of phrasing. I take the liberty of quoting literally from the *Times* of March 3 two such tributes by Ruth Green Harris, which require only some such fantastic typographical rearrangement as I have given them, to fit them to compete, on at least even terms, with most of that which is printed as "free verse."

RIDERS OF THE DESERT



Like the center of a flower
 The riders are huddled together;
 And the horses' rounded necks
 Grow out from the center
 Like the petals of the flower.

WELCOME

"Welcome" greets you as you enter.
 She has been carved out of wood
 In a spirit of teasing paradox.
 The surface is simple,
 But the movement is complex—
 A pull back
 And a push forward
 Of her body,
 To welcome unobtrusively
 With both reserve and enthusiasm.
 She is kind
 Yet she is laughing at you,
 The spectator—
 Some private joke
 About the silly way
 You wear your hat
 Or carry your stick.

The fashion page, especially to-day when fabrics and colors are glorified by a marvelous nomenclature, reveals so many splendors that I hesitate to present this unobtrusive little ode, taken hit-or-miss from its glorious environment. Probably I am guilty of an injustice to the author of far more impressive poems, yet I will take the risk of exhibiting it as an illustration of the possibilities that lie in even the simplest themes:

The skirt is cut quite plain,
 With an inverted double box pleat
 In front,
 And another
 In the middle back;
 The blouse is of beige crêpe
 Finished with a bit of drawn work,
 And the coat is lined
 With the same
 Material.



Editor's Easy Chair

OUR JANGLING BLESSINGS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE were echoes in the papers that seemed to imply that Mr. Louis Marshall, lawyer and President of the American Jewish Committee, had complained that some of the Christians are trying to convert Jews. Oh, well, anything to save the world! If there are Christians who think the Christian organization needs more Jewish talent, what harm to go out and get some? It has been done before and with great success. The fervor for converting Jews was hottest when it was thought to be necessary for the future comfort of their souls to Christianize them. There is not so much zeal in that particular respect as there was; but since it is a fact that Jews were helpful in starting the Christian religion, it might well be that they would be useful to it in its present disputatious state.

In matters of a certain sort the Jewish mind is of a demonstrated helpfulness. When newspapers or periodicals go to pot and fall into the hands of Jews, astonishing recoveries sometimes follow. Two leading daily newspapers of New York are examples of that. One value of the Jewish mind is that, though it may have its own racial prejudices, it escapes the prejudices of the Gentiles. To a periodical it may bring new valuations and a new point of view. Anyone who has tried to steer a fatherless periodical into paths of influence and profit will be apt to appreciate how very important to it a change of prejudices may be.

The Christian Church is full of dis-

putes. The Pope seems displeased with Mussolini's talk and has spoken of it quite sharply and at some length. The Anglicans fear another set-to over the Prayer Book. The Fundamentalists and the Modernists wrangle interminably, and a little arbitration might do good.

Meanwhile the job of saving the world is going on in a way fit to encourage its inhabitants. The settlement of the reparations problem was a highly encouraging achievement. Our gentlemen who assisted with it were praised on all sides, especially Mr. Young, who showed some embarrassment at the laudatory deluge that rolled in on him. However, Mr. Young, like Charles Lindbergh, seems to have excellent facilities for taking care of himself. He was able to sidestep a public reception in New York and hurried off to help his son get married in Cleveland. Somehow we can still provide useful men. Like the rest of the world, we are passing through an extraordinary upset of standards and precedents. Our immediate destinies, and indeed those of mankind in general, are highly speculative, but we are sailing along to something, and it does not call for inordinate national vanity to believe that it will be something better than human life has experienced for a good while.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

So. Goldsmith, who never could keep

any money. Our wealth has certainly accumulated but our men do not show as yet alarming symptoms of decay. Yet it is that which Joseph Caillaux considers when he discusses whether civilization is dying. "A great country," he says, "the United States of America, adopts realism. Eager for immediate results, she makes up for slow scientific progress by organization. Organization of industry! Organization of labor! She nationalizes—I include in the word the whole gamut of technical improvements. What does it all come to? It produces—this is beyond dispute—a level of material civilization higher than ours. This is certainly not a negligible achievement. I am so little disposed to underrate it that repeatedly I have expressed the wish that the old continent would borrow largely from the methods hatched on the other side of the Atlantic.

"But I wrote—'borrow'; that is to say—select—not copy."

He would borrow but not copy. He would not have Europe go over too far to the industrial methods of the United States. "An intelligent application of craftsmanship," he says, "raises the workman. Indefinite repetition of the same gesture in the minimum of time degrades him. It makes him an automaton to the detriment of the community and of himself." M. Caillaux has put his finger on the sore place in mass production. If it is bad for the workman, it is not good for the country.

HENRY FORD, the leading prophet of it, talks just now to a representative of a newspaper syndicate which puts out his views every week. At this date of writing they concern Prohibition. "It is here to stay," he says. "The Eighteenth Amendment was the right way to do it in this country." Then he tells how little trouble he has with his workmen in Europe—how many teetotalers there are on that continent and how well have worked in England the more moderate drink-restraining

laws. But for us he thinks, as said, there was but one way and that was the course taken.

Prohibition was born of the War. When suddenly it came there were those who said to themselves, "Perhaps it is the most effective way to beat the liquor interests. It will knock them out, and when that is accomplished, no doubt, we shall have more moderate measures of some sort." Along with these thoughts there came the conjecture that full Prohibition might last a couple of years and after that it would be modified. It lasted longer than was expected and its modification by bootleggers was not the kind anticipated, and after ten years of it it is more than ever a problem. What is obvious is that it gives much better satisfaction in some parts of the country than it does in others. In the states that were Dry before the Amendment was passed, that liked the dry condition and wanted to continue, the Amendment is popular. In the big cities it does not work well, but even in the big cities there are comparatively few thoughtful persons who want back the conditions that existed before the Amendment took effect. The inexpediency of corner saloons and of the bar and the brass rail are generally admitted. Few Wets want those institutions back. They want a wiser and more orderly control of the rum traffic. For though our experiments have had great influence so that we are an object lesson to the world, no other country is following our example of flat Prohibition. The Canadian Provinces have tried it and have quit and are now working along under modified laws. In Great Britain there has been a reduction in the number of public houses and the number of hours daily that they can keep open and in the potency of the beer. Henry Ford says that such methods are all right for England or Germany but that for us our method is the right one. But that seems to be mere assertion, for, as said, he has factories in Europe and finds no trouble at all in finding workmen fit

to work in them. He believes there are more teetotalers in Europe than we think, and teetotalers he finds to be the best workmen.

No doubt they are more tractable, more dependable, but perhaps not of the highest talent always. Rum has never been recommended as a means of making careful workmen, but careful workmen are not the sole need of our world. We need thinkers, persons of imagination, rulers, and at times fighters. Four gentlemen represented us in the conference on reparations. Was any one of them a teetotaler? No. They were men in the prime of life, in full possession of their faculties, patient and laborious, but not one of them was a teetotaler.

A Methodist Minister in Minnesota writes to the Easy Chair that he lived thirty-six years in England in a town where there were two big breweries and light wines could be had from any grocer, and he has never seen more bestial drunkenness than there. That may be. It was admitted that England was too drunken and, as has been mentioned, she has made useful efforts to sober up. But after all when our Methodist friend lived in England Great Britain was pretty well the leading country in the world, and in spite of all that beer—so much too much of it—she made a showing in the Great War that was considerably respected. The trouble with the general argument against rum, that it is all bad, is that so many countries where in times past it has run pretty loose have been notably able and progressive. The United States was not dry, heaven knows, in the nineteenth century, but in material progress in that century it surpassed any record of history. When the Minnesota brother pointed to England's present unemployment as a consequence of rum he was wrong. It is due much more to the War and to loss of markets, especially the market for English coal.

Nobody has ever estimated, so far as appears, how large a proportion of the population has been able to meet rum

face to face in all its forms without succumbing to it. Henry Ford discovers that there are more teetotalers in Europe than we think. There have always been more teetotalers or constitutionally sober people in the United States than anyone would imagine who listens to the Prohibitionists' remarks. Not in any case will Prohibition save the country. It does not need saving in that particular. It can be helped by good rum laws; it can be harmed by bad ones; but it is not in any ominous peril in either case because the great bulk of the population can take care of itself. The nuisance of that part of the population that cannot control its thirst and has no sense about drinks is so great as to over-stimulate legislation on that subject. The country is not really in danger from rum. It does not really need to be rescued by the Methodist Board of Morals.

When the Prohibitionists say they had tried every conceivable way to beat the liquor interests and hold back the tide of rum before they turned to Prohibition and that all were of no avail, they say what is not so. A lot was done very successfully to diminish drinking. Habits of drinking abated enormously in the nineteenth century, and the abatement was going on well up to the time the Amendment was passed. It is a bad argument that they had to have Prohibition because nothing else would do. On the other hand, it is a good argument as far as it goes that rum is prejudicial to success with motor cars. Drink does not mix as well with them as it did with horses. A part of the oldtime horse-sense was the capacity to get a drunken driver safely home. That capacity has not yet been imparted to motor cars though, of course, it may come in time. In Prohibition we are just now an object lesson to the world but, as observed above, no other country is following our example. The neighbors look at us and conclude from what they see and hear that our solution of the rum problem does not work well, so they experiment with something else and particu-



larly with governmental control of the rum traffic. We shall doubtless come in time to experimentation in spite of the Eighteenth Amendment. Meanwhile President Hoover is lifting "the noble experiment" out of the control of the Anti-Saloon League and doing his best to get it into the hands of competent lawyers. That seems to mean that it is passing the camp-meeting stage, which is a good thing. We complain of it a great deal, but even as things are, life is not entirely unsupportable. We have lots of motor cars, good roads, airplanes, radios, movies, talkies, and bathing girls amply provided, food enough, an abundant provision of cigarettes, candy and soft drinks, chewing gum sufficient, a fairly copious endowment of colleges and reading matter to suit all tastes except at times the taste of the censors. That our lunatic asylums are over-crowded, our murder list is over-extended, and robberies and crimes of violence are very frequent is of course to be regretted, but it makes the papers more interesting to many readers.

IT HAS been divulged in the newspapers that after a number of attempts which have come to nothing there is to be a permanent library in the White House. Mrs. Fillmore when she was mistress of the White House got two thousand dollars from Congress to buy books for it. To these a few volumes were added by Mrs. Cleveland. Now the American Booksellers Associa-

tion has given five hundred volumes to start with and proposes to add to them every year fifty of the more notable books of that year.

All that seems to be well advised. There should be a few books in the White House, not many, because the Presidents so far have all been able to read and write and their families have been literate, especially their wives, and have usually brought some books with them and have quantities of new ones sent in. Five hundred books isn't many, and fifty new books every year is not too many if there is a throwing-out committee and it is faithful and efficient. Every library needs such a person, especially if its growth is mainly by new publications. A library of old books may hold its own pretty well, but new books are sure to need weeding.

The great problem for books nowadays is storage. The books of the period are very perishable. The paper is seldom good and the covers are apt to drop off of those that are bound in leather. Storage is a great problem of this immediate time anyhow. Production is enormous, and products as a rule have to be sheltered, and shelter is no joke especially when it includes insurance. A great many people must be getting tired of having so many things and want to move out and live in trees. Still a few readable books in the White House is not a bad idea. As wall decorations they are unsurpassed.



Personal and Otherwise

Aldous Huxley, one of the most brilliant of modern English novelists and essayists, is well known as the author of *Crome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, *Point Counter Point*, and other volumes of prose and poetry. As grandson of Thomas Henry Huxley and brother of the zoölogist Julian Huxley, he shares the spirit of scientific inquiry which has distinguished his family for three generations. HARPER readers may recall his short stories, "Little Mexican" and "Half Holiday," which have appeared in this Magazine, as well as occasional contributions to the *Lion's Mouth*.

The death of **Harvey O'Higgins** last February brought to an untimely end one of the most promising and versatile of American writers. He distinguished himself as a playwright ("Polygamy," "The Argyle Case"), as a novelist (*Julie Cane*, *Clara Barron*, etc.) and as a writer of numerous short stories. His interest in Freudian psychology led him to write such books as *The Secret Springs* and (in collaboration with Dr. Edward H. Reede) *The American Mind in Action*.

Justice Joseph M. Proskauer ("How Shall We Deal with Crime?") has been a practicing lawyer in New York City since his admission to the bar in 1899. He became associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York in 1923. He is a member of various clubs and philanthropic organizations.

Many of **Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's** previous articles will be remembered by our readers. They have included "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," "Feminist: New Style," "Whom God Hath Joined," "What Risk Motherhood?" which last appeared in the June issue. Mrs. Bromley now examines and challenges some traditional and widely held ideas regarding the maternal instinct.

Stella Benson is an English novelist,

author of *Worlds within Worlds*, *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc. She has lived in many countries, and has spent much time in America and China. She is the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson. Readers of this Magazine will recall her extraordinary story, "The Man Who Missed the Bus" (March, 1929), which created something of a sensation both in England and America. Since then the Magazine has published (June, 1929) another of her remarkable short stories, "Hairy Carey's Son."

Charles M. Muchnic is a naturalized American citizen who was born in Russia, came to this country at the age of fourteen, and was educated an engineer here and in France. He was for many years Vice-President of the American Locomotive Company in charge of Foreign Sales. He has received the Order of the Rising Sun from the Emperor of Japan, and the Order of an Officer of the Crown from the Italian Government. He has traveled extensively, and has been a keen observer of economic and political movements.

Some account of the revolution that has taken place in the movies was given by **Gilbert Seldes** in our November issue last year—"The Movies Commit Suicide." Mr. Seldes in "Talkies' Progress" in this issue describes the latest developments in this new form of cinema enterprise and points out the specific problems which remain to be solved. Mr. Seldes, in his well-known volume, *The Seven Lively Arts*, and in his critical papers in the *New Republic*, *The Dial*, and elsewhere has shown a rare understanding and sympathy for the motion picture and its artistic possibilities.

John W. Vandercook is a familiar name to the readers of this Magazine. Four years ago he visited Dutch Guiana and became so interested in the bush negroes of that region that since then he has given most of his time to the study of native negro cultures in va-

rious parts of the world. His most recent trip, made in company with his wife, has been to the Congo region of Africa. "Funk," which appears in this issue, has its locale in that district. Another piece reminiscent of his African experiences was "Black Man Trouble" which was published in our April, 1929, issue. His published books include *Tom-Tom* and *Black Majesty*, the latter being an account of Henry Christophe, the extraordinary negro monarch of Hayti in Napoleonic days.

Eugene Bagger ("Uprooted Americans") is the author of a biography, *Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria*, and of *Eminent Europeans*. Born in Hungary, he came to the United States before the War, and is a naturalized American. He was formerly an editorial writer on the staff of the New York *Tribune*, and has contributed numerous articles to American magazines. He is now living in the South of France, and is at work on a volume of imaginary portraits.

Of the anonymous author of "It Paid to Be a Bargain Wife," we can only say that she is a well-known woman whose chief interest is in social work. She has for some time occupied an important position on the editorial staff of one of our more serious journals.

Rheta Childe Dorr has had an extensive journalistic career both in this country and abroad. Her writings include: *What Eight Million Women Want*, *Inside the Russian Revolution*, *A Soldier's Mother in France*, and a biographical study of Susan B. Anthony.

Doctor **Joseph Collins**, the distinguished neurologist, now gives much of his time to writing. He is the author not only of several medical volumes but of *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, and other popular books. His contributions to HARPER'S, such as "Should Doctors Tell the Truth?" "Group Practice in Medicine," etc., show him to be a penetrating observer of the mutual problems of physician and patient. In "The Patient's Dilemma" in this issue he returns again to this subject.



The Lion's Mouth welcomes to its pages this month a new contributor, **Alfred F. Loomis**, who has been moved to set down his vexatious experience with a mule-headed

petty customs official. Mr. Loomis assures us that his account is veracious in every detail—only the name of the protagonist has been altered to avoid identification. By way of postscript to this adventure Mr. Loomis writes the editors from the waters of Long Island Sound:

I've been off racing in the Gibson Island race and have just returned from that strenuous pastime. The reefing gear that I had such a hard time collecting from the customs demonstrated its usefulness in the race, and now that your check is at hand I find that the gear is twice paid for, import duty included. This is a most satisfactory conclusion to the episode, and I am glad to have the sketch appear in the Lion's Mouth.



Arthur Guiterman is remembered everywhere for his books of humorous verse and "Rhymed Reviews" which were a feature of *Life* some years ago. He has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S.



The poets of this month are **Archibald MacLeish**, whose poems appear frequently in the more sophisticated magazines—a new volume of his verse this fall will be added to the several already published; **Daniel Whitehead Hicky** of Atlanta, several of whose sonnets have appeared in HARPER'S; and **Elizabeth Larocque**, who made her first appearance in the August issue.



George Luks, whose painting, "Balalaika Player," is reproduced as our frontispiece this month, is a popular and distinguished American painter. He received his artistic education at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and in Dusseldorf, Paris, and London. He is now a leading member of the New Society of Artists, and has received numerous prizes and medals. His portraits and figure studies are refreshing in their boldness and simplicity.



A reader of the Magazine living in Cagnes, France, raises the following question:

SUPPOSE ALL THE WOMEN WERE MARRIED?

Mrs. Margaret Culkin Banning should have included that question in her very interesting article, "The Plight of the Spinster," in your June

issue. When young I remember announcing at a dinner party my determination to remain a spinster (which I have done). A middle-aged, settled down, married man next to me argued that matrimony and motherhood were the only way of life for a woman. I asked, gravely, the name of the trained nurse caring for one of his children who was ill. He replied, "Miss Duggan, a splendid person." Then I asked the name of the school teacher in the grade attended by his eldest child. "Miss Ferguson," he replied, "a wonderful character." He was at least giving us devils our due. "And," I continued, "the telephone girl who connected you up with the Doctor's office, the assistant who took the message, are probably spinsters; likewise the woman who aids the chemist, and your secretary, that wizard Miss Whalen; also your wife's little dressmaker who makes the children's clothes, and the librarian who keeps them from reading naughty books, and develops their young minds, saving you the trouble. All are spinsters. Just what would become of little Ernest or Maud if these women were all bearing and rearing a brood of their own?"

Civilization isn't nature, the bricks in it are without doubt the married women, but the cement that keeps the fabrication together is made of the millions of spinsters who shoulder some of the responsibilities which the rich and consequently busy—or poor and consequently careworn—mothers cannot shoulder. The norm is matrimony and motherhood, but all norms would make as bad a hive as all drones. The handy, single woman friend you invite to dine or even encourage to flirt with your husband is part and parcel of the stock-in-trade of every married household. If she is a stupid friend, she can at least be useful, and Tom or Dick or Harry will find his little wife fresher in consequence. On the contrary, if she is pretty, or witty or wise, and not too designing, Tom or Dick or Harry, bucked up by her flattery, will end the evening more in love with himself, and consequently with his little wife and home.

Thus the women of thirty or more, unmarried, if intelligent and busy, sum up their human and not their business place in the world, and having more time and glamour to give to their nieces and nephews—I speak with knowledge, for I am feudal-minded even if I am not maternal—they satisfy their affections in personal relationships that are often deep and lasting if not passionate and egotistical like those of parents. The thing for the unmarried woman to remember is not to let herself or her interests fly to the four winds, or center too much on her work, but like most bachelors (and nobody finds them wistful) to center her emotions on a live issue and work off her emotional steam and suppressed maternity on a personal

relationship with a parent, a pupil, other people's children, or her own friends.

The affection shown me by the troops it was my privilege to care for in the military hospitals during the War, because I had no marital or maternal ties to keep me from that work, still warms my blood like wine. The idea that spinsters wistfully think of themselves as emotional paupers is poppycock. As for illicit love affairs, the woman who scorns them theoretically is a bit lacking in wisdom. Happiness for many women consists in giving their affections or emotions often without hope of any material or even emotional reward. Promiscuity aside, a man who is unchivalrous in an affair that has about it any depth or height of reciprocated feeling, is just as apt to be an unchivalrous husband. I have known many a *ménage à deux*, at least in Europe, and been struck by the charm and even peace of the arrangement, and have as often been a sad eye-and-ear-witness to the jangles and wrangles of a supposedly happily married pair. Granted that women are only half developed who miss the experience of passion and maternity; the latter, if not the former, is a life work some women break under. One of the most amusing drawings I ever saw was in *Life* some years ago. It showed a distracted mother trying to soothe a crying babe in arms and at the same time to quiet the noisy older children, while father pats her head and says, "Think of the comfort they will be to you when they are older." In the next picture the daughter is caught in an attempted suicide and the son arrested for some breach of the law, while father is still patting mother's head and saying, "Think of the pleasure they were to you when they were young."

No spinster can stand in a married woman's emotional shoes, and *vice versa*. Life can only be faced with three assets that count—character, courage, and humor. The spinster with these need not feel sorry for herself.

DOROTHY TAYLOR.



We are glad to print this tribute to Eleanor Hayden Kittredge's story, which has evoked praise from many readers.

Washington, D. C.

DEAR HARPER'S:

What an incredibly lovely story you have in the July number, "September Sailing." Not since "Thunder on the Left" have I enjoyed any piece of fiction so keenly. At its end I found my eyes wet; and in this "hard-boiled" era, when most of us are ashamed of tears, anything which can evoke them must be indeed poignant.

This story "September Sailing" coincides with all I know of both France and America; it contrasts

the virgin freshness of the latter with tired, worn Europe in telling fashion, without disparagement to either.

Such stories as this do not come in pairs; but should you discover another as charming, give it to us.

Very cordially,

XARIFFA RENNEAUX.

From Detroit, Michigan, overwhelmed with motor cars and prosperity, comes this interesting commentary upon the present state of the nation:

DEAR HARPER'S:

There is a very obvious connection between James Truslow Adams's article, "A Business Man's Civilization," and "More Thoughts on the Leading Topic," which Mr. Martin puts into words from the advantageous position of the Editor's Easy Chair. Mr. Adams's article serves as a commentary upon Mr. Martin's editorial—and *vice versa*. Mr. Hoover is a business man's president. Whatever the other factors entering into his overwhelming victory last November, there is no escaping the fact that the big business men, and to almost equal degree the small and medium sized business men of America, were pretty solidly behind him. It is true that, outside of business, a great many voted for Smith because he was a Catholic—or against him because he was a Catholic; that others voted against him because he was a "wet"—or for him because he was "wet." But these lines of opposition tended to disappear among the business men of the country. The bigger the business men—that is, the more money these business men controlled or represented—the less one heard about religion and prohibition; the more one heard about the "economic danger" of Al Smith in the presidency.

In other words, Hoover was looked upon as a man whose influence as president would be to assure profits for four more years; Smith as a man who might endanger these profits. Moral principles, political principles, legal principles, the welfare of America generally were almost completely ignored by the tremendously influential money barons as soon as the specter of possible "hard times" was called up by the editorial witches of an embattled Republicanism. That most of them actually believed that Smith would endanger the prosperity of the United States is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the millionaires who are shaping the civilization of America.

The total inability so far exhibited by Mr. Hoover to think of his fellow-Americans as men and women rather than as subjects to authority,

his puerile attempts at moral reasoning, as witnessed in his April address to newspaper men, are, of course, completely unremarked by the business men of America. They are as blind as the great mass of people who envy and strive to emulate them. If his administration is prosperous—that is, if they can continue to create and take profits during his regime—then he is a roaring success as president. If anything disturbs their ability to make money during his tenure of office, he's a failure.

What a short-sighted, ignorant, ignoble lot they are! And yet they are the *crème de la crème* of America, to all intents—the recipients of hero worship from multitudes striving to become like them. Truly we live in a modern Carthage, where wealth rules and men decay.

In view of these facts, Mr. Adams's final question, "Can a great civilization be built up or maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of a profit?" becomes painfully pointed and intensely disturbing.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES P. DERUM.

We printed last month a rejoinder to Professor Ransom's article, "The South Defends Its Heritage," received from Mr. James M. Jewell, of Columbus, Indiana. An old friend of HARPER's and a contributor to it, Dr. Wingate M. Johnson, of Winston-Salem, N. C., makes a point in reply and scores, in our judgment, a bull's-eye.

DEAR HARPER'S:

Mr. John Crowe Ransom is far more capable than I of answering the savage criticism of his article, "The South Defends Its Heritage," offered in the August HARPER's by Mr. James M. Jewell. For fear he will not care to reply, however, and lest a glorious opportunity for rejoinder be lost, I hasten to call attention to one sentence in Mr. Jewell's letter: "When the South sends to Washington a Ramsay MacDonald and a Nancy Astor instead of a Coleman L. Blease and a Heflin, let Mr. Ransom call again for his old Kentucky home or Sewanee River moon."

Mr. Jewell probably does not know that Nancy Astor was sent to Parliament from the Southern soil of Virginia, where she was born and lived to maturity. As to Blease and Heflin, admitting all their contemptible demagoguery, I will not attempt the ridiculously easy task of naming Northern representatives to match them, but will rest the case by asking if the South did not make a valuable contribution in the person of Woodrow Wilson.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON.





MALE CHOIR

By Edmund Blampied

Presented to the Kennedy Collection



Harpers Magazine

THE HIGH COST OF HOODLUMS

BY JOHN GUNTHER

This article has been written in collaboration with Mr. James W. Mulroy, of the *Chicago Daily News*, one of the best-informed authorities on crime and racketeering in the Middle West. Mr. Mulroy shared in both the Pulitzer Prize and the Chicago Civic Award for his editorial assistance in the solving of the Leopold-Loeb mystery.—*The Editors*.

I HAVE lived in Chicago off and on for twenty years, and I have never seen a murder. But if anyone wanted to have me murdered, the job could probably be done for as low as one thousand dollars. Thousands of good Chicagoans have never seen a robbery or a "stick-up"; but if any determined criminal wanted to bomb any house of these thousands, he could arrange the business almost as easily as I punch a typewriter key. Hundreds of thousands of law-abiding citizens imagine that their lives are quite untouched by crime in any form. But they are wrong.

I am not referring to direct physical contact. The ordinary citizen in Chicago is in no danger whatever from murder by organized gangsters. No innocent bystander in the Chicago gang wars has ever been killed. The citizen is, it is true, rather more subject to the risk of robbery and hold-up than the

citizen of most other cities; for instance, there are almost four thousand robberies in Chicago every year. But in these fields Chicago differs from other cities not in kind but merely in degree.

Nor do I mean to discuss the psychological effects of Chicago crime, considerable as they are. It would be a nice point to determine whether crime is caused by civic callousness, or civic callousness by crime, and certainly this literally vicious circle does exist. The shocking prevalence of crime, the known interrelation of crime, graft, and politics, the immunity of notorious criminals, the corruption of some police officials, laxity in law enforcement—all these in the mind of the ordinary citizen are connected—and the ordinary citizen doesn't do a thing about it. Crime in Chicago has been so psychologically successful, one might say, that it takes such a romantically excessive episode as the recent St. Valentine's Day

massacre to stir the citizen at all. But, important as are these facts in moral callousness and carelessness, they are not part of my immediate story.

Nor do I mean to elaborate on the larger political issues. Certainly they affect the ordinary citizen. They affect the catastrophic pavements on his streets and the taxes he pays to keep them perpetually in repair; but graft and corruption are not peculiar to Chicago. Most big cities have similar tales to tell.

What I am after is something newer, more intimate, and more definite. I mean racketeering. Crime is affecting the Chicago citizen in a new fashion. A system of criminal exploitation, based on extortion, controlled by hoodlums, and decorated with icy-cold murder, has arisen in the past five or six years, to seize the ordinary Chicagoan, you and me and the man across the street, by the pocket-book if not the throat. Crime is costing me money. It is costing money to the taxi-driver who took me to the office this morning, the elevator boy who lifted me ten stories through the steel stratifications of a great skyscraper, the waiter who served me my luncheon, the suburban business man who sat at the next table. Very few persons, in Chicago or out of it, realize how this criminal system works. Very few persons, in Chicago or out of it, realize that the ordinary citizen is paying literal tribute to racketeers. This tribute is levied in many ways. The ordinary citizen pays it, like as not, whenever he has a suit pressed and every time he gets a haircut; he may pay it in the plumbing in his house and the garaging of his car; the very garbage behind his back door may perhaps mean spoils for someone.

II

A racket may be defined as any scheme of exploitation by which criminal conspirators live upon the industry of others, maintaining their hold by intimidation, terrorism, or political favoritism. The word "racket" has come

to be loosely synonymous, on the one hand, with any scheme for making easy money, whether illegal or not; on the other, as a blanket definition of organized crime. All gangsters, without discrimination, have come to be called racketeers. Beer and alcohol running or, for that matter, bank robbery and white slavery, are rackets from this point of view. But in this article I hope to avoid stereotyped discussion of the beer wars and the booze gangs, and confine myself to the less-known activities of business racketeers.

What, in a paragraph, does a racketeer do? How does a racket work?

Suppose I happen to be a hoodlum, and suppose I want some easy money. I have friends among crooked labor leaders and perhaps among politicians. I am in a position to hire thugs and gunmen. I form an organization and I choose a field. Suppose I choose pretzels as a field. I then "invite" the pretzel dealers in Chicago to "join" me. From each of them I demand, say, one hundred dollars per month. For this sum my men will "protect" them from competition, since they must raise their prices to pay my one hundred dollars. If any pretzel man refuses to join me I bomb him. I slug his drivers. I cut off his supply. Meantime I delimit the pretzel market among my dealers, and make anyone who wants to enter the pretzel business pay me handsomely first. I extend my pretzel monopoly in one direction to the big wholesalers (since I control the dealers), and in another direction to the small shopkeepers (since I control the jobbers). And from all of them I exact tribute. The price of pretzels meantime goes up. Simply because I say so, the pretzel people pay a levy to me, and the consumer pays the levy. This is the essence of racketeering—simple extortion based on simple threat.

The word "racket" originated in Chicago six or seven years ago. In the neighborhood of 12th and Halsted Streets, in the district of "alky" ped-

dlers, thugs, and hoodlums, a group of satellites grew up, hanging on the outskirts of the great "mobs"—the O'Banion "mob," the Genna "mob," the Capone "mob." These satellites were not often actual killers. They were parasites. With gangster protection, they went into "business." At first the word describing them was "racketeer." In newspaper stories during 1923 and 1924 the word grew to "racketeer." Probably it first referred to the hullabaloo in the "joints" where gangsters assembled. "How's the racket?" became "What's your racket?"

Rackets are, of course, old as the hills. This decade holds no monopoly on extortion. But extortion has rarely reached such a point of development as distinguishes the Chicago rackets to-day. It would be difficult to trace the exact causes of this efflorescence. Prohibition was certainly one cause. Traffic in beer and whisky enormously increased the amount of easy money in circulation among hoodlums. Gangsters became elaborate spendthrifts. Silver coffins decorated funerals. Politics bought into gangs. Meantime the booze traffic increased the number of professional criminals at large, and their power, ruthlessness, and immunity to law.

So the rackets began, out of criminality begat by alcohol and easy money. The success of racketeering was immense. It existed through contempt of law and, as success increased, contempt increased, to give way to more success. Gangsters saw that there was almost as much money in coats and suits as there was in alcohol; gangsters "muscle in" to various rackets. Politicians saw the enormous sums being made and took their share of this citizens' tribute.

Since racketeering is based on business, it came into early contact with labor. Racketeering sucked into labor, living like a leech on its own wound. The argument of the racketeer to the business man was simple: "Look here. We'll stabilize prices. To-day you get \$1.00 a bundle for your (for example)

laundry. We'll organize the laundry business and raise the price to \$1.50. We'll eliminate competition. Meantime you pay us \$20 per month." And if a thousand laundrymen joined the "association," the racket was worth, at the outset, \$20,000 per month. If anyone withstood the racket arson was his lot or bombs.

Now, in most businesses associations already existed, namely, labor unions; so it saved a good deal of trouble to the racketeer to organize his racket directly through the union. The American Federation of Labor has, of course, fought racketeering bitterly; not two per cent of legitimate union men are racketeers. But the A. F. of L. is an enormously widespread organization, and racketeers did get control of some unions, by criminal subversion of unscrupulous labor leaders.

There are 91 rackets in Chicago to-day, according to the state's attorney's office, all but 25 of them active. Some few are "dormant," it being a characteristic of rackets that they lie low periodically; often when a racket "disappears" the leader has simply shifted his activity to another racket. So the number is always variable.

But it is a fair guess that 60 odd rackets are in fairly active operation. The cost of these 60 to the people of Chicago is estimated by the Employer's Association of Chicago, an anti-racketeer organization, at \$136,000,000 per year, or approximately \$45 for every man, woman, and child in the city. This is direct cost. It is a levy, a tribute—no less. The indirect cost may be as much again.

Some progress has been made in the fight against racketeers. The "pine-apple primary" of April, 1928, was a forward step of great importance; the citizenry of Chicago rose indignantly and turned out of office most of the Thompson ticket. The appointment of Special Prosecutor Frank J. Loesch pointed a movement which was in effect a crusade. It wasn't a real crusade—quite. But it

did much good. Within the last year, for instance, 29 rackets have been put out of business. Federal action frightened or crippled others. And a few months ago a Racket Court, the first in America, was set up as a branch of the Chicago Municipal Court to deal exclusively with racket affairs.

III

The cost of racketeering is not pre-eminently financial. The racketeer's method of action is so direct, and his operation so purely extra-legal, that its inevitable concomitant is demoralization. Either because of callousness, timidity, or stupidity, a group of almost 3,000,000 citizens is being led by the nose by perhaps 600 gangsters—and the fact that the gangsters know that the citizen knows this adds considerably to their power.

Let us trace a very simple instance of personal racketeering, and note the sense of utter demoralization in every detail in the story which should answer the question often asked, "Why does the victim submit? Why don't the racketeers get punished? Why doesn't someone do something about it?"

Simon P. Angelo has a little jewelry shop on Orleans Street. In his window are a few old watches, brought perhaps from Europe; next to them are brassy alarm clocks and paper racks of trinkets. Angelo sits behind the counter, peering through his lens at the intricate and beautiful mechanism of watches; his wife sells the trinkets or gossips at the front door. The shop is in the Italian quarter on the near north side. Angelo is no millionaire, but he has a pretty little business, enough to send his children to school, and his family to Citro's for dinner once a month or so; and Angelo has worked all his life to develop this business.

A big fellow with a bluish jaw and slanting eyes comes into the shop one morning.

"Gimme twenty-five bucks—quick."

"What for?"

"Defense fund," the stranger replies briefly.

Angelo knows. He protests, but he pays.

A month passes, and the stranger comes in again. This time he asks for \$50. Angelo protests, but he has to pay. He does not know who the stranger is. He does not know who the murderer is for whose defense he is "contributing," or if indeed there is a murderer, or a defense fund. He knows only one thing—he must pay.

Several months pass, and the stranger, or perhaps another stranger, slips quickly into the shop again. He looks around, growls, and takes off his coat. Angelo stares at him. Angelo's wife comes running. They can do nothing. The stranger hangs up his coat, and sits down behind the counter.

"I'm in," he says.

And henceforward half of Angelo's profits go to him.

This is the simplest form of "muscling in" racket. Crudely stated, it expresses the first stage of every racket; perhaps a trifle dramatized, it denotes the essential psychological relation, based on extortion plus threat, between racketeer and racketee.

What could Angelo have done?

If he refused payment of any of the "collections" his windows might have been smashed or his shop bombed. A cheap powder bomb costs only \$50. The first bomb would have been a light one, a sort of valentine. If Angelo still refused payment the next bomb might be heavier. And so on until he paid.

Suppose Angelo had said, "I will go to the state's attorney's office and ask protection."

He might have gone to the state's attorney's office (in the old days) and he *might* have got protection—provided Angelo's enemy hadn't happened to be rather a good friend of someone in the old state's attorney's office.

Suppose Angelo had said, "I will report you to the police."

This is, of course, laughable. If he got to the police station he *might* just possibly find some policeman who was not a friend of his enemy; but the chances are much better that Angelo would know the penalty for "squealing" far too well to risk the trip.

All racketeers, in other words, are literally gods of the machine—and their victims are fatalists, necessarily.

Since racketeering is predicated on the concept of threat, and the concept of threat predicated in turn on the concept of force, the items by which the racketeer makes use of force are important. Witness buying is one, so is jury tampering, so are acid throwing, window smashing, tire cutting, slugging, arson, and bombs. And so is murder. Most of the more exciting of the recent Chicago murders have been caused by alcohol wars, with which this article is not concerned; but the racketeer too has murder in his pay.

But first as to bombs. The current "quotations" by manufacturers of bombs are as follows: black-powder bombs, \$100; dynamite bombs, \$500 to \$1,000 (depending on the risk involved); "guaranteed" jobs, \$1,000 and up. Cash in full is generally paid for bombs, two days before delivery.

The following bombings have taken place in Chicago in the last few years, most of them by-products of racketeering:

1920.....	51
1921.....	60
1922.....	69
1923.....	55
1924.....	92
1925.....	113
1926.....	89
1927.....	108
1928.....	116

Murder generally is a bit more expensive; and maybe this is the reason, what with the American fetish for price as an index of value, that murder is more common. Following is the murder roll:

1926.....	360
1927.....	379
1928.....	399
1929 (to June 1).....	147

These are all murders for which an actual verdict of murder was brought by a coroner's jury. There may have been others too. Not all of these murders were caused by racketeering, by any means. But some of them were. As to the number of convictions gained, and murderers sentenced to the penitentiary or executed, the statistics are so shameful that they scarcely may be printed. In 1926, 70 murderers (out of 366) were convicted and 8 executed; in 1927, 87 and 3; in 1928, 77 and 0. Most of those executed were what might be called individual murderers, stickup men so ill-advised as to shoot policemen, drunken friends who unfortunately quarreled—small fry. Members of organized "mobs" are arrested often enough, but very rarely convicted. Since 1922 not one single racketeer murderer has been hanged.

Murder in Chicago costs from \$50 up. If someone wants to put our friend Angelo "on the spot," or "take for a ride" a victim equally poor and obscure, the job can be done for less than \$100. The racketeer telephones a "friend." The victim is described—his name, abode, habits, and so on. The "friend" gets in touch with a professional killer. Like as not, the killer sees the victim for the first and last time when he drills him full of lead. For big jobs the killers are usually imported from out of town, Detroit say, or New York.

It is almost literally true, then, that every man in Chicago has his price—if a gangster wants to get him. The more important the victim, the steeper the price. To kill me, a newspaper man, would probably cost \$1,000. To kill a prominent business man might cost \$5,000, a prominent city official, \$10,000. To kill the president of a large corporation, or a great power magnate, would cost a great deal more, probably \$50,000 or \$100,000.

Just as it costs money for murder, so it costs money to get a murderer out, should he happen—which would be remarkable—to be caught and indicted.

The "defense fund" is usually \$25,000 or more. This amount is distributed to defense lawyers, private detectives, witnesses, or, in some cases, even jurors. But \$25,000 is a lot of money. So usually your racketeer takes pretty good care not to be caught—and seldom is.

IV

Rackets, in general, are of two kinds, the simple simon-pure racket and the collusive agreement racket. The simple racket is an individual enterprise in which a single extortionist gets control of a limited business. The collusive racket is one based on agreement with crooked labor leaders or crooked politicians. It is a long cry from the petty brigandage of a simon-pure racketeer in garbage or florist shops to the exalted operations of some of the building trades rackets—wherein architects have testified that they included in their specifications an item of one per cent of the total building costs for "graft"—but both are rackets.

The simon-pure racketeer is usually a professional criminal. His idea is to force business men or employees into an organization which he alone controls, and out of which he alone exacts tribute. If the organization grows, then it is likely to become co-operative (with labor leaders or politicians) and hence collusive; thus the simon-pure criminal racket is usually a small one. We might take as type-hero of this kind of racket a hoodlum named Maxie Eisen and describe the rackets which have made him famous.

Maxie has been arrested and brought into court twenty-eight times since 1918. The charges range from burglary to assault to kill. Yet Maxie has never "taken the rap," *i.e.*, spent one minute in the penitentiary, although, long ago, he did serve a few months in the local house of correction on a minor charge. Only last May he was under indictment (his eighth) for assault; but he did not serve time. Hence his nickname, Maxie the Immune. His first racket was the Retail Fish Dealers Association. In this

organization he assembled most of the Jewish fish peddlers in the Ghetto; he sucked tribute from them, and is said to have influenced wholesalers too; no one could sell fish in the Ghetto without paying Maxie Eisen. The following gives a notion of his methods:

A fish dealer, David Walkoff by name, was attempting to run an independent business. He was in arrears in "dues" to Eisen's association, and, in addition, was accused of trying to buy fish "outside." Eisen accosted him in the fish market, according to the charges, slugged him, and beat him over the head with a pistol butt. Eighteen stitches were taken in Walkoff's scalp.

Here is Walkoff's story as told to the state's attorney:

"In 1925 Eisen came to a store I had on Taylor Street. He had four sluggers with him. He made me close my store because it was within four blocks of another association store. A month later he told me I could return to the fish business by buying an association store at 1016 S. Paulina Street. I paid the store owner and had to pay Eisen \$300 to return to the association. Two years later I sold the store for \$650 and had to pay Eisen 10 per cent commission. I have bought and sold two other stores since then. Each time I bought it was \$300 to Eisen for the association and each time I sold it was 10 per cent to Eisen for the commission."

Eisen was arrested and indicted for the alleged assault on Walkoff, but not convicted. Meantime he is in trouble again, having, according to the state's attorney, sought to extort \$3,000 from a fifty-two-year-old widow (with five children) who wanted to change the location of her shop, where she had been doing business for over ten years, because the tribute to Eisen was driving her out of business. Maxie has been bound over to the grand jury on charges of extortion for this affair. Meantime, the fish business being good, Maxie moved across the street and organized the Jewish Master Butchers Association, dealing in kosher

meat, to "protect business, keep competition out, and maintain prices." Three hundred and eighty butcher shops formed the association. The price of corned beef (as an example) to 75,000 Jews on the west side rose to \$1.00 per pound, and of beef tongue to \$1.25; elsewhere in the city the prices were respectively \$0.90 and \$0.95.

Now let us take the slightly more advanced case of Simon Gorman, who, a few weeks ago, was given a year's term in a local jail for gun-toting. Gorman has been village blacksmith, "labor-leader," saloon-keeper, and more lately racketeer. Meanwhile his interest in politics was such (it is a matter of record) that his friends raised \$8,500 toward the last mayoralty campaign fund.

Gorman's first racket was the Chicago Wet and Dry Laundry Owners Association. (Racketeers try to select high-sounding names for their organizations.) In collecting tribute from laundry owners Gorman had two weapons, according to the documents in the case: first, his leadership of a notorious gang of southwest-side hoodlums known as Ragen's Colts, visitations from which descended on the victimized laundry; second, his political influence. It has been charged that he was able to arrange a visit from a city official, perhaps a confederate in the boiler inspector's office, or some such department, who was then able to condemn the victim's boilers, or otherwise put him out of business. This laundry racket was so good that it is said to have netted Gorman \$1,000 a week. He proceeded to organize a subsidiary racket, the Chicago Hand Laundry Association. Whereas his first outfit took in the big steam laundries, the new one aimed at the small retail shops. Gorman's assistant in this racket was a famous hoodlum, Johnnie Hand, who has since been murdered—his body found behind Al Capone's hotel in Cicero. Gorman and Hand lined up 240 laundrymen in their second racket, and the "take" amounted to \$700 per week.

The laundry racket was big enough to

affect many ordinary citizens in Chicago. Prices on shirts, collars, sheets, went up 2 cents, 3 cents; the ordinary household budget was affected. The Employer's Association moved against Gorman. So forthwith Gorman and Hand changed their racket—to candy. A few pennies tribute on the B.V.D.'s you wear—excellent—a few pennies on the candy your children buy—better still.

The Chicago Candy Jobbers Association, the gross business of which is said to have run to \$7,000,000 per year, was invaded by Gorman and Hand; the legitimate members were cowed and "opposition" drivers assaulted, and their loads of candy destroyed; dealers were forced to buy as the racket designated, and prices naturally went up. This racket had, however, an unhappy end. The federal government moved against it. Gorman and forty-two others were indicted. Johnnie Hand, meantime, had met the "chopper," *i.e.*, machine-gun. And Gorman, picked up on a charge of concealing weapons, began to serve time—for the first time in his life.

But other rackets—and there were plenty of them—took up the torch.

V

Suppose, in tracing the influence of racketeering on the pocket-book of the ordinary citizen—of you and me—we turn for a moment to the matter of milk.

In at least five big Chicago hotels, and in a number of apartment houses besides, milk has been the focus of a labor war with a bit of racketeering thrown in. Milk is not being delivered to the buildings affected. The owners have to make private arrangements to get their milk. This has been going on for a year and a half, and the matter has reached the courts.

The Janitors Union, so it is explained, has been having a tussle with the apartment house and hotel owners. In these structures equipped with high-pressure boilers there is no place for a janitor, according to the owners; they need (and

have) an engineer; but a janitor in addition is unnecessary. The Janitors Union has fought this attitude—naturally.

The Janitors Union and the Milk-drivers Union, it is alleged, meantime came to "collaborate." The milk drivers agreed to deliver no milk to the buildings the owners of which refused to employ extra janitors. The Milk-Drivers Union explains its refusal on the ground that its drivers would be slugged if they entered the black-list buildings. Slugged by whom? This question is left unanswered. As a result, to some Chicagoans—no milk except at a premium.

Or suppose we take the matter of garages, and the cost of garaging my car, or yours. The "Midwest Garage Owners Association" includes in its membership most of the 10,000 odd garages in the Chicago area. It became active five years ago, led by a racketeer named David Ablin, alias "Cockeye" Mulligan. The purpose of the association was "to standardize storage charges." What happened was that every garage in the association paid \$1 per month tribute on each car handled—to the association. Many other items have been revealed about this "standardization of charges." For instance, every member-garage had to pay \$75 to the association for the privilege of changing its foreman. The result in lifting storage prices to the mulcted automobile owner is, of course, obvious.

This racket became so prosperous that it was "hi-jacked." It had to employ hoodlums in the first place, since it exerted pressure in the familiar racketeer way—by tire-sticking, arson, bombs. And it employed political patronage, too, in the familiar way. A prominent former assistant state's attorney was its legal adviser. In addition dishonest policemen entered the racket—by an especial vigilance in hauling from the streets to the favored garages any automobile left inadvertently parked along the curbs. The hoodlums in the garage association gave way to counter hood-

lums. "Cockeye" Mulligan was "taken for a ride," but miraculously escaped death, crawling away somehow after he was shot. Four other gangsters took control. Several of them have been murdered. The organization is run now by usurpers who have so far survived.

Or suppose we take a racket almost as important to the individual consumer, if not so dramatically intimate. I mean contracting. In the matter of excavation, for instance, a racket flourished so admirably that displacement of earth was costing \$1.90 to \$1.95 per cubic yard, in contrast to the normal price, 60c to 70c. This racket was organized between several clubs, one of them the "Northwest Cartage Club," another the "South Side Social Club," which apportioned the city outside the Loop into districts, and collected "racket tax" from intimidated builders.

"No architect or other concern," charged former Assistant State's Attorney Walter G. Walker, "could select the excavator he desired for any given job. He had to take the one designed by the 'club,' which allocated jobs, fixed prices, and when necessary resorted to accommodation bids. Any contractor trying to get excavating done by other than the designated company found himself in trouble and the work tied up by strike."

Then there was an organization known as the Illinois Improvement Association. It dealt in sewage and paving. Suppose in some suburb a contract should come up for sewage construction. The local authorities let out the bids, but there was no freedom of bidding. The I. I. A. determined what the bid would be, and gave it to the member contractor next in line for the next job. The "lowest" bid was always offered by the racketeer, in other words, next in line in the racket.

The I. I. A., like the garage racket, has been hi-jacked. Rival racketeers "muscle in" on the climbing profits, and new rackets in contracting appeared. A personage known as Fred ("Frenchie") Mader, he who once served time in

prison on conspiracy charges, and who as president of the Chicago Building Trades Council was at one time said to be the most powerful building man in Chicago, acted as a wild-cat independent fighting the parent racket; his derivative organization bore for a time the lush title of "The County Concrete Road, Concrete Block, Sewer and Water Pipe Makers and Layers Union, Local No. 381."

These are by no means the only collusive rackets Chicago has known, or knows to-day. Take bootblacks. The initiation fee among the bootblacks was \$15 per month, and the assessments \$2 monthly. Bootblacks who fought the racket had their windows smashed. Take barbers. Bombings in at least one big hotel occurred because of fights in the barbers association. Or take the glaziers. Litigation is pending in this big racket.

Nor have I space for the highly interesting racket by which, for a period, honest electric-sign companies were hectoring out of business. Reports have it that extortions of \$1,500 to \$2,000 were attempted in the name of the "Electric Sign Club" from theaters, restaurants, and the like. An organ in a Loop theater was flooded with gasoline recently and burned; a window in the University of Chicago chapel was smashed; in each case racketeering was blamed. And beauty parlors, delicatessens, storage warehouses, and even little florist shops became targets for ambitious racketeers.

VI

The racket in the cleaners and dyers business deserves a special word. This is the most famous of Chicago rackets, and probably the most typical. It has made enormous profits, and almost every type of crime has been laid against its door. Pieces of dynamite are sewn into the seams of clothing—and the clothing sent to the cleaner. Drivers for "opposition" trucks are beaten to such a pulp that in their faces only the eyes remain intact. The cleaners and

dyers racket is even said—on interesting if not convincing authority—to have had a good deal to do with the St. Valentine's Day massacre, in which seven gangsters were shot against a wall by other gangsters. Finally, this racket is of really intimate interest to every Chicagoan, because for a considerable interval every Chicagoan who wanted to have his trousers pressed paid fifty cents to the racket for the privilege.

The cleaners and dyers racket is a complicated business. Controlling it is the Master Cleaners and Dyers Association, which is supposed (a) to collect 2 per cent of the gross annual business of each master, (b) to control the Cleaners, Dyers, and Pressers Union, which collects clothing from the thousands of shops in the city, and the Laundry and Dye House Chauffeurs, Drivers, and Helpers Union, which delivers it, and to exact tribute from both, and (c) to collect from the retail shops, organized into the Retail Cleaners and Dyers Union, a further tribute from the source. The small shopkeepers pay dues of \$2 per month plus a general fee of \$10 per year—\$340,000 annually—for the privilege of collecting from the public the business that the Association controls.

It should be obvious what enormous leverage the association can bring to bear on any independent master who would dare to cut prices, solicit business in someone else's "territory," or otherwise fight the racket—not to mention any small-shop owner who tried the same thing. It was easy to "discipline" the masters—via strikes. It was even easier to "discipline" the small folk—through simple terrorism.

Business was routed among "loyal" members of the association like pawns on a checkerboard. Shop owners were instructed what master to patronize. Truck drivers were told what cleaning to pick up. Small-shop owners were told what prices to charge—and the prices went up. The normal price for cleaning and pressing a suit of clothes was \$1, or at most \$1.25. This gave the shop-

keeper in the old days a decent profit. The price for cleaning and pressing a woman's dress was \$2 or \$2.25. Through the racket, the prices went up to \$1.75 and \$2.75 respectively.

It should be obvious, too, what enormous wealth the association came to command. A "treasury" existed for a time calculated at \$700,000. So naturally hi-jackers arose. "Big Tim" Murphy was one of the most picturesque criminals Chicago has ever produced, a sort of independent freebooter racketeer from the time he left the penitentiary to which he had been sentenced for mail robbery. Big Tim "muscled" in on these gaudy spoils. He was shot, "executed," in June, 1928. A few months later, John G. Clay, secretary-treasurer of the Laundry and Dye House Organization, was shot and killed.

An independent cleaner and dyer named John Becker revolted against the racket ring. He made a fight. He succeeded in getting indictments returned against several masters in the association, before the Cook County Grand Jury. But when time came to testify, Becker and his son were the only witnesses there. When (it is said) he asked the prosecuting attorney where the other witnesses were, he was told, "Go out and get your own witnesses—I'm a prosecutor, not a process-server."

Meanwhile other independents had broken away. A group of little fellows started an insurrection with a cleaning establishment of their own, known as the Central Cleaners and Dyers. This revolt caused the real entrance of hoodlumry into racketeering. The gangs had been busy with beer, alcohol, booze, vice, gambling. They now discovered cleaning and dyeing. In some cases they "muscled in"; in others the struggling independents hired them, to fight terrorism with terrorism.

Becker went straight to the top. He went to Scarface Al Capone. So the citizenry of Chicago witnessed strange ironical conditions. With a few friends, in May, 1928, Capone incorporated the

"Sanitary Cleaning Shops, Inc." and went into the business. Defiantly, his shops dropped their prices. The association fought back. But there was little it could do—against Mr. Capone. Becker obtained immunity practically through the use of Capone's name. The association knew that for every bomb it could throw, Mr. Capone could throw two.

And so the price of getting my suit pressed, and yours, came down, first to \$1.25 (from \$1.75), then to \$1 even—thanks to Mr. Capone. The civic spirit of Mr. Capone triumphed. What the police could not do, what the state's attorney's office did not do, Mr. Capone did. The old racket is probably smashed to bits. It is the first of the great, top-rank rackets to get smashed. And it was Mr. Capone who did much to smash it.

Out of the old racket, once the present chaotic interregnum passes, will a new racket come?

VII

Let no reader think that I have more than skimmed the top scum from the sewer. There follows a fairly complete list of the businesses in Chicago in which racketeering has been, or is, to some extent engaged:

- Glaziers.
- Bakers.
- Junk Dealers.
- Excavating Contractors.
- Peddlers.
- Window Shade Manufacturers.
- Cleaners and Dyers.
- Coal Dealers.
- Fish Markets.
- Tires and Batteries.
- Candy Jobbers.
- Barbers.
- Bootblacks.
- Jewish Butchers and Chicken Killers.
- Gas Filling Stations.
- Garages.
- Tailors.
- Photo Finishers.
- Shoe Repairers.

Soda Pop Peddlers.
 Ice Cream Dealers.
 Garbage Haulers.
 Window Cleaners.
 Banquet Organizers.
 Golf Club Organizers.
 Biography Books.
 Milk.
 Janitors.
 Taxicabs.
 Ventilators.
 Plumbers.
 Automobile Mechanics.
 Confectionery Dealers.
 Bricklayers and Plasterers.
 Distilled Water Dealers.
 Electrical Workers.
 Clothing Workers.
 Boiler Room Operators.
 Steamfitters.
 Musicians.
 Delicatessen Shops.
 Dentists' Laboratories.
 Safe Moving.
 Overall Cleaners.
 Florists.
 Floor Covering.
 Commission Drivers.
 Decorative Glass.
 Structural Iron.
 Leaded Art Glass.
 Meat Cutters.
 Lumber.
 Moving Picture Operators.
 Waste Paper.
 Painters and Decorators.
 Vulcanizers.
 Coal Teamsters.
 Carpet Laying.
 Electric Signs.
 Sausage.
 Plate Glass.
 Linoleum.
 Radio Parts.
 Sheet Metal.
 Undertakers.

I do not wish to seem to exaggerate; I know that in many of these businesses racketeering has only been attempted, and has not been successful. And I know, and have pointed out, that many rackets—almost thirty, I believe, within the last year—have been wiped out. The state's attorney's office is at work at the moment in the glaziers racket, among

the garage men and the excavators, in bootblacks (three officials of this racket are serving time), in fish peddling, and in soda pop.

Nevertheless, according to the Employers Association, about sixty rackets still survive. The list is, I think, instructive.

VIII

I believe a word should be said here about Chicago as a city. It is still, if I may paraphrase Carl Sandburg, the young giant among cities, the stalwart, heady, and undisciplined play-child of the cities. It has slight tradition to steady its growth, for not until 1933 will it reach even its hundredth birthday; and an immense surplus of energy exists to warp, deflect, and subvert its development.

Chicago can be compared to a locomotive running down hill. It accumulates energy as it runs. And often as not, it is out of the control of its engineers—and sometimes it jumps the rails.

Racketeering is a by-product of Chicago's general energy. If Chicago leads the world in racketeering, it leads the world in other things too. It has more parks, I believe, than any other American city; it has a greater length of boulevard and stretch of playground; its new opera is colossal; its clubs are variegated and abundant; its newspapers are amusing. In other words, Chicago is a city just learning how to play. Some of the play is fantastic. And some is criminal.

Chicago leads the world, Chicagoans boast, in hog-sticking, grain marketing, steel distributing, railroads, piers, freight yards, stock yards. And racketeering too. But who cares? Chicago doesn't—much. Chicago is inclined to laugh about its racketeers. Tell a Chicagoan about the rackets, and he'll tell you about business, playgrounds, lakeside boulevards, river development, cattle, air-rights. Tell him that rackets cost him \$45 per year, and he'll laugh, saying that he made twice as much in the last ten minutes on the grain exchange.

IX

Not all of this racket story, let me say in conclusion, has been told. This should be obvious. Much of it simply cannot be told. Everything in this article is a matter of recorded, public fact. There is much else extremely pertinent which is not, unfortunately, a matter of recorded, public fact.

Chicago may gloss with skeptical laughter the feats of the racketeers; nevertheless, three million people are being held up by 600 gangsters. What the hoodlums are hitting at is the very essence of business enterprise in the United States. Yet all that is needed to wipe out racketeering is the prompt indictment and vigorous prosecution of all law-breakers. But no one does a thing about it.

In other words, racketeering exists because people, prominent people, want it to exist. Further, people, prominent people, politicians and business men, are racketeers themselves. The real cost of racketeering to Chicago and the United States lies here. It is not the hoodlumry or even the casual stolen millions that are important; what is important is the growing recklessness of predatory politics and business—and, of course, the impatient apathy of the public, of you and me.

Graft may be defined as a bribe to a public official in order to obtain a vested right which the courts will protect and which henceforth may be legally used. Racketeering simply applies direct action to this theory. It is direct illegality on a new scale. The grafter bribes; the racketeer points a gun, saying "Gimme!" And between the two, what order of merit may be assigned?

When lawyers and public service commissions obey the maneuvers of a great utility magnate for the concentration of his power interests the ceremonies are dismissed as "business." But the "business" may cost the housewife a few fractions of a cent extra every time she fries an egg.

When a famous Illinois politician (now dead) got the city council to give him a franchise for a new gas company (which never existed), so that the old gas company was forced to absorb this "rival," what word was used to describe the venture? "Politics." But "politics" or racketeering—which?

When a great corporation assumes the right of collecting what are called "service charges" from its subsidiary corporations the practice is, of course, condoned because it is, obviously, "finance." Or even "high finance." Or racketeering—which?





THE CRYSTAL BALL

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

MARIA ESCOBAR was gathering a handful of pink camellias from the old bush drowsing against the west wall when she heard the tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. Only once in the entire seventeen years of her life had that bell been rung. The lock long since had rusted away to impotent senility and, for the most part, the gate swung back and forth, back and forth, in the lusty afternoon winds that swept San Francisco from May to October. This previous ringing of the garden bell had ended in quite a flutter. Old Don Pedro Valencia, her uncle and her mother's eldest brother, had come up from his native Chile to pay a ceremonial visit to his sister. Although the gate had been blown wide open on that occasion, Don Pedro had scorned to enter under such easy and undramatic auspices. A bell at a garden gate was to be rung; it was a prelude to a processional of welcome. . . . Maria remembered how she had run down breathlessly to the gate to find a little shriveled, fiery old man wearing a black cloak with scarlet at the collar, for all the world like a troubadour in a comic opera. Three retainers stood behind him, equally in cloaks. Don Pedro Valencia took off his wide-brimmed hat, made a sweeping gesture in Maria's direction, bowed low, and fell over dead. . . .

The doctors had dismissed the whole matter on the score of heart failure. But Maria's mother, who always spoke her mind, said:

"Rubbish! . . . He died of chagrin

and disappointment. Fancy pulling a rusty bell in the hope of having a half score of servants escort him in triumph to the house only to find a chit of a girl, with two front teeth missing, responding to all his clatter! . . . I know my brother. He was the world's vainest man."

That was seven years ago. And now, again, the bell at the garden gate was ringing. Was this another relation from Chile bent on a pageantry of welcome? . . . The tinkle came once more. Maria Escobar scurried to answer its summons as she crushed the camellias against her breast where they made a splash of coral-pink gaiety. Looking down at them as she hurried toward the gate she thought, "If it is another haughty relation, I have at least some flowers to scatter in his path!" And the grim memory of Don Pedro's entrance into the garden was swallowed up in the whimsey of imagining these perfect blossoms crushed under the heels of a swaggering kinsman.

She turned a corner and came to the main walk gloomy under the shadow of married cypress boughs bent and clipped into a vaulted hedge. The gate, swinging on its rusty hinges, loomed in a blaze of light at the corridor's end. At first she made out only the blur of a waiting figure that had neither form, age, nor sex. But, as she came nearer, she saw through the iron grill work of the gate that a man stood there. And, coming nearer still, she discovered that this man was short like a dwarf and, nearer still, that his back was twisted and, nearer

still, that he had an extraordinarily handsome face.

She hurried forward and gained the gate just as the stranger was putting his hand upon the bell cord for a third time. He started back as if her sudden emergence from the gloom of the shaded walk had surprised him utterly.

"Ah," he sighed, as he took off his hat, "so you came at last! . . . I was about to ring the bell once more and then go on my way again, disappointed. It is hard for me to pass a garden and find myself shut out."

Maria Escobar was at an age when any circumstance, not overwhelmingly sad, became an excuse for mirth. "Shut out!" she cried. "How absurd! Why, this gate has been swinging open for twenty years. You can see for yourself that the lock is broken." And she threw her head back charmingly as one peal of laughter after another issued from her throat.

The hunchback, peering through the gate's iron bars, stood watching her. His face was expressionless, but his two eyes held vivid glints of malice. She saw these sardonic lights and her laughter died. He opened the gate and stepped beside her.

"I—I hope I have not offended you!" she stammered.

"By your laughter? On the contrary. I feed on it! I devour it! It is the very thing that I am mad about. When a person laughs at me I kill him. Just as I always shatter the glass from which I have drunk a rare wine. . . . What a beautiful old garden this is. Come, you must tell me all about it! And you are lovely, too. Quite lovely. Is there no place where we can sit? I love to sit in a garden under a tree and watch leaves fall. One by one. One by one."

She thought, "Shall I cry for help?"

He guessed what was running through her mind. "There, you are afraid of me! Of *me*! It is my turn to laugh."

But, as a matter of fact, he looked hurt like a child that had been wounded. She felt ashamed.

"So you want to sit in a garden, under a tree, and watch the leaves fall. Very well, I know just the spot."

She went on ahead down the avenue of married cypresses. The hunchback followed after. She felt her heart beating with strange excitement.

A little to one side of the camellia bush were two benches and a round iron table. In the old days when the garden was in its prime the women of the family used to sit there in a circle, bending over their embroidery frames. Nearby, there was a niche in the stone wall which held a figure of Santa Barbara. It was a very gay, friendly figure in a bright blue cloak and head scarf.

"I shall take this strange man there," thought Maria. "Surely he cannot harm me with a saint looking on."

A branch from an elm tree cast a pattern on the table top, but, for the most part, the tempered sunshine danced on a carpet of thin shadow.

The hunchback sank down on one of the benches and tossed his hat upon the table. Maria Escobar sat upon the second bench opposite him, letting the camellias she was carrying fall into her lap. Even at noon the glinting sunlight was far from unpleasant as it nimbly touched forehead and cheek and shoulder.

"Do not tell me that you live in this delightful spot alone," said the hunchback.

"Scarcely," she returned boldly. "I have my mother and a cousin, Rosa Ortega, who tends her, and an old cook in the kitchen."

"Four women! . . . Your mother is very old, is she not?"

"Old and ill. She scarcely ever leaves her room."

"We have not told each other our names. Mine is Flavio Minetti."

"And mine is Maria Escobar."

"Maria Escobar. Maria Escobar!" He took out a little leather book from his pocket, and a stub of pencil. "Maria Escobar," he said a third time as he wrote in the book.

"You are writing my name in your book," said Maria. "Why?"

He gave her an engaging smile. "I add it to the list of people who have laughed at me. People whom I have killed."

How very mad he was! She should not have let him into the garden. Still, he must be harmless. He was looking at her intently, as if in expectation of an answer. She decided to be bold. "I have laughed at you," she said gravely, "but you have not killed me."

"As if you could escape!" he said.

"I did not even laugh at *you*," she found herself saying as she stripped one of the camellia blossoms of its leaves. "I laughed at what you did, but not at you. Confess, it was ridiculous, ringing a garden bell when the gate stood open!"

"Everything in life is ridiculous!" he answered testily. "Moreover, I do not scratch for motives. Laughter is laughter. I make my own laws and my own penalties. That is my right as a free person. Your right as a free person is to outwit me."

She had an impulse to rise and flee. But she remembered hearing an old wives' tale about a child who ran from a savage dog and was torn to pieces. She looked at Flavio Minetti boldly as one by one she stripped the camellia stems of their superfluous leaves and laid them on the iron table.

"I know! You are trying to frighten me," she said.

He looked at his little book. "Maria Escobar!" he repeated caressingly as he added a flourish to what he already had written.

"As a matter of fact," Flavio Minetti continued, as he slipped the little book back into his pocket, "this is not the first time I have seen you. Do you remember that Sunday afternoon following the Easter mass which they said in the old Mission? I was passing by, very much as I was passing by this garden to-day, and I thought, 'Why not step inside and see what there is to see? The mass is over and it will be pleasantly empty and

melancholy.' Not that a church means anything to me. But I like old buildings. Do you know why? Because there are ghosts in them." He dropped his glance and she crossed herself hurriedly. "I went in that Sunday looking for ghosts and I saw you, praying before a shrine. When you left I followed you to the garden gate. I would have rung the bell that morning but there were the figures of other people at the end of the cypress walk. A stooped woman, for one, with an attendant on either side—walking up and down, up and down."

"That was my mother!"

Flavio Minetti paid no attention to this remark. "A stooped woman with an attendant on either side—walking up and down, up and down," he repeated; "and just beyond the gate was the figure of a man lying face downward in the path." He stopped quite suddenly and stared into space.

Maria drew in a sharp breath. "Did he have on a black cloak with scarlet at the collar?"

"A black cloak with scarlet at the collar," he assented.

"And a hat with a wide brim?"

"The hat was in his hand."

"That was my uncle, Don Pedro. He died face downward in that path seven years ago."

"Naturally. I suspected that at once. You see, old gardens have ghosts in them also. I remember a garden in London, once. There was a beautiful woman in that garden, too. . . . I have often thought I should like to go back and see whether her ghost walks up and down its stone walks, between the primroses and hollyhocks."

"You mean she died?" inquired Maria, timidly. Her heart was fluttering.

"Naturally, since she laughed at me."

"You are ridiculous!" cried Maria Escobar, sharply. "If you really go about killing people you should find a better excuse than that!"

"All excuses for killing people are ridiculous," returned Flavio Minetti.

"There was that Englishman, Wainwright. The friend of Charles Lamb. He poisoned women who had thick ankles."

Maria Escobar laughed again. "Well, there is some point to that," she answered, as she looked down at her slender legs.

"Ah," said Flavio Minetti, "you are vain like all women. But you are very pretty, too. I forgive you!" And he gave her a warm, indulgent glance that made her think, "What rubbish he has been talking! He is just a harmless creature with a warped back. How is it possible for him to kill me? It is just a joke he has—a warped joke like his back!" Suddenly she felt sorry for him. "After all, he is one of God's creatures!" she thought and she asked him quite simply if he would not like a glass of sherry.

"Sherry!" he echoed, in a tone that left no question as to his delight.

She left him, walking slowly into the house, to show that she was not in the least hurried or afraid of him. When she came back she had two glasses with slender, twisted stems, upon a silver tray. A decanter was in the center, filled with wine the color of mahogany until the sun caught it and then it turned to fire. She poured one glass almost to the brim until it looked like a red tulip that had sprung up like magic. Flavio Minetti put out both hands to receive it.

She merely covered the bottom of the second glass, raised it to her lips, and set it down again. But Flavio Minetti sipped and sipped, drawing in his breath, as if the wine's fragrance was as precious as its taste.

"This wine must be very old," he said. "It has a rare perfume. It smells of summer."

"It is from a cask my great grandfather brought from Spain. Someone put it in a far corner of his cellar, and it stood there for years unnoticed."

Flavio Minetti nodded his head. "Most fools toss off wine as if its taste were its chief virtue. They think noth-

ing of its bouquet." He passed the wine glass back and forth under his nose as he shivered with delight. "I cannot imagine wine without fragrance. Nothing that lacks perfume has any meaning for me. Take those flowers on the table. They are beautiful, they are exquisite, but they are as dead as a woman without a soul."

Maria Escobar picked up a single camellia and gazed at it sadly. "I have often wondered why such a beautiful flower is without perfume. . . . You are right, it has no soul."

Flavio Minetti leaned forward and laid his glass upon the silver tray. "Come, I will give it a soul," he said, as he put out his hand to her.

She gave him the blossom. He felt in an inner pocket and drew out a tiny leather case which he spread out on his lap. It contained a row of vials held in place by loops of leather. He slipped one of the vials from its security, uncorked it, and let a single drop of colorless liquid fall into the coral-pink center of the camellia. The drop glistened momentarily like a crystal jewel, then disappeared.

"There," he said as he passed the flower back to her, "the miracle is accomplished."

She held the blossom on a level with her full, ripe lips and drew in deep breaths. She had never smelled a perfume so exquisite. It gave her a strange ecstasy. She knew that she was sitting in her garden, yet her spirit seemed floating up, up. Suddenly she realized that time and space meant nothing. Would she sit in this garden forever with a hunchback opposite her, watching the leaves fall? . . . Yes, they were falling now, in spite of spring, harried to premature deaths by a cold wind from the sea. The figure of the hunchback, the leaves dancing in the sunlight, the shrine in the garden wall grew remote. . . . She came to her senses with a shiver. Fog was riding in on the wings of twilight. The seat in which Flavio Minetti had sat was empty. But the decanter of sherry

and two empty glasses stood on the table. A camellia was in her hand, its petals blackened and shriveled. Remembering, she raised it to her nostrils. Its perfume was gone.

All next day the memory of the perfumed camellia filled her with an exquisite longing. She kept the fading flower that had been ravished so quickly of its brief soul in a silver vase on a table beside her bed. She had a sad hope that some miracle would restore its lost fragrance. She wondered whether the hunchback would ever return to sit in the garden. If he came again would he bring the little leather case with its row of mysterious vials? Her heart beat quickly. A week went by and she lost hope, but one morning she heard the ridiculous tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. She flew down the path, cool under its cypress hood. Flavio Minetti was waiting for her.

"Confess," he said, "you thought I should never come again! You thought that you would escape me!"

In the tumult of his return she scarcely noticed the irony that he put into these simple words. Her one thought was, "Has he brought the little leather case?"

Presently they were sitting as before under the branch of elm tree, the table between them. The early morning mist had parted, the sun came out warmly, white butterflies twinkled from flower to flower.

He settled himself back in his garden seat as he threw his hat upon the table. A sigh of exquisite content fluttered from him. "This is the first time that I have sat in the sunshine since we parted," he said in explanation of his delight.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked.

"Reading an old book. It has all the secrets of the Borgias. . . . Ah, what wonderful people they were in that day! What magnificent murderers! Such skill! Such subtlety! Such finesse! There are moments when I think that I must have lived then. It comes over

me like the fragment of a clouded dream that I must have been a jester in those days. In some ducal court. It was the service that they put twisted backs to, then. . . . I can see myself hopping nimbly from jest to jest, in cap and bells, making them laugh. Can you not see me—a misshapen thing capering grotesquely while they laughed! How I must have hated them and their laughter! How I must have envied my masters the power and skill to murder swiftly where they would. Have you never heard it said that all clowns shrink from the mob's laughter? . . . There was a famous clown in Paris who killed himself because he could not bear it! What a fool! What a fool, to kill himself and die unrevenged! . . . Still, if he comes back again to earth as I have . . . who knows! One has time to learn so many things in the silence of eternity!"

She sat there before him, tremulous with inarticulate longing. What did she care for the secrets of the Borgias? Or the broken heart of clowns? Had he brought the little leather case with its row of mysterious vials?

"I sometimes think," the hunchback went on, "that every person whom I kill must have laughed at me in that life when I had neither the skill nor the courage to undo them. I can see you—a slender princess, in the Florentine villa of your father, laughing as I made myself into a snug ball and, like a porcupine, rolled down the carpeted stairway leading to the throne. . . . Or were you the daughter of a French marquis new-come from Paris, or an Infanta of Seville with your black hair shrouded in a foam of lace? . . . No matter, you laughed at me! And your beauty stabbed me as harshly as your mirth."

Why could she not bring herself to ask him quite simply and naturally if he had with him the thing she desired? She was like a lover abashed at speaking the precious name. But she had a lover's slyness, too. "Did you provide souls, then, for the pink flowers in my hair?" she asked.

He shook his head. "In those days I had only the power to create laughter." He looked at her with a strange satisfaction. "Is the cask of sherry empty that your great-grandfather brought from Spain?"

She did not answer him but she rose at once to fetch a decanter of wine. It was as if he had said, "Give me my heart's desire and I will give you yours."

She came back with the decanter of wine and one slender glass upon its twisted stem. "One glass?" he inquired challengingly. Still she said nothing. He rose and poured himself a brimful drink, leaning forward to inhale its fragrance. He sipped at the glass's rim, then took it in his hands and held it out to her. "It is more wonderful today than last time," he half whispered. "Or has my ardor grown? . . . What a strange thing desire is! It feeds alike on bounty or impoverishment."

She knew, now, that he was worrying her, that he had the leather case tucked snugly away in his pocket. She gave the proffered glass a disdainful smile and shook her head. "It does not tempt me!" she said.

His eyes glittered. She could see that he had read her thoughts. He drank the wine with diabolical slowness. . . . At last, the glass was almost empty. Only a single drop glowed rubylike where stem and bowl met.

"There is a wine in Munich touched with the scent of flowers," he said. "The Germans drink it in May. It is too cloying for my taste, but you would like it. . . . I cannot give you May wine but I can give this drop within my glass a breath infinitely sweeter."

He reached in his pocket and brought out the little leather case. At the sight of it she trembled all over. "Is—is it the same perfume that gives dead flowers souls?"

"Not quite. I have worked all week to make this fragrance less fleeting. For hours, day and night, I have sought to imprison taste as well as smell within it."

He uncorked a vial and let a crystal tear fall into the drop of wine. She snatched the glass from him, drawing great breaths from its shallowness. Presently she felt the wine upon her tongue. "It is tasteless!" she said accusingly.

He rubbed his hands together in glee. "Ah, what a greedy nose you have! It leaves nothing for your other senses!"

"Give me more!" she cried. "Do you understand, if I do not have more I shall die!"

"It will be the same in any case," she heard him say. . . . The vial was against her hand and its moisture at her finger tip.

This time the perfume did not bring her even a transient insensibility but she felt a murky content. All desire, all hope, all pain seemed fused into a dulled rapture. Flavio Minetti sat in the mottled sunshine drinking glass after glass of sherry. His lips moved and words escaped him, but she was not conscious that they had meaning; yet the cadence of his voice beguiled her like the drip of a fountain in the darkness. When he rose to leave she did not follow him through cypress shadows to the garden gate.

She saw that he had left the vial upon the table. She struggled to rise, to call him back. She felt terrified at the thought of so much vicious ecstasy within reach. She heard the crunch of receding boots on the graveled path, the sad groan of rusty hinges, the feeble clang of iron striking against an impotent lock. She sat trembling, covering her face with her hands. The sight of the vial filled her with a strange horror. Suddenly she determined to smash it into a thousand fragments. She came to her feet and dragged her leaden weight to the table.

But at the supreme moment her will failed. She drew away without so much as touching the object of her terror. Instead, with a supreme effort, she turned upon her heel and fled into the house.

That night Maria's mother said, "Something is amiss with my eyes. When I look at you, Maria, your face has a greenish color. I once had a duenna when I was a young woman who looked that way. She died soon after. They say an enemy poisoned her."

"God help me!" thought Maria, but she said nothing.

Before she went to bed she looked into her glass. Her mother was right! She fell upon her knees and prayed fervently. Her prayers gave her peace; she slept soundly until midnight. She awoke to the pain and rapture of longing. Her first thought was of the vial left upon the table in the garden. She had a sudden terror lest it should be gone. She rose, thrusting her feet into fleece-lined slippers. The jagged stones in the garden path cut through her thin soles but she scarcely felt them. The sharp relief of finding the tiny bottle where the hunchback had left it made her giddy. Hugging the treasure close to her breast, she floated back to her room again.

She lighted a candle and spread out a wisp of handkerchief upon which she let three drops of the precious extract fall. Then she threw herself upon her bed, covering her face with the fragment of linen steeped in this perfume of paradise. . . . The sun was shining in an east window when she awoke.

As the days went by and the vial was emptied drop by drop Maria Escobar felt a sick terror. What would she do when the perfume was gone? If only she had asked the hunchback where he lived! But it was too late now. There was nothing to do but wait and hope for his return. Daily her mirror gave out disquieting revelations; the note of green in her face deepened, her eyes sank deeper beneath her brows, her lips were flecked with black patches. She went about the house hugging the shadows, screening her face when either her cousin, Rosa Ortega, or the old cook came upon her. Every night at table

her mother commented on the illusion of strange color that her failing eyesight gave to her daughter's face. Rosa Ortega, in attendance, said nothing. She was a timid soul well schooled in the repression that is the accepted lot of a poor relation and spinster in the bargain. But Maria knew from the frightened sadness of her glance that she suspected something was amiss.

Finally one day this submerged soul gathered the courage to speak. Maria was sitting in the full glare of noonday before the iron table in the garden. For the past week she had been sitting there for hours, steeped in an idleness that was a curious mixture of apathy and disquiet. She scarcely owned it to herself, but she was waiting for the tinkle of the bell at the garden gate. Her cousin fluttered past like a bedraggled black bird, went a few paces beyond, hesitated, and retraced her steps.

"Maria Escobar," she began with quivering respect, "you frighten me. For days I have been watching you. There is something unholy about you—there is something unholy in the way your eyes burn. I am a miserable creature, God knows, but I am not quite a fool. Nor am I old like your mother and given to blaming what I cannot explain on my infirmities. When I see the color of the tomb in a young girl's cheeks, I know that it is there and not in a trick of spent eyesight. . . . If your body is unsound let me send for a doctor. If it is your soul that is sick—there is a remedy for that, too."

At the mention of her soul Maria Escobar trembled. This disquiet made Rosa Ortega bold. For the first time in her life this timorous creature dared to speak freely what was in her mind. She came a step closer to Maria and she shook her upraised finger in her cousin's face as she said:

"I know the very day that this affliction came to you. I heard the garden bell tinkling and I saw you leading a twisted man up the path. An hour later he had gone, but I found you

sitting where you sit now. I called to you, and you did not speak."

"How dared you!" cried Maria Escobar, beside herself with rage. "How dared you spy on me!"

But Rosa Ortega stood there unabashed and unfrightened. "I called to you, and you did not speak!" she repeated. "And in your face was a dreadful look." She crossed herself piously. "A dreadful look such as people wear who have seen forbidden things."

Maria Escobar began to laugh. "Forbidden things! . . . How little you know! On that day I saw Paradise."

"Hush!" said her cousin. "You must not say such things! To sell yourself to the devil and talk of Paradise! For shame!"

"You lie!" cried Maria boldly, but inside she was quivering with fright.

"I tell only the truth," returned Rosa with the appalling calm of self-righteousness. "Your twisted friend came a second day. But this time he did not escape me. When he left this garden I followed him. I followed him for blocks and blocks, and finally he halted before the door of cheap lodgings, and the stairway swallowed him up. I stood in the street bewildered. I was afraid to go farther. While I hesitated a youth came down the stairs. I thought, 'He can tell me what I wish to know.' So I went up to him and said, 'Who is the hunchback that just went inside?' He shook his head. 'Only God knows. I lodge next to him and far into the night I can hear him moving about—making strange noises. Once I saw into his room. It was like the workshop of a chemist. But he is not a chemist. I think he brews charms. He is either the devil himself or he is in bondage to him. Have nothing to do with him if you value your soul. For myself, I am moving away to-night!'"

Rosa Ortega threw out a look of triumph. For the first time in her life circumstance had given her the center of the stage, and she was squeezing her moment dry.

As for Maria Escobar, she sat in a sly mask of silence. When she did speak her voice was shaken between apprehension and hope. "You—you mean you know where he lives?" she asked. "You could go to it?"

"Naturally. He lodges at the Hotel des Alpes Maritimes."

A strangled note of joy came from Maria Escobar. Her one thought was to be up and off in search of him. She made as if to rise, but a strange numbness was in her limbs. She fell back panting. "I am dying!" flashed through her mind. "I shall never leave this seat again!"

Rosa flew to her side. "Maria, Maria!" she screamed, shaking her.

"Hush!" commanded her cousin with sudden calm. "Hush! Or my mother will hear! . . . Listen to me, Rosa. You are a wicked woman. It is you who have sold yourself to the devil with your horrid thoughts. I have been dying for weeks—for weeks, do you hear! There is nothing that can save me. But there is one who can grant me a brief respite from my pain. It is the twisted man you followed. Go to him and beg him to come once more and see me. Tell him how I suffer!"

"Oh, Holy Mother of God!" cried Rosa, dropping to her knees.

"Do not wait! Go at once! See how my hand is burning. I am on fire, Rosa."

"Maria—Maria Escobar, why have you not told me before? Let me first go for a priest. Think, if you should die unshriven!"

"Later! when the pain is dulled, Rosa, my darling. . . . Go, I beg of you, or I shall die before even a priest can shrive me."

"Oh, Holy Mother of God!" cried Rosa Ortega again as she rose and fled down the avenue of married cypresses and past the garden gate.

Maria Escobar felt in her bosom and drew out the vial. It was almost empty. She lifted it slowly toward her face, as she threw her head back. She

could feel her nostrils quivering. But all else—her arms, her legs, even her lips were numb.

She sat there in a state of curious physical stupor but her mind glowed like an ember. Never had the colors in the garden seemed so poignant, and even its sounds were vibrant. She could hear the hurtle of falling leaves and the wings of white butterflies beating together. Within her, memory surged up in waves bathed in the silver of dead moons suddenly come to life—dead moons that were like lives she once had lived. She saw the splendors of courts in which she had moved, the brocades, the silks, the jewels she had worn. She listened again to the lutes of troubadours who had wooed her. From her balcony she threw garlands about the necks of returning conquerors. The hours she had suffered, the hours she had starved, the hours she had shivered in rags, the hours she had wept were wrapped in the glittering sheen of supreme moments of existence. And, yet, some superconsciousness told her that this ecstasy was as fragile as a crystal ball tossed into the air. It caught all the colors of the sun and sky, but one false move and it would lie shattered on the grass. Through all this gay fabric of the past ran one dull thread of apprehension. What if Rosa Ortega did not find the hunchback? What if he had quitted his lodgings—or worse still, the town?

To be won back to life now; to wake slowly from the dream, to return to the dullness and pain of living—the prospect made her heart stand still. Were minutes or hours or centuries slipping by? She could not have said. Rapture cannot measure time but it can hug it close. Maria Escobar let her two white hands flutter toward her breast as if to keep the flashing moments captive forever.

She did not hear the tread of the hunchback or the flutter of Rosa Ortega's skirts coming down the path. But, quite suddenly, they were before

her like two enslaved apparitions. She turned her face toward Flavio Minetti:

"Send my cousin away!" she said.

He spoke to the frightened kinswoman. She hesitated but presently she moved toward the house, sobbing.

"Have you brought another vial?" asked Maria.

He opened a closed fist and she saw what she desired, warm within his grasp. They exchanged significant glances.

"Well!" she half sighed.

He put the vial upon the iron table and took a step toward her.

"Maria Escobar," he said gently. "You are upon the threshold of death. A dozen drops more of this perfume and everything will be over. . . . Does not life call out to you?"

She shook her head.

"You are ravaged, it is true, Maria Escobar," he went on. "But I can still save you!"

"Save me!" she echoed fretfully. "Must I laugh at you again?"

He shrugged. "I have a whim to reprove you. It is my privilege. Think, you are young—a virgin. You have not yet lived!"

Waves of memory bathed in the silver of dead moons again swept her. "What is *one* life to me?" she answered.

"I cannot shake you?"

"No!"

"So be it then," he said.

She saw him step back toward the table, she saw him lift the vial in midair. It caught the colors of the sun and sky as the crystal ball of her happiness had. He seemed to be regarding it intently. What if it should drop from his hand and fall shattered on the hard surface of the table.

"Quickly!" she cried and she held out her cupped palm to him.

She felt the cool drops fall one by one on her parched skin. She shivered with delight. When he had finished he restrained the impatient gesture of her arm.

"I am going at once, Maria Escobar," he said. "By the time I reach the garden gate everything will be over. If you repent you have but to dash the perfume on the ground. Or hold it up for the sun to devour!"

"I shall not repent!" she answered in a whisper.

He took off his hat and made her a bow as twisted as his back. She felt

like laughing for the last time as he turned upon his heel and left her.

Slowly she lifted her palm. Her head bent forward to meet it half way. . . . She heard the hurtle of falling leaves and the wings of white butterflies beating together.

A black cloak with scarlet at the collar came from the shadows of the married cypresses.

DIRGE OF THE SEASONS

BY DREWRY PUTNAM

*ANOTHER year is lost to us;
Another season finds us spent
With laughter—that mad mask of pain;
Another spring we watch the vain
Birth agony—the bright buds lent
To deck the bier of love for us.*

*The summer hot upon us now—
Our summer songs have all been sung.
This year the season's palest blush
Seems bolder than our own; the rush
Of streams in pebble play too young
For two who have forgotten how.*

*Another fall we pluck the grape
And trade our time to making wine
For drink, though no one better knows
Than we—there is no grape that grows
In Omar's vineyard, yours, nor mine
That holds a wine for our escape.*

*The winter's teeth bite frozen sweets
Off every tree. The snowbound earth
Is not more shrouded than are we;
The ice-bound rivers yet more free;
The beggar feels no less of warmth
Barefooted on the windiest streets.*

*Each season on a season sings
Of sharper pain—no song at all,
So soft, but has a weary sound.
Bring not another season round;
Not one; no summer and no fall;
No winter and not any spring.*



SCIENTIFIC CALVINISM

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

I LIKE philosophers, and I believe that they fulfil a function of great importance. There are a very large number of questions with regard to which there is no satisfactory evidence, and it is important that they should be considered as open. Now agnosticism is an intellectual tightrope which most people cannot tread for long. The majority of adults in all civilized countries seem to be fairly clear that socialism either would or would not increase human happiness. They do this on *a priori* grounds, quite regardless of the fact that socialism has nowhere been tried. Even in Russia, though industry has on the whole been socialized (and is working fairly successfully), the vast majority of the population is engaged in individualistic agriculture (which is not doing well). Until Russian agriculture has been socialized and the results noted there will be no conclusive evidence that socialism is practicable or impracticable, let alone desirable or undesirable.

When philosophical proof or disproof of any proposition is brought forward, we can be fairly sure that there is no cogent evidence as to its truth. We know a good deal more about iron than about God. It should be quite possible to bring forward *a priori* arguments showing that a lump of iron unsupported by anything but air is very likely to fall to the ground. But as far as I know, philosophers rarely do this, though they devote much attention to proving the precise nature of divine omnipotence. To my mind the most valuable function of philosophers is to be professional doubters. Except for phi-

losophers no one would have thought of doubting all kinds of apparently obvious, but actually far from certain propositions, such as the independent reality of matter.

One of the real signs of human progress is that certain questions are from time to time taken out of the philosophers' hands and settled. In the Middle Ages the existence of antipodes was constantly being disproved. As these debates were not broadcast, the Maoris never learned of their nonexistence. The freedom of the will is still a question for philosophers, but I suspect that within the next generation it will be taken out of their hands. This doctrine has been a subject of vehement debate since Calvin adopted the Moslem doctrine of predestination in opposition to the Catholics and many Protestant Christians. The progress of science has added arguments on both sides. Determinism, until about ten years ago, had furnished extraordinarily satisfactory explanations of physical and biological phenomena and, as the will finds its expression in definite physical and biological occurrences, it was natural to extend the principle of determinism to cover willed as well as unwilled events. The naïve idea of the will is a force driving the body to action. One cannot disprove the existence of such a force, for it is generally very difficult to prove negative propositions by scientific methods. But it has been shown that a man produces the same amount of energy, within a fifth of one per cent, as would a machine using his food as fuel. I have no doubt that, with sufficient care, the

agreement could be made very much closer.

On the other hand the doctrine of evolution lent some support to the opposite point of view. If man has evolved from animals of a lower mental organization mainly as the result of natural selection it is difficult to see why his consciousness should have evolved if it is merely a looker-on in the game and cannot actively influence events. This, to be sure, is an argument against materialistic determinism, rather than against a determinism such as that of Calvin. In the last three years a far more important assault has been made on determinism by Heisenberg and other physicists. They claim that, while causality applies to large bodies, it does not apply to atoms. One cannot say that an atom in a given situation will behave in such and such a manner, merely that there is a certain probability that it will do so. But if we observe a body containing as few as a million million atoms (which requires a powerful microscope), these probabilities coalesce to a practical certainty.

In a million million bridge hands the odds against a one per cent excess of black cards is over ten thousand million million to one. The odds against a one per cent deviation from the ordinary laws of mechanics by a particle large enough to be seen with a microscope are about as large. Hence indeterminism for atoms involves practical determinism for large bodies if atomic events are really independent of one another, which seems to be the case. As the principle enables an accurate prediction of all sorts of previously incalculable events, it is being very widely adopted by physicists.

Eddington, in his Gifford lectures on "The Nature of the Physical World," has attempted to identify this atomic indeterminism with the freedom of the will. He regards the human body as a device, so to say, for magnifying its effects from the atomic to the visible scale of magnitude. There is, so far

as one can see, nothing impossible in this point of view. It accords with our more primitive notions as to our own behavior, which may quite well contain an element of truth. But it is of no obvious help to the physiologist. His task is to explain how the organism obeys various laws which are not obviously obeyed by lifeless matter, and exhibits a kind of unity not shown by a machine. It is not clear how a certain laxity in obeying mechanical laws will help to explain implicit obedience to physiological laws.

Unfortunately Eddington goes on to arguments of a less scientific character. "The materialist," he says, ". . . must presumably hold the belief that his wife is a rather elaborate differential equation, but he is probably tactful enough not to obtrude this opinion in domestic life." I recently put this point to a happily married physicist of my acquaintance. He replied that he would not love his wife if he did not believe that she was a differential equation, or rather that her conduct obeyed one. He loves her because she has a definite character which renders her conduct intelligible even when it is surprising. And in this she certainly resembles a differential equation. There are dull differential equations just as there are dull wives. There are others, such as Schrödinger's wave equation, which is at the bottom of much of modern physics, that lead to the most odd and beautiful results. Men have fallen in love with statues and pictures. I find it far easier to imagine a man falling in love with a differential equation, and I am inclined to think that some mathematicians have done so. Even in a non-mathematician like myself some differential equations evoke fairly violent physical sensations similar to those described by Sappho and Catullus when viewing their lovers. Personally, however, I obtain an even greater "kick" from finite differential equations, which are perhaps more like those which an up-to-date materialist would use to describe human behavior.

II

I do not believe, then, that we are likely to arrive at any solution of the problem except by a scientific study of human behavior. If we wanted to disprove the existence of free-will in machines we could do one of two things. We could place the same machine in as nearly as possible the same environment twice over and compare its behavior. This method is inapplicable to men because they learn from experience in a way which most machines do not. I say most machines, because it would be possible to construct a machine which could learn. For example, there is a kind of toy clock-work beetle which can be made to run about a table. By means of its metal antennæ which project in front of it, its motion is altered just before it reaches the edge, and consequently it does not fall off. A further refinement could be added so that the safety mechanism did not work till the beetle had once or twice fallen off the table.

The second method of research would be to compare the behavior of two very similar machines in very similar circumstances. Of course we could not make two machines exactly identical, nor their environments. So perhaps once in ten thousand times the behavior of the two machines would diverge for no ascertainable cause. The ghost of Samuel Butler, who thought very highly of the abilities of machines, could claim that they exhibited free-will once in ten thousand experiments. More ordinary minds would regard such divergences in behavior as unimportant. Now this method is applicable to human beings.

No two human beings are exactly alike, but some pairs are so nearly alike that, quite literally, their own mother cannot tell them apart. Twins are often of different sexes, and if so resemble each other no more than ordinary brothers and sisters. Most twins of the same sex are no more alike. But about one-quarter of twins of the same sex resemble each other to an extreme

degree. This is most easily shown with regard to physical characters. Their stature and coloring are extremely alike. Their finger-prints are generally distinguishable, but those of the right hand of one of them are more like those of his brother's right hand than of his own left. It has been known since the time of Galton that when they were brought up in the same environment their moral and intellectual characters were extraordinarily similar. "Identical" twins (as these very similar twins are inaccurately called) appear to be derived from the same fertilized egg, and hence carry the same particular group of hereditary factors contributed by the parents. They resemble each other as do cuttings of the same plant, while ordinarily twins differ just as do seedlings from the same plant, provided that it does not belong to a pure race.

The differences between human beings can all be ascribed to four causes. The first cause is difference of ancestry. In most cases a black man is black and a white man white because they resemble their parents. The second is segregation, which causes congenital differences between children with the same ancestry. The third cause is difference of environment. This includes for example differences of education, injury, exposure to disease, divine grace, diabolical temptation, or any other supernatural interference, and so on. The fourth cause is freedom of the will, or any other events not determined by the past. It may turn out that the fourth cause is nonexistent, like the snakes of Ireland, but it would be unscientific to assume this, except as a provisional working hypothesis.

Now if we compare an ordinary pair of brothers brought up in the same family, we have eliminated the first of our four causes and a good deal of the third, but the second remains; and we know that as regards stature it accounts for about as much variation as the first. When we compare "identical" twins we have eliminated the first two causes com-

pletely. The investigation now takes two different paths. In the first place we can study identical twins who have been separated at birth. This is one of the most satisfactory methods available of estimating the relative importance of nature and nurture. Only four such pairs have yet received adequate study. They show already that nurture makes a good deal more difference than extreme eugenists suppose, a fact very favorable to those who base great hopes on the improvement of human environment. The emotional side of the mind seems to be somewhat more plastic than the intellectual, as I think might be expected from the results of modern psychology. But any deductions from such data must be entirely provisional until far more are available.

The other line of investigation is that of "identical" twins brought up in the same environment. Here we have eliminated our first and second causes of difference, and a good deal of the third. Differences between such "identical" twins are partly due to the accidental diversities which occur in their experience, partly, perhaps, to freedom of the will. Now the freedom of the will is supposed, by Catholic and other moralists, to operate particularly in the choice between good and bad actions. Our twins might resemble each other in intellectual habits, tricks of speech, and so on, and yet show independence in their moral decisions.

The first satisfactory data for deciding the possible importance of free-will in determining conduct are furnished in Professor Lange's book *Verbrechen als Schicksal* (*Crime as Destiny*) published this year. It is only ninety-six pages in length, but it is quite conceivable that posterity will regard it as the most important book of this century.

Professor Lange, with the help of the Bavarian Ministry of Justice, and the authorities of some of the South German states, investigated every available case in which a criminal was one of a pair of living twins of the same sex. Both

members of the pair, where possible, were investigated by physical and psychological methods. In addition the criminality or otherwise of the adult non-twin brothers of 428 male criminals was summarily investigated. About one in twelve of these was a criminal.

The twins fall into two groups. Sixteen pairs are physically no more alike than ordinary brothers. In 15 such pairs one brother, and one only, is a criminal. In the sixteenth both are so, but one is an habitual criminal with an aggregate of over 18 years of sentences. The other had gone off the rails during a period of one year, and then kept straight for fifteen. One pair of twins, probably, but not certainly, "identical," and not closely examined, is classified with the unlike twins owing to this doubt. Both were criminals, but one was an habitual swindler, the other had once been imprisoned for three days for petty theft. Thus, at most, the unlike twins showed about the same resemblance in respect of crime as ordinary brothers. Two out of seventeen agreed in being criminals.

With the "identical" pairs the case is very different. Thirteen pairs were investigated. Ten of these pairs were both criminals. In the other three cases only one had been convicted. The stories of the ten concordant pairs are given in great detail. On the whole there is an extraordinary agreement between the behavior of these pairs. First come a pair of habitual burglars, then two weak-willed brothers who had occasionally been guilty of petty theft. Neither had ever collaborated in crime with his twin. Four pairs started life with juvenile crimes of petty violence or theft, generally under the influence of alcohol. Two of these pairs are still young. The other two are older, and in both cases have diverged. In each case one brother has married a woman with sufficient character to keep man and wife "straight," the other has been less fortunate, and has lived on his wife's immoral earnings in the intervals of

theft. Two pairs of twin brothers were swindlers. But one pair made large fortunes quite independently before they were found out, the other merely collaborated in a "business" which kept no accounts and ended in a fraudulent bankruptcy. Another pair of twin brothers were both guilty of the same type of sexual abnormality. The only pair of female twins were not serious criminals, but their sexual experience was so excessively variegated that it was inevitable that they should ultimately fall into the hands of the police, the one for refusing to disclose the address of a thief who had been her lover, the other (on rather slight grounds) for keeping a disorderly house. Except for their extreme promiscuity, the two sisters are blameless, being both honest and industrious.

Of the three criminal "identical" twins whose brothers are not criminal, one murdered his sweetheart in a quarrel, one embezzled (his brother's circumstances at the time of the crime were entirely different as the result of a severe wound during the War). The third case is more surprising. One twin is apparently normal sexually, the other is a homosexual, and certain of his physical characteristics are slightly feminine. This fact may be due to an injury received at birth, which caused, among other things, a slight facial paralysis.

To sum up, differences of environment and free-will together saved only three out of thirteen twins from imitating their criminal brother or sister. The differences were sometimes fairly considerable. Two of the criminal twins had been separated at eight years of age. Another pair, who parted somewhat later, both ran away from their jobs at the same moment when over one hundred miles apart, and later developed acute appendicitis on almost the same day when even farther separated. The one influence that appears to be important is that of women. Two criminals were reformed by their wives; the brother

of a normal man murdered his clearly somewhat exasperating sweetheart.

These twins form only a sample. It may be a slightly misleading sample. The odds are many millions to one that it is not wholly misleading. We may take it that in the course of a century similar data will have accumulated for thousands of pairs of twins. It will then be possible to say with certainty that at least eighty per cent (or some such figure) of these moral decisions that land us in jail or otherwise are predetermined. A more scientific analysis, on the lines marked out by Freud, of the effects on character of infantile experience, will probably serve to whittle down still further the possible field of indeterminism. In fact, every educated person will be substantially a determinist in ethics as he now is in physics where individual atoms are not concerned. One may remark that Kant's loophole of escape from predestination will be barred. He admitted that the various events in a human life were determined, but allowed the soul a transcendental freedom which affected the character as a whole. But if two twins from the same egg are obliged to choose the same character little remains of such a freedom. The utmost latitude allowable for the will is, in the words of Mr. J. S. Dunne, who in *An Experiment with Time* has produced the most original theory of its freedom known to me, to assume that, in relation to the brain it is "analogous, not to a skilled musician composing with the aid of a piano, but to the amateur user of a pianola, whose interference with the complicated performances of that instrument is limited to the changing of one perforated roll for another."

III

What will be the effect on society of the acceptance of determinism as a practical belief, even if a small area is left for freedom, like the Indian reservations in the United States? Two great religions, Islam and Calvinism, have held

this belief. Both have produced extremely fine characters. The good Calvinist feels that God's grace will certainly keep him good, and this belief is an immense source of strength. The narrowness of both these religions is due to the fact that God, who created men with all kinds of characters, is supposed to approve of only one particular kind. Hence the unstable type of humanity which has produced so much great art has a far better chance under the other forms of Christianity than under Calvinism.

When the late William Bateson, the greatest geneticist whom England has so far produced, was lecturing during the War on the innate differences of mankind, a Scottish soldier said to him, "Sir, what you're telling us is nothing but scientific Calvinism." Will scientific Calvinism produce the same type of society and individual character as religious Calvinism? It is quite possible. Many eugenists devote a large part of their energies to disapproving of their fellow-creatures. Other calvinistically minded social reformers believe that society can be saved only by abolishing conditions, such as the sale of alcoholic drinks, which are stumbling-blocks to men of a certain constitution. Of the ten pairs of criminal twins, two or three would probably have escaped criminality in a society where alcohol and narcotic drugs were unobtainable.

There is, however, quite a different possibility, which appealed to Bateson. If innate human diversity is an ineradicable fact, the ideal society is one in which as many types as possible can develop in accordance with their possibilities. So far every society has tended to idealize one particular type. Some have been narrower than others. The immense strength of Catholicism lies largely in its doctrine of vocation, according to which a man or woman may be called by God to any of a large variety of careers, and please Him in any of them. Hinduism has a very similar doctrine. Unfortunately neither of these religions is

wholehearted in the matter. Both place the calling of saint in a peculiar position; and in the Catholic Church all sorts of abnormal conduct, such as celibacy, have long been considered a prerequisite of sanctity.

A young civilization tends to be less tolerant of diversity than an old one. A violent and successful political or social change often standardizes admiration of a particular type. The Italian models himself on a certain strong though by no means silent man. The American borne aloft on an immense wave of commercial prosperity idealizes the capitalists and inventors who have organized that prosperity. In certain stable communities a more tolerant attitude prevails. Under the Third French Republic it is probable that more different human types are encouraged than in any other society. Let us take seven human beings who have achieved fame under it: Pasteur, Renan, Anatole France, Marshal Foch, Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus, Sarah Bernhardt, and Suzanne Lenglen. I doubt whether any other state could produce a team quite so thoroughly representative of the different sides of human nature. In England, for example, certain of Anatole France's works would have been suppressed on the ground of indecency, and Ste. Thérèse would have found considerable difficulty in being saintly when alive, and almost insuperable obstacles to performing well-attested miracles after her death.

It is unnecessary to add that France, in spite of this immense diversity of human types, possesses as characteristic a culture and as high a degree of national unity in times of crisis as any other state.

There is, after all, something to be said for human diversity. If we believe that God created the world, He is very clearly responsible for the innate differences between men. Popular wisdom is sympathetic with the creator, realizing that "it takes all sorts to make a world." Religions other than Taoism appear to

agree in setting up a single ideal for all men. Perhaps, however, the man in the street is in this respect nearer to God than the clergyman. Incidentally, in so far as we succeed in loving our neighbor, we love him as he is, not as he ought to be. This extremely difficult feat engenders a healthy respect for human diversity. If we reject any supernatural standard of values we inevitably make Man the measure of all things. We clearly cannot take any particular man, such as Jesus, Mahommed, Newton, or Bach, for our only measure. At most we can reject a certain number of human types as unsuited for life in any possible community. Apart from this, the ideal society and the ideal system of ethics will allow the development of as many types as possible.

IV

It appears then that the acceptance of determinism may be expected to lead to either of two types of society. England has generally been a tolerant country. It made some of the earliest steps towards religious freedom after the tyranny of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation. As I come to the study of society from that of genetics, it is natural enough that I should be prejudiced in favor of human diversity and should hope that my country will not try to suppress it. But I should hesitate to brand those of the opposite opinion as unscientific, even if I think them inhuman.

It is fairly obvious that a belief in determinism (or shall we say ninety-nine per cent determinism) would profoundly modify our attitude to crime, but it would only speed up present tendencies. Already the attitude of most enlightened people to crime is that punishment should be a deterrent to the criminal and others rather than a retribution, and should where possible include an attempt to reform the criminal. Moral indignation is regarded as out-of-date. It has its uses, but it is the finest known excuse for

cruelty, just as cruelty is the best excuse for moral indignation. This is well exemplified in the correspondence columns of our press, where dear old ladies who can no longer attend witch-burnings write to demand torture (usually flogging) as a punishment for cruelty to animals. It has had its uses in the past, before law began to supersede vengeance. It is now a dangerous vestige like the vermiform appendix. I have had the latter removed, but I regret to say that my bosom often swells with moral indignation against all kinds of people whom it would be more rational to pity for their conduct.

A certain fraction of human conduct is largely controllable by social pressure, and praise and blame are effective means of controlling it. They prevent a large number of bad actions. But they do not, as it seems to me, involve any particular view as to the freedom of the will. They are part of the environment which determines our actions. Every crime represents a failure of society to control a criminal, as well as a failure on the part of the criminal to respond to social control. We do not at present know enough of biology to alter the structure of the criminal's brain and mind; or to prevent potential criminals being born; we must take him as we find him, and attempt so to order society that he does not commit crime.

In some countries, such as the United States, much remains to be done to make the criminal law an effective deterrent. In England this end has been largely accomplished, and much is being done to reform criminals so that they do not repeat their offense. But we could still do much to diminish crime in two ways. In the first place, we could cease to punish various forms of abnormal conduct, especially sexual conduct, which are now criminal, and which, though inelegant, do no harm except perhaps to the criminals. The example of such countries as Denmark proves that a relaxation of the law in these matters would not be dangerous. Second, we

can alter the law so that crime is not the only practicable escape from an intolerable situation. To-day theft is often the only method available for supplying one's children with boots, and murder or suicide the only way of terminating a marriage with a habitual criminal or drunkard.

Britain is ripe to-day for a new attitude to crime based on scientific data

and a scientific point of view. The great reforms of a century ago in our criminal law, which abolished capital punishment for minor offenses, resulted from the partial adoption of utilitarianism. A similar reform would be only one of the many benefits which would result from the general adoption of a more scientific point of view regarding human conduct.

SONNET

BY JAMES B. GITLITZ

HE *MUST* have felt an awful confidence—
 Or was it that *His* eyes were strangely blind
 To all the pressing mob's mad vehemence—
 There must have been yet hope within *His* mind
 That *He* could stand there with indifference
 When Pilate nodded—or was *He* resigned
 Because *He* still believed *His* sacrifice
 Would be the last demanded of mankind?

*Moved by the same sharp fires of dreaming youth
 To pit His single hand against the crowd,
 I wonder if He realized the truth
 Before His sight began to overcloud?
 I wonder if before His breath expired
 He suddenly felt useless, old—and tired?*



THE BATH

AN AQUARELLE

BY HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

IT was December and a scorching afternoon: a north wind blew; and the pale, wind-streaked sky, the little verandahed houses, the glaring roads, the very air itself, all were white with heat and dust. In comparison, the bathroom struck cool, being windowless, and lighted only by a raised skylight. A good-sized room, it was really made for bathing in, was made to get wet, a concrete floor sloping towards a drain in one corner. Except for a large hanging mirror and a wooden table, it held nothing but a huge old zinc bath, the sides of which were streaked rust-brown from the tidemarks of the many waters that had filled it. Over the broad end hung a shower-ring. This dripped without ceasing, drops forming continuously on its under-surface, gathering volume, depending perilously, then falling on the zinc with a toneless thud. The water that oozed out when the large old-fashioned cock was opened was not unlike muddied milk, and for the most part lukewarm. But it gushed freely, making up by abundance for its tepidness and want of clarity.

To-day it ran very red, for a storm overnight had churned up the mud bottom of the reservoir.

Four half-grown girls had come dancing into the room, and eight hands were busy; for all four had cried as one, "A bath! Let us have a bath!"

And while the water raced and sang, shoes were kicked off and clothes fell, a bit here, an oddment there, in their owners' haste to be rid of encumbrance.

First ready was a fattish little blonde, though, as the eldest of the party, she had set to work more sedately than the rest. But, in the hurry to reach the water, one of the four had pulled a knot, and a brown and a red head were bent over it.

Meanwhile Blonde sat on the side of the bath, swinging one leg. Her skin was of a delicate transparency, through which the veins showed blue as forget-me-nots. A wonderful prong, running down the chest, forked and lost itself in the whiteness of the barely hinted breasts. Round her throat were two lines that might have been scored by a thumb-nail in wet clay; and below the ribs were two more—the lines of sitting beauty—deeply indented and wavy, like the lines carved by ripples on the sea-shore.

The knot unravelled, Red Head was out of her clothes in a twinkling and now advanced, shoulders hunched, arms crossed and hugging their uppers. While she stood waiting for the tide to rise, rubbing the sole of one foot up and down the other leg, she made her brown-haired little companion, the youngest of the four, and still skinny and straight as a boy, look very dark; for, in Red Hair, the promise of a pale face powdered with freckles was fulfilled: her skin was white as milk from top to toe and velvety as rose-petals to the touch.

Last came the knot-puller—a tall, slim, brown-eyed creature with a sallow face, flushed pink at the moment from heat and flurry, and a head of short

golden curls. Against the others she stood out for the richness of her coloring; her skin was the shade of old, old ivory, tinting to amber, to a dusky gold, in all crevices: where her curls met her neck, and in the hollow of her armpits. Her young breasts—at this moment laid flat, for she was stretching with the abandon of a cat, both hands clasped behind her neck—ended in rings the color of blue grapes dashed with sepia.

By now the bath was full to the brim. And while the four still lingered, chattering, twittering, exulting in their freedom, there was the sound of a heavy foot in the passage outside. And the room had three doors, none of which locked! Whrr! Like a herd of startled wild things, all made for the water at once, a phalanx of cream, white, and dusky legs whisking over the side with incredible rapidity. Amber came off worst: she was too tall; crouching did not help her. So she lay at full length, the others half leaning, half sitting on her, to keep her down. But the threatened intrusion passed; and with a fresh run of giggles and trills the bathers rose to their feet. . . . The water that trickled down their skins left visible traces, like tears on a grimy face.

Then the shower was pulled. Amber and Brownie stood under it, holding their heads to the gush and hiss, Amber raising an arm to screen her eyes, the little one pressing her face against her companion's ribs. And, bristling and stinging, the shower flew off at right angles, squirting madly out into the room. Blonde and Red Head dodged and scuttled. Then it was their turn. Blonde would not wet her hair; she leaned her head and shoulders far back, stretching her lined throat, meeting the brunt of the water on her chest; or, stooping forward, let it hammer down the ridgeway of her spine.

Next, all tried to get under water at the same time. The result was wildest confusion; for the one below kicked and splashed and rolled over three slippery bodies, in her efforts to come to the

surface. . . . Taking Blonde by the toes, the others floated her up and down.

An elderly woman looked in; the bathers gathered water in their joined palms and pelted her, in a perpendicular shower. Then they played at leaping. The game was to go to the end of the room and take a running jump over the side, to see who could splash highest. Red Head was awkward, slipped and fell face downwards, to be half-drowned by the one who came after. This led to a free fight. The weapons were a big and a little sponge; inflated to their fullest, they were hurled against any portion of a body that offered; and tireless hands, which scooped and flung, tweaked and slapped. The walls ran water, the concrete floor was a-swim with it.

In the midst of these gambols a clock struck five. Like ghosts surprised by the dawn, the four were out of the bath in a trice and a-scramble for the towels that hung behind a door. There was a hasty rubbing down of sides and fronts, towels seesawed over backs, knees bent, curly toes wriggled dry. Grasped in two hands, garments were poised for a moment high in air, then dropped into place, blotting out faces in the transit. And soon, of all that had lain bare no more was visible than four damp-ringed, motley-colored heads. . . . Though the long glass had given back in full the madcap riot of the bath, none had troubled to cast so much as a look at her naked self. Clothed, it was otherwise: here a sodden mass of curls was twitched and fingered, there the set of a frock stroked into place.

Now a voice was heard calling—an urgent voice that brooked no delay. Without a further backward glance each in turn followed the summons, vanishing swiftly. Four times the door opened and shut, till the room was empty. The splashed walls and swimming floor drained dry; the bath water gurgled off; and the mirror's surface lay blank, no conjurer being at hand to call to life the lovely shapes that slumbered in its depth.



NOISE: A SOCIAL PROBLEM

BY H. M. JOHNSON

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WE AMERICAN city-dwellers spend twenty-four hours of the day intimately surrounded by the activities of many people. We cannot escape these surroundings until more land can be rendered accessible and facilities for rapid transportation increased. Meanwhile our fellow-workers and our neighbors have not yet learned how to be active, productive, and happy and at the same time quiet. Thus a problem arises. None of us fits perfectly into such an environment, and yet few of us can leave it. Shall we then modify it as far as we can, and try to disregard those of its features that resist modification, or shall we continue to suffer?

Certain public-spirited people urge us to concentrate effort on modification. Every noise is to be classified, according to some legal standard, as "necessary" or else as "unnecessary." Through exercise of legal force, if other means should fail, the "unnecessary" noises are to be eliminated. But a difficulty is encountered. It is felt that action cannot be taken because there is a lack of governmental power. To me this seems due rather to a lack of public sentiment, or perhaps to a conflict between different sets of desires held by much the same people. The recognized limits of the police power of the state—*i.e.*, its power to abridge the rights of property in the supposed interest of the "safety, morals, health, prosperity, and comfort of the general population," have been so greatly expanded during the last half century as to leave little doubt that it is

able to suppress almost any nuisance which its people definitely and persistently desire to be rid of. Any backwardness it may show is probably due to novelty or weakness or conflict in public desires, and not to constitutional restrictions or feebleness.

Such an instance of weakness and conflict is encountered in dealing with such nuisances as noise. If we are to suppress much of the clang and clatter that we dislike we shall certainly interfere with some people's efforts to make money. Considered from our present ethical point of view, this is a terrible thing to do unless the provocation is very great indeed. Of course, if the noise should interfere with our own money-making, by driving away our tenants or our customers, we are not ashamed to go before the city council or the legislature and demand a remedy. Should we resort to the courts with such a plea we may be sure that our claim will at least be considered. Courts can weigh one economic interest against another after a fashion; but they have no definite standards for weighing an æsthetic value against an economic value, for the two do not reduce to measurement in the same terms. So if we cannot put our protests on an economic basis our ingrained reverence for property-rights impedes our actions. We are not quite ready to say that we prefer peace and quietness for their own sake, and are, therefore, determined to have them whether we thereby restrict somebody in money-getting or not. We feel bound to protest that we yield

to nobody in our respect for property-rights, and that we would not even momentarily consider any arbitrary abridgment of them. Only, these nuisances shorten our lives, undermine our health, threaten our sanity, reduce the productivity of our employees, and so on. The more extravagant we can make our propaganda claims the more hopeful of their success we seem to become. Now, whatever the character of the nuisance may be, it is usually very difficult, if not impossible, to produce evidence which will satisfy a scientific standard of proof. Our reformers act as if they assumed that such proof is available, and as if it were necessary to the success of their cause. On both counts I believe them to be mistaken. Can it be proved, for example, that some particular noise is "harmful"?

II

In view of this question it is pertinent to recall a few elementary facts about the sense of hearing, through which physical noises are related to human behavior good and bad. In one important respect the ear behaves differently from other organs of special sense. The latter "adapt" themselves to the strength of the stimulation to which they are exposed, becoming more sensitive when the stimulation is made weak, and less sensitive when it is made strong. Suppose, *e.g.*, that the arm should be immersed in water several degrees warmer or cooler than the skin, some changes occur somewhere in the reactive apparatus, we think in the sense-organs. Consequently, we soon behave as if the water and the skin were about equally warm. Similarly, if we are exposed to high concentrations of odorous gases, a few minutes will render them ineffective until their concentration is changed. In the course of the Simmons Investigation at Mellon Institute, the U. S. Bureau of Mines asked whether certain odorous substances, if mixed with illuminating gas, could be counted upon

to awaken the sleeper in case of a leak. A joint experiment was made, in which ethyl mercaptan—a gas that is somewhat like the odor of the skunk, only more powerful—was released in the experimental dormitory. For several minutes none of the sleepers awoke but by the time they did awake they had become adapted to the odor, and observed nothing wrong until they had got a few whiffs of fresh air. This destroyed their adaptation and made the gas very offensive. By reason of adaptation of the sense organs of smell, the owner of a persisting bodily odor becomes unable to detect it. This well-known fact has been commercialized. The sense of taste is subject to a similar effect; while vision is especially so. In passing between outdoors and indoors on a bright day we may vary the average illumination on the retina through a range of two hundred to one, but within a few minutes at most the eye adapts its sensitivity almost perfectly to the change.

The sense of hearing, however, is not much affected by adaptation. No matter how long a noise may be continued, we still hear it if only we lend it our ears. We may, of course, learn to disregard it—but that is an attentional adjustment: not a result of adaptation or fatigue of the sense organ; for the instant we attend to the noise again we hear it about as readily as before. Two boiler-makers, hammering away inside a huge steel shell and making a din that can be heard for many blocks, may readily carry on a conversation in "conversational tones." It is necessary, of course, that they talk in a different key from that of the clanging shell.

Manufacturers of certain building-materials advertise that a given thickness will reduce the intensity of transmitted and reflected noise by one-half. I question whether they base their statement on physical measurements, suspecting that if they did, they would either make a stronger claim or none at all. The human subject is not very

sensitive to changes in the mere physical intensity of sounds. A change of about thirty per cent in sound-intensity can be detected with about the same degree of certainty as a change of one per cent in the intensity of light. So we say that the differential sensitivity of hearing is only one-thirtieth as great as that of sight.

If physical sound (which is nothing but pulsation of the air or other medium at a rate which exceeds some twelve vibrations per second) works upon a normal eardrum at an adequate rate, and for an adequate time, the owner of the eardrum "responds." His response consists mainly in contraction, changes in tension, and changes in the physical state of the muscle cells. All response is a form of *work*, but it is most important to remember that the energy expended in the response is not proportional to the work performed by the sound upon the eardrum. Indeed, there is no constant relationship between the two. In general, as in this case, the stimulus operates to release energy stored in the sensory cells, the latter operate to release energy stored in nerve cells. They, in their turn, operate to release energy stored in muscle cells. The action of each of these agencies is to be compared to that of the spark in the combustion chamber of an automobile engine; for the spark operates to release energy stored in the mixture of fuel and air. The energy released in the explosion varies according to the quantity of fuel burned, and not according to the energy added to it by the spark, if only the latter exceeds a minimum. If our aim is to diminish the release of bodily energy by noises, we need not expect much of an effect by halving or quartering their intensities, as long as they can still be readily heard. It is not their intensities that count as much as their *significance* to the individual; and their significance is defined in terms of the individual's habit-system. We may consider a few illustrations.

Suppose we live in a house with a

leaky roof, and have trained ourselves to run for pails and pans to catch the leakage whenever the rain falls. The noise of rain upon the roof is then a *significant* stimulus: it calls forth a *specific* response; and even if the noise is faint, it leads us to perform a great deal of work. But as soon as we have mended the roof and tested it for leaks the former significance vanishes. The falling of rain now demands no specific response; so, even if the noise is many times as intense as before, it need not interrupt the activities with which we are engaged at the time. On the contrary, it may intensify them.

There is a proverb that the sleeping doctor hears the telephone, and his wife hears the stirring of the baby. There is another, that the miller may read, play solitaire, or sleep as long as the mill is grinding, but is instantly aroused by the change in noise which occurs when the hopper is emptied of grain. A former soldier in the Austrian army recently gave me this story from his experience in the World War. He was fighting on the Italian front, among the mountains, and his command was driven from its position back over a crest of the range. Here they were ordered to entrench. The enemy opened up on them with heavy artillery, using many high-explosive shells, all of which, however, either fell short of their position, in front of the crest, or else carried over and well behind. The Austrian officers located the guns, and ordered the men to observe the discipline of a rest camp, assuring them that the enemy could not reach them from the position it then occupied. So the tremendous noises quickly became insignificant to the men: they disregarded them and even slept without disturbance from them. But one night, unknown to the Austrians, the Italians moved their guns within range. A high explosive shell struck one end of the hut in which this soldier was sleeping and demolished all of it but his end. He reports that he did not hear the explosion, but

that he was presently awakened by his captain calling his name.

To give a real appraisal of the effect of a given noise on a community, one must take some sort of census of its significance to the various members. A reliable census is exceedingly difficult to get. It might show that in a given respect some members of the community were benefited as much as others were injured—assuming, of course, that such effects can be evaluated. If the noise-maker received his legal rights, the burden of proof would be on the complainants; if scientific proof were demanded, the burden would be too heavy to be borne.

It is sometimes contended that noises should be abated as far as possible because they produce too rapid a wear and tear of the bodily tissues. For example, considerable publicity, accompanied by a very dubious interpretation, has been given to a report of an experiment at Colgate University in regard to the effects of the intensity of a group of noises on the rate at which the bodily fuels are burned by typists. Four subjects were required to spend two hours a day for four weeks copying the same letter over and over again. While they worked they were exposed to the noise generated by a machine that made "sounds like an electric motor; ball bearings rotated in a hexagonal sheet iron drum; an auto siren and a telephone bell went off intermittently and automatically." During the first and the last weeks this machine was left uncovered; during the second and third weeks it was faced with panels of a meritorious building material, which, according to the estimates of certain architects, *probably* reduced the sound-intensity in the room by about one-half. From analysis of the exhaled air it appears that on the average, the bodily fuels were burned about twelve per cent more rapidly* during work while the machine

was uncovered than while it was covered. I do not question the facts reported. Can they be used in appraising a set of practical working conditions? I doubt it.

First, it must be noted that a grave danger attends overgeneralization—*i.e.*, from concluding that a relationship which holds under the conditions attending an experiment (which are never capable of complete statement) will hold in a practical situation in which some of these conditions are not met. We dare not argue from these findings that the abatement of any noise whatsoever will reduce the energy-expenditure of the worker, or that the increase of some particular noise will increase the rate of expenditure. We must take account of the kind of noise, and of the habit-system of the individual worker. Now, in this experiment, the experimental task did not constitute the regular occupation of the worker, with the incentives and variations and interests and drives that pertain to that occupation. For example, if the task had been more variable than the mechanical copying of one letter, a different effect might have been found, although it would have been somewhat harder to measure. Moreover, the subjects were exposed to these sounds during only two hours of the day. The effect of habituation may have been quite different if the exposure had lasted for eight hours a day. Then, too, if the characteristics of the noises had been varied in any particular some modification should have been expected in their "effect."

I come now to certain assumptions that are not likely to be mentioned in some people's appraisal of such a result as the above, but which have an enormous effect on the appraisal. (I do not know that the Colgate experimenters have entertained them, although certain commentators have done so.) First, it may be assumed that a higher rate of fuel-combustion in the body is necessarily injurious. Certainly, the more rapidly fuels are burned the more

* This value was *derived* from one given by the experimenters, and implies an assumption: namely, that the oxygen-consumption during rest was practically constant from day to day. The authors do not say whether this was so or not, but I assume that it was, for their comparisons would be meaningless otherwise.

rapidly the fuel-reserve is depleted. This matter might well become important in the case of a person who is very ill, or quite near to physical exhaustion or collapse. In such a case it is important that the reserve be built up, and the available supply be conserved. But for a vast number of people in good health this is not a problem. On the contrary, some of us are put to it to find a means of consuming bodily energy fast enough: for our reserve, in the form of fats, is inconveniently large, and tends to grow. We work from six to ten hours in the office or factory, but that is not enough: we are driven to find time for golf, or sand-lot baseball, or tennis or swimming or dancing to consume a part of the surplus. If what we desired were the lowest possible rate of metabolism, the way to get it would be to equip all beds and couches in the house with upright-coil springs and interior spring mattresses, and spend every available minute in lying still, like an alligator. But what healthy person with an ordinary sense of human values cares to spend much more than a third of his time in bed? What would life be worth to him if he did? Is "health" represented by a minimum of activity of the bodily cells? Or are they like the cells in an automobile battery, which perform best when they are constantly being discharged and recharged, rather than when they are charged up and left idle?

The interpretation which is often applied to such results as these rests upon another faulty assumption: namely, that the total quantity of energy expended (or of work performed) in a given time measures the damage done to the bodily mechanism regardless of the manner in which the work was *distributed* among its several parts. (The measurement of the *total* heat-output tells nothing about the latter point.) Now it is easy to imagine the same number of foot-pounds of work performed in two different ways: in one case, twenty different groups of muscles shared the work

equally; and in the second case, a single group performed all of it. In the first case, none of the twenty groups need have been injured at all; in the second case, the single group may have been overworked. Are the two cases equivalent? We must say so if we use no criterion except that of total expenditure. Does such a comparison exhaust the facts? Common observation indicates that a change of task, or play, may seemingly produce as much benefit as repose. In play the work is performed largely by unfatigued mechanisms, and in the meantime the others get some rest; while in repose one attempts to rest all of them at once, whether all are fatigued or not.

Another tacit assumption that underlies an "isn't-it-awful" interpretation of such a result is that any bodily energy which is not dissipated in economically useless activity is left available for useful work! Is it? Not universally. Whether it is available in a given case depends on the conditions that prevail in that case, and usually those conditions are too intricate to be described.

III

Another argument made against unnecessary noise is that it reduces the "efficiency" of the worker. When Efficiency Experts talk about "efficiency" they usually mean nothing at all; but when they mean anything, it is apparently *economic* and not *physical* efficiency. The word generally suggests a ratio: one divides output by input, and calls the quotient "efficiency." *Physical efficiency* is calculated by finding the energy put into a machine and dividing it by the energy it expends in work that is classified as *useful*. When an Efficiency Expert or Human Engineer talks of a person working "efficiently" he usually thinks of nothing but *output*, for he is not concerned with the energy put into the worker: the latter attends to that if his wages permit him to eat. But if he talks of economic efficiency, he

does not consider energy-transformation at all, but dollar-transformation. The input is represented by wages paid and the overhead that is charged against him; the output by the increase in the value of the material that the worker creates. So, if wages and overhead are constant, the economic efficiency of a worker varies directly with his output, but not otherwise.

Now, noise in these circumstances would reduce economic efficiency if it actually reduced the worker's output. Whether it has such an effect or not depends again on the kind of noise, and the place it holds in the worker's habit-system. Some noises may actually serve to increase the output, others to diminish it. We cannot specify, without a good deal of specific knowledge of a particular case, what noises will have either effect; but we can lay down a sort of scheme that will serve to explain the effect. Let us recall a few details of the bodily mechanism that effects *attentional adjustments*.

One feature of attentional adjustment consists in *presenting the sense-organ* toward the disturbance that is attended to, so as to favor stimulation by it. The shell of the outer ear of many animals is provided with an elaborate system of muscles which enable its owner to move it back and forth, from side to side, and also to turn it through a wide angle. The mule, for example, makes all these adjustments, turning the shell so as to direct the sound from a particular source into the external canal. The human organism is provided with the same muscles, but ordinarily does not use them. It would accomplish little if he did, for his ear-shell is degenerate. The muscles that serve to direct our ears toward a given source of sound are in the neck and trunk.

Inside the head there are two muscles that serve to sensitize the receiver according to the intensity of the physical sound. One of them tightens and loosens the eardrum, while the other serves to permit and restrain the movement of

the little bones that connect the eardrum to the window of the water-filled chamber that contains the sensory cells. Both of these mechanisms work without the owner's deliberation. We do not know just how effective they are, but undoubtedly they aid somewhat.

But the disposition of the sense-organ is only one part of the attentional adjustment. The other part is the *distribution of the nervous current* among competing systems of muscles and glands. Here we need to consider only the mechanism that is supposed to operate in imperfectly organized behavior. Connected with the sensory cells in the ear are a very numerous set of nerve-cells which are irritated by the sensory cells when the latter are excited by physical sound. The nerve-cells convey this irritation, one to another, through an intricate network of interconnections in the brain and other centers, which are best regarded as *places* where disturbances are transferred from collecting cells to distributing cells, and sometimes amplified. The distributing nerves carry the disturbance to muscles and glands, which respond in their characteristic way. The only function of nervous tissue of which we actually know anything is the production of responses of bodily organs remote from the point stimulated, by conducting irritation to them.

Lying against the cells of muscle, one finds another class of sense-organs, known as *spindle cells*. They are normally irritated only by the activity of the muscle cells beside them. Like the sensory cells in the ear, they connect with branches of collecting nerves, which they irritate when they themselves are excited. From such organs as the spindle-cells, therefore, there is a vast quantity of nervous current flowing into the distributing centers, from which it returns to muscles and glands and excites them to renewed response. Some of it may return to the very muscles whose activity released it a moment ago, and thus produce a repetition of the

original response. In fact, other conditions being equal, a disturbance conveyed to the distributing centers of the nervous system is more likely to be passed to groups of muscles that are already active than to groups that are quiet, unless a change in the pattern of the nervous connections should render this pathway harder to traverse than some other. A very strong or unusual stimulus may produce such a change, and thus interrupt a repetitive activity and start another kind.

This description is not strictly accurate, for I have made it as sketchy as I could, but it may serve our purpose. Let us now turn to a few illustrations.

Your dog is digging about a rat hole. He scratches furiously for some seconds, hesitates and relaxes for an instant, and begins again. If you should call him while he stands hesitant he might desist from his digging and start toward you. The noise that you have introduced into his environment has distracted him from his task. But if you should call him just as he starts a new spurt of digging, he probably will not obey you. On the contrary, he will probably dig somewhat faster and somewhat longer than if you had held your peace. For the moment all the stimuli that assailed him were tending to intensify the operation of digging: your noise only served to reinforce the action of the other stimuli, without otherwise changing its character. If you had fired a gun instead of calling him, or if a strange dog had barked, he might have desisted; or if you had waited until he paused he might have desisted; but this particular sound, presented while he was preoccupied, simply made him a more effective digger. The effect of the noise in changing behavior, in general, depends in part on the kind of noise and on what the organism is doing when it is applied. Ordinarily I should expect both of these conditions to be far more important than the intensity of the noise.

In the psychological laboratories numerous experiments have tended to

show that noise renders the human organism more ready to respond to whatever stimuli are active, and that a given noise will tend, according to conditions that resist analysis, either to improve or to interfere with performance in a particular task. In everyday life we have abundant evidence that confirms these findings. For several months during my own adolescence I studied stenography and typewriting at a "business college" where some forty students spent several hours of the day in the same room, dictating to one another at the tops of their voices. We soon learned to lend our ears to nothing but our partners. The training was invaluable. Since then, upon occasion, I have had to share office and laboratory space with other busy people and, if I am intent on my own work, I may not hear a word of their conversation for half an hour at a time unless it is addressed to me or concerns me. If they should begin to talk in whispers, however, I could neither work nor stay. If one of them should begin to whistle softly, even though he followed the time and the tune of a favorite piece, it is as if he should thrust a sword among my bones. But if I work at home at night, it is usually with my radio-set in operation, at orchestral intensity, provided a good concert is to be found. During pauses in my labor I may attend to the music and enjoy it; but very often, if I have been intent on what I am reading, writing, or drawing, I could not recall a phrase of the selection that has just been played. In brief, the effect that any noise will have on my activities is highly *conditional*.

IV

We come now to the effects of noise on *sleep*. Medical writers sometimes emphasize its supposed effects; so, often, do their patients. I am beginning to suspect that the emphasis is excessive. In the course of the Simmons investigation, we have accumulated a mass of negative evidence. In the first place,

the time of the night when the patient stirs the least is not the time at which street-noises are at a minimum. Street-traffic is at its minimum from two to four-thirty in the morning. Nearly all our subjects find the time of greatest quiet between forty-five minutes and one and one-half hours after they go to bed. Unless they retire very late, their periods of deepest sleep do not fall within the periods when street-noises are abated. Moreover, if such noises were very effective, two or more patients who sleep in the same room should tend to awaken within five minutes of each other—more often than the laws of chance require—since they are exposed to much the same external noises. Actually, they show no such tendency. Whether a noise is effective depends on whether they are already awake, or nearly awake, as a result of heat and pressure stimuli, occasioned by the bedding and by the irritation set up in their bodily organs due to lying for some minutes in the same position. As I mentioned in a previous article, Doctor Kreidl and Doctor Herz, in their experiments in Vienna, found that deaf people as a class do not rest more quietly than normal people.

I often hear the milkman making his early morning delivery. But my motility-record shows that it probably is not he that awakens me. On about one-third of my nights I am astir during the five-minute interval in which he calls, and asleep during the five-minute intervals that precede and follow. On about one-third of my nights I am astir in the preceding five-minute interval, and asleep in the interval in which he calls and also in the one following. On about one-third of my nights I am asleep during the interval in which he calls and the one preceding, and awake in the one thereafter. I can find no effect that ought to be attributed to his clatter.

Another experimenter—an anti-noise enthusiast—has announced through the medium of a Sunday magazine supplement that he finds another effect of

noise which lasts for a long time. He says that a momentary noise will often increase what he calls "muscular tension" for as much as two hours. There is no reliable method of measuring muscular tension; and it appears that he has not actually measured the thing itself, but something else, which bears no known relation to muscular tension, but which he calls by that name. What he has measured is the resistance which the body offers to an electric current applied to the skin. If you make a person's body a part of an electrical circuit, and use a very sensitive detector, you will find that *sometimes*, immediately after he is startled, his body becomes a better conductor. This effect is sometimes called a "psychogalvanic reflex"—"galvanic," to indicate the character of the current, and "psychogalvanic" to make the name impressive. We do not yet know just what causes it, but Dr. Chester W. Darrow of the University of Chicago has shown that it is apparently inseparable from increased activity of the sweat-glands in the skin. If you startle a person, he begins to sweat a little faster. For a moment or so while the sweat-glands are secreting, an electric current can be passed through the skin rather freely, but there is a smaller effect that persists: namely, the pores of the skin, which we may regard as tiny tubes, are now filled with salt water, which is a far better conductor than dry skin; the contact between the skin and the electrodes is now moist, so that the electric current meets with less resistance than it met when the skin was dry. This effect persists, in part, until the sweat has been evaporated and absorbed and until the tubules have become emptied or closed again. This is the most plausible explanation of these results that presents itself to me. If it is valid, the facts have been unduly exploited.

I am writing this article on a remote island, whither several city-dwellers have come for a rest. All through the night the breakers are pounding against

the beach, and the palm trees are rustling in the wind. I should guess that the sum-total of the physical noises is about fifty times as great as at my usual residence; nevertheless, I sleep. My neighbors here praise it as a place of rest—they say *because* of these very noises. They may be wrong, but they raise a most interesting question. *If* under certain conditions *the presence of noises may aid us in sleeping*, how can they bring about such effect? If you are willing to examine a little evidence from physiology, sketchily presented, an explanation may be suggested.

Muscular tissue of the kind which moves the bones shows two very different kinds of activity when it is irritated by nervous tissue. The first kind of activity consists in a *change of form*. Upon excitation by the nerve there is a very brief delay; whereupon each cell which participates in the movement contracts *suddenly* and, as far as it possibly can, remains in contraction for a few thousandths of a second, and then *gradually* relaxes until it is irritated again. The other kind of activity consists in a change of *physical state*. More specifically, under the action of a different sort of nervous current from the kind which produces contraction, the contents of a part of the cell change *gradually* from liquids into jellies, and when the current is removed they change *suddenly* into liquids again. The first kind of activity obviously produces movement; the second kind produces a postural "set," and tends to resist movement of the attachments of the muscle. Some anatomists believe that the structures which have to do with contraction and posture have been distinguished; and that both structures are to be found in a single cell, although some cells appear to specialize largely (though perhaps not exclusively) in contraction and others in the holding of postures. It is known, however, that the same muscle is irritated by branches of two distinct sets of nerves; one set leading directly from the brain and

spinal cord, and the other from the so-called "sympathetic" system. The former set appears to act on the contractile structures and the latter on the posture-holding structures. These two sets of nerves are supposed to have the interesting property of acting *reciprocally*, as many other sets do: *i.e.*, at any instant that the one set is capable of collecting nervous current and carrying it to the muscle the other is not, and *vice versa*. Let us now imagine the arm lying straight and still. At the moment the muscles that could bend it are receiving current (in most regions) from the "sympathetic" nervous system, which acts to keep the posture-holding structures jellified. The corresponding contractile structures, since they can receive no current for the present, are relaxed. Suppose that we now stimulate the patient, in a manner that is to produce a bending of the arm. The contractile structures must first receive current from the "central" nervous system, but the instant these begin to carry it, the "sympathetic" nerves are thrown out of action. So, by the time the current has reached the contractile structures, the posture-holding structures have liquefied and thus can permit the movement to be made. When the movement has been completed, the "sympathetic" nerves begin to act while the others desist; the posture-holding structures jellyfy while the contractile structures relax; and the arm remains in the new position until the patient is again stimulated.

We have said enough to suggest that when contractile structures are relaxed and resting, the posture-holding structures are active, and that their activity is made possible by continuous nervous activity. So, *relaxation*, which is the most striking characteristic of sleep, and the one that is most nearly universal, *is a form of positive activity, and is in itself a response to stimulation*. As Professor Max Meyer has put it, sleep is a special form of "preoccupation": the sleeper is busied with the task of

keeping still and relaxed. While it lasts all the stimuli that assail him tend to intensify his relaxation, just as your call intensified your dog's activity in digging. To be sure, this preoccupation may be broken up by any strong or any significant stimulus, such as a sound; but we cannot predict the effects of any noise on sleep unless we know something about the habit-system of the sleeper, as well as the physical character of the noise. A noise that disturbs the sleep of one person at a given time may actually enhance the sleep of another; and even the first person, by changing his attentional habits, may come to use it as a means of intensifying his sleep. He may complain that it is impossible for him to modify his habits; but it may be answered that nobody, at the present time, can set a limit to his own learning-capacity or that of anyone else. The counter-claims of the Mental Tester may be dismissed with a smile.

V

Whether we shall allow a present source of noise to interfere with our work and sleep or make it further our work and sleep depends largely on our willingness to form a set of attentional habits that will carry us through. We resist such learning largely through laziness or a perverse pride in our irritability. For example: when the golfer is about to make a shot he expects all bystanders to stand stock-still and keep silence. During some wartime studies of the merits of field-glasses, conducted near a golf course, I learned that some of the players were greatly distracted by the experimenters' looking past them through field glasses from a distance and at a distant target, while they were taking their stances. The doctrine that stimuli which compete for one's attention are necessarily distracting is fashionable in golfing circles, but it is a fancy. Some of these very golfers are good billiard-players, and in that game they make

co-ordinated adjustments whose intricacy and delicacy is hardly approached by those of golf. Nevertheless, they make these adjustments in a smoke-laden room, surrounded by clattering tables and exclamatory men, and they never consider asking for quiet. Much depends on the way they have been trained.

To be sure, annoying stimuli sometimes distract. Years ago, in an experiment in which the subject had to react as quickly as possible to a stimulus, which was preceded by a preparatory signal, an experimenter found that a distracting noise, introduced during the period of expectation, might either accelerate or retard the reaction, the effect depending on the character of the sound (whether continuous or intermittent), on its intensity, and also on the length of the period of waiting. If the latter was short, a given noise would quicken the reaction; if long, it would retard the reaction.

Similarly, I found that a subject could react more quickly to a change in a visual field if I made the surroundings disturbingly brighter than the field; but if I made the surroundings still brighter, thereby rendering observation still more difficult, I slowed the reaction. Neither effect could have occurred by chance more than once in several thousand repetitions of the experiment. In general, slightly annoying stimuli may be made to serve a useful purpose, like the "reasonable amount" of fleas on David Harum's dog. They serve to intensify activities aroused by other agencies, without changing the character of those activities. Many kinds of work can hardly go on at all if the worker is freed from too many distractions.

Undoubtedly, there are noises whose distracting effects cannot be overcome without great effort; and there may be some that are too intense to be overcome at all. But if their production is an incident of a profitable enterprise, and their abatement expensive, a strict regard for our present forms of law would

place a heavy burden of proof on the complainants.

VI

In pointing out that it is virtually impossible to produce scientific proof that particular noises are injurious, I may have seemed to argue against their elimination. Not at all. I am simply protesting against counterfeit experimentation and against the kind of propaganda which makes for social paranoia as an incident of gaining an end. Such a means of cure is worse than most disease. There is, moreover, a better way. There is often a vast difference between scientific proof and legal proof; and in cases that properly come within the police power of the state both legislature and courts have shown a slow but surprising degree of response to public sentiment in *creating facts* by what might be called the Method of Proclamation. That is to say, they go through a *form* of inquiry, which really transcends scientific evidence, and then *declare* a practice to be unnecessary and injurious. Some of the facts which are thus created are really marvelous. In law, for a sixteen-year-old boy to work nine hours a day in a factory injures his health and his morals; but it does not injure a fourteen-year-old boy to work fifteen hours a day at the plow or in the harvest field. In law, it injures the health and morals of a fifteen-year-old boy to work

at all (except in agricultural pursuits) but it does not injure an eighteen-year-old boy to loaf. In law, $\frac{51}{100}$ per cent beer is intoxicating no matter where it was made, but apple cider, fourteen times as strong, is not intoxicating if made in the home—unless it should make a person drunk. But such cider instantly becomes intoxicating if it is carried across a public road, unless it is carried inside the drinker's skin. In law, a drunken automobile driver is criminal and careless, while an overtired and sleepy driver (who may be as great a menace) is careless but not criminal. In law, a book becomes obscene and a menace to *public* morals if some official censor, obsessed by a mild sex-mania, should find it stimulating to his own perverted imagination. In New York law, a bathing suit, though completely concealed by a cloak, inflames human passions if it is worn across a street, but not if it is worn upon the beach—provided it was put on within a hired bathhouse.

If the public should definitely agree to specify a measure of comfort, quietude, and beauty as one of the things which it is determined to have, the machinery of the law will eventually manufacture all the facts that are necessary to make that claim legal. All that we need to do is to gain control of that machinery and loosen its bearings a little.





PORTRAIT OF AN HOSPITABLE LADY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

WE IN America believe that His Honor Mayor Walker confers the freedom of the city of New York upon distinguished visitors. But in Europe they know better. In London, in Paris, or in Rome they speak less of our genial Mayor than of Mrs. Cortland Partridge. She is, they will tell you, the most aristocratic hostess in New York, the leader of its society; and, so they assure you, her approbation constitutes a veritable accolade. What Lady Bletherstowe is to the social world of London, and the Duchesse de Courcelles to that of Paris, Mrs. Partridge is to the society of New York and Newport. In the foreign conception of our civilization she emerges with the arrogant superiority of a public monument; she is as eminent, as dominating, as the Woolworth Building. A few years ago a young French diplomat assigned to a post in the Far East arranged his voyage to include a visit of three days to New York. "I want especially to see four of your institutions," he told me. "I want to go to Coney Island, to Harlem, to night clubs, and I want to be invited to Mrs. Cortland Partridge's."

In the thirty-five years since her marriage to Cortland Partridge the younger his wife has acquired an undisputed preëminence in America, a notable prestige in Europe. When the younger Cortland Partridge married Alice Strong, daughter of a California railway magnate, unkind people remarked that their union was a necessary step in the combination of two great systems of transportation. After the death of Cortland Partridge the elder

people spoke only of the marital felicity of his son. And when, upon the death of the elder Mrs. Astor, skeptical folk prophesied the disintegration of New York society, the initiated reminded them that there existed no cause for apprehension, for the mantle of Elijah had descended upon the proud, capable shoulders of Alice Partridge. Time has proven her worthy of that inheritance. She has wielded her authority to conserve and enforce the aristocratic traditions of our republican society. If in the social life of New York and Newport there exists a remnant of exclusiveness, an implication of barriers not lightly to be set aside, it is due chiefly to the efforts of Mrs. Partridge. And if in London and Paris American society has achieved European recognition, that, likewise, must be credited to her.

Ten years after her marriage Mrs. Partridge began that extension of her conquests which culminated, after the war, in the capitulation of London. Three years ago her annual ball in Curzon Street was graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales, the King of Spain, and the ex-King of Portugal. That left her, like Alexander, without worlds to conquer. Unlike him, she did not regret it. She had reason to feel satisfaction with the remarkable strategy that had carried her, by a circuitous route, from Fifth Avenue to Mayfair. A quarter of a century ago Colonel (then Commodore) Partridge and his wife entertained Kaiser Wilhelm on board their yacht at Kiel. Two years ago, in final symbol of Mrs. Partridge's achievement, they entertained King George on

board their yacht at Cowes. What the German admiralty had failed to accomplish, that Mrs. Partridge had achieved. She had taken her ship from Kiel to Cowes, and had captured the King. This exploit had consumed more than twenty years—years of unflagging vigilance and unremitting effort, of patience and perseverance and single-minded devotion to a cause. Who, then, shall say that Mrs. Partridge is less enterprising than Lindbergh, less courageous than the first man who ever ate a lobster?

II

Thanks to the Sunday supplements and the magazines, the American public is familiar with the exteriors and interiors of the various residences occupied by the Partridges. There is the old brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue, strong as Gibraltar in the swirling tide of trade. There is the palatial villa at Newport, justly famous for its lovely gardens. There is Byewater House in Curzon Street, which for many years the Partridges have always leased for the London season. There is La Folie, the charming villa at Cannes which Colonel Partridge purchased when the franc seemed destined to inevitable disappearance. There is the ancestral estate at Rhinecliff-on-Hudson, which the Partridges rarely occupy, but which furnishes them with costly flowers from its greenhouses. There is, likewise, the *Penthesilea*, Colonel (still Commodore) Partridge's luxurious flagship. And there is Abercroftie Castle on the Scottish moors which every few years the Partridges lease for the August shooting season. It is unnecessary to describe these establishments, so frequently have they been pictured.

For its indispensable familiarity with the appearance of the Partridge residences, the American public is indebted to a modest, efficient young woman, Susan Adams. Before becoming assistant social secretary to Mrs. Par-

tridge Miss Adams was associated with a public relations counsellor, which is the title adopted by fastidious publicity experts. In that capacity she acquired the technic of publicity, and now it is her special function to control the appearance of Mrs. Partridge's name in the American press. It is a less difficult task than popularizing an actress, a more difficult task than popularizing a new brand of biscuits. It is due to Miss Adams's efforts that the American public has become aware of Mrs. Partridge's pronounced distaste for publicity, which she considers vulgar and seeks to avoid. It is likewise due to Miss Adams that the American public is constantly favored with accounts of Mrs. Partridge's hospitalities, peregrinations, philanthropies; with intimate, exclusive photographs of herself, her residences, her festivities. To those whose acquaintance with Mrs. Partridge's existence is restricted to the published accounts of it, that existence seems an incessant round of pleasures and distractions. Only her intimates and her personal attendants are aware that Mrs. Partridge leads a laborious and exacting life. No magnate of the industrial world is more acutely conscious of his responsibilities than is Mrs. Partridge of hers. No emperor of international finance is more completely in bondage to his far-flung interests than is Mrs. Partridge to hers. And neither magnate nor financier devotes to his work more mental effort or physical energy than does Mrs. Partridge to her task of social leadership. *Noblesse oblige*, she reflects, and faces her onerous routine with fortitude, determined, like royalty, to fulfill the obligations of her position.

Like royalty, Mrs. Partridge follows a program that permits few deviations and almost no personal preferences. Early every November the Fifth Avenue mansion is refurbished and prepared for occupancy. On the first night of the opera season, Mrs. Partridge appears in her parterre box for the second act and leaves it before the last act begins. She

returns home to receive the guests at the first of her two annual balls, a function which for the past thirty years has proclaimed the opening of the New York season. By Christmas the yacht is put in commission, and Mrs. Partridge, accompanied by the Colonel and their guests, departs for a fortnight's cruise in southern waters. In mid-February she deserts New York once more, going abroad until the last week in March, either to Cannes or to Egypt. From the last week in March until the middle of May she resumes her social activities in New York. In May she sails for a fortnight of shopping in Paris before taking possession of Byewater House for the London season. London holds her until the end of July, when, if she has not taken Abercroftie for the August shooting, she returns to America. August and September find her in residence at Newport. Essentially conservative, she is entirely loyal to Newport, and considers Southampton a trifle parvenu and ambitious. But Colonel Partridge likes to make visits to Southampton on the yacht, and occasionally she accompanies him, indulging what she terms his taste for the simple life. The month of October, while the Colonel is away cruising, she employs for a flying trip to Paris on behalf of her wardrobe. And in November the round begins again. Miss Adams could tell you that Mrs. Partridge is indefatigable, unsparing of her energy. "Madame, she nevair rrest; she always busy; she work verrry hard," remarks Lucille, her personal maid, with an eloquent shrug of shoulders and lift of eyebrows. "What would you? She must do so much. Assuredly she work!" Work? When you read about it in the society columns, it doesn't seem like work. But it is. At fifty-eight Mrs. Cortland Partridge is working as hard as ever.

Work? She doesn't flinch at work! It is essential to the maintenance of her position; perpetual activity is the price that she pays for the security of leadership. To relax that activity would be to

abandon the field to any of a half-dozen aspiring rivals. Or, even more reprehensibly, since she is certain that none of her rivals is capable of carrying on the tradition, to abandon her post would be to surrender society in New York and Newport to the barbarian invaders. Observe her as she moves among her guests at one of her balls, ropes of pearls at her throat, an emerald-and-diamond tiara confining her graying hair. Her expression is that of carefree assurance, and well it may be! A thousand invitations to the function have been sent out. Mrs. Partridge is not personally acquainted with all of her guests, nor are they with one another. But the lists have been prepared by her exceedingly competent secretaries, and it is their duty to make certain that no ineligible are included. For inclusion in the list of guests is equivalent to membership in the socially elect of New York and Newport. Whatever may occur in other homes no less magnificent, at Mrs. Partridge's you will meet no parvenus, no war-profiteers, no questionable young men or girls of uncertain status, and no Jews. Mrs. Partridge has chosen to forget, and nobody would be rude enough to remind her, that her paternal grandmother was a barmaid in San Francisco whose virtue old Caleb Strong was neither the first to enjoy nor the last to appreciate. (But he made amends by marrying her, and she was a good mother to his sons.) Lizzie Strong's granddaughter may be lacking in piety toward her ancestry, but nobody can accuse her of making concessions to undesirable, unsuitable associations. To her infinite chagrin, her only son takes after old Caleb; she married him to Elspeth Bleekman who, after two years, divorced him; he promptly married a young waitress in a Florida tearoom. Neither Mrs. Partridge nor the Colonel has seen young Cortland since his disgrace. They do not communicate with him and they never mention him, even to each other. To them he is as dead as old Lizzie Strong. But some-

times, as she watches the young folks dance at her parties, Alice Partridge sees a flashing smile, or hears an agreeable voice, that reminds her of Cortland's. At such times you will see her frown even though she may be smiling. Her parties are immaculate; and, as an added precaution, private detectives scrutinize every guest with orders to procure the immediate departure of anyone so ill-advised as to attempt the offensive practice of "crashing in."

Every year Mrs. Partridge sends out invitations to six large dances; two in New York, two in London, and two in Newport. She does not enjoy these functions. Rather, she considers them a nuisance and a bore; and in this she is not far from right. It has never occurred to her, however, to discontinue dispensing hospitality upon the grand scale. She is aware that the thousand guests who dance in her ballrooms, consume her champagne, and nibble at her excellent refectations enjoy these parties little more than herself. She knows, and they know, that they would have a far more amusing time in any night-club. But she continues to invite them, and they continue to accept. For these parties have become fixed institutions in the social calendar. They provide an occasion for other hostesses to give dinner parties, taking their guests on to Mrs. Partridge's. They provide periodic opportunities for everyone to see everyone else, of which, in these days, there are too few. They constitute almost the sole permanent rendez-vous of society in a period when magnificence has gone out of fashion and hostesses have become lazy or irresponsible. The continuance of these balls is of a piece with Mrs. Partridge's refusal to abandon the brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue, although the site is worth a king's ransom and trade surrounds it; with her refusal to abandon the mansion in favor of a more modern house in Sutton Place or an apartment on Park Avenue. Mrs. Partridge considers retention of the old-fashioned mansion, continuance of the

great balls, as obligations inseparable from her position. In our republican society, she reflects, her annual balls are the equivalent of the annual courts at Buckingham Palace.

But Mrs. Partridge greatly prefers the smaller gatherings at which she reunites her friends. She enjoys the intimate dinner parties to which fifty guests are invited. On these occasions the head gardener at Rhinecliff sends down five hundred choice flowers from the conservatories, and the lower floor of the mansion looks precisely as it did when prepared for the stately funeral of the elder Cortland Partridge; only the bier is lacking. Times have changed since Mrs. Partridge first entertained in the old walnut-and-damask rooms. When she was a young matron she offered her guests perfect viands and vintage wines; they expected no more. But to-day, as she has learned, guests will not come, even to her house, merely to partake of her dinners and one another's society. In addition to these pleasures, she is forced to offer them some diversion and, as if this were not bad enough, they are apt to be critical of her entertainment. So, on the evenings of her dinner parties she usually contrives an occasion for her hospitality, and invites another fifty friends to arrive at ten and share it. It may be the appearance of a singer from the Metropolitan or of a celebrated violinist or pianist. She knows that most of her guests have no ear and less taste for music (she, herself, never attends a concert!); but she is positive that, whatever the status of their musical culture, they will not admit being bored by soloists whose fees for private appearances run to two thousand dollars. If her guests are chiefly of the younger generation, she hires the most expensive, most fashionable dance orchestra of the moment. And last year, when all New York was talking of a handsome Russian who drew music from the air by waving his slim hands above a device resembling a radio set, Mrs. Partridge engaged his services to regale her guests with an un-

certain, but miraculous, rendition of "Home Sweet Home" as it might be performed on a saw.

Mrs. Partridge's luncheons are justly celebrated. They are what the French would describe as restrained, meaning exclusive. No more than thirty guests are invited. The origin of these luncheons is to be attributed to Mrs. Partridge's experience of English society. In London there are hostesses renowned for their political influence, whose luncheons bring together the parliamentary leaders, the principal political journalists, and the administrative heads of His Majesty's government. Mrs. Partridge has always desired to develop in New York a similarly significant hospitality. But this aspiration has been impeded by two obstacles. Politics, in America, is not a gentleman's profession: the gentlemen whom Mrs. Partridge would entertain are not politicians, and the only available politicians are not gentlemen. Besides, she knows nothing whatever about politics. Under these circumstances Mrs. Partridge has been very resourceful. It occurred to her that finance in America is the approximate equivalent to politics in England. She determined to inaugurate a series of luncheons to which she would invite, in addition to the most fashionable women of her acquaintance, the most prominent American bankers and lawyers, as well as members of the foreign diplomatic corps at Washington. By thus giving an international flavor to these functions, she hoped to rival Lady Bletherstowe's Thursday luncheons in London. In certain ways her project succeeded; in others it proved a failure. All of her invited guests accepted with alacrity, but international affairs never developed as a topic of conversation. Instead, to her serious disappointment, her guests conversed frivolously for two hours, consulted their watches, pleaded pressing engagements elsewhere, and departed after expressing their fervent appreciation of her hospitality.

It was the capable Miss Adams who suggested the scheme that assured the

luncheons their present celebrity. Said Miss Adams, "Do you not think that it would be an excellent plan to have a distinguished guest of honor for every luncheon? We must have for each one somebody whom everybody wants to meet, and we must be the first to have him. Now, I hear that Roger Farquhar, the author of *Nineteen-and-a-Half* is due in New York next month. So is Philippe Couteau, whose *Orpheus Gone Gaga* is the current rage of Paris, not to mention Ernst Wohlgenuth, whose lives of Schiller and Robespierre are best sellers. And Von Eckendorf, who wrote *Excursions of a Psychologist* . . ."

"What's the idea?" queried Mrs. Partridge, doubtfully. "I don't know them. I haven't read their books, and I don't want to read them. Literary people are impossible socially."

"But you don't have to read their books, Mrs. Partridge," the secretary interposed smoothly. "I'll tell you enough about them to get you out of the rough. And, I assure you, these celebrities will be the making of your luncheons. I'll arrange one for you. We'll have Roger Farquhar. Leave it all to me!"

Reluctantly, Mrs. Partridge gave her consent; she dislikes social innovations. Miss Adams proceeded rapidly with the arrangements. In Mrs. Partridge's name she secured the presence of four prominent critics, five influential editors, and two columnists, with whom the hostess was previously unacquainted. On the appointed day intellect, fashion, finance, and a sprinkling of beauty awaited the arrival of Roger Farquhar. "I hear," Mrs. Partridge observed to a friend, "that he's one of those shy, attractive young Englishmen. You know the kind, my dear." Roger Farquhar entered, attired in disreputable tweeds. He was one of those young Englishmen whose shyness is so excessive that their first impulse is to annihilate you, lest you embarrass them by your courtesy. He was studiously arrogant, impeccably rude. He was acquainted with none of

Mrs. Partridge's London friends. When she mentioned Lady Bletherstowe he laughed. "That senile dodo? Why, she's very old hat, now. Nobody goes near the old thing, any more. Pull yourself together, Mrs. Partridge!" Mrs. Partridge thought him an insufferable bounder, but her guests were charmed by him. And when, a few days later, one of her rivals expressed envy of Mrs. Partridge's good fortune in having been the first to entertain him, Mrs. Partridge murmured, "Yes, Roger is an adorable lad. And we agree so well about people in London. Fancy, my dear, he thinks Lady Bletherstowe very old hat; quite a senile dodo, in fact. And I must say that I've always thought her just that, myself. But you must come to luncheon on Thursday, for I'm having Ernst Wohlgenuth and Philippe Couteau. Of course, I needn't tell you who they are!"

So, under the skilful guidance of Miss Adams, Mrs. Partridge has made it fashionable for society to meet the distinguished foreign artists who annually visit our shores. She is informed about their books, or their paintings, or their symphonies, although she never reads, or attends an exhibition or a concert. She is informed about their private lives and their tastes, and sets them at ease immediately by some tactful remark that displays her interest in all which concerns them. They are invariably flattered by her hospitality, though often bewildered by her interest in them. In her home they are certain to meet precisely the right people, the useful people. And they repay her by carrying back to Europe the tale of her superb, her incomprehensible hospitality.

Thus has she acquired the reputation of a *salonnière*, a patron of the arts. And in the capitals of Europe there is a legend that to be entertained by Mrs. Partridge is an indispensable prerequisite to success in that quaint, barbarous, but fantastically wealthy hunting ground of lecturers across the Atlantic.

III

Once in a very great while Mrs. Partridge succumbs to the normal weariness of her fifty-eight years. When that occurs she cancels her evening engagement, takes to her bed, and has dinner brought to her on a tray. After dinner she tries to read, but usually fails. She suffers from a slight insomnia, and sleep is out of the question. So she is apt to fall into a soothing reverie, restful and aimless. Her retrospect of her life is sunny, almost without shadow. Her marriage, as marriages go, has been conspicuously successful. If the Colonel has been unfaithful to her, he has at least been tactful enough to conceal his escapades. If it were not for young Cortland, she might claim complete happiness. Of course Isabel, her only daughter, for whose sake she undertook to conquer London, has been a disappointment. During Isabel's childhood she planned for her a brilliant alliance; in London her persistence earned her the sobriquet of "the Grouse." "The grouse, who sits waiting for His Majesty to shoot her," was the disrespectful description of her early seasons in London. She had hoped to marry Isabel to a duke; perhaps to a prince, even *the* prince, but failing that, a duke at the least. But Isabel had returned home from a Long Island weekend to announce her marriage to a nice, but absolutely unimportant young man, the son of simple middle-class folk! In her disappointment she had wanted to forbid Isabel the house, but the Colonel had refused to permit it; to break off relations with both their children would give rise to scandal. One was enough; besides, he was genuinely fond of Isabel. So she accepted the marriage, though she has never forgiven Isabel her disappointment. . . .

Sometimes, when she is thus reviewing her life, Mrs. Partridge remembers two classmates at Miss Rendall's school whose subsequent careers have been so unlike her own. One of these is Gladys

Reynolds, who married Lord Burnham-Cliffe. The other is Marion Austin, who married Peter Scaleford. Gladys Burnham-Cliffe has become a typical Englishwoman. She loves her adopted country; she has a greater affection for her husband's ancestral estates than he has. She is the chief Conservative hostess in Dorset, her husband's home county, and campaigns for the party candidate whenever the seat is contested. She manages, and makes a considerable profit from, a stud-farm. She exercises a benevolent influence in behalf of her husband's tenantry. She is expert in scientific agriculture, and her co-operation is often requested by Parliamentary committees. She has never ceased to be fashionable, and her invitations are among the most sought of the London season.

Poor Marion Scaleford has not been so fortunate. Ten years after her marriage Peter Scaleford's bank collapsed in the panic of 1907, and Peter blew out his brains with a shotgun. Marion, with two small children, was left almost penniless. But one of Peter's friends offered to back her in a real-estate office, and Marion promptly accepted. She dropped out of society, as Mrs. Partridge understands it, became engrossed in her expanding business, and devoted most of her evenings to her children. She put both of them through college. The son is a splendid chap, and an excellent admiralty lawyer. The daughter married Ralph Van Alstyne, heir to the sugar millions. But Marion has refused to abandon her business, saying that she would not know what to do with leisure. She is youthful in manner and carriage, is bright-eyed and merry, and looks thirty-eight, though she is twenty years older than that. Mrs. Partridge envies Marion's figure, her zest for life, and, somewhat wistfully, is jealous of the astonishing affection that Marion's children display for their mother.

Mrs. Partridge, although she seeks to deny it even to herself, is getting on in

years, and with the years she is becoming increasingly weary. Sometimes she wonders what lies ahead of her before the last flowers are sent down for her from Rhinecliff and she is taken to the family vault in Woodlawn. She remembers the Colonel's mother in her last years, a frightening, domineering old woman with a white wig, sitting alone and bitter in an upper room of the mansion that is now hers. The old lady's sons were afraid of her and saw her as rarely as possible; her daughters had married abroad and seldom came home. Society had forgotten her, though she had been its acknowledged ruler in the seventies and eighties, the great predecessor of old Mrs. Astor. Everybody had forgotten her except the family physician and the family lawyers; small comfort she had from them! Her grandchildren called upon her dutifully once every week, and whimpered until their governesses took them away. Mrs. Partridge has no grandchildren, though Cortland's wife, the former waitress, is said to be in an "interesting condition." Will the waitress's child be brought to call upon her? Well, it will be Cortland's child, likewise. . . . An old, lonely, frightening woman, such was her mother-in-law; reduced at the last to bribing her butler to serve a little of the *pâté-de-foie-gras* she loved which the physician forbade. A white wig, an embittered disposition, and an appetite—that had been all which remained of the reigning queen of society. Her children had been relieved by her death, for it released to them her life interest in their father's fortune.

Mrs. Partridge shudders when she thinks of her mother-in-law's last years. She is lonely now, despite her crowded calendar, though she won't acknowledge it. If she were to abandon all her innumerable social activities—most of which by their very repetition have become tedious—she would have nothing wherewith to replace them, to fill up the otherwise empty years. If she were gracefully to retire from social leadership,

relinquishing command to a younger woman, she would become merely another superannuated dowager, invited by a tolerant younger generation for a few years, and then forgotten. There is nothing to do but to go on. It is pleasant to cling to the symbols of power, though the power itself may not be eternally sweet, may not, in the end, be worth the effort expended in securing it. Mrs.

Partridge wonders whether Gladys Burnham-Cliffe, or Marion Scaleford, or she herself has had the better life.

When this question occurs to her, she knows that it is time for her to have a sleeping-tablet. It is an indulgence which she permits herself only when she realizes that she is unreasonably depressed. Then she sleeps well and always enjoys the next day.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUNDIAL

BY DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

SENSELESS with beauty pressing like a flame
 Around me in this sunlit garden-close—
 Blue of the larkspur, yellow of the rose,
 White lilies holier than any name—
 What can I be that I have earned a place
 Where tulips ring their gold cathedral bell,
 Where poppies lean upon the air and tell
 Their scarlet secrets with an upturned face?
 What right have I to know the touch of things
 Intangible as wind and shadows' wings,
 Things that can never know there is an hour,
 A day, a year, only eternity;
 Oh, what am I to stand here patiently
 And count away the heartbeats of a flower?



NINETEEN YEARS IN THE POISONOUS TRADES

BY ALICE HAMILTON, M.D.

IT was in April 1910, while I was living in Hull-House, that I left the laboratory of bacteriological research in which I had worked on agglutinins and bactericidins and opsonins with great contentment of spirit for some seven years, and took a year's leave of absence in order to assume charge of a survey of the poisonous trades of Illinois for a commission just appointed by Governor Deneen. Taking charge proved to mean doing much of the survey myself, and so interesting did I find it that I never went back to the laboratory, and ever since then I have been following the trail of lead, mercury, nitric acid, carbon disulphide, carbon monoxide, explosives, aniline dyes, benzol, and a long list of chemicals with complicated names which would suggest little to most readers but which are interestingly varied in their uses and in their effects on that more or less unconscious victim, the worker. Now, nineteen years later, I find myself looking back to the early days and meditating on the great changes that have taken place.

It is almost impossible to believe that only so short a time ago American physicians could have been as ignorant about the whole subject of diseases of occupation as we actually were. We knew little and cared less. Indeed, the subject was not quite respectable in the eyes of the profession; it was felt to carry a flavor of sentimentality if not of socialism—Bolshevism had not yet been discovered; and usually if a physician were

questioned about sickness in a dangerous trade he would answer that the men were suffering only from drink and their wives' poor cooking. Lead poisoning was hardly ever recognized unless palsy or colic was present, which is as if alcoholism were never admitted unless accompanied by an attack of delirium tremens.

The Illinois survey was the first one to be initiated by a State, but already there had been an important and very successful Federal investigation of an industrial poison, white phosphorus as used in making matches. This form of poisoning, which is slow and painful and very disfiguring, had given rise to so much public protest in Europe that finally in 1906, after many unsuccessful efforts to prevent it by all sorts of hygienic measures, the important industrial countries came to an international agreement—the "Berne Convention"—not to manufacture or import any white-phosphorus matches, but to use instead the non-poisonous sesquisulphide. American adherence to this convention was one of the many things forbidden by our Constitution, but we did not care particularly at that time, for we were serenely convinced that our match factories were much better than any foreign ones and nobody knew of any cases of phossy jaw over there. But shortly after, in the course of a study of the work and wages of women and children, the Federal Bureau of Labor discovered some sixteen cases of this unmistakable form of poisoning in

match factories and commissioned John M. Andrews, now of the American Association for Labor Legislation, to make a country-wide survey of the industry. He found that over one hundred and fifty cases had occurred, some very severe, requiring the removal of a lower jawbone, or an upper, or both, or the loss of an eye, and resulting in terribly disfiguring scars, sometimes in death from blood poisoning. This discovery was so startling that it was possible to enlist public support at once and the help of the largest match company, so that the Esch Law could be passed and white phosphorus banished from this country. We are told now that this law is also quite unconstitutional, but fortunately nobody knew it at the time. This was a great reform, but never again has so simple a situation faced us: a poison of known action used in one trade only; a safe substitute available; a form of poisoning so characteristic as to be recognized easily and so disfiguring that the victims arouse pity wherever they appear. I have often thought that if other poisons registered their effect on the human face, the work of the industrial sanitarian would be much easier.

In spite of the revelation made by Andrews that very severe poisoning might be going on in a large industry with neither public nor physicians knowing anything about it, the spirit of ignorant optimism still prevailed when we began our Illinois study. It was pioneer work. There was practically no information to be had even with regard to the use in different trades of lead, mercury, arsenic, coal tar benzol, wood alcohol. The factories had to be sought out, and after that came the problem of discovering whether any poisoning had resulted among the workers. In the other important industrial countries wage earners have insurance against sickness; and the records obtained in this way form a body of statistical data about the diseases of occupation and their increase under bad conditions, their de-

crease under stricter regulations, which is of the greatest value to the student. But in this country nothing of the sort exists. The student must pick up what information he can from all possible sources, knowing always that his facts fall far short of the truth. As I remember it, the most nearly complete figures I secured in those days were obtained by examining about one hundred and fifty sanitary-ware enamellers who, luckily for me, were on strike at the time. Most of them met me in the rear room of a Polish saloon, the rest in a shack which they had turned into temporary headquarters. There, without any fear of losing their jobs, they were quite ready to let me find out whether or not they were "leaded." But usually the cases were picked up here and there from doctors, hospitals, priests, apothecaries, and by following clues through city tenements and workers' cottages.

The most important poison our survey dealt with was lead, and before many months had passed we were able to declare that seventy-seven different occupations in Illinois had given rise to lead poisoning during the two previous years. Our visits to workshops convinced us that much of this was preventable; but we had seen no other methods of manufacture and did not know what were the practical ways to prevent it. That summer there was a meeting of the International Congress of Occupational Disease in Brussels, and the Illinois Commission sent me over to attend it and to make visits to English and German lead works to see if their methods were better than ours. At that time I still believed, as did all Americans, that we had much less trade poisoning than foreign countries, and that our superiority was due to better methods of manufacture, larger and more excellent factories, and the better health of our working classes, which last depended on higher wages, better housing, and better food. But none of these assumptions survived the actual sight of English and German

plants and workmen's dwellings, nor the study of their sickness records. With all the incompleteness of our figures, I had actually collected a far larger number of cases of lead poisoning in all these trades than were recorded in the foreign reports, though the latter were based on a physical examination once a week or once a fortnight of every man employed.

Here are some of the figures which came out from a comparative study of the same lead industry in this country, in England, and in Germany. A factory in England employing 182 men had no case of poisoning in 1910; a German factory employing 150 had two cases; an American, employing 142 had 25 cases and another with only 70-80 men had no less than 11 cases in two months, or a rate of 66 a year. The English statistics for 1910 showed 1,320 persons employed in white lead in Newcastle-on-Tyne with 5 cases of lead poisoning, one for every 264. In Illinois that year there were about 430 men in white lead work, and 63 cases (three fatal) or a rate of one for every seven.

The form of lead poisoning was often severe and rapid in those days, in fact, we saw extreme cases of anæmia, wasting, premature hardening of the arteries, palsies, and early senility such as foreign authorities were then describing as a picture out of the past, something no modern medical man could hope to see. We could even match the descriptions drawn by the great French authority in the early nineteenth century, Tanquerel des Planches. Lead convulsions, lead delirium, lead insanity were all rarities abroad; but by the end of 1911 we had brought to light no less than fifty-two cases of these severe forms of lead poisoning in spite of our crude and incomplete ways of gathering data.

II

The Illinois study came to an end in 1911 but, instead of returning to bacteriology, I began to do similar work for the Federal Bureau of Labor which,

shortly after, became the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the newly formed Department of Labor. The surveys were made now not state by state but trade by trade, following one lead trade after the other all over the country. Everywhere conditions were much the same; occupational poisoning was almost unknown over the greater part of each State, and then, suddenly, one would come upon what the epidemiologist would call an "endemic focus," a region in which it was so common that everyone was familiar with it in all its manifestations, perhaps a village around a lead smelter, or a pottery town making "art pottery" with colored glazes rich in lead, or an enamelled-ware works in a crowded foreign quarter of the city.

Perhaps you will wonder whether it was not a money loss to an employer to have so much sickness among his employees. Not necessarily, if there were no compulsory compensation for such disease; and at that time there was none. An actual money loss may be hard to prove. Changes in machinery and exhausts to carry off fumes and dust cost money, so does an adequate medical service and, if the work is largely unskilled and there are plenty of unemployed, it may easily be more economical to let things alone and trust to the community to look after the disabled workers.

There were of course humane employers who were anxious to lessen the sickness among their lead workers and they would appeal to physicians for advice; but so great was the ignorance on the subject among physicians at that time that the advice was often worse than useless. I found rubber gloves introduced in one dusty white lead works on the advice of a doctor as the best way to protect men who were obliged in their work to breathe poisonous white lead powder all through the working day. Another physician was responsible for an elaborately equipped bath house for furnace men who worked on open smelting hearths, breathing thick fumes of

lead oxide from the red-hot ore. The physician attached to a large lead smelter (he had, however, never been inside it) told me that he always advised the men to scrub their finger nails so as to avoid lead poisoning. I had just been over the plant and had seen the lifting and dumping of a huge roasting pot, the red-hot ore falling with a crash to a grating, and the men running up into the cloud of dust and fumes to break with hoes the larger pieces and push them through the grating. These were the men who were to escape poisoning by brushing their nails.

With so little expert advice to follow, well-meaning employers and foremen tried to protect the men in the only way they knew, by exposing them to the poison for as short a time as possible. If there were a very bad job on hand, such as emptying white lead from drying pans with shovels, cleaning out the flues of lead furnaces, the foreman would not put his regular force on but would hire a gang for a short time, rush the work through, and discharge them, hoping that they would not have had time to get very sick. In those days a large labor turnover was considered a proper precaution, and many a foreman told me that he relied on it to prevent serious plumbism; indeed, it was practically the only protective measure used in some plants. Labor was abundant and cheap; sick men simply disappeared; their places were taken by others, and the charities paid the bill if it ever was paid. Some great lead smelters expected to lose as much as thirty per cent of their force each monthly pay day. We know now, as foreigners had long known, that the greater the number of casual laborers in lead work the higher will be the rate of lead poisoning.

It is hard to believe that this situation existed in plants which I know to-day as models in management. Back in those days I was discussing with the head of a large white-lead works a proposed law for Illinois which would provide compensation for lead poisoning. The man was

amazed at my suggestion. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that if a man gets poisoned in my place I am to be held responsible?" That law has been in effect now some eighteen years, and I am sure my friend the manager has long ago forgotten that he ever opposed it, for certainly everything possible is done in his plant to prevent harm to the men and, if a case of poisoning develops, compensation is paid without question.

An agent of the Federal Board of Labor has no authority at all to interfere with a workplace, no matter how bad it may be, nor even to enter it against the owners' wish; but in some way the impression obtained among manufacturers that a visit from a Washington official was a serious matter and a good impression must be made. It is pleasant to record the fact that I can remember only two large factories which refused to let me enter for fear I might find out damaging things. The others all threw open their doors, but sometimes did try to cover up what they knew was bad. One such experience is still vivid in my memory. This was an enormous lead works in the Middle West where very hazardous work went on, and the men in charge were young and in a desperate hurry to make money; yet they had a pride in their plant and wanted to defend it against Government critics. The day I reached the town, instead of going at once to the plant, I decided to visit the workmen's homes and talk things over with them and their wives; for often such talk would call my attention to details which, otherwise, I might miss when I was shown over the working places. It was, I think, the most depressing industrial community I have ever seen. The people were full of malaria, hookworm, and lead; the town was nothing but a group of unpainted wooden shacks, and the only sign of community organization was a water cart which made the rounds peddling water from barrels by the pail, and a drugstore with patent medicines. But the most surprising thing about my

visits in the village was the fact that everybody knew I was expected. The first woman who came to the door said, "Oh, you're the lady from Washington," and when I asked her how she knew about me, she said, "We all knew you was coming. They've been cleaning up for you something fierce. Why in the room where my husband works they tore out the ceiling, because they couldn't cover up the red lead. And a doctor came and looked at all the men and them that's got lead, forty of them, has got to keep to home the day you're there." Well, it was both irritating and amusing. Of course I knew that I had no power to cause the managers the slightest discomfort, but I was thankful they thought I had; on the other hand, I was provoked to know that I should not see the real state of things but a hastily arranged special show. The most amusing part came when I had been over the plant and sat down in the office to face four pleased and proud young men and then watched their jaws drop when I told them what I had learned in the village. There was an awful silence, but, of course, we could not help laughing, and they gaily admitted the fraud, promised to let me see the doctor's report, and to do everything they could to make the temporary reforms permanent, including a regular medical examination of the lead men.

III

The lead trades continued to absorb me up to the spring of 1916, for this is by far the most widespread of the poisonous substances used in industry. Then came a new problem—munition poisons in the making of explosives; for by that time we were producing large quantities for the Allies and handling unfamiliar poisons in a pretty reckless way. High explosives are all nitrated compounds, so that quantities of nitric acid had to be produced; picric acid for the French, and trinitrotoluene for the British and the Russians, called for benzol and toluol; so coke by-products plants sprang up and

plants for the nitration of these compounds and for the production of gun cotton. All this involved new and serious dangers to the workers.

Up to the Armistice it was my duty to investigate the making and loading of these explosives (loading means filling shells and mines), and it was a profoundly depressing work. It was not only the sight of men sickening and dying in the effort to produce something that would wound or kill other men like themselves (that was bad enough and certainly shook my belief in the intelligence of the human race), but it was also my helplessness to protect them against quite unnecessary dangers. After the first year we were ourselves at war, and the industrial world seemed to be given over to a sort of joyous ruthlessness, which, I think, came not so much from greed for profits as from the intoxication of bigness, big plants, reckless spending (the "cost-plus" system made economy absurd), sudden rise to importance of mediocre people, and, of course, with it went impatience of interference and criticism. There was a small committee of physicians appointed by the War Labor Board who worked hard for the adoption of protective measures, such as England had formulated and enforced in her munition plants; but they could not prevail against the arrogance of the manufacturers, the indifference of those higher up, and the contempt of the trades unions for non-union labor. England and France, facing an emergency infinitely greater than ours, took thought to protect their munition workers, but we did not. Our physicians' committee could never get the authorities to adopt its instructions for the protection of workers against TNT, picric acid, nitrous fumes, and the rest; all it got, after months of effort, was a hygienic code, not as strict as the English, and not compulsory, which was first published some five months after the Armistice.

The War over, I was sent to make a short excursion into the steel industry to discover something about "gassing"

—carbon monoxide poisoning—especially whether industrial cases were followed by paralyses or psychoses, as has been true of cases caused by exhaust gas from motor cars in private life. It was an unfortunate moment to choose. The great steel strike of 1919 had just been broken, with the help of martial law and of men from the Department of Justice who were believed by the strikers—rightly or wrongly does not matter—to have acted as agents provocateurs. The result was a bitter, sullen, suspicious atmosphere in which it was impossible to secure the simplest information. For the first time I found that my connection with the Federal Government, instead of opening all doors as it always had before, now only made me an object of resentment and distrust. Gary, South Bethlehem, and the satellite towns around Pittsburgh were secretive and hostile, and no efforts of mine could break down the wall, so the investigation yielded little of value.

It was not a situation to make an American proud. I can think back and see a hideous town filled with a defeated army, the great mills more formidable than a fortress, stretched out for seven miles along the river, the rows of unpainted sooty houses facing them, with grassless yards, devoid not only of all beauty and cleanliness but even of a decent drainage system. In 1919 one was not supposed to think of Germany except with contempt; but as I looked down on those wretched streets, I thought of the Krupps' Essen, with its charming houses and its admirable sanitation, and I wondered at the American fear of "paternalism," which can make a steel company refuse to surround its workers with health, comfort, and beauty, while permitting it to crush out all trace of independent unionism among its workers and reduce them to the helplessness of single individuals face to face with a great corporation. The German workman has freedom to combine with his fellows but not to live in sewerless streets; the American has just the reverse.

IV

As I look back over these nineteen years, especially the last ten, the changes which appear are very great and almost all are to the good. While these years have seen some of the dangers in industry grow worse (speeding up, monotony, increase in dangerous dusts in such work as sand blasting and granite cutting, and the introduction of many new poisons), yet the improvements more than overbalance them. The twelve-hour day and seven-day week are almost things of the past. Fatigue from monotony and speeding is recognized as an evil, and there are many efforts to lessen it. Poisons, dangerous dusts, heat, and humidity are acknowledged to be the responsibility of the employers, and they are rarely entirely neglected. Indeed, it can be said that now not only the health but the contentment of the worker is a matter of real solicitude to his master. An elderly man, who is superintendent of one of the plants which belongs to a large company, was talking to me not long ago about this very change in attitude. The president of the company had asked whether this man was liked by the employees and expressed pleasure on hearing that he was. "Twenty years ago," the superintendent told me, "if anyone had told the old president that I was popular with the men, he would have fired me because he would have been sure that I was not getting enough work out of them."

Many factors have contributed to this new spirit in the industrial world. One is the greater scarcity of labor and the knowledge, gained during the War, that it is wasteful to have a large turnover, even of unskilled labor; so that now a foreman must be able to hold his men or he will lose his place. Another is the pressure of insurance companies which write industrial insurance and which have a distinct interest in keeping down the death rate. A third is the influence of the National Safety Council, which is made up of industrialists and insurance

companies, and is devoted to the prevention of accidents and sickness in industry. The chief factor, however, is the passing of laws for the compensation of accidental injuries in industry.

Up to very recent years if men were crippled or even killed in the course of their work in most States their employers suffered no loss unless the men or their survivors could win an expensive lawsuit. Then laws were passed in most of the more important industrial States providing compensation for accidents, later on in some States for the diseases caused by occupation. It is not accusing the employer of heartlessness or of wilful neglect in saying that a law was needed to bring about these reforms. It was only after the passage of such a law that many an employer discovered what was actually happening in his plant.

For instance, when the Illinois law was passed in 1911 a large company was approached by an insurance agent who offered to insure it against accidents but at a very high rate. "Why do you ask a rate like that?" demanded the officials. The agent answered, "Look at your yearly accident record." Well, of course, they never had looked at it and they refused to consider the offer, saying that they would carry their own insurance. At the end of the first year they were so sobered by their experience that they went to work to eliminate accidents, and so fascinating did they find it, that they kept on, taking more and more pride in their now model plant, till at last they could boast not only that they had attained a minimum accident rate, but that they could place almost any handicapped man who wanted work and make him self-supporting. But it all started in the workmen's compensation law.

Along with the changed attitude of the employer went an almost equally great change in the attitude of the medical profession. I think this was distinctly a war product and began with the appointment of a committee of experts to

study the action of munition poisons. Ever since then research into industrial poisons, especially lead, manganese, benzol, has gone forward in all the great medical centers, and the same thing is true of the other factors affecting the health of the worker—heat, and humidity, dusts, fatigue. No country now is contributing more to this field of research than is the United States, which less than twenty years ago made so poor a showing. Much of the cost of this work has been borne by industry itself, but the results have been given to the public, regardless of what they showed.

It is, of course, far harder to cope with these problems under our Federal system than it is in centralized Britain, or even in Germany where the different states have the same labor laws. Our forty-eight States have their own labor laws and labor departments which differ much in efficiency, some eight, perhaps, being good, but even these not up to the English standard. The English factory inspector, as I know him, is an educated man with expert knowledge in his own field, and politics has played no part in his appointment; the American is usually not that sort of man; even if he is able to undertake accident prevention, he is likely to be quite ignorant of the prevention of disease. But the Federal Public Health Service has no control over this situation; it cannot even impose a minimum standard, nor can the Department of Labor, and it is easy to imagine the outcry that such a suggestion would arouse. The sovereign States must maintain their right to neglect the safety and health of their wage workers if they wish to.

There is, however, one function which is permitted to the Public Health Service. It may investigate and give advice, and of late it has gone more and more frequently into the industrial field. Everyone will remember the sensation caused in 1924 by the reports of men dying in delirium because of poisoning by tetraethyl lead. Not only was there indigna-

tion over the fate of the workers but fear lest the new poison be a danger for the public if the use of tetraethyl lead gasoline for motor car fuel should become general. After months of controversy Surgeon General Cumming summoned a number of industrialists, chemists, and physicians to Washington to deliberate and decide on what should be done. He had no authority, only the prestige of his office, which was, however, quite sufficient to make his call heeded and, as a result of the conference, a committee of experts was appointed to pronounce on the question of the danger to the public from the use of ethyl gasoline, the companies promising, meantime, to suspend all sale of this gas. They had already rebuilt their plants in order to protect the workers against any repetition of acute poisoning. A year later the committee reported that no evidence had been found of danger to the public and the sale of ethyl gasoline was resumed.

Again in December, 1928 Doctor Cumming summoned another conference, this time on radium poisoning, because of the discovery of this new occupational disease among women employed in painting luminous figures on watches and clocks. Here, too, we are dealing with a new poison whose action is only partly understood and again we do not know whether it is too dangerous to be used or, if not, how we are to protect the users. The representatives of the watch companies have declared that they are willing to do anything that the experts advise, but no expert is as yet in a position to give a final opinion. Again the industry awaits the decision of a committee appointed by the Surgeon General.

Now I doubt if any method of dealing with a new poison in industry would work more promptly and efficiently than does this entirely informal and extra-legal method that we Americans have devised, given a new and striking danger which lends itself to newspaper publicity. But it cannot be used to combat old and familiar dangers, lead,

silica dust, mercury, benzol. Nor can it be used for the newer poisons which do not produce spectacular effects; and these are much more numerous. We are introducing new chemicals into industry all the time, chiefly as solvents; and everyone who knows anything about poisons is besieged by anxious manufacturers who do not want to use a new substance which may prove to be dangerous. More often than not we can give them no positive answer, and this usually means that the new chemical will be introduced cautiously and tried out, that is, the workers will serve as experimental laboratory animals, and everyone will hope that the danger, if there is any, will be discovered before it has had time to do much harm. This is, of course, all wrong. Before the War we could trust to the Germans to test on animals every new compound used in industry, and we could follow their results; but German universities no longer have the money for such researches and it does seem that the time has arrived for us to spend our own money on it. The Public Health Service could do it perfectly well if the department of industrial hygiene were given funds to equip a laboratory and employ research workers, and it would not need nearly as much as is given to the Bureau of Standards to enable it to do the same sort of service in the field of industrial production. If a new rubber accelerator is introduced, the Bureau of Standards will test it and inform the manufacturer whether or not it will do the work; but nobody in the Governmental service is in a position to discover for him what effect the compound will have on his employees. It is true that the action of tetraethyl lead was studied by Federal scientists, but only because the Chemical Warfare Service thought it might be useful as a war gas. There is money enough for research into the best way of carrying on an imaginary future war but not for research into dangers facing the wage workers of to-day.

V

In the last three years I have been revisiting the industries I studied in 1910 to 1914 and I have been deeply impressed, not only by the improved methods which have done away with so many dangerous sources of poisonous dusts and vapors, but also by the improved relations between management and working force. Some of the dangerous trades, such as the making of white lead and the roasting of oxides, have been really revolutionized; so has the use of mercury in making felt hats, while the rubber industry and the making of storage batteries have undergone great improvements. It is true that the painters' trade has developed new dangers, as modern speeding up has displaced the brush by the spray gun and brought in cheap and poisonous substitutes for linseed oil; but painters now are alive to these dangers and are trying to protect themselves by legislation or by agreements with master painters. It is true, also, that the granite stone cutters, especially the makers of tombstones, face a greater danger from silica dust than ever before; but here, too, efforts are being made to protect them, while less than ten years ago the trade was energetically denying the existence of any danger at all.

The change in mental attitude on the part of the employers is perhaps even greater than the physical changes. It is seen in almost all the establishments which I revisited. Where once there were hordes of poor immigrants moving in and out of a plant with nobody heeding, in that same plant one finds now a close personal supervision, an effort to hold the men on the job, and to keep them healthy and contented. The doctors who act as consultants or as plant physicians are now experienced men; ignorance and indifference are rare where formerly they were only too common. Take one striking instance. In the old days, which means before the War, it was the rule in a large company

employing thousands of men in hazardous and poisonous work to employ physician-surgeons whose salaries were paid by money deducted from the men's pay envelopes, but in whose selection the men had no voice and over whom they had no control. The physician might, and he sometimes did, treat them with neglect and insolence which drove them to seek out doctors whom they could trust, although they were thus forced to pay twice for the care they needed. Now in these same plants the medical service is paid for by the Company, and the doctor must gain the confidence and liking of the men or he cannot hold his place.

This contrast between the old days and the present does warm one's heart and yet it leaves one not quite at rest, still somewhat doubting, not so much because the improvement is as yet incomplete—time may change that—but because its foundations do not seem quite firm. Our country is politically a democracy, and we are in theory opposed to any other form of government; but in industry, which all will admit is much more important, we have instituted a form of feudalism, benevolent often, but controlled by the barons and accepted for good or bad by the peasants. Many examples come to my mind as I write this, but I will choose one, an experience I had in a white-lead works.

This was a truly terrible place, white lead was scattered all over, the men breathed the poisonous dust all through their ten-hour day, sat down to eat their lunch with unwashed hands at benches covered with it, and went home with dust in their hair and on their hands, if they did not actually wear their dusty overalls home. It was easy enough to collect records of lead poisoning from the hospitals near by, but what was one to do next? There was no factory inspection department worthy of the name, no public authority to which the responsibility could be passed. I thought of writing a "muck-raking" article in one of the magazines, but rejected it. This

one plant might be reformed by such an attack, but the result would be to shut me out of most of the others. So I went to see the owner, full of my tale, and then found that I could not tell it. He was an old gentleman, courteous and kind and delighted to hear that I had visited his beloved factory. He told me the history of the business through three generations, showed me old woodcuts of former days, beamed with pride over its phenomenal growth. I could as soon have told him that a beloved child of his was a criminal as to tell him that his plant was unfit to work in. I gave it up, but as I left he said that his son was now in charge, and I caught at that. The son gave me an interview, listened without comment to all my strictures, then said, "Will you please submit that to me in writing and I will see that those matters are attended to." This was no idle promise; he did just that, carried out far-reaching changes in equipment and method so that the place was unrecognizable.

Now that is a pleasant story with a good ending, because, in this case, the factory was under a benevolent despot; but there are despots who are not benevolent, and they cannot be omitted in any description of industrial conditions in this country of ours. For instance there is a large plant doing very hazardous work with lead compounds, work of a kind that will inevitably poison some men unless the greatest precautions are taken. I have known about this plant for fourteen years and it has always been bad but though repeated efforts have been made to bring the management to a realization of the danger and of the need of changes, very little has been changed, and lead poisoning is still largely uncontrolled. Another plant doing the same sort of work is a model, the best in the world, I thought, when I visited it three years ago. What was my dismay to learn shortly after that the former company with its low standards had acquired this excellent plant. It is situated in a State where factory in-

spection hardly exists; its excellence depended simply and solely on the intelligence and conscientiousness of the manager, who is now no longer in charge. There is literally nothing to prevent its sinking rapidly to the level of the bad plant.

The weakness of our feudal system comes to light again in the cases of absentee landlordism in backward States. I remember a shockingly bad plant, employing youthful labor, too, which was under the charge of two fine young engineers. They assented to all my criticisms; they would gladly have done what was needed, but they were helpless because they could not spend money on the protection of workers. The owner was down in Florida, building a palace, and all he cared about was that they should "produce results." Nothing could be done there until a few years later when, mercifully, the plant changed hands.

Our American method is to oppose as long as possible all kinds of labor legislation, to oppose as much as possible appropriations for labor departments, which means that expert service cannot be secured, to prevent as far as possible all organized control of conditions by the workers, and then to urge with real vigor and sincerity that the individual employer do his best for the protection of his men. And to this appeal the employer usually responds. With characteristic boyishness, he is willing to do many things if he can say that he is doing them because he wants to. If he sees a law looming up he likes to forestall it, to "beat them to it," as he tells me, putting in the changes at once so that he can say later on, "I did that myself long ago; you needn't talk to me." There are also employers' associations whose object is to study the dangers in industry and tell the manager how to avoid them; and I could give instance after instance of the response of manufacturers to the appeals of the National Safety Council. Many a manufacturer is now using some substitute for poison-

ous coal tar benzol, although it costs him more and is less satisfactory, simply because the Council has told him to stop using benzol or he may poison his girls.

But however satisfactory the results may be in individual cases, this is not a dependable system. The National Safety Council is a voluntary organization to whose decisions the employer may yield or not as he pleases. The insurance companies also may bring pressure to bear on him in some States, through his pocket book, but it is for him to decide if he will submit. The system remains, in spite of recent improvements in its workings, essentially an industrial feudalism, wise and kindly for the most part, but surely an anomaly in a modern democratic country, the greatest industrial center in the world.

I suppose an intelligent dictatorship always presents an appearance of great efficiency and beneficence to the general run of observers and that explains why our pride in the working of the so-called "American plan" in industry is sustained by the flattering comments of visiting foreigners, who are naturally shown only our best side, the front door and the entrance hall and the parlor and guest room. But there is another side which they never see—there is a back door and a cellar and a garbage pail and cesspool. For so long as the health, safety, and contentment of the working class are left largely to the good will and intelligence of the employing class, there will always be dark spots of neglect and ignorance and callousness. The "American plan" strikes foreigners as much more efficient than the cumbrous methods of agreement between employers and trades unions, and this is true in the best of our industrial establishments. But foreigners do not see the other side of the so-called open shop, the shops that are open only to non-union men, where an elaborate network of espionage and blacklisting must be maintained to prevent organization among the men, nor do they see how helpless is the open-shop employee when the employer hap-

pens not to be a wise, far-seeing, and kindly man. The foreigner sees the model factories, built and maintained with what he considers lavish generosity; but he is never shown the dirty, ill-ventilated, hot, and poisonous plants which would be closed down promptly if they tried to operate in those backward lands from which our guests come.

Let me describe a striking contrast which came to my attention some three years ago, when I was making a survey of the storage battery industry here and abroad. This is notoriously one of the most dangerous of the lead trades, for a battery is a collection of molded leaden grids into which is rubbed a paste of lead oxides. In making the paste and applying it there is much danger from the lead dust; indeed, when I made my first survey in 1914 the rate of poisoning in these departments might run up to 40 per 100 employed. In my second survey in 1917 I found great improvement in most of the plants but there were two that were far from satisfactory, one of them was really very bad, yet it seemed impossible to do anything about them. A little later I was in England and saw the four largest plants there. It so happened that the new hygienic rules issued from the Home Office were just being put into effect, and I was told that these rules had been formulated by a joint committee of manufacturers, trades unionists, and experts from the Home Office. It was a little depressing to reflect how impossible would be such a democratic way of regulating work over here. We have almost no expert factory inspectors; our workers in this and in most of the poisonous trades are quite unorganized; there remains only the manufacturer; and to bring about reforms such as were being introduced in the English factories one must appeal to his good sense and good will, failing which, nothing much remains to be done.

In other countries industry is forced to bear the cost of all its own wastage in human material, a sick workman draws compensation if his sickness was

caused by anything in his work, but here, even now, that is true in only a few States. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Wisconsin, North Dakota, California have laws which cover all the injuries that may be caused by the job. Five more provide for some but not all, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, the other 38 wash their hands of all responsibility for industrial diseases. Among them are important States, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Maryland, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado. It is strange to think that a great industrial State like Pennsylvania should permit men to suffer and die of poisons against which they were helpless to protect themselves and not even give them or their survivors what we call, rather curiously, "compensation." One

wonders what would "compensate" most of us for a ruined digestion, or for consumption, or paralysis, or pernicious anæmia, or insanity, to say nothing of the loss of a husband or son.

The test of the Fascist regime is not the prompt despatch and arrival of trains, nor is the test of the American industrial regime the apparent efficiency with which it functions. The real test lies in the way it works under ignorant and indifferent and narrow-minded employers, and perhaps also we must ask—though here I am venturing outside my own field—whether or not it encourages independence, resourcefulness, initiative, and the capacity for co-operation in the working class; for on those qualities in that class depends the future of democracy in the United States.





THE MEETING

A STORY

BY DON MARQUIS

CLARK ANDREWS was troubled and perplexed. And well he might be. For three troubling things had seized him all at once. He was nineteen, and manhood was taking a firmer hold upon him. A poet was waking up in the man. And, as if this were not enough, a new love affair had dawned upon the poet—had risen in his consciousness with the suddenness of a tropical daybreak. Or, to fit the figure more to Clark's environment, which was that of a Mid-Western country town, this infatuation had flared up as if a match had been tossed into a straw-stack.

There were two minor matters that might have worried him a trifle if he had not been nineteen and a poet: first, that for two months previously, and up until forty-eight hours ago, he had been in love with a different girl; second, that the New Love was a lady some twelve or fourteen years his senior. But a poet of nineteen takes such things in the stride of his verse.

He was making verse now; composing it rather than writing it, for Clark's poems often went directly from his mind into type, without any intermediate stage of pen and ink. He was employed on the *Hazelton Weekly Banner*, as the chief assistant of the owner and editor; which meant that he sometimes operated the linotype machine as well as collected local news items, wrote editorials and solicited advertisements. He was at the linotype now, casting little strips of his burning soul into hot metal, making a *vers libre* chant in praise of his New

Love. He did not intend to print it in the *Banner*; but he did yearn to see the lines marching in the authority and dignity of print as soon as might be—as what poet does not! He thought he would take a few proofs on fine paper and then destroy the metal.

But after he had finished Clark frowned and smiled upon his work, and crumpled up the paper as well as scrapped the type. He had caught himself at a trick that some more celebrated bards have occasionally been guilty of. Several of the sentiments and a number of the lines in this poem to the New Love were very, very like lines and sentiments in a poem he had written to the Old Love only a week before.

"As bad as Romeo!" he giped at himself, remembering how Romeo had been still babbling to his friends of Rosaline when he was stricken by the sight of Juliet. He looked out the window at the Main Street of Hazelton, with his hands in his pockets, and alternately whistled and grinned at himself for a few minutes, as embarrassed as if the whole world had detected him in the deception.

And yet, no poet likes to waste verse! He picked the crumpled proof from the floor, smoothed it out, and read his lines again, wondering if they were good enough to send to one of the Eastern magazines. He had already sold three or four of his things—he remembered how flattered and excited Charlotte Henry, the Old Love, had been when she saw them published—and he was beginning to take himself somewhat seri-

ously as a poet. He could laugh, he was athletic and sentimental and popular, but lately he had begun to take life generally rather more seriously. So many things were waking up in him all at once, to trouble and perplex him.

He decided against trying to sell the verses, tore the proof across and threw it on the floor again, and turned to see Charlotte Henry herself coming in from the street.

She was a slender girl of his own age, with brown eyes and a sensitive, humorous mouth; and she had a trick of arching the fine line of her dark eyebrows when she became animated, which had fascinated Clark—an eloquent and mobile face, with a flicker of skepticism playing over it.

"Hello, Charlotte," he said, her mere presence making him feel as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost.

"I suppose," she said, without preamble, "that you're going to these revival meetings?"

Hazelton was in the throes of a series of meetings, conducted by a woman evangelist, which were shaking the little town from center to circumference.

"I don't know," said Clark, lamely. He wondered uncomfortably how much there was in all the talk about women's intuition. It was this very evangelist woman whom he had fallen in love with; and he felt as if Charlotte knew it.

"You won't want to go," he continued; "you've always stuck up your nose at that sort of thing."

"You'll go," she smiled. "I've always said you'd be a preacher yet."

"I may, at that," he said seriously. "My mother wanted me to be. My father was, you know." Clark's parents had been dead some years; he had always "run with the church crowd," as they said in Hazelton. For two or three years now he had lived in the family of Mr. Henry Gage, the local banker and principal supporter of the church where these revival meetings were being held. And the evangelist herself, Miss Chris-

tine Carson, was being entertained by the Gages during her stay in town.

Clark wondered if he could get up a quarrel with Charlotte over what she had said about his being a preacher.

"I know you despise preachers," he said. He wanted to quarrel with her; he had a notion that a quarrel was badly needed to justify his sudden desertion—at least, to announce it to her. "I know," he went on, "you think churches are ridiculous!"

"Oh, here now," she said, "that isn't true at all!" She was silent a moment. "Don't let's quarrel over nothing Clark," she begged.

She passed from the front office, as she spoke, to the composing room of the establishment; it was late in the day, and she knew there would be no one in there.

She expected him to follow her; to follow her and kiss her and make much over her. He knew it. He couldn't do it. He picked up again the proof of the poem to Miss Christine Carson, tore it into little fine bits, and stood miserable, while he let them trickle through his fingers to the floor. Presently there was a stir in the room, and Charlotte passed by him on her way to the street. Her chin was up, and her brows were arched, and her characteristic ironic smile was flickering about her mouth.

"Good-by, Clark," she called, brightly, as she went out the door.

"Good-by," he said, reluctantly looking up. He felt that he was a brute, but he felt, at the same time, a vast relief. This affair was over. Charlotte would never forgive him for not having followed her into the composing room. He was ashamed of the relief he felt—but there it was!

In half an hour he would be at the Gages—at home, for they had made their house a real home for the boy, with whose parents they had been intimate—and he would see Miss Carson at dinner. He doubted if he would be able to talk to her. He had detachment enough to be astonished at himself, astonished at the

suddenness with which he had fallen in love with her. It troubled and perplexed him; it bewildered him.

He was of the age and temperament to be bewildered. He was nineteen and a poet. There are times when everything bewilders youth. Youth listens in confusion and unease to the calling voices that penetrate its dreams, doubtful of their origin, puzzled as to their purport; starting into extravagant action as if the world were to be conquered by a histrionic gesture, yet daunted by the simplest facts; stirred by all the seismic commotion of life; blown upon by all the winds that range between the zenith and the plain; naked as soft wax to the impression of ideas; victimized by everything; daily betraying its own ideals, which are set superlatively high; timorous as a wild animal and courageous as a martyr; stern as a prophet in its judgments and cruelly selfish; as naively lewd in its desires as the youth of the race, and yet, somehow, pure; capable of being Galahad and Gawain at the same moment; ready to die for great causes and finding it difficult to exist in the routine of the commonplace; encompassed by mysteries, groping, blundering, stumbling, aspiring, romantic, animal, pathetic, ridiculous, divine.

Clark was at once a disciple seeking for a master, and an ingenuous Adam yearning for his fall.

Charlotte Henry had been gone but a minute or two, and Clark, still wondering about himself and this mutable world, was putting on his coat and preparing to leave the office, when his most intimate friend, "Fatty" Wilson, came in. Fatty's ostensible purpose was to see Clark about a news item pertaining to the local baseball team. But really he wanted to talk about Miss Chris Carson. The whole town was excited over the evangelist.

That same morning she had gone to the *Banner* office with Clark to arrange for the insertion of a notice having to do with her meetings. Clark had accompanied her to the door when she left, and

had stood for a moment in talk with her. Fatty, from across the street, had marked this conference, and he was bursting with curiosity. He went to the desk of Clark's boss and helped himself to one of the bitter black stogies that experience had told him were always there, lighted the weed, and finally worked his way around to the subject that filled his mind.

"How old would you say she is?" said Fatty. He esteemed himself something of a beau, and his position in his father's clothing store made him the master of certain effects in neckwear and shirts that were sometimes clamant for attention.

"She?" said Clark. "Who?"

"Oh, come off, Clark!"

But Clark relentlessly forced him to say whom he meant, a process which, in itself, gave the fat youth a kind of thrill.

"Oh, *she*," said Clark, pretending surprise. "Old enough to be your mother, Fatty." Nevertheless, Clark had been wondering about it himself.

"Saw you talking with her this morning," said Fatty.

"Was I?" said Clark.

"Forgot it, huh?" giped the astute Fatty. "Held her hand three minutes in the doorway and then forgot it."

Clark hadn't held her hand. In the face of Miss Carson's overwhelming pulchritude, her sophisticated style of dressing, her repute as a woman devoted to the salvation of sinners, Clark had found it all he could do to speak with her without stammering. But, accused of having held her hand, he did not deny it; he was still puppy enough to deliver himself of this sage remark:

"When you get over being a kid, Fatty, you'll understand that a thing like that doesn't spell anything!"

Fatty was so impressed by this young man to whom a thing like that doesn't spell anything that he forgot that the thing like that hadn't really happened at all.

"Somehow," said Clark, "she doesn't make much of a hit with me."

Fatty cocked his head on one side, chewed the end of his stogie, squinted at the ceiling, and said, coarsely:

"She's got a good figure, Clark."

Although he was already more than half persuaded that the lady was a kind of saint—Clark usually insisted that they should be saints—he had himself been thinking that she had a good figure. But it secretly enraged him that Fatty should dare to comment on her figure. It struck him as rather low in Fatty to make such a remark about *this* woman—*this kind* of woman! Fatty *was* rather low at times, now that he reflected upon it. Gross! Not the sort of person, after all, with whom one could discuss his inmost thoughts. Clark began poignantly to regret that he had swaggered concerning that hand-holding which had never occurred; if he hadn't, Fatty would never have had the cheek to make remarks about the lady's figure. He was as culpable as Fatty; perhaps more so. He had been a traitor to his own better self. Clark, at this period of his existence, was forever discovering that he had been a traitor to his own better nature. Mentally, he abased himself. The sense that he had injured her inflamed his facile passion.

He yearned to make some spectacular, some histrionic, reparation. Nevertheless, as he went home to dinner, the thought that she had a good figure kept cutting through his expiatory mood.

She certainly had; and she knew it, and went to considerable trouble to keep it from getting away from her, so to speak. The last thing she did every night before she turned in, and the first thing every morning before she dressed, was to inflict upon herself the torture of a solid rubber roller guaranteed to make the all too solid flesh of humanity melt, thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew.

She had, moreover, a remarkably clear and musical voice; and, among her other accomplishments, she could play the cornet, and did play it, with effect, at every meeting. And as she passed from

playing the cornet to speaking, and from speaking to singing, and from singing to exhorting again, her voice retained something of the penetrating, carrying quality of the horn. She was not, perhaps, a very good cornettist; neither was she a well-trained singer; but, for her own purposes, her technical deficiencies were more than balanced by the fact that both her singing and her playing were marked by an almost irresistible fervor.

Miss Chris Carson knew how to stir things up and keep them stirred up. Perhaps her best asset was her faculty for stirring herself up. She knew how to create between herself and her congregations that mysterious condition in which audience acts upon performer and performer acts upon audience. In the terminology of the psychic dabbler, she knew how to establish a *rapport*; in the slang of the stage manager she "got it across." And the emotional intoxication which she experienced almost nightly, and which she awakened and fostered and directed in her auditors, never seemed to weaken her; indeed, she throve upon it and exulted in it. Dozens of the newly "saved" left her meetings weak, trembling, pale, and exhausted with the stress of their religious or nervous experiences; but it gave Miss Carson a kind of bloom; one might have said she bathed in all this electricity and was invigorated thereby.

She had worked hard for her eminence—her vigor, her energy, her magnetism had worked hard for her. Her beginnings were obscure enough. She had been born and brought up, as the saying is, "in a wardrobe trunk"; her parents were seasoned troupers—vaudeville, burlesque, circus concert, "hall show or tent show." She had got out of vaudeville herself, and upon the Chautauqua circuit; after a few seasons of that she went into the evangelistic work, where she was an instant success. These were still early days for her—ten years ago—with which this chronicle deals; but already she had seen her opportunity, and was looking forward to the time when

she need no longer bother with the "tank towns," as she called them in the privacy of her thought. In the meantime she enjoyed her contacts and the consideration of "the best people" who entertained her in the communities where she held her meetings. The woman was in her early thirties, and she was such an electric creature that she could not enter a room without every man in it being instantly aware.

When Clark, after leaving Fatty Wilson, arrived at the Gage home, Miss Carson was the center of a little group on the front verandah, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gage and two or three neighbors. Miss Carson was engaged in blowing cigarette smoke through a fine linen handkerchief.

"There," she said, as Clark joined the group, "that shows you what cigarettes do to the lungs!"

She called attention to the brown stain on the handkerchief, and demonstrated twice or thrice more the devastating effect of the smoke upon the tissues of the lungs before she threw the cigarette over the verandah railing into the grass. Mrs. Gage thought she glanced at it a little wistfully as she threw it away.

And Mrs. Gage was right. The restriction which Miss Carson felt as the most burdensome in her career as evangelist was not being able to smoke when she wanted to.

But ten years ago in little places such as Hazelton, a woman who smoked was often suspected of being "fast." And of course it would never do for an evangelist, even now. Miss Carson occasionally got to the place where she had to have a whiff or two of a cigarette or perish—any old smoker of either sex will sympathize with her sufferings. So she made one of the features of her campaign against sin in general vehement harangues against liquor and tobacco—and especially cigarettes. She was apt to break forth at any time against the cigarette.

"Just let me show you what cigarettes

do to the lungs!" she would say. A few such demonstrations would get her through the day; and in the privacy of her room at night she could relax and have as many as she liked.

To say that Chris Carson and the revival meetings which she conducted in Hazelton created a sensation would be putting it mildly. Women preachers were in themselves a novelty; women revivalists who not only conducted the song services at their meetings, but always led off with a cornet solo, were hitherto unknown; her beauty created a favorable impression from the first. The town was prepared to be excited by her even before the meetings began.

The second night of Miss Carson's ministration in Hazelton was memorable in Clark's experience as being the first time that he was actually beside himself with religious ecstasy. He had attended church from infancy. He had joined the church, under parental guidance, at so early an age that it might rather be said that he had been joined to the church. There was nothing connected with the church that was not more or less a matter of familiar routine to him. He had had his struggles over questions of belief more than once; but he had formed the habit of explaining to himself anything which he could not understand in a romantic or poetic or mystical fashion.

And, although revival meetings were familiar enough to him, and although he always "stood up" when the preacher called on all those who had "found salvation" to rise, the experience known as conversion had never been his. He had seen people weep and heard them shout when they were experiencing this phenomenon, but he had never been so excited as to weep or shout. When Clark felt particularly stirred up it was not a question with him of weeping or shouting; he either wrote a poem or suddenly made the discovery that he was in love with another girl; on several occasions he had got into fights. He had never

been able to tell whether it was the girl who had produced the poem, or the poem which had called for the girl, or how and where the desire to fight originated, or whether the stirring-up as a whole was in the nature of a result or a cause.

And so he entered the church that night without any premonition of what was going to happen to him.

Miss Carson was never in finer form than on that evening. It was her wont to pitch her meetings, at the start, in a militant rather than a definitely religious key, working them up as rapidly as she could to the sentimental and the emotional. After the opening prayer by the local preacher, Miss Carson rose with her cornet and played "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and played, it must be admitted, with a dash and flare that many a better musician might have envied.

The novelty of this always produced an effect, even although the congregation had come prepared for novelty, and an awakening effect of any sort was grist to Miss Carson's mill. As she finished and took the cornet from her lips she came a step forward and, without any interval, called out loudly, almost sharply, and with a ringing note of challenge in her voice:

"Why did I play that?"

She paused a moment, dramatically, and then answered her own question:

"Because it's a tune with a fight in it! And because there's going to be a fight here to-night. A fight between God and the Devil. A fight between Heaven and Hell. All of you who have found salvation, remember that you are soldiers on the Lord's side to-night; remember that the Lord is watching you; He has got His eye on you; He's looking to you to help Him and stand by Him. If there are any cowards or sneaks or shirkers here, it's no place for them! You brothers and sisters who are saved, the Lord puts it right square up to you to line up with me and fight the Devil for the souls of those who ain't saved!

"I want you to sing that song, all of you—I'll play over the first verse, and then we'll all sing it. And remember while you sing it that it means fight! Get the fight into it! Get the fight into it loud and clear! Let the Devil know we're here to fight, and he can't bluff us!"

The congregation—three-fourths of them were officially "saved" already—after this brief and rousing plea, dashed into the song with a vim and fervor which made the "unsaved" fourth begin to quake a little thus early in the proceedings. They perceived at once that if they were going to get out of the church still "unsaved" they would have to exercise a most extraordinary degree of resistance. One or two old backsliders resolved to get saved as early in the evening as was decently possible, and get it over with; experience at former revival meetings had demonstrated to them that it comes harder and shakes you up worse the longer you fight it off. The experienced backslider becomes in time a sort of connoisseur of revival meetings; he dreads them while he hungers for them; he fights against "salvation" knowing all the time he will yield to it; the same nature which impels him to backslide craves the nervous excitement, the psychic stimulation, of being hauled out of that state of sin periodically.

Miss Carson's custom was to break up her meetings into short stretches of song, exhortation, and prayer, the prayer in itself being, in reality, exhortation. The whole program worked gradually upward and upward towards that climax when the "shouting" would begin, when members of the congregation themselves would begin to weep, exhort, and pray, when individuals, convicted of unregeneracy, would begin to break away from the seats of sin and stumble sobbing towards the mourners' bench. In order to hasten this excited condition in the audience, a dozen or so volunteer assistant exhorters would pass from seat to seat, pleading personally with such sinners as showed signs of

weakening, and usually leading them, in the end, triumphantly forward.

The woman had power. From whatever source she might derive her power, she possessed it. She enjoyed its exercise when she was able to dominate and direct the meeting. But it had happened to her on several occasions that she had not been able to dominate and direct, and on this night she realized with a thrill, which had almost a feeling of terror in it, that one of these times when she too would be borne quite out of herself, and would be helpless in the grip of mysterious forces, was at hand.

She broke suddenly out of a prayer, and began to chant:

"The Son of Man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain!
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in his train?"

The congregation thrilled and responded. The militant songs—Puritanism always craves battle—the prayers, the chanted testimony of the "saved," the very bodily movements of the congregation began to run into a sort of rhythm. This rhythm can do anything. It was this rhythm that tumbled down the walls of Jericho, and swung the swords of Cromwell's Ironsides at Naseby and Marston Moor. Under its stern exterior, its stolid mask of the commonplace, there dwells in Puritanism a dervish frenzy and a dangerous fire.

The souls of all these people in the church—their minds, their spirits, their nerves, their bodies, their psyches, their essential beings, began suddenly to find a unison. Presently there were no longer three hundred people in the building; there was one strange composite creature which was the swaying sum of them all. Their nervous emanations were gathered into a single mysterious force, a gigantic pulse which surged and beat. There was a wind, and it was electric with the ghosts of generations. These released personal

forces, merged into one force, may produce phenomena that seem to violate the recognized laws of the physical world, but are in reality profoundly based upon them. The effect upon the individual is frequently irresistible; he no longer possesses himself; the self in him is sucked out into the swirling air. He swings and sways from his orbit; he is ready to feel the dead boards beneath his feet swell and throb as with blood, and the plastered walls turn foliate with miracle. He finds himself saying and doing things of which he is scarcely conscious; he no longer knows himself. He no longer is himself; he is part of an invisible being that has drawn into itself the true selves of all these twitching bodies.

The evangelist woman, practiced in these phenomena without in the slightest degree understanding them herself, felt the waves of emotion rising higher and higher about her, beating against the wooden walls of the church as if to break them asunder. Praying, exhorting, singing, sobbing, and even shouting, she yielded herself with a sensation that was at first akin to superstitious fright; but the thrill of terror was only transient, and an ecstasy, a kind of exaltation, succeeded, a strange psychic condition that was not without a tang almost voluptuous. She felt herself seized and tossed and borne up and carried along. She rode this whirlwind of hysteria like a witch; coarse, vivid, strong, elemental, aflame and radiating flame, shaking with the joys and terrors of a barbaric priestess.

These experiences usually satisfied something deep, deep, deep within her; quieted a recurrent craving at the core of her being. She was a woman full of rich blood and electric with energy; and she craved both excitement and its alleviation.

The village freethinker was among those present—a singular being named Jim Shale. The foundation of Jim's faith in scripture had been shaken in early manhood by the question: "Where

did Cain get his wife?" After thinking it over for three or four years, Jim decided that he did not know; and since then he had gone about asking everyone else the question. He was the village gravedigger, and he used to hint his disbelief to people by saying, "The people in *my* end of town"—meaning the cemetery—"stay where I put 'em; I've never yet saw one of 'em risin' up to claim a harp or crown—have you?" And then, somewhat irrelevantly, his hearers often felt, "Say, now, can you tell me where Cain got his wife?"

As the congregation began to work itself up towards an emotional frenzy Jim, although in reality a little uneasy, strove to feel a fine scorn for all this sort of thing.

"The people down in *my* end of town," said Jim to himself, "don't go on in any fool way like this!"

When Miss Carson, later in the meeting, repeated her opening announcement that a fight was on between God and the Devil, Jim muttered, resentfully, "That's all right, that is—but what I want to know is: *Where did Cain get his wife?*"

And Jim, through the greater part of the evening, clung to that phrase as if it were a talisman. A pale, anæmic woman whom he knew, a drudge whose husband was a drunkard, suddenly left the drunkard's side, and struggled, shouting incoherently, up the aisle, her thin face working and twisting with excitement; and then, when she was half-way to the mourners' bench she turned and sped back to her seat again and caught her drunkard by the shoulder. That gentleman (he was in the stage of alcoholism which made him most tractable, or she would never have managed to get him to the meeting at all) feebly resisted for a moment, and then, suddenly smitten, let out a sob that came from his very diaphragm, and followed her to the front of the church, where, during the rest of the evening, he hiccupped, sobbed, and slept by turns.

It increased Jim's nervousness; if re-

ligion was going to strike Benny MacDonald, one of the village sots, in that fashion, who could count himself as safe? But Jim grasped the side of his seat the tighter, and mumbled desperately, "All right, all right—let 'em go! Let 'em go! But where did Cain get his wife? Huh? Answer me that! Where did Cain get his wife?"

All about him, to the right and left, to the front and rear, tried and trusty sinners were falling, veteran unregenerates who had dared the firing line of many a revival in years past, and escaped unscathed to the comfortable ways of sin. And as one after another succumbed, mowed down by the terrific fire, Jim began to tremble for himself in earnest; he gulped, he squirmed, he grasped the edge of his seat with the crook of his knees as if to hold himself down; he tingled with the desire to do—he knew not what! It got to the place where he could no longer think coherently; and he began to babble to himself, without being able to finish the sentence: "*Where did Cain? . . . where did Cain? . . . where did Cain? . . .*" over and over again, unceasingly.

And then, as a song ended, and an exhortation began, and the building seemed to rock with the shock of a long ninth wave of hysteria, Jim suddenly leaped to his feet, without thought and without volition. He climbed on top of the pew where he had been sitting, and bellowed forth, in a voice that drowned everything else:

"Where did Cain get his wife?"

In thirty seconds more he was at the mourners' bench.

Clark felt the infection of the excitement; nor had he any doubt that the forces at work within the church were authentically spiritual. His antecedents and training had not prepared him for any such doubt. As a child he had asked a thousand questions; he had been a seeking individual, filled with wonder, demanding answers; but Hazelton had made him orthodox, so far as religion was concerned. He was just now begin-

ning to try to think for himself once more.

Why, he asked himself, had he never felt any emotion of this sort before? He questioned himself. No doubt he had been pharisaical. Yes, that was it; he accused himself of it. He had regarded himself as one of the elect, to whom this awakening experience was not necessary. He had looked on at the experiences of others as a person looks at actions with which he is not personally concerned.

Obviously, he had been wrong. Smug. Self-complacent. When Clark was convinced he had been wrong no one was more zealous in self-castigation.

At this point in his meditations—if the rapid action of a too heated mentality may be called meditation—he heard the evangelist woman chanting the words: "*He that is not with me is against me . . .*"

They were, he recognized, the words of Jesus. Clark knew the Bible. His parents had dragged him through it, so to speak, by the hair, relentlessly, book by book and chapter by chapter. And this knowledge, gained so unwillingly at times, had stayed with him.

He who is not with me is against me. The words had never struck Clark, before, in just the same way, nor with such force. Had *he* been with Christ? Formally, conventionally, as a matter of routine and imitation, he had not been against Christ. He had gone to church and all that kind of thing. But what of that? What did that amount to? Nearly everyone he knew did that. The question was, had he been *with* Jesus, indeed? Actively, and not passively; positively, and not merely negatively; militantly and single-mindedly, and not with the smugness of the conventional conformist? He had not.

There passed rapidly before his mental eye the scenes and episodes of the Christian epic. He had looked at them before, but never before out of a mind so heated by emotion. Human emotion about Jesus has been in the consciousness of humanity for nearly two thousand

years; therefore, when it strikes an individual, it strikes him with an enormous impact; an idea which has been thought, an emotion which has been experienced millions of times, gains in compulsive power. This emotion about Jesus, in its highest expression, is an emotion which allies itself with all the generous idealism of all time. For the first time Clark saw Jesus through the medium of a great emotion; saw him starting upon his wanderings from Nazareth—and wondered if himself would have been as receptive as Peter and James and Andrew and John; and knew that he would not have been. He beheld Jesus' assault upon the Temple, and his rout of the money-changers—and knew that he himself might well have stood amongst the formalists and creatures of the arid Law. He saw the plots of the priests, the betrayal in the Garden, the arraignment before the savage Sanhedrin, the trial before the bewildered politician, Pilate, the deliverance to that mob which was all one slaving red mouth, the crucifixion. . . .

And as he beheld these things with an imagination abnormally quickened, while the hot church rocked and swayed, there welled up in him a cry: Where would I have stood, then? Then! For him, or against him? It is easy to say, I am with him—*now*. But, then? *Then?*

Should I (he asked himself) have been Caiaphas, the narrow and inexorable legalist, who condemned him? Or John, that naïve John, the son of Zebedee, who boasted himself the disciple whom Jesus loved, and asked if he and his brother might not sit on his right and left hand in the kingdom of Heaven? Clark could not flatter himself that he would have been like John. He prayed God, as the whirlwind of emotion spun round him in the shaken church, not to be Judas—as if the matter were one of the present moment—not to be Judas—that Judas who believed Jesus to be the Son of God, and yet sold him—a thing which can be explained only on the hypothesis that he hated God and struck

at the Son because he could not reach and strike the Father—that Judas who must once have had love in him, and still had belief, even in the hour when he betrayed.

With a flash of self-revelation Clark saw that he might have been Peter, Peter who was with Jesus, who drew his sword and struck for Jesus (fierily alone against Judea and all Rome!) and then turned coward and thrice denied him. Clark felt himself like that—that he could fight, in a gust of passion, and then recede from this hot valiance and deny.

But Peter . . . did not Peter get another chance . . . and accept it? Perhaps he was getting his other chance now!

The thought was still in him when the congregation broke into another song, and Clark found himself singing with an excited fervor that was new to him. The contact with these other personalities, the rhythm of the meeting, had caught him; he felt an ecstasy of emotion, and tears streamed down his face.

Yet with a curious detachment that sometimes came to him at critical moments, there was another part of his consciousness which had the leisure to ask: What is this that has come over me? Why is it that I am losing my sense of personal identity?

Suddenly he wanted to be alone. He was shaken and thrilled with an almost intolerable exultation—but he wanted to get away from every other person. People were getting between him and . . . something. Between him and something greater than excitement and emotion. He must be alone to save himself from . . . he did not know what. He turned and left the church.

As he passed down the aisle a girl got up from one of the back seats and opened the door. She passed out ahead of him into the lobby, and he saw that it was Charlotte Henry. She had come out of curiosity.

"Isn't it," she paused, and made a motion over her shoulder, towards the inside of the church, while she drew the fine

line of her dark brows into a frown—"isn't it, all that noise and violence in there . . . ?" She stopped again and searched for a word, and then finished, with a shrug of her shoulder and a lift of her nostril, "Disgusting!"

"Eh?" Clark still feeling the lift and power of unknown forces that were waxing within him, rather than waning, scarcely heard her, and had not in the least understood.

"I say," said the girl, "it's savage! It's like barbarians—to shout and fling themselves about like that! It's revolting! And isn't that woman—*cheap*?"

And then, from the outside door, she turned and said, "Clark, I wish you'd go home with me. Father was to have come after me, but I don't want to wait until it's over. I've had enough of it."

But Clark, still standing in the lobby, had not paid any attention at all. He had quite forgotten her existence. He was leaning up against the wall with his hands in front of his face; he was shaking.

The girl looked at him a moment, puzzled, and with a touch of wistfulness in her eyes; and then closed the outside door and went home alone.

Just where Clark wandered that night, after he left the church, he never knew. There were stars that wandered with him, and later a great moon shouldered them from the sky and rolled its sanguinary globe nearer to him and kept pace with him and spilled its fire and blood down into his unprotected brain. He was companioned by visions and attended by voices which did not make their meaning plain and encompassed about by many strange agents of the eternal mystery. This ecstasy, this intoxication, imposed itself upon him as veritably and wholly spiritual in its origin, since it seemed to induct him into presences that flashed upon him hints and intimations of divinity. He found himself in the thick woods beyond the village, and the leaves of the trees above him rustled with the wind of miracle.

He found himself splashing through the creek, and if it had occurred to him he would have tried to walk upon the water. Once, in the woods, he stopped and peered, for he had seen two figures at a distance cross an open space and disappear into the shadows, and he wondered breathlessly if some beings super-earthly were there to beckon him onward to a revelation; he never knew that they were a girl and his friend Fatty Wilson. He did not follow because a whip-poor-will upon a nearer tree spoke to him of God, and an owl disturbed by the red moon hooted its protest. A snake, with a touch of the lunar fire upon its scales, crawled right across his feet, and he stared upon the hurrying legless thing and blessed it out of his overflowing heart.

Tumult possessed him. Large vague resolves would begin to formulate and phrase themselves upon his lips, only to lose themselves between the impulse and the utterance. Quick ideas fluttered about him, like the night-moths that beat their powdered wings against his face, but they were elusive. There were eternal instants when he seemed to be grasping at the vital secrets of the universe, but he closed an empty hand in the moonlight. Familiar objects, as his eyes fell upon them, assumed a new significance. He was mad, with that madness which the oriental races believe to have something holy in it. Old sayings stirred in his mind and pierced him with sudden blades of fresh revelation. Exalted, his being was a song; and the crickets and the grasses and the far, dim Pleiades sang with him. He tried to make a poem, but it was nonsense; there was a force that burst forms and words and ideas to pieces. There remained to him of his poem only an inexpressible sense of the nearness of God; in the rapid whirl of his spirit the one thing fixed—the pivot and center—was the feeling of a universal love. A vast all-enfolding youthful tenderness came over him.

It was more than tenderness, presently. The red moon was an agent which helped to color it with passion.

Clark had brushed aside, for a moment, the veil between the external semblance and the eternal realities, and in this moment he had throbbed consciously with the pulses of creation. The medium and servant of all phases of creation is passion. The poem which he could not make was still a poem for the glory of God. But now the evangelist woman began to mingle with it. He thrilled with the sense of her, as if he were still within the range of her magnetic radiations; he desired to fight for her, to protect her from he knew not what, and he desired to possess her, with the same rush of blood. This woman and God and the moon were all together in the leaping strophes of the shattered song he could not sing. There is a music that breaks the mind and eludes the lips and must be sung with a vital expansion and extension of the whole being, body and soul together, or never sung at all.

This thing that was happening to Clark is a thing which continually perplexes youth. Youth is never sure where he is going. He starts out to walk toward God, and the song upon his lips is a chant in praise of God, and lo! the song subtly changes, and suddenly it is not God after all towards whom he is walking, but a woman. But he will not perceive the difference at once; he will quite sincerely confuse the two; and sometimes his instinct may be more right about it than he could justify with his philosophy.

How long he wandered he did not know. The moon was turning from a red to a golden color by the time Clark's feet took him up the steps to the Gages' front verandah; but there was still a tinge of red within it. It was the moon of late summer, which sometimes swings too near the earth, bright above the ripened fields, heavy and swollen; too full of fire, too full of blood.

Miss Carson was alone among the shadows; he heard her stir, he heard her breathe as he stepped upon the porch.

Miss Carson had gone home from the meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Gage; she

went at once to her room. The room was large, and was on the ground floor at the front of the house. The night was warm, and the first thing she did was to open all the windows. One of these was a tall French window, in effect a door, which gave out upon the verandah. There was not a great deal of air stirring.

She turned on an electric bulb and then turned it off again and lighted a bedroom candle, which she carefully shaded. She was restless; she wanted a cigarette very badly, or thought she did. She had sense enough not to consider her cigarettes as really inconsistent with her evangelical work, but she was willing to conform to the prejudices of the Hazeltons and their populations; her minor deceit with regard to them did not weigh upon her conscience. She sat down to wait until the cessation of all sound and movement told her she was the only person not asleep in the house and there was no danger of Mrs. Gage rapping on the door for a final good-night word. Then she blew out the candle and lighted a little bunch of Chinese punk-sticks in a vase. She always carried some of these; she talked about them wherever she stayed, affected them. They helped to kill any odor of tobacco. She settled herself for three or four cigarettes, but they did not allay her restlessness in the slightest degree.

It seemed to increase from moment to moment. She went out to the verandah and threw the cigarette butts over the railing into the grass. Then she extinguished the punk-sticks, and decided to go to bed. She drew all the blinds and undressed.

"If these people ever caught me smoking," she reflected, as she began to brush her hair, "there wouldn't be anything bad enough for me." She lapsed into something like the familiar speech of her vaudeville days, murmuring, "A lynching bee would be a tea party to what they'd hand little Chris!"

Her nerves were jangled, she was excited, excited over nothing, she told her-

self. Or perhaps there was still in her, unquieted, something of the fervor which had dominated her in the meeting. For this night she had not dominated the meeting nor the forces let loose within the church; she had been more the creature of them than anybody else.

She raised all the blinds again, and got into bed. The moonlight streamed into the room through two side windows. She stared at the broad beams, hoping the light might soothe her, as it sometimes had. But Diana, the cool and chaste, had lost control of the moon that night; it was too full of fire, too full of blood, it swung too near the earth. It increased her excitement. She turned her head so that she would not see the light, for the night was so warm that it was intolerable to think of pulling down the blinds to exclude it. She tossed upon the bed, and then turned and gazed upon the light again. It did not calm her; it drew her and it agitated her.

Almost without volition, she rose from the bed and stood in a stream of moonlight, strangely bathing herself in it, strangely absorbing its mystic fluidity. The moon has its own peculiar properties. It—or something that governs it and operates through it, or synchronously with it—sways the seas; it works upon the life in growing things. The evangelist woman stood there as if she were in a trance and then abruptly realized herself and crept back into her bed, wondering what her unconscious gesture had meant.

All this, she told herself, came from letting herself get so wrought up at the meeting. It had happened to her a few times before, that she had not been able to ride the storm that she had evoked. The excitement was clinging to her, and it was growing. She fell to thinking about the meeting itself, and about her evangelistic work in general. She had never deliberately tried to formulate her attitude towards it; she had got into it by chance, and had been carried along by it. It stimulated her like drink. But usually, when she had demanded from

herself every ounce of energy that was in her nature, the agitation had been quieted and allayed.

It was not so this night. Presently she got up and stole out through the French window to the verandah. That end of the porch was shielded by flowering vines, and she sat down behind them. She gripped the arms of her chair in an effort to still and conquer the intensity of her emotion, but it made her heart ache like anger, and the bloom and aura of her being hung heavy on the warm night air. The energy of life was so strong within her! She was mature, throbbingly awake, her blood so rapid and so rich with health . . . throbbingly awake and pulsing with the pulsations of the moon-

washed night. She struggled, silently, to regain her calm, she fought to possess herself. But it was rather the wide, wild night and its primitive suggestions which possessed her more and more. Suddenly she rose and broke her white arms through the vines, as if she would reach and grasp the moon itself and crush it burning against her burning breast.

It was at that instant that Clark stepped upon the verandah. She turned towards him as he came to her through the gloom. She sobbed. They merely came together. Each felt the whirl and impact of the other's emotion even before their hands had touched. And, encountering, they clung—wordless in the vital ecstasy of their meeting.





IS THE WOMEN'S CLUB DYING?

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

THE door of the committee room closed on the delegation sent to the General Assembly by the State Federation of Women's Clubs, to lobby for Bill No. 191.

The members of the Committee on Education who had granted the hearing leaned back in their chairs, rumbled their hair, lighted their cigars and made themselves comfortable. Bill No. 191 was a permissive measure, empowering county officials to levy a special tax for establishing county libraries.

"Gosh, this has been some day!"

"How many women did they say they represented?"

"Seventy-five thousand—all over the state—standing solid behind this bill."

"Mebbe there's seventy-five thousand women belonging to clubs, but that's not saying they want Halsey's bill passed. If they're like my wife, they don't even know there's such a bill before the House."

"You've said it! My sister belongs to the club in our town, and about all she gets out of a meeting is a cup of tea and a dish of scandal."

"Oh, women's clubs do a lot of good. They built the rest-room for farm women in our town and the community house over at Marshall. And you've got to figure that seventy-five thousand women of their age have got seventy-five thousand votes."

"But that ain't sayin' they're all fer this bill. An' we ain't got no way to find out, either. S'far as I kin see, women don't hang together. It's more int'restin' to scrap."

"Well, that's neither here nor there.

Let's get down to cases. What do the farmers want? Down my way they want libraries, books for their kids, like city folks have."

This scene, reported by a member of the committee, is typical of what has happened in legislative committee rooms the country over during the past few years. The average state legislator has turned skeptical about the women's clubs. After returning to his assembly district, and more particularly to the bosom of his own family, he has learned that the delegations to which he lent a sympathetic ear did not represent the majority in their organizations but a small and noisy minority.

The same situation exists at Washington. The once-arresting slogan, "Three million women are behind this measure," no longer impresses Congressmen and Senators. It has lost its glamour, its effectiveness. Why?

This question is asked daily by thinking men and women who recognize how tremendous has been the importance of the club movement to the individual woman and to the community during the past generation. Only the self-seeking politicians of the club world and those shortsighted leaders who are steeped in traditions of uplift and reform are blind to the handwriting on the wall; deaf to the rumbling of discontent and rebellion in the rank and file; indifferent to the fact that young women, the new generation of wives and mothers, are not joining the old-established cultural or departmental clubs. This is a day when women refuse to be bored, and they are

finding the average club meeting bore-some.

The truth is that unless club leaders wake up to the true situation and inject some invigorating serum into their programs and activities, the cultural club will go the way of the horse and buggy, the cotillion, and the cross-word puzzle.

II

All social interests and activities move in cycles. For thirty years the organizations generically grouped as women's clubs have dominated civic and social activities in a majority of American communities.

Starting as small study groups, bent on self-improvement, they gradually became active forces in the political and social life of their time. They shifted from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Browning to contemporary literature. Having steeped their souls in primitives, Pre-Raphaelitism, and genre painting, they determined to reform the bill-posting art of the United States. Women who had slaved to re-shingle the parsonage or re-carpet the church found it much easier to raise funds for equipping a basket-ball team for the high school or a tourist camp on the edge of town.

They flung themselves into these new activities with enthusiasm and abandon. They opened recreation centers, libraries, art galleries, community houses, and health clinics. Goaded apathetic town officials into action, they put through clean-up campaigns in towns long regarded as hopeless. They built hospitals and club houses in towns where men could not keep a Rotary Club or a Chamber of Commerce alive.

As they increased their membership, real estate holdings, and control of public sentiment, they formed federations, local, county, state, and national. These blocs first brought pressure to bear on local politicians. They ousted offending Boards of Education, Library Trustees, and Hospital Directors. They unseated mayors who had consigned

their resolutions and petitions to the wastebasket.

Next they turned their attention to State legislation. They sent committees to the State Capitol to work for measures endorsed at their conventions, making a fine distinction between lobbying for private interests and working for the public welfare.

Eventually, by concerted action, they reached Washington, where they put the fear of God—or of three million women voters—into the hearts of Senators and Representatives, thereby securing the passage of welfare measures which seasoned politicians tried vainly to kill in committees. Even as they decried feminism and woman suffrage, these club leaders gradually became a powerful, a dominating force in the nation.

Women who had begun their club careers as brides continued to guide the activities of their eager followers. Despite added weight, hardening arteries, rheumatism, and other handicaps of advancing years, these national leaders leaped from peak to peak of achievement until it seemed that no heights were left to scale.

Then suddenly, the supremacy of the women's club tottered. Forces from within and without assailed it. New times, a new generation of women demanded a new order in clubdom, but new leaders did not rise.

In hundreds of communities the clubs are outwardly prosperous. Club houses remain open. Dues are paid. New officers are elected annually. Programs are arranged. Speakers are engaged. All things are as they have been for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, all things except attendance at meetings; this has dwindled.

III

Among the forces which have steadily undermined the vitality of the women's club are bridge, athletics, the radio, politics, and the vogue of specialization.

Bridge has become woman's favorite indoor sport. It has the endorsement

of intellectuals. Even the church has lifted the ban against it. Glance over the "society page" of any city or small-town paper, and you will find that bridge is played daily by the town's "best people." Bridge clubs—bridge parties for out-of-town guests—bridge luncheons—bridge benefits for all sorts of charities, community houses, hospitals, libraries, health centers and churches: they are everywhere. Garden clubs, gathering to discuss rock plants, the habits of gladioli or the bugs that destroy flowering shrubs, remain to play bridge.

The ex-president of a flourishing suburban club in the Middle West remarked to me regretfully:

"Things have changed in our club house. Once it was the center of culture. Now it is the rendez-vous of bridge players. Once women came bearing books. Now they leave carrying bridge prizes. Once the auditorium echoed with brilliant speeches. Now it rings with such terms as 'no trump' and 'grand slam'."

Personally the ex-officer may have had grounds for regret, but this particular club would not be in a flourishing condition if bridge playing were not tolerated, even encouraged. The club is healthy because its members are honest with themselves and the community. They frankly admit that a women's club offers both cultural and social opportunities. For too many years women have used clubs as a background for social activities, social advancement, social rivalries, and camouflaged them with talk of culture and uplift.

Athletics, too, have made inroads on attendance at club meetings. The desire to be slender has drawn women to tennis court, golf links, and swimming pool. The desire to be "smart" has drawn them to the country-club verandah. The founders of federated clubs did not consider sports good form for women past forty. They were satisfied to sit for hours listening to speakers and being uplifted. The woman of to-day wants to grow slender. It's a wise club

board that includes a swimming pool and a gymnasium in the club house plans.

Women who participated in the 1928 presidential campaign found club activities rather stupid by comparison. Club politics did not take one very far or to a very definite goal. Club banquets and corsage bouquets seemed tame after carrying a precinct for one's candidate. And it had been rather exciting and stimulating to play round with men as well as women—to say it with votes instead of with petitions. So wherever you go to-day you find club leaders turning definitely to city, county, state, and national politics. The woman whose ambition was to be president of a district or State federation now wants to go to the State legislature or to Congress. Many observers prophesy that the political party organization will replace the cultural club.

In some communities the radio has done to club meetings what it has done to Chautauquas and concert and lecture courses—almost put them out of business.

The club has long been the refuge and solace of middle-aged and elderly women. Now the radio supplies in their living room that contact with the outside world which once drew them to the club.

I asked a charming and cultured woman of sixty-five, who has been a club worker for thirty years, about her club program during the past season. She replied:

"I really don't know. Since I have had my radio I hear much better speeches at home, sitting in a comfortable wing chair, than I could at the club house, sitting on those narrow folding seats. I pay my dues and go to an occasional tea, that's all!"

Five years ago a much younger woman whose husband had suffered financial reverses resigned from her club. Knowing what a privation this would be, I suggested that I pay her year's dues in lieu of the customary Christmas gift. She accepted the suggestion with alacrity and delight. Her last letter lies on my desk.

"It's been awfully good of you, but please don't send me the check for my club dues this year. I am resigning. What with my work in the garden and the altar guild, I really don't have time for club meetings. Or perhaps it is the radio!"

IV

Groups that specialize are competing heavily with departmental clubs whose programs deal superficially with a wide variety of topics.

Before me are clippings from many newspapers in many states.

"At the conclusion of the Beethoven Festival held in St. Luke's Parish House, steps were taken to organize a fine arts club which will succeed the Women's Club. The latter has served the interests of Seaview well for twenty years, but its attendance has fallen off, and the leaders feel that a club devoted exclusively to the fine arts will serve the present needs of our women better."

"The women of this town are forming a League of Women Voters to make an intensive study of Government. Their first activity will be a Citizenship School. Later many of the members will make a pilgrimage to the State Capitol to see the Legislature in action. The chairman of the League is Mrs. F. W. A. Allen, formerly Chairman of American Citizenship in the Women's Club."

Last winter thirty-five music clubs in one state withdrew from the State Federation of Women's Clubs to affiliate with a federation of music clubs. More specialization!

Five years ago, the Women's Club with its various departments and chairmen was the outstanding organization in the suburban community where I live.

Last year it passed out of existence, melted into thin air. Garden enthusiasts had formed little clubs at five points in the town. The women who wanted to take a study course had formed a Delphian club. College graduates had organized to continue their university studies and associations. Women inter-

ested in government and civics had formed a League of Women Voters.

Women interested in community affairs now make up the Service Club. Those who enjoy music have their choral club and recitals. The young mothers have joined Parent Teacher Associations in both public and private schools.

Specialization put our women's club out of business.

My opinion and my observations are confirmed by newspaper women in various parts of the country. Some time ago I sent out a questionnaire, asking for information about to-day's tendencies in organizations for women. Here are extracts from their replies:

Our State Federation, as you know, is loyal to the General, and professes to follow the national program, but I notice that the topics discussed are purely local. In civics, they talk garbage collection and disposal; more playgrounds for congested sections; a traveling art collection for the high schools. If the program is literary, it deals with our state writers and our state library needs. If farm relief comes up for discussion, the program stresses agricultural conditions in our own state. A program featuring a talk on Woman's Place in International Affairs or American Progress in Art would not draw out a corporal's guard, whatever that may be. Women are concentrating on new problems, specific problems related to everyday life. Glittering generalities have gone out.

From a great agricultural state:

I have just returned from a district convention, so your inquiries are timely. There was little discussion of history, art, and progress in the abstract. What these women want to know is something about child psychology; how to understand their children; how to organize their lives so they can have more leisure and then what to do with the leisure when they get it. How to make their homes beautiful, not with high thoughts but with new curtain materials. Dozens of them walked out on a discussion of universal membership in the General Federation of Women's Clubs. They are fed up on both generalities and club politics.

From an industrial center:

So far as this section is concerned, the club movement is decidedly on the wane, simply

because most clubs do not give what the modern woman wants. She goes after facts. Clubs deal largely in generalities and platitudes. She wants to know how to do her job, whatever it may be, inside the home or out. That is why we have home economic clubs for young wives, parent-teacher associations for young mothers, and business and professional clubs for self-supporting women. But most of all the women's clubs need a Cause, like war relief (horrible as it was), food conservation, woman suffrage. After such dramatic activities, round tables on the somethingness of the whichness seem pretty tame. The clubs that are flourishing out here to-day have a specific object, a definite program of study and activities. In other words they are concentrating, not dissipating their energies.

Such opinions are confirmed by the recent growth of certain organizations. In a few years the National Congress of Parents and Teachers increased its membership from 250,000 to 1,250,000 simply by concentrating on the study of the child at home and in school. The National League of Women Voters is now organized in forty-five States. And wherever a League is formed it either thrives mightily or it dies quickly. Its program appeals only to women who are ready and eager to specialize on the study of government.

Illuminating is this comment:

If I were president of the State Federation or City Federation, I'd study the program sent out by the General Federation, use what is pertinent to our local life and toss the rest into the wastebasket. Club officers who follow the national program blindly almost always fail. The closer our women are to themselves and their local problems, the more they enjoy the programs. Let a club get away from local interests and it dies of dry-rot. When the General Federation of Women's Clubs was emphasizing world peace, we heard little of it through our women's clubs. To-day the General Federation's hobby is better homes, but our club women are learning about better homes by installing plumbing in their new club house.

The observer at conventions cannot fail to feel the force of such criticism. At a recent district convention, I found

chairmen struggling with this combination of timely topics: Reciprocity, Parliamentary Law, Club Organization and Extension, Applied Education, American Home, Education of the Blind, Library Extension, Better Speech, Fine Arts, Art, Drama, Literature, Music, Legislation, Law Enforcement, Motion Pictures, International Relations, Public Welfare, Indian Welfare, Health, Industrial and Social Conditions, Cancer Research, Student Loan Fund.

And most of the clubs represented at this convention are located in towns too small to support a library, clubs whose members would have the greatest difficulty in securing information on many of the topics listed for study and discussion.

The October meeting of a city federation last fall supplied even more damning evidence against the involved departmental program.

The president called on the chairmen for reports on work *done* by their departments.

"You all know," said the chairman of the garden department, "the fall is not the time to make my report. Things are all dead in the fall. But there's this much I'd like to say—don't buy your bulbs at the ten cent store; they're no good."

She sat down evidently satisfied with a deed well done.

The law enforcement chairman rose vehemently, obviously with something pressing to say.

"I don't care," she began breathlessly, "the traffic mess in this city is simply awful. That's why I was late to this meeting. Everyone in my family drives his or her own car, and it's impossible to get around town. Nobody else minds the signals, and everyone gets in your way. I say that we ought to see what can be done about it."

There was much stirring in seats, hand-clapping, and clamors of approval. For a few moments it became an experience meeting to recount the personal traffic difficulties of members. Then the president rapped for order, expressed sympathy, and called on the chairman of music.

A ponderous and precise lady explained:

"I can't report anything to-day, but by the next meeting I'll have my teeth, and then I can tell you our plans."

Apparently no one regarded this other than a commonplace. No one laughed, the music chairman sat down, and the next report was called for.

Could there be sadder examples of the smattering superficiality, the stupidity of program and method which are driving intelligent women away from the clubs?

V

But the germ which is eating into the very heart of this great organization, numerically the largest and strongest in the country, is talk. Not malicious talk by enemies and competitors—if there be such a thing as competition in organization life—but pointless, futile, stupid talk by leaders, those who profess to have the best interests of the club movement at heart.

Whether you go to a plain, garden variety of club meeting, a district, state or national convention, a breakfast, a luncheon or a banquet, you are regaled with the type of talk which is threatening women's clubs with dissolution.

Any one of these instances will be recognized by club women and observers as typical.

This spring a fellow-writer who was acting as chairman for a luncheon insisted that I go with her, assuring me that I should see three hundred picked women of her district and hear a speaker of national reputation.

As I looked over the room from my vantage point at the speakers' table I counted exactly ninety-seven club women absorbing chicken à la king and young peas. Before the meeting adjourned, I knew why the promised three hundred had dwindled to ninety-seven.

With a fruit cocktail, the agitated district president passed a note to the program chairman.

The national president had arrived

unexpectedly, and also a national division chairman. Must she ask them to speak? The program chairman nodded. With coffee and bonbons, the presiding officer rose and made the customary announcement: "We have with us to-day several unexpected but very special guests. We know you will want to hear a few words of greeting from each."

No light of joyful expectancy illuminated the upturned faces.

The national president took three minutes to explain why she had never been able to visit this club before, and three minutes more to tell how she had traveled long and hard to be there on this auspicious occasion. Then she launched into a dissertation on the enrichment of life through beauty.

The division chairman gave a fine talk on the club woman's responsibility for the education of youth in social hygiene and the efforts of the League of Nations to control white slavery.

Many of the club members, soothed by the delicious luncheon, dozed peacefully, but the district president, the program chairman, and the speaker from Washington were not so complacent. After all, a speaker with a conscience wants to earn her fee by giving service.

The speech of the afternoon got under way thirty minutes late. The speaker crammed into twenty minutes what she had planned to say in forty, realizing that her audience had already been talked into a state of insensibility.

At a state convention I saw a group of delegates on the verge of rebellion. They represented two rural districts. They had come to absorb fresh ideas and inspiration for their home clubs. Most particularly they wanted to hear an eminent speaker talk on international relations. They were armed with note books, pencils, and an expectant manner.

The afternoon session started off as usual with an interminable series of introductions—officers from affiliated organizations, ex-officers of the State Federation, several visitors from the State University.

Not a pencil went into action.

"Platform courtesies" disposed of, a business program scheduled for the first twenty minutes got under way. It had something to do with a change in per capita dues. Probably the majority of delegates would have voted for the recommended five-cent increase in order that the eminent speaker seated behind a basket of roses might give her address. But the federation politicians ruled otherwise.

If the increased dues were voted, one group of politicians could carry out their plan to establish State Headquarters and thereby glorify the retiring State president who had ambitions in the direction of the General Federation. If the dues remained at the old figure, the opposition would gain control, and thereby checkmate the political plans of their white-haired president.

The rank and file cared nothing about the quarrel, but the situation grew more and more tense. Motions were made and shouted down. Three, four, five women demanded the floor simultaneously. The parliamentarian turned red of face. The president's gavel was splintered.

I have forgotten how the vote went, but precisely five minutes before the hour set for adjournment, order was restored, and the speaker of the afternoon rose to face the strangest audience I have ever seen. The defeated group was carrying off its wounded, two women who had fainted from rage or high blood pressure. The victorious group was whispering audibly. And mere delegates, who had sat patiently through the commotion, were demanding order.

Unfortunately, the speaker had another engagement for the evening. Trains do not wait for speakers delayed by incompetent or inconsiderate chairmen. The authority on foreign relations spoke eight minutes instead of twenty-five, and the disappointed delegates, who had traveled by train, automobile, and buggy to hear her, rose in mingled admiration and indignation to escort her to the waiting taxicab.

Equally typical but less disastrous were the events of a much-heralded breakfast given by a large club at the Waldorf Astoria in its closing hours.

As the club's taste leans toward the fine arts, a long and carefully selected musical program was to be the big feature of the afternoon. Unfortunately the president, arrayed in spring colors, pink and lavender predominating, was seized by a poetical impulse. At the speaker's table sat nearly two score presidents of other clubs. She introduced each one as a dear personal friend, typifying a flower.

Mrs. Blank, weighing no less than one hundred and eighty-five pounds, was presented as the rose in the president's bouquet, in full bloom, yet dainty, fragrant, dependable. The guest with the most aggressive manner and the most raucous voice was introduced as the presiding officer's shrinking violet. Lilacs, snapdragons, daffodils, even the bloom of a century plant—they were all called upon to rise and say a few appropriate words. I looked from guest to guest, but I could not decide whether they had no sense of humor or were merely stupefied by the combination of lobster Newburgh and biscuit tortoni.

At three minutes of four—and I call your attention to the fact that this was a breakfast—the highly paid musicians began the scheduled program. More than half the audience had melted away, and those who remained saw the musicians through the film of boredom which glazes the eyes of club women who have been subjected to a five-course luncheon and an overdose of talk.

One of the ablest and most popular speakers in Eastern club circles was asked to make an address on Club Women's Day at the last Exposition of Architectural and Allied Arts. The title of her talk was "The Club Woman's Responsibility in Stimulating Her Family's Interest in the Arts." It had been announced in all of New York's newspapers, and presumably read by the club women of the city. Thousands of

dollars in free advertising were given by papers "sold" to the idea that club women are earnest seekers for culture! One hundred and fifty thousand club women to draw on! And the speaker faced an audience of ten women (count 'em), mostly personal friends!

Why? Not because she was personally unpopular. Not because she was an uninteresting speaker. Simply because women who went to the Exposition at the rate of eight or ten thousand a day were fed up with talk. They did not want to hear about their cultural obligations to family or community. They wanted to see the modern decorations on exhibition, and to learn the latest fashions in hanging curtains and draping beds.

"But," exclaims the club veteran, "New York clubs are not typical. Why, they haven't a single club house in the entire city. Come West, or South, or to New England!"

I have gone North and South and West—only to find the same rebellion against talk.

I asked the former program chairman of a large New England club what her organization studied this winter. She replied with an embarrassed laugh:

"To tell you the truth I have not attended a single meeting this season. When I finished my term as chairman I was thoroughly exhausted by a year's efforts to provide speakers who could keep our members awake. I never want to hear another club program so long as I live!"

An intellectual woman from the West—note that I use the term "intellectual," not "intelligent"—related this experience:

"I helped to organize our women's club. I am still very fond of those who co-operated with me in proving that we had women in W—who could think and act on their own initiative. But some of us have outgrown the club program. The last meeting I attended proved unbearable. Our president treated us to an hour's dissertation on religious art illustrated by atrocious lithographs, passed from hand to hand. If I want

that sort of thing, I will go to our museum of art. The only club that can survive present-day conditions is the club which offers a program related to life—every woman's life."

Yet the theme of the Mid-Biennial Council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held at Swampscott, Massachusetts, this summer was "The General Federation's Responsibility to the Community Life of the World." How can club leaders expect college graduates, wide-awake home-makers, or intelligent business and professional women to rally to such a vague and windy cause as that?

VI

Up to the present time women's clubs have made a very fine contribution to organized womanhood in America. They have brought into the lives of homemaking women fresh interests and a new sense of responsibility to themselves and the community.

They have aroused civic pride. Eighty per cent of the public libraries now open in the smaller cities, in county seats, and villages owe their existence to the initiative and determination of club women. Ninety per cent of the rest-rooms established for rural people in farm centers were opened by club women. Most of the trees, shrubs, and plants which line national highways are there because club women planted them or directed "beautification drives." Women's clubs have stepped in where Chambers of Commerce feared to tread—and have performed miracles. Any fair-minded observer, economist, or sociologist must acknowledge the nation's debt to its club women.

But changing conditions in the home, greater leisure for broader interests, new and bigger opportunities for business and professional women, all these are bringing about a new alignment of women and their organizations. And under these new conditions, the women's clubs of the traditional sort must either be re-created or dwindle into insignificance.



WHAT TRUE LOVE DID TO MR. BAMBY

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

MRS. BAMBY was a sensible woman. Until she could decide what to do she decided to do nothing; she remained in bed next morning on the excuse of a headache, so as not to confront Bamby across the breakfast table; and she allowed him to kiss her good-by—on the brow—and depart for his office in happy ignorance that a mental carbon of his love-letter (which he had buttoned up in his breast pocket) was filed away behind her inscrutable forehead and her closed eyes. He trotted blissfully along the April streets, with a new resilience in his rubber heels, while she was telephoning to her brother-in-law that she had something very important to consult him about, and would he stop to see her on his way to the office?

Bamby's meeting with Miss Joyce lasted so long that Mrs. Bamby's brother-in-law interrupted the final stages of it when he called at last on Bamby—smilingly primed with Mrs. Bamby's confidences—and found a red, flustered Bamby saying importantly to his secretary, in his best editorial tone, "Have you read this manuscript—this—ah—*Women of To-morrow*?" And Miss Joyce, as close beside him as if she had just sprung from a seat in his lap, was replying, rather breathlessly, "Yes, I think it's interesting, but I don't suppose we could use it, could we?—it's so daring."

J. Buxton Collins was a good fellow. He was full of the charity that begins at home by forgiving its own trespasses

first; and he intended to be merely humorous with Bamby and to tip him off that his wife was "wise"—as Collins would have put it—"wise" to what was going on between Bamby and his darling girl. He had come into Bamby's office with no suspicion that the girl worked there. "Well," he had said judiciously to Mrs. Bamby, "she can't be anyone in our offices or he wouldn't be writing letters to her, would he?" However, he had promised to look into it and let her know. "Of course, you understand, Sarah," he said, "I can't exactly interfere in any case. It's none of my business." And Mrs. Bamby replied, "I don't expect you to interfere. I only spoke to you about it because I thought you'd know who she is."

One look at Bamby told him who she was. The conversation about *Women of To-morrow* was too transparent a pretense. It left Bamby's confusion wholly unexplained. And one look at Carlotta Joyce both confirmed the explanation of Bamby's state and gave a new aspect to it. The girl was a knockout. She was a pippin. She was as obviously in love as a soft and blushing peach is ripe. And she was so good-looking that even "Buck" Collins had to respect her. "The old son-of-a-gun," he thought. "What do you suppose she sees in *his* bunch of whiskers?"

He regarded Bamby with a new interest, almost with admiration. "Well," he drawled, "you've decided—have you—about *Women of To-morrow*?" And sitting down with his back to Carlotta,

he pretended that he had dropped in to discuss that much debated manuscript. "The boys outside seem to be all for it. Not to mention the girls."

Bamby replied curtly, "They *would* be."

Naturally, his embarrassment would make him curt; Collins was enough of a psychologist to understand that. Also he was enough of a practical joker to enjoy making a married man in Bamby's doubtful situation discuss the new morality of love and marriage which the author of *Women of To-morrow* undertook to defend. "Of course," he confessed, "I'm old-fashioned. I don't know what's going on among the younger set these days. But they tell me we're dropping behind the times as a publishing house, the way we stand out against printing the modern point of view on any of this stuff."

Bamby was fussing with his papers. He looked up to give Collins a brief glare, and it was brief because it encountered an unexpectedly genial smile on Collins' broad, clean-shaven features. "It isn't our sort of book," Bamby said. "It isn't discussible. It isn't our sort of book at all."

Collins was not the kind of man to nurse a grievance. He would have made friendly terms with Bamby long ago if Bamby would have met him half way, but half way was much too far for Bamby to go. It would have taken him into relations with a sort of life—as typified by Buck Collins—which he did not care to recognize. He preferred to hold himself aloof.

"Of course, you and I," Collins went on, "we're both old-timers. You married for love the same as I did, and you've never looked at another woman since, any more than I have. I understand that. I understand how you feel about Mrs. B. She's a fine woman." Bamby made a choked gurgle of protest. "They don't come any better. But the point is, they don't seem to come half as good any more. These young women nowadays seem to be just naturally—"

"Excuse me." Bamby rose hastily. "I don't care to discuss it." He caught up a letter from his desk. "I have to see about this." And he fled from the office.

Collins sat a moment, smiling no longer genially, and then he took the manuscript of *Women of To-morrow* and went out with it. He did not look at Carlotta, and she was oblivious to him. She was reading Bamby's love-letter.

Bamby had copied into its magical pages a sonnet which—as he did not explain—he had originally written to his wife when he was courting her. "Now all my life has come to this glad dawn." It was sweetly old-fashioned. It was dear. It was idyllic. And it was authentic poetry written to her by a Great Man who had sat up all night to write it. When she discovered, from the silence in the office, that she was alone there, she kissed the page of the paper and hugged it to her heart.

She was in a state of feverish exaltation, and Bamby had uplifted her to it with his avowal of an emotion that was not of this world. He had written to her like an elderly Dante to a girlish Beatrice who was half an ethereal vision and half a remembered adoration of his youth. She was the young Venus, he assured her, and the medieval Virgin to whom the troubadours sang hymns of love. She was the Beauty that was the proof of God in the world, and the Love that was the living pulse of Immortality. She read of it through a smiling mist of tears.

Mrs. Bamby had read those same large utterances of her husband, but she had read them with a cold maternal eye, judging that they were little Bamby's attempts to live up to some woman's expectation of ardor. She had not discovered Carlotta's letter, disguised as the script of a story, among Bamby's papers, so she was free to suppose that his darling girl was probably leading him on, laughing at him behind his back, and merely plotting to take advantage of his inevitable masculine helplessness with the guile of the less romantic and more

practical sex. There were phrases in the letter that had, for her, the flavor of a literary exercise. They sounded as if Bamby were whipping himself up to the heights of amorous absurdity. She deplored them; she thought them ridiculous; she considered that Bamby was being encouraged to make a fool of himself, and she blamed the girl for it. But she never for a moment took the letter seriously as an expression of Bamby's real feelings. She planned to handle the situation as any wise mother would plan to save her son from being led astray—though, of course, without antagonizing him by letting him know that she was interfering. Men were like that. It was necessary for a woman to conceal her superior wisdom, so as to get past their pride, if she were to help them. She did not understand that Bamby had perhaps escaped her into a world to which she could not follow him. She knew nothing, any more, of Carlotta's fairyland of enthralled love.

Neither did J. Buxton Collins. He saw only that if Bamby had a falling out with his wife, it might happily unseat him from his editorial chair and finish all the difficulty they were having about their "namby-Bamby policy in fiction," as he called it. He considered that Bamby had deliberately insulted him by walking out of the office while he was talking. He took the script of *Women of To-morrow* to his desk to save it for further consideration in the event of Bamby's dethronement, and he went, with a grin, to the office of his assistant, Cleveland Brown, to tell him the joke about Bamby and his darling girl. He told it, of course, confidentially; and Brown—the office bachelor, a stringy and satiric bald man who was known to his associates as "the hermit crab"—enjoyed it to the point of cynical transport. "Oh, pie!" he crowed. "Oh, apple pie! Don't tell me! I've a weak heart. The hairy little Bambino! Now, watch Mamma spank! Who is this girl?"

Nobody seemed to know much about

her. She had been the intimate friend of Bamby's previous secretary who had married out of stenography and recommended Carlotta Joyce as her successor. Bamby had hired the new girl, on his own authority, over the heads of the secretarial staff in the outer office; and Carlotta Joyce had done nothing to placate the minor ambitions which he had offended. When Cleve Brown began to ask his typist leading questions about Bamby and his beautiful secretary, he did not need to tell the whole truth. Only a few humorous hints were needed. The scandal began to spread through the office with the whispered gusto of good news.

Bamby and the girl remained blissfully ignorant of what was going on. They were a good deal interrupted during the morning by members of the office staff coming in with all kinds of excuses to consult Bamby and to see the situation with their own eyes; and Bamby was aware that there was something unusual in those eyes—something secretly admiring and excited—especially when the eyes were masculine. After all, the man was no joke who could glamour a girl as young and lovely and high-hat as Carlotta Joyce. The office recognized the necessity of reconsidering some of its scorn of little Bamby. "Gosh! How about Winnie now? Did you ever really notice that girl? She's a bachelor's dream!" Carlotta did not see the girls who stopped their work to stare at her covertly whenever she passed through the outer office; and when she went to lunch she did not hear the silence that fell on the group in the elevator as she entered, her face alight with the pale suppression of an inward smile, as if she were a communicant on her way to the altar.

She was on her way to a rendez-vous with Bamby in a little Turkish restaurant, far across town, where no one would ever see them. She had to take a taxi to get there, and she did not have craft enough to go around the corner to hail the cab; she stopped it in front of the

office, where everyone who knew how immoral are taxicabs for stenographers could see her sink back on its shameless cushions. Bamby was just as indiscreet. He shook off Cleve Brown's ironical attentions at the door. "I've an appointment uptown," he said. "Sorry." And he flagged another cab as Brown muttered, grinning, to the advertising manager, "He's going to spoil his literary style. He's getting careless in his use of words. He means an assignation."

The truth was that Bamby and she were living in an emotion that enclosed them like the mystical hedge around the enchanted garden, and they were as blindly unaware of these outer eyes watching them through the leaves of their enclosure as if they had been bewitched together in their garden of love. They saw only each other in the greasy Armenian restaurant where they ate lumps of roast mutton that are called *schashlik* and a Turkish dessert that tastes like baked rolls of tissue paper smeared with honey and crushed nutmeats. Carlotta hardly got her gaze down to her plate, and Bamby never understood for a moment what he was putting in his mouth. She had recommended the café as a quiet and secret place for them to meet; that was enough for Bamby; he took the food on faith without even tasting it. He was telling her about a historical novel which he had begun to write twenty-five years before, after first reading Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*; she had returned him to the young mood of romantic make-believe in which he had conceived the story; and her confident delight in finding him a novelist as well as a poet easily convinced him that he ought to finish the book. "For me," she pleaded, in her passionate contralto. "Write it to me."

She saw herself as the inspiration of a genius, and she certainly looked the part. She was wearing a little close-fitting spring hat, with Mercury wings on it, and it added the needed touch of classical atmosphere to make her seem as beautiful as a heavenly Muse to Bamby.

She had the chiseled nose of Pallas Athene. "Of course, I'll write it," he promised, pressing her hand. He wanted to say that if he ever succeeded in getting into it anything of her sweet glory, it would be a divine masterpiece, but he could not say it; his emotion filled his throat.

And, meanwhile, at lunch in Bamby's Colonial dining room, Mrs. Bamby and J. Buxton Collins were similarly agreeing on a tacit understanding that would make it possible for Bamby to write this very book. Collins was discreet. He had 'phoned that he needed to see her about a business problem which had come up, and when he arrived he made light of Bamby's affair with his secretary. "There's nothing in that," he said. "It's all nonsense. It's all—you know—propinquity. She's too good-looking, that's the whole trouble, and he's sort of at the dangerous age, and they've been thrown together too much." The real difficulty was something else entirely. For a long time now, Bamby had been unhappy in the office, and the girl had probably sympathized with him. That was how the whole thing started, no doubt. Bamby knew that his department was not making money, and he knew that everybody was dissatisfied about it and criticizing him about the books that he refused to print. The truth was that Bamby's taste in fiction was too good to be of any use to anyone but a writer. A publisher had to be more popular in his likes, more commonplace, more—you know—normal. They hadn't made a profit on their fiction list for years, while other publishers were making fortunes. Bamby was a writer himself; that was his trouble. He hadn't the eye of a reader at all. He ought to have more time to write. He ought to take a holiday—abroad, say—and do Something Big. This nonsense about the girl in his office wasn't serious. What he needed was a little holiday to take him away from her for the moment, and then find real work of his own—writing—to occupy his mind

and keep him out of mischief. If Mrs. Bamby could take him abroad—

"I haven't been feeling well," she said suddenly, "for some time. My doctor's been suggesting that I ought to take the cure at Kissingen."

"There you *are!*" Collins spread his plump hands expansively.

"But all this," she warned him, "has nothing to do with Miss Joyce. I shan't mention her to Winfield."

"Oh, certainly not. Certainly not."

She did not like Collins; she thought him coarse and she could not understand how her sister ever married him—except that Marjorie had never been really fastidious, even as a young girl. However, coarse or fine, Collins knew his business. He had been making a great deal of money for them, in spite of the failure of their fiction list. And Bamby's behavior had freed her from any loyal obligation to protect him any longer from Collins' interference. "I've always wanted Winfield to go back to his writing," she said proudly, "and I'll speak to him about it to-night. I shouldn't like to have him feel that he's been a failure in the office. I'll simply put it on the score of ill-health and the necessity of going abroad. And I trust that you'll speak of it in the same way, Buxton, in the office."

"Oh, certainly. Certainly," Collins promised. "In fact, I won't mention it at all. He can explain it himself. Whatever he says, goes, eh?"

"Yes, indeed." Mrs. Bamby rose at the end of lunch. "I'll merely suggest it to him. If he objects, of course I'll not press it. It's for him to decide. Entirely."

"Quite so," Collins agreed.

But when he finally got away from her he could not wait even to walk the few blocks back to his office with the glad tidings. He bolted to a taxi and arrived in Cleve Brown's room in a perspiring state of secret excitement, although he covered it with a pretense of fat nonchalance. He lighted a cigar and sat down lazily and drawled out, "He's

canned. Don't say a word. She's going to break the news to him to-night. She's taking him abroad—to get him away from this Sweetie of his—and he isn't ever coming back—not to this joint, anyway."

That was very important and confidential information, and it was promptly passed around among the responsible heads of the office in a series of hurried conferences from which the clerks and secretaries were excluded; but the clerks and secretaries easily suspected that the official secrecy concerned Bamby, since it buzzed around so importantly in Bamby's absence; and they all waited eagerly to see what would happen when he returned.

He was late. So was Carlotta Joyce. And they were late because she had begun telling him the whole story of her life and her love, over their Turkish coffee, and they did not realize what time it was. And what time was it, truly? Time for them had just begun. All *her* life, certainly, had been merely a preparation for this wonderful beginning. She kept interrupting her story to say, "I'm so happy!" in tones of rapture. "I didn't know I was in love with you. I just felt that people would misunderstand you, and make trouble for you, and I wanted to be where I could help protect you. Isn't it funny?—because you're not that sort of person at all. You're so distinguished and—and authoritative. I love your hands!"

Bamby had never been made love to before. All the women whom he had ever admired had followed the established American tradition of being only sweetly receptive. Mrs. Bamby, at her most ardent, had no more than complained, "You don't love me any more." To have this adorable girl interrupt her story of her mad passion for him, in order to say in a heart-shaken voice, "I love your hands!"—oh, that was an intoxication as potent as sips of cognac interrupting an endless replenishment of champagne. He kept murmuring "You darling!" almost maudlinly, sup-

porting himself with his elbows on the table and leaning over as near to her as he could get across the dishes.

They were reminded of the hour, at last, by making an attempt to arrange for another meeting that evening. She wanted him to come to the studio and read her his first chapter of *In Days of Old*. Her father was away sketching somewhere in Connecticut; their servant came only for half a day; they would be all alone. Bamby was afraid he had an engagement for dinner, but if he hadn't, and if he dined at home, he would get away as soon as he could after dinner, on the excuse of going to his club, and it'd take him about half an hour to taxi from Washington Square, so that he'd arrive about nine-thirty. "What time is it now?" she asked, so as to begin counting the minutes that must elapse before she could open her door, like Juliet—

"Heavens!" He jumped up. "It's three o'clock!" They stared at each other, caught together. "You run along," he said. "Take a taxi. I'll wait and pay the check. Hurry!"

She fled without a good-by. It did not matter about him. He could be as late as he pleased. But for her to be absent from the office, too, would be suspicious. "Oh, damn," he said, pulling at his imperial. "Why didn't I think of that!" He realized, for the first time, that an affair of this sort, no matter how innocent and happy, could seriously complicate one's life. People were so low-minded.

And, indeed, the office staff was low-minded enough to be wondering humorously, by half past three, whether Bamby and the girl had not eloped together. Carlotta's taxi got caught in a traffic jam, and she had no more than sauntered in, as bold as innocence, before Bamby followed her, fussing guiltily. When they were safe in his office, with the door closed, she kissed him, giggling. "Oh, dear," she said. "you look so funny. As if you'd been playing hooky!"

She succeeded in making him see it as a lark, and then his wife telephoned to say that she had canceled their engagement for dinner that evening because she was feeling quite ill, and if he didn't mind having dinner at home again—

"Oh, not at all," he assured her, very editorially. "I'd much prefer it. Sorry you're not feeling well. Nothing serious?"

Well, that was something she wished to talk to him about. And her tone might have sounded ominous to him if he had been really listening to it instead of trying to convey to Carlotta by his raised eyebrows and his conspiring smile, that what he was hearing was good news for her. She came to stand beside him eagerly while he finished. "There!" he said, as he hung up. "I had a dinner, but it's canceled. I'll be free."

"Oh, goody!" She pulled him to his feet. "Oh, golly!" She clasped him to her and began to do a jig, turning him round and round. "Our first—first—first! Our first real time together. Oh, Darly-warly! Ain't it grand? Our first real time together!"

In fact, she succeeded in making him see their whole relation as a lark—as something happy and young and mischievous rather than guilty—something like playing truant together from solemn lessons in duty set by the schoolma'am who presided over married life. And she succeeded so well that when Cleve Brown came in again, to have a fascinated look at Bamby on the edge of disaster and ignorant of his danger, Bamby was in such serene and confident good spirits that Brown was taken aback. He went to consult Collins. "You don't suppose," he said, "that Bamby has anything up his sleeve?"

"Not a thing," Collins assured him. "He's a flat and he doesn't know it."

"But suppose he refuses to quit? Suppose he won't go abroad?"

"If he refuses to quit he gets fired. You don't know the half of it, Cleve. He hasn't a cent to his name. He's never had anything but his salary, and

he hasn't asked for a raise in fifteen years because it would come out of the family pot. She has all the money. He's never had more than enough to pay his tailor and his bills at the club. He'll do what she tells him or he won't eat. You don't imagine he could get a job anywhere else, even if he had the face to go after it? At his age? After his record here? Everyone in the business knows what a flop he's been. Besides, he hasn't the nerve to stand up to her for a minute. Not Winnie. You watch. He'll do just what Mamma tells him to—and no back talk either."

"Well, I don't know," Brown grumbled, unconvinced. "If he's really in love with this girl, you can't tell. He might put up a fight. He might put up a fight that'd hold Mrs. B. He looks to me a good deal like the rabbit that bit the bulldog."

Bamby went through the rest of his afternoon so busily repressing his clandestine exuberance that he did not suspect again what anyone else in the office might be concealing. He had one moment of doubt as she was leaving him to go home, a little early because she wanted to make the studio ready to receive him. "I may be late," he warned her. "She said she wasn't feeling well. I may not be able to run away right after dinner."

She turned at the door, to surrender her whole soul to him in a last deep look of devotion. "Don't worry," she said. "I'll wait. I've waited all these years. I'd wait forever."

She had to wait till after ten o'clock, but she fretted no more than a beloved child on the night before Christmas, sure of her Santa Claus. Most of the time she spent preparing herself and the room to welcome him. She swept and dusted with a vacuum cleaner, a towel around her head; piled away her father's canvases in a corner; brought in cushions from her bedroom, and changed several of the lamp shades, and even tinted three of the electric globes with some of

her father's rose madder, humming to herself, "If I had Heaven's embroidered cloths." At seven o'clock she ran out to get a bite to eat in a dairy restaurant, but she gobbled it hastily when she considered that he might come early—and find her missing—and she hurried back with flowers and candies and cigarettes for him. She had still to bathe and dress and cream and powder and perfume herself, and that occupied her endlessly. She ended in a long Chinese coat embroidered in apple blossoms, that came to her knees, and under it apple-green silk trousers that came to her ankles. With a cigarette in a long jade-green holder, she seated herself among the cushions on the studio couch and puffed blissfully. "Isn't life lovely?" she asked herself reprovingly, because she had been so despairing only a few days before. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

On top of that happy thought, it occurred to her that the door bell might be out of order—that he might come and ring and ring and go away, disappointed, without her hearing him. You could never tell about electric bells. She hurried to the door and tried the push-button, and it rang all right, but she would not trust it. She took the catch off the door, so that it might be opened from the outside, but even this did not satisfy her; he might not try to open it. As a final precaution, she left the door a few inches ajar. "If he sees it that way," she told herself, "he'll think I've just gone out for a minute, and he'll come in to wait for me."

She went back to her cushions, relieved, and lay down again, smiling. She closed her eyes and stretched herself, humming as a cat purrs before the fire, conscious of happiness as a physical well-being which she could feel as much in the contented muscles of her body as in the glow of her thought.

She was awakened by the bell—she could not tell whether it was from a day-dream or a real sleep—and she scrambled to her feet, instantly alert, and threw

the cushions back on the couch and ran to the door. She plucked it open, and there stood—smiling at her shyly—a young man who was, for the moment, a complete stranger to her. Her mind was so full of Bamby that she simply stared at him without recognition.

"I noticed your door was open," he explained apologetically, "so I knew you must be in."

It was Billy Harper, the young artist from across the hall. She continued to stare at his high forehead—he was prematurely bald—at his clean-shaven chin, at his faltering and hairless smile.

"I wanted to tell you my good news," he said. "They're going to give me a one-man show. And they've sold two of my things."

The image of Bamby had slowly faded out and let Harper come through. She watched him take something out of his pocket and give it to her. When she looked down at it in her hand, it was a check for five hundred dollars. "And I've got commissions for two portraits," he said.

He waited, bashfully expectant.

Billy Harper! Of course. He had been her father's favorite pupil. It was about him that they had quarreled so often, because he was in love with her, and she always snubbed him. And here he was, of all people, come to her with the first fruits of his success, to be congratulated.

She said, in a chalky tone, "Isn't that nice. I'm so glad."

"Are you really?" His voice shook, nervous at his own daring. "It—it means everything to me. I know how you feel about artists. But a—a successful artist?"

Heavens! He was going to propose to her again, *there*, with Bamby likely to arrive at any minute.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," he faltered, "unless you . . . I hate to think of you working in an office. I—I'd paint so much better if you'd let me . . . Couldn't you like me enough just—you know—as a friend—to let me help you

go on with your music, so you wouldn't have to work in an office? I'm going to get a thousand dollars each for the portraits, and the dealer takes only thirty per cent, except for pictures that're sold in his gallery, and my prices'll be going up all the time, and I . . ."

She held out her hand to give him back the check. Happy in her emotion about Bamby, she felt, for the first time, sorry for him. "That's awfully sweet of you, Billy," she said, touched. "I couldn't, of course, but it's—it's awfully sweet of you."

He caught her hand and held it, in spite of her attempts to free herself, crushing the check. "No, no, listen," he pleaded. "You don't know what it means to me—to my work—and everything. I'm so miserable. I don't want anything but to make you happy. No, nothing. Nothing but that. It doesn't matter to me about my success—or anything—unless I can share it with you. I can't!—I can't . . ." He choked on his tears.

"No, no." She struggled with him, at arm's length. "Let me go. There's someone coming. I can't talk to you here. I'm expecting someone from the office to see me. Please go away. I'll see you some other time."

He clung to her, desperately. "Will you see me after they go? Will you?"

"No. Yes." She had to promise it to get rid of him. He released her. "Now, please go away." She shut the door hastily in his face.

She thought she had heard the elevator coming, and she ran to her bedroom to powder her nose again and conceal the agitation of her scene with Harper. Darn him! To come there just at that moment and destroy all the joyous expectation of her mood. It was disgusting. *He* was disgusting. She felt that she positively hated his high bald forehead and his clean-shaven chin—so unlike Bamby's—and his meek and pleading eyes, so different in their expression from Bamby's amiably condescending way of beaming at her when he

was making love. He was so distinguished. He was so aristocratic. He was a king. She made a gesture of waving the memory of Harper away from her, and hurried back to the studio to concentrate again on the thought of Bamby, so as to recapture the warm glow with which she ought to receive him.

She lighted a cigarette and sat down to think of him, but in spite of herself something had gone out of her emotion. Darn him and darn him! Suppose he *was* unhappy, was it *her* fault? Why did he always keep coming back to bother her, like some poor dumb animal that couldn't be driven away? You didn't like to be absolutely brutal to him. And yet, if you didn't he'd hang around like this, and spoil her whole evening with Bamby because she'd keep thinking that he might come back, in the midst of their happiness, and ring the bell—

It rang. She stood a moment, horrified, with the premonition that he had returned. And then she realized that it was Bamby, and she reached the door almost in a single bound. She threw it open, breathless. And there stood Bamby with his hat on, staring at the floor in an attitude of bowed dejection, as if he had pressed the button absent-mindedly while he was thinking of something else.

She gazed at him transfixed. "What is it? What's the matter?"

He replied hoarsely, without really looking at her, "She's ill."

His wife! "Not seriously!" And in spite of her sympathy, there was a lift of hope in her voice.

He looked up, at that, and she saw that his face was drawn, his eyes sunken. "No. She has to go abroad. She wants me to go with her."

He seemed to have aged incredibly. She caught him by the arm, on an impulse to rescue him, and pulled him into the apartment and closed the door on the calamity that had overwhelmed him since he left her. "What's happened? I don't understand."

"That man Collins and she have got together. I quarreled with him to-day. They're putting me out of the office. It's only an excuse—her wanting to go abroad."

"What?" She led him into the studio from the darkened entrance hall, to see him better. She took off his hat. He did not seem to notice it. "Putting *you* out of the office!"

He nodded miserably.

"But they *can't*! It's *your* office."

He shook his head, as if he had not spirit enough left to speak.

"Here! Come here by the fire. Give me your coat. Sit down here, darling, and tell me." She got his overcoat off him as if he were a child, and she led him to an armchair and sat down on his knees and kissed him in a frenzied ardor of pity; and when he remained still unresponsive, in a state of chilled dejection, she cried, "But, darling, even if they can do it—even if you have to leave the office—all the better, don't you see? You can write. You can do your book. I'll help you. And your poetry! It's just what you wanted. You never should have been *in* an office. You're a poet—*my* poet. And a novelist. Don't you see?"

Evidently, he did not see, and she did not seem to be able to make him see. His eyes were full of something that was going on inside his head, to the exclusion of everything around him—to the exclusion even of her; and when she had covered his face with kisses and drew back to beam at him, she found that she had not changed him, that he was still looking aside, as cold to her as if he were in a sulk.

"I can't make a living by writing," he said, in that same hoarse, despondent voice.

"How do you know you can't?" she argued. "You've never tried. And even if you couldn't, you could try, and then get another office if you failed, couldn't you? Why, how absurd you are! You act as if these people—"

At the thought of looking for work

in another office, he all but shuddered. And the thought of writing for a living made it a shudder of nausea. He hated the whole business of money-making. That was one reason why he hated Collins—the money-maker. And that was why his fiction list had done so badly; he continually rejected books, cheap books, popular books the more gladly because he knew they would make money. Never since his marriage had he once condescended to think of money. To propose to him now that he should start out in the horrible world of money-making and either peddle manuscripts or go about asking these damned money-making publishers for work! She was a fool to propose such a thing. He glanced at her as if he hated her. "I couldn't make a living writing, and I'm not going to try."

She stared at him a moment silenced. She got up from his knee and retreated to a seat on the studio couch. "I don't understand," she said painfully. "Don't you love me any more?"

"What good would that do us?" he replied. "*Either* of us?"

She sank back against the cushions, as if the cutting edge of his voice had stabbed the pain into her breast.

"They've got together—Collins and she—to do this to me, after all the years I've worked for them. Turning me out—on the excuse that she's sick and has to go abroad and take me with her—and pretending she wants me to have a holiday and give up the office so as to have more time to write. And when I ask her how long she plans to be abroad, she won't tell me—some months certainly—maybe a year. It's all a trick. It's all a trick of Collins's. To get rid of me. Because I put him in his place. It's—it's given me an awful indigestion."

He put his hand on his middle and blinked at her pathetically. That was a way her father had; he always got ill after a quarrel in the house, and then you had to bring him medicine and forgive him—even when he was in the wrong. She hated it. It was the trick

of a weak egotist. Bamby looked yellow—yellow with age and nausea. He looked a little shrunken, babyish, old man. He looked like her father, and she said, in the tone she might have used to her father, "I'll get you some soda."

She went to the medicine chest in the bathroom, conscious that her heart was breaking under a load of pity and disgust. She did not dare to look in the mirror, where she had seen herself beautiful and happy such a short time before; she was afraid to think of that. She mixed a spoonful of soda with a half glass of water. Yes, life was like this.

When she brought the medicine to him she averted her eyes while he took it and drank it meekly.

She put the glass on the table where the poet's narcissus was palely watching him.

She sat down on the couch again in silence and listened to him and his futile complaints.

He went over them and over them, but he never once mentioned her or thought apparently of what would happen to her. No, he was thinking only of himself, of his hurt pride, of his sore egotism. And she saw him as a weak little man, grown old in selfishness, with that self-centered lack of sympathy, of generosity which she loathed in her father. Her love had just flattered him. Now, reduced to abject sincerity by this disaster to his opinion of himself, he asked peevishly, "What good would that do us—*either* of us?" when she offered him her devotion.

"Then you're going abroad with her, for a year maybe?" She asked it in a dead, indifferent voice, fighting against a horrible cold tremor that had attacked her like an inner ague.

"What else *can* I do? I've made money for them—for her—but I've never made a penny for myself. I never thought of it. I trusted to her—to her gratitude. I—" He choked on a sort of hiccough. "Pardon me." He wiped his forehead. "I feel really very ill."

"You'd better go home," she said,

"before you get any worse." She rose to bring him his coat.

"Ye-es, I think I had," he agreed miserably. "I'm sorry." He had some glimmering sense of what a tragedy it was for her. He frowned at her as if he were trying to see her clearly, his eyes wavering. "I'm sorry."

She would not look at him. "Not at all," she said. She gave him his hat and led the way to the door.

He followed her, confused. He turned at the doorway to say good-by. "I'll see you to-morrow."

She made no reply. She looked at him with a sort of grimace, her mouth drawn to one side, her eyebrows working; and before he could speak again, she closed the door.

He hesitated a moment and then he swayed faintly down the hall to the elevator and rang the bell. He'd see her to-morrow, when he felt better. He did not look up from his sick pre-occupation to notice Harper watching him through the crack of the opposite door; and Harper drew back when the elevator arrived; but as soon as Bamby had descended out of sight, he darted across the hall and rang Carlotta's bell.

He rang it again and again. When he got no answer, he tried the handle and found the door off the catch. He opened it. "Carlie?" he called. "It's me."

He heard her sobbing. He went in slowly and slowly closed the door.

Bamby did not see her on the morrow. She did not come back to the office even to get the things there that belonged to her, and she never acknowledged them when they were sent to her, or replied to the letter that he wrote. He called her several times on the telephone before he sailed, but there was no answer.

He is still abroad. He has not written his novel yet, or anything else, but then he has been ill. He has developed a chronic dyspepsia; and Mrs. Bamby carries him around the Continent, from cure to cure; and the more watchfully she nurses him the worse he becomes.

"The joke of it is," Collins says, "she's never mentioned the girl. I hear she's married a painter, but I don't suppose he knows it. Mrs. B. has never explained a thing to him. Not a thing! He doesn't know what struck him."

Certainly he does not suspect that it was true love.

(The End)





LIFE ON THE HOOF

BY ALICE O'REARDON OVERBECK

ONCE, many years ago, as I stood looking over a vast stretch of western prairie—sand dotted with cactus and sagebrush carrying on flatly to the blue-gray horizon—the cowman standing beside me waved his hand negligently and remarked, a certain warm savor in his voice, “Life, Lady, life on the hoof.”

And so I propose to tell you of life—life on the hoof—not in our great West, which has rather graduated from the hoof to patent leathers; but in Bolivia, a mountain land of agonizing desolation and unspeakable beauty, of blistering suns and icy winds, of stark privation and easy comfort.

Never shall I forget my letting down the day I embarked on my first journey to Bolivia, feeling not too unlike the original Pizarro. We were gathered on the Grace Line Pier in Brooklyn, the male parent of the family sweating blood over mislaid or mislabeled trunks and unreasonable officials who would wrangle over passports and tickets, the children frolicking ever nearer and nearer the dangerous edges of the dock, I inclined to weep on the bosoms of my encircling relatives; when into our midst barged the friend of the family, armed with a crossword puzzle book for the “popper,” candy for the children, and a bunch of artificial flowers in a cunning box for me.

“Well, Alicia,” she cried breathlessly, “so you are off for Bolivia. The capital of Peru—isn’t it?”

I gasped; the relatives looked virtuously intelligent.

“Oh,” corrected the friend airily, “I didn’t mean Peru, I meant Chile.”

And so I find that most of my friends who may, I think, be called representative Americans, mean—well, if not Peru, Chile, or the Argentine, or any old place in South America. To my surprise, and later, when I came to feel a certain pride in Bolivia, to my disgust, I discovered that even Lake Titicaca failed to rouse. Most people had never heard of it, or, if they had, it was merely a name, like the Lamas of Thibet, or Relativity, or the two-toed sloth of Brazil—things which when encountered in an intelligence questionnaire throw you into a fury, because of course you know about them, but somehow you just can’t make an answer come right. I realize that I should be showing an indecent distrust of my readers should I doubt their exact knowledge of Bolivia or Lake Titicaca; I merely mention the ignorance of my friends.

I am the wife of a geologist, and we spend our lives wandering from one mining camp to another—two months here, three months there, always moving. Sometimes two or three other women live in the camp in which we may be staying, sometimes I am the only *Gringa* woman; but the entire American colony in Bolivia is so small that wherever we may be there are always friends. It is six years now since I left the States and started my struggle with life on the hoof, and during those years I have learned many things—how to officiate at a birth when there is no nurse to be had, how to close the eyes and fold the hands of the dead, how to ride a mule for hours on end over dizzy mountain trails, how to drink whisky and water and dash to—

gether a wicked cocktail, how to exchange mine gossip with the men in easy man-talk, how to speak almost incredibly bad Spanish, and, perhaps my most useful accomplishment, how to forage for food against what seemed at the outset insurmountable difficulties.

When I first arrived in Bolivia I acquired a cook and, although I have had an almost endless string of houseboys and maids and laundresses, my Teresa has stuck to me through all her and my vicissitudes. She is officially a Chola, as shown by her two long black pigtails, her huge gold earrings set with pearls, her tall, hard, white straw hat—shaped rather like a Civil War stovepipe—her enormous blue skirt or *pollera*, her pink merino shawl heavily embroidered and fringed with silk, and her high laced kid boots with spindling heels; but her admixture of Spanish blood is only a dash, and she is probably ninety-nine per cent Quichua Indian—the people of the Incas. Costume in Bolivia is partly a religious matter, and the Cholas (people of mixed Spanish and native Indian blood), as well as the Quichua and Aymará Indians, cling stubbornly to what is *costumbre*, despite the recent efforts of the Government to throw them into *vestidos*—a word actually meaning dresses, but in Bolivia connoting European clothes. The belief, so far as I can gather, is that long, long ago the Señor God made images of clay, each in its proper dress, and set them on the earth. Then into the clay images He breathed the breath of life, and bade them go forth and do what was expected of them. To even the crassest unbeliever, then, it is evident that El Señor intended these costumes, so cunningly and painfully devised, to remain; and remain they do. Nothing would lure Teresa from her cherished clothes, although her real elegance is reserved for traveling and fiestas, while for plain work days the gold earrings are handed over to me for safe keeping, the gorgeous skirt and shawl and boots are folded away; and flat slippers on the ends of bare brown

legs, a black *pollera*, and an ugly checked gingham overall take their place. The tall white hat, however, is apparently a fixture, and I could almost swear that she sleeps in it. During work hours or in moments of heavy trial it is thrown on the back of the head; in moments of ease or for traveling or fiestas it is perched rakishly on one eyebrow. How it is kept in position is more than I should like even to guess at, for it is absolutely hard-boiled and uncompromising, and the head never seems to fit into it—it merely sits; yet I have seen Cholas struggling against heavy winds, Cholas bending over wash tubs or scrubbing floors, Cholas lustily beating their offspring, and always with the glistening white hat sitting firmly in its prescribed place.

Teresa has four advantages over most of her people—she can read and she can write, she can tell time, and she is married. This last is an estate so uncommon in her class as to be almost startling, and Teresa achieved it only after the birth of several children. Apparently, when achieved, it had few charms, as she soon left her husband to follow us in our nomad life; and now, although she may burst into a child ever and anon, she is my almost constant companion and my mainstay in moments of need.

Take us, for example, as we are at present. We have been ordered to a tiny pueblo, the central camp for a number of mines, not far from the Argentine border. We are thirteen thousand odd feet above sea level, and, like the man at a funeral who craved permission to speak a few words on Southern California, I beg leave to deliver a few thoughts on altitude. I truly believe that unless one is afflicted with some chronic disorder of the heart this “feeling the altitude” business is pure tosh. I have met people at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, which I believe is somewhere around seven thousand feet, and people at Denver, which is about five thousand, who move with measured tread, as if just about to blow up “on account of the altitude”; and I have heard of, though

not positively seen, people who gushed blood at the nose on crossing the high points of the Rockies on the train. Here, at thirteen thousand feet, we play tennis with no worse result than a possible shortness of breath; and at fiesta time dance by the hour, not the gentle waltz or foxtrot or even the more energetic Charleston, but the rollicking native dances—the *cueca*, wherein the gentleman, holding one coat tail coyly aloft and gently fluttering his handkerchief, pursues the lady, who, one hand on hip and the other also fluttering a provocative handkerchief, mincingly attempts to escape the pursuer; or the *huaiña*, wherein one grasps both hands of one's partner and switches this way and that in a sort of wrestling match or endurance contest. I personally know one gay old lad of over sixty who has, not once but several times, walked to the top of Chorolque Mountain, which towers over our camp, eighteen thousand feet above sea level, and regularly on Sundays turns out with the football team at the mine camp, which is nearly sixteen thousand feet up. We all use the altitude as a scapegoat, and when we get low in our spirits, or fretful, or in a boiling rage, assure our comrades that "the altitude is getting us"; but when it comes to actual damage—tosh!

With all its thirteen thousand feet our pueblo is not without charm. It lies in a narrow valley at the junction of two rivers, and high above it on every side rise starkly the barren, pastel-colored mountains. Indeed, so close do the hills encroach that the village seems to be plastered against their sides, and has been necessarily built on two levels, which are connected by a long flight of stone stairs. The houses are adobe, of the same passionless tone as the hills, with doors and window trimmings of apple-green, and roofs either of thatch or of warm, sunburned red tiles. Willow trees grow along the river's edge, occasional knotty thorn trees are scattered about the village, and a huge, wind-

gnarled pepper tree spreads its arms clear across the main patio. Only because of the protection of the hills do we have these trees, as actually we are well above the tree line; and the sheltered situation also makes possible the gardens which on our arrival are ablaze with hollyhocks and cornflowers and marigolds. For it is January, and hot, despite the altitude; and flies, millions of them, fill the air with their drone.

Teresa and I, however, advance on our new location with cheerful hearts, a pressure cooker, a really elegant patent can opener, a flour sifter, and a Dover egg beater. For the rest, we trust in God and hope for the best. The Company owning the mines is Bolivian, the inhabitants of the camp are all Bolivians, save for the English chief engineer and the visiting American auditor; and as the most flamboyant and optimistic Gringo must know, we North Americans are not the well-beloved of our South American cousins. The housing problem, as always in mining camps, is acute. There is great delay and discussion as to where we shall live, and at first, like the dove of the Ark, we have not where to set the sole of our foot; but finally we are shunted into a small adobe house on the outskirts of camp—not in the best residential district, to be sure, but very comfortable. Our house, from the point of view of any architect, might be said to be a complete flop, for it is nothing but a series of rooms strung around a patio, with the dining room at one end and the living room at the other. When it rains the family must gallop across the patio regardless of weather, and the food, in the face of the flies as well as the weather, must be carried from the still farther removed kitchen. The place, however, has its points, for adobe takes on a pretty color after years, and the roof is thatched, and the patio is delightful—all gay with sweetpeas and cosmos and sunflowers and hollyhocks and crimson cockscomb, and dignified with nice useful cabbages and cauliflowers and carrots.

Although we know we can keep this place for only three months, we settle down with as much vigor as if for a lifetime. From somewhere Teresa retrieves a dog, a cat, and a parrot. The dog is immediately named Jasmine, a name which somehow appeals to me, and which we use for all our dogs regardless of breed or sex. The parrot is rather a poor affair with a limited vocabulary—*Lorito Real, trae la patita*, and such useful and refined expressions—but we always have parrots of this order, mainly because they are cheap and can be left behind when a job is finished.

The animals accounted for, we must collect our staff, as Bolivian servants are highly specialized; a cook cooks, a laundress launders, a *pongo* washes dishes and runs errands, and so along the line. Finally, we are definitely established, with Flores—a small, dapper Rio Blanco Indian lad—as houseboy; Benigna—a none too benignant looking Chola—as laundress; the patent can opener set up, the pressure cooker on the tiny cook stove, and the animals in their appointed places, where, I will say, they seldom remain.

Our next objective is to get provisions. We are visited by the milkman. So far as I can see, his one idea is to assure us that there is enough milk only for his former patrons, and it is entirely useless to try to urge him to give forth more. In the matter he is polite but firm. I reason with him sternly in my truly remarkable Spanish, throwing in an occasional *Por Dios* and *Caramba* to buck up my loose verbs, while the staff gather round, and, be it said to their credit, never even smile at my linguistic acrobatics. Finally Teresa bursts into a stream of angry and explosive Quichua. What she says I don't know, for I have never learned even one word of Quichua; but it is apparently effective, because next morning up to the kitchen door lumbers a cow, her calf flinging its heels gaily behind her. Teresa rushes out with a large native earthen jar, Flores and Benigna ward off the calf with

flourishes and shouts, and amid the uproar the milkman squirts into the jar a scanty portion of thin blue milk. This must, of course, be boiled and strained before using, yet even so I could never get up courage to drink it. When one has been accustomed to seeing milk delivered in neat bottles, such informal delivery seems almost too personal.

For groceries we must patronize the Company store, or *pulperia*. This is a dark little hole, the only light coming from the door, and the shelves that line the walls are packed with the most remarkable merchandise. There are canned goods of various countries and vintages, liquors of all kinds, including several good brands of champagne, cheap colored calicoes, fine blocked English linen, Chola hats and shawls and skirts, bolts of really good English woollens, most of which were imported before the War; and the usual outlay for the Indians—coca, rice, a coarse sort of meal, and a barrel of soiled sweets (a little pink sugar rolled round a caraway seed) that are usually claimed as *llapa*. Here seems to be enough assortment to suit any housekeeper, but when it comes to a showdown, there is seemingly nothing necessary to her comfort. After we have stocked up on flour, sugar, rice, a few liquors, Quaker oats (called simply *Quacker* and as familiar in South America as the Singer sewing machine), Royal baking powder, and lard, comes a deadlock. The canned goods are mostly of inferior brands and incredibly expensive—one dilapidated can of peaches that has lost even its wrapper costing a dollar gold, its companions rating equally. The shopkeeper, or *pulpero*, is absolutely undisturbed at our caustic comments and, sitting calmly on his stool, announces the lack of essentials with what would seem unnecessary heartiness.

"Any Golden State butter?"

"No hay, Señora," is the cordial response.

"Any raisins, any nuts, any syrup, any bacon, any crackers, any anything?"

"No hay, Señora, no hay," comes the cheerful chant.

Well, we will have to send to Oruro—the nearest large town—for what we can't get at the *pulpería*, and there are only two mails a week, and the rains have started, and we are twenty kilometers from the railroad, and the only road is in the river bed, which will probably be in flood before our stuff can arrive at the nearest railroad station. What a life!

Since we can get so little from the *pulpería*, we must fall back on the country. First, we must have chickens; we always have chickens, even on our briefest stops. So Teresa calls on the Commissario, or head man of the pueblo. His house is not far behind ours, and I can watch him from my back window. He leans against his door frame, looks pensive, and seems to be giving the situation a lot of heavy thought. Finally he comes around to the kitchen door with Teresa, Flores and Benigna, and I join them, and we go seriously into the matter. Well, this is Thursday, and he believes—he doesn't know, mind you, only believes—that about four of the afternoon of the coming Saturday there will be chickens for sale at the *recova*, or marketplace. The Commissario is a person rather to be reckoned with, as all food brought into the pueblo by the Indians is levied on by him and to be in his good graces means getting first choice; so we thank him politely, exchange courtesies anent our respective healths, the weather, and the state of the river, and make a formal tryst with him for Saturday at four.

When the appointed hour comes, Teresa and I set forth. We trudge up the long flight of steps that separates the lower from the upper level of the village, and through the main street, which is merely a dirt path flanked on either side by tiny adobe houses of a couple of rooms and a small walled patio each. Pigs, chickens, and dogs foregather with easy familiarity, and an occasional duck wanders hither and thither. Sanitary

arrangements are absolutely unknown in this part of the pueblo, and the place smells to high heaven. Swarms of flies buzz and drone and light on animals and people alike in perfect democracy. As we pick our way amongst the garbage and puddles—origin best unsought—that fret the path, we are greeted by an endless chorus of *buenas tardes* from the women squatting beside their *braseros* in the open doorways of the patios, from the children playing time-old games of top spinning and marble rolling and ring-around-a-rosy in the dust, from the men sunning themselves placidly against the adobe walls.

The *recova* is at the very end of Main Street, and as Saturday and Sunday are the favorite market days, Indians are coming in from every direction, with their goods either swung on their backs in gaily striped blankets or hung on any and every part of their tiny burros. The market is simply a walled inclosure, three sides of which are protected from the weather by a thatched roof, and at one corner is a tiny room, properly equipped with a door that locks and a small window. In the center of the inclosure grows an unwilling thorn tree, knotted and twisted and in its way rather beautiful, as it lifts its sullen head against the blue sky. Back against the wall, under the protection of the roof, the Indians squat with their wares spread out on brightly colored blankets before them; and under the thorn tree burn the *braseros* over which the women cook curious messes of meat and potatoes and *ají* (native dried red peppers) in double-handled earthen jars; for most of these people come from far down the river in the warm country, and have traveled many days in order to dispose of their meager wares. Filthy children of all ages are everywhere—children and dogs and flies. The children and dogs clamber in and out amongst the cooks, licking a plate here and stealing a tidbit there, or skirmish about among the merchants, and now and then stage a really rousing fight; but no one seems to

bother about them. Children and dogs are always welcome in the lower ranks of Bolivian society.

These traveling Indians are of many tribes, and each tribe has its distinctive garb, a fact that gives one a mighty respect for the ingenuity of the Señor God who devised them. One tribe wears very wide breeches held in at the waist by a bright red sash wound tightly two or three times around the body, a loose, shapeless jacket of the same drab material as the pants, and a sort of peach-basket hat of drab felt. The legs are bare, and on the feet are sandals that are easily shaken off when the owner has to wade the numerous streams that harass the souls of all Bolivian travelers. The flowing pants, too, seem to have their purpose, for I see the men passing my window, which commands the river, naked almost to the waist, their sandals in their hands and their wide-legged pants rolled high on their thighs. The men of this tribe wear long hair, plaited at the nape of the neck, and have a peculiarly feminine cast of face—narrow faces, with long thin noses and thin straight mouths and smoldering eyes. Another tribe is much more dashing—almost rakish. The men wear close-fitting pants that reach only to about three inches above the knee, and then are split another couple of inches to allow for still higher rolling when fording streams. Their upper garment is a sort of loose tunic, girdled at the waist by a wide leather belt, and over this tunic they usually wear a brilliant poncho of red and green and orange stripes. The hair is long and hangs straight from the head, on top of which is perched most jauntily a large round hat, rather of the old-fashioned Pinafore type, regularly black faced with red. Their legs are always bare, and are most peculiar—slim at the ankle and knee, and bulging at the calf into a great knot of muscle. The men of still another tribe—the Rio Blancos—are almost invariably house servants. They wear suits made of the

native handwoven stuff, a nondescript tan with a black stripe, but they are very natty in appearance, not to say surprising. The jacket of their costume is a smart Eton, the vest is quite form fitting, the pants hug the waist with amazing snugness but flare out at the knee. Here comes the real climax. Hanging at least three inches below the cloth breeches is a pair of good old-fashioned Victorian white panties trimmed with ruffles of either embroidery or fringe. These panties seem to be a matter of much pride among the tribe, as they are almost invariably white and crisp, even though the rest of the clothes may be soiled and worn. The women of the various tribes look much alike, and seem to make no effort other than to keep covered. A worn and dirty *pollera*, but always of a vivid color, a tattered blouse, a shawl or a piece of native *bayeta* cloth over their shoulders, a battered felt hat, and a pair of sandals on bare feet is the usual outfit. Almost without exception the women have babies swinging in *aguayos* on their backs and, what with their incessant child bearing and the hardships of their life, they lose every semblance of youth or good looks at a very early age.

Into this crowd Teresa and I hurtle on Saturday at four, on our quest for the Commissario and our chickens. The Commissario, naturally, is not on hand; and for one wild moment we think we may buy our chickens boldly and alone, but the thought proves to be but error. No chickens are in sight, and on inquiring around, one of the Indians squatting on the ground points to the little window in the room in the corner, where we see pressed against the iron grating the face of a man. The owner of the face, explains the Indian in Quichua to Teresa, is locked in there with his chickens until the Commissario brings a client and personally supervises a sale. We send a boy, then, to hunt up the Commissario, and meanwhile we rest in the shade of the thorn tree quite calmly; for after six years in South America one ceases to

storm and fret at delays—one accepts the inevitable without even thinking about it. Anon appears the Commissario, unembarrassed and unruffled, opens the door, and conducts us into the presence of the dealer in fowls, who sits on the dirt floor with his livestock, their legs tightly hobbled with bits of string, flopping about, around, and over him. Thereupon begins the leisurely game of bargaining, which is so much a part of the day's work here that even when one goes home to the States the desire to haggle is almost unconquerable. Only great presence of mind and self-restraint keep me, when in my native Baltimore, from entering into a heated debate over the price of a pound of butter or a dozen eggs; and I can't help feeling that marketing loses a great deal of savor when everything has its flat and definitely determined price. Regard the method of Bolivia, and note its charm.

Teresa picks up one of the chickens, prods it critically, and asks the price. The Indian, hardly raising his unfriendly eyes to notice us, mentions two Bolivianos as the price per creature. Teresa gives a sharp scream, dashes the chicken to the ground, and turns indignantly to the Commissario, who rouses himself to aver that two Bolivianos is, of course, out of the question, but now perhaps Bs/1.90. Teresa, her black eyes snapping and red spots on either cheekbone, states Bs/1.50 as absolutely rock-bottom.

"Would they rob and deceive her Señora, who spoke very poor Spanish and no Quichua, and was, therefore, open to the wiles of any *ladrón*?" with a flash at the entirely unmoved Indian on the floor.

By this time most of the other patrons of the market have crowded into the room and around the door, all ready with advice and helpful suggestions. The Commissario shifts into a position of greater ease and drifts into a long monologue, apparently addressed to the ceiling, at the end of which he fixes his eye sternly on the Indian, who, after a weighty pause, mutters something.

"One bill eighty," announces the Commissario with a look-what-I-have-done air.

Teresa draws her shawl tightly about her, picks up her basket, and starts to force her way through the crowd, I, bearing the family purse, bringing up the rear.

The Indian gives his first real sign of life and addresses the Commissario in almost hurried tones.

"One bill seventy," says the Commissario, and there is a suggestion of sprightliness in his air.

Things are warming up.

We return, Teresa sets down her basket, flings back her shawl, and cries hotly:

"One sixty, *ningun centavo más*."

The Indian then sheds a few tears and appeals to the Commissario, who calls on Teresa to witness the plight of the wretched creature. The audience is torn between sympathy for the Indian and the insatiable Latin zest for a gamble. Teresa, herself moved almost to the point of tears, flings discretion and economy to the winds and shouts:

"One sixty-five."

The Indian rises and starts putting the hobbled chickens into our basket, the Commissario beams with virtue, the audience breaks up with clucks and grunts of satisfaction; and we start home with half a dozen chickens so thin that it takes a couple of weeks to fatten them to even decent eating size, and so lame from their long hobbling that they can barely walk before it is time for them to be killed.

To realize the full beauty of this scene, one must know that a Boliviano, or bill, is worth about thirty-five cents, and that the thirty-five centavos struggled over so long and so hard is the equivalent of about fifteen cents. But the money involved is really a matter of small moment; it is the joy of battle that counts, and I can't help feeling that the introduction of this method of marketing into our American cities would do worlds for American womanhood. A

full morning in market, every egg, every potato retrieved a conquest, would surely do away with the boredom that seems to be gnawing at the vitals of society. Think, too, of the moral tonic it would be for the seller. I should simply loathe being an American shopman, all day long, droning out irrefutable prices.

The same day our establishment is enlarged by the addition of two ducks, always spoken of by Teresa and later by the family as *El Caballero* and *La Señora*. An Indian brought them up the river, and I first saw them roped on top of a mass of household goods—pots smoked black, earthen jars, odd baskets, and what looked like a heap of rags but, on inspection, turned out to be a very small child—all of which were nicely secured on the back of a diminutive burro by a sort of fishnet arrangement of rope. The haggling over *El Caballero* and *La Señora* was particularly violent and bitter. Several times the Indians swooped down on the poor ducks, who had been released for exhibition, and dashed them back to their place on top of the family treasure, where they sat patiently enough, while Teresa closed the kitchen door and the affair was to all appearances off. Then the Indian would return, Teresa would open the door a crack, and negotiations would again be opened. Finally, a satisfactory mean was reached, and the ducks were removed to the poultry yard, where indeed they still are. I should like to kill them, as I adore roast duck, but Teresa assures me that it would be inhuman to kill one without the other; and, in fact, when any suggestion is made on the subject, we are always gently put off. I am overcome at times with the awful thought that perhaps I shall have to travel always with *El Caballero* and *La Señora*. I have a friend who traveled from one end of Bolivia to the other in the company of a small pig and two turkeys, simply because her indispensable cook had become so fond of the creatures that she could not bear to leave them behind. I calm my-

self, however, with the realization of years of experience, and I know that when the eleventh hour comes, and we are about to embark on another move, the ducks will be killed amid tears and loud lamentations from Teresa; and we shall eat them without relish under her accusing eye.

So much for our poultry. Now to the simple matter of a little meat. Pigs there are everywhere—great lean things with horrible long noses and unduly prominent backbones, black pigs with startling white bellybands, really bright red pigs with a certain Scandinavian look about them, pigs so white that their pink insides seem to shine through, mother pigs followed by half a dozen squealing and ostentatiously hungry infants. There are sheep and goats too, quantities of them. Yet beef is the only kind of meat we can get with any regularity or certainty. The pigs are so filthy and so ubiquitous that they rather throw one off, and besides they are subject to a disease—trichinosis—which makes the meat very dangerous and at times even fatal to eat. The goats are saved for milk animals, and the sheep of this district, except for providing wool, seem to be creatures of elegant ease rather than mere matters of chops and legs and breasts and shoulders. Whole sheep can be bought in some parts of Bolivia for about the equivalent of a dollar and a half gold, but at that the bargain is not so dazzling as might be thought, as the animals of the altitude, living sparsely on the thin vegetation, never get large or fat, and a sheep serves for but two or three meals. In default of other meat, then, we live almost entirely on beef—not the flesh of anything young or specially trained for the job either, but some fine, worthy old creature who, having outlived every other activity, is driven up to the high places and there killed and too promptly eaten. In our pueblo one moth-eaten bull is killed each week, and the day after the killing the meat is distributed with a fine feeling for social distinctions.

When we first arrived, Teresa set forth on meat day, only to return shortly, dissolved in the usual tears and bearing in her basket a few bones and what looked like dog meat. Don Florentino, the butcher, had given her this refuse and had pointedly remarked that *filetes* and *lomas* and such were for the gentry—not for the foreign invader. So next meat day Teresa and I sally forth together, along the cobbled street of the lower level, up the long stone stairs, and then across the bed of the smaller stream that joins the main stream in front of the village. The stream bed is dry save for a dribble of water here and there, and in the little pools the omnipresent pigs either wallow luxuriously or sleep in bland content. On the opposite side of the stream, on a bit of a hill, is a small adobe hut with a walled corral to one side. This is the combination slaughterhouse and butcher shop. Signs of the late slaughter are everywhere—in the putrid smell, in the swarms of flies, in the rivulet of caked black blood that lies on the side of the hill and reeks under the brassy tropical sun. We climb a few stone steps, pass a grated window round which cluster a group of filthy Indian women who squabble and push and try to outdo one another in the job of getting their baskets through the window. I rap imperiously at a barred door, through which, by standing on my toes, I can catch the eye of the villain Don Florentino.

The Don is apparently overcome with delight at the sight of me. He gasps, "*Buenos Días, Señora,*" he leaps forward and unbolts the door, he inquires into my health and that of my respected *esposo*. I in return sparkle my teeth at him, delve into the matter of his health and that of his Señora, felicitate him on the magnificent climate of his native land. Between us the matter of the bones and the dog meat and the gentry and the foreign invaders is as though it were not.

But, although I may splendidly overlook my wrongs, nothing can obliterate

the horrible sights that offend my eyes and the horrible smells that assail my nose. The shop is a small, dark, dirt-floored room, the ceiling of thatch, with the one window at which yammer the Indian women, the barred door through which we have just entered, and another door leading into the corral, where the killing is done. Along the wall hang odds and ends of a defunct animal, and on the floor is stretched the still wet hide—hair to the dirt and the unpleasant inner part face up. Over this snarl and gnaw four or five horrible dogs—those peculiar black dogs with pale eyes that infest every part of Bolivia. The head of the deceased, horns curled jauntily and expression suave and untroubled, has been lightly tossed into a corner. Flies are everywhere, clinging altitude-flies that light on you and stick, and the hot still air smells of blood—the blood of this week's killing, and last week's killing, and the killing of weeks stretching back into the ages.

While I try not to see and not to smell and not to think, Don Florentino is asking what the Señora would like, and whetting his knife in a gentle, reassuring way that inspires the thought that anything in the whole delightful place is mine for the asking. The Don is a small, shriveled man, with a withered brown-leather face and twinkling sharp black eyes. He is dressed all in black—hat, suit, everything—with never a hint of an apron, for he does nothing more than serve the elite and superintend, the rough work being done by two or three Indians who paddle barefooted around in the blood, fill the baskets of the women with meat scraps, drive off the dogs when they get too turbulent, and add to the generally fetid odor of the place.

The Señora avers that she would like a large piece of the *filete* and also the center of the *loma*, not to speak of some liver and a kidney. The Don spreads out his hands, palms upward, shrugs his shoulders up to his ears, and murmurs sadly:

"But, Señora, only one animal, so few

parts of distinction, and the *gerentes* (literally managers) to serve!"

The Señora ceases to flash her teeth, rolls her eyes ominously, and grows tart.

"*Por Dios*, Don Florentino, are we not also *gerentes*? Must we live on dog meat?"

"*Bueno, Señora*, one half of the *filete*, a piece of the *loma*, and the Virgin alone knows what will be said to me when it is discovered that there is not enough for the *gerentes*."

Without even a fleeting thought to the sufferings of the *gerentes*, I watch the now mournful Don pile my loot on the blood-stained scales, along with a piece of the tail, a bit of the breast, and numerous bones; for all meat in Bolivia brings one flat price—about twelve cents gold a pound. Teresa scoops it into her basket, and we swagger out, not, however, before shaking the Don's hand and exchanging the set phrases of polite departure.

Now, at the end of nearly three months, Don Florentino and I are what might be called firm friends, and I have learned all about his stomach trouble and the fine details of his diet; and we make jokes with much finger wagging and loud laughter. The jokes are always a trial to me, for, owing to the condition of my Spanish, they may or may not come off; and I know of nothing more harrowing than to maul over a joke. Unsuccessful as our light remarks may be at times, the fact remains, however, that we are comrades at arms, and he even goes so far as to hide delicate bits for me; so our meat problem is settled until we fare forth to another camp, where there will be another Don Florentino, other *gerentes*, other aversions to overcome.

If such necessities as groceries and meat and poultry have anguished us, imagine our emotions over small things like eggs and bread and vegetables. During certain seasons the Indians fairly deluge us with eggs, but from Carnival, the great religious fiesta that

comes just before Ash Wednesday, until after Easter, an egg is semiprecious. I have never been able to determine whether the hens simply strike for the season, whether the natives, who cling to a religion based on Catholicism amply smeared with paganism (perhaps it is the other way around; I don't know), eat the eggs in place of meat, or whether the heavy floods of this time of the year forbid the transportation of such perishable merchandise; but I do know that everywhere in Bolivia it is almost impossible to buy eggs during Lent. On the high pampas there are ostriches, and in moments of desperation we have been driven to use their eggs; but these are huge, forbidding-looking things, one being the equivalent of a dozen hen's eggs, with a coarse, unsavory flavor.

There is an old woman in the pueblo whom Teresa cultivates most assiduously as the respected owner of three laying hens. Besides paying for the eggs, we pay the *patrona* of the hens with bowls of soup and dry bread or with handfuls of sweetpeas or cosmos from the patio. No bribe is more efficacious than a few flowers. Curiously, these Bolivian Indians, filthy as they unfailingly are, have a passion for flowers, and on fiesta days they invariably garland their weathered hats with wreaths. Another source of supply has been a very small boy who owns one worthy and industrious hen that has apparently laid one egg a day for several weeks. The little boy, dressed exactly like his father in long pants of striped native cloth, small jacket, sandals, and battered felt hat, always comes to the kitchen door, one hand in his pocket tenderly grasping the treasure, and asks in a hoarse whisper for "*La Señora la Muchacha*," who, it transpired, was Teresa. One day the child waxed daring, and embarked on high finance. Teresa, it seemed, had been paying him ten cents apiece for his daily egg; would it not be nice for her to give him a bill, or the price of ten eggs, at one blow, as he

was very short of firewood and bread and, indeed, of all the necessities of life? When it was pointed out that the hen might stop laying and that he had no other collateral to offer, his ardor was considerably damped but not extinguished; and we discussed the matter pro and con for nearly an hour. The hen did stop laying a couple of days later, and I felt almost bereft, for I had come to watch for the little chap; and our confabs on the possibilities of a deal were always pleasant and without rancor.

For yeast we have to depend on a liquid variety that can be got from the breweries; but this, of course, is obtainable only in the larger cities. In the camps we get only yeast from *chicha*, a mildly alcoholic native drink that is made in a rather appalling way. Corn or wheat is taken into the mouth and chewed until soft, then spat out on a large blanket spread on the ground. The sodden mass lies in the sun until it starts to ferment, when it is covered with water and allowed to stand for forty-eight hours or so, after which it is boiled and strained, the result being a muddy gray-colored liquid dear to the hearts of the Indians. If the urge should seize you to make *chicha*, pray don't consider this a recipe, for all I aim at is to give the bald facts of the process, which seem to me quite hideous enough without going into details. Although I know that all the bread we buy is made with *chicha* yeast, yet I can never bring myself to use this yeast in cold blood; and so we have to skirmish around to get bread ready made. The native variety is a round, pallid sort of bun, in appearance not unlike an English muffin and in taste like nothing at all. I always remember once, when on a riding trip into the very heart of Bolivia, going into a native hut and seeing about fifty of these buns laid out to rise on the filthy woollen blanket that covered the family bed. Sights like this do rather get one under the skin. However, in our present camp we are only twenty kilometers

from the railroad, so we can send up to the larger pueblo, which is also the station, and get really good crusty French loaves. The baker, to be sure, always gets drunk at fiestas; and several Tuesdays and Fridays—bread days—may roll by before he has sufficient strength to cope again with life. The bread must be brought to us on mules, and a pack mule, I have discovered, has a playful turn that is generally unrecognized and unappreciated. He is more than apt to run when walking would be more fitting, to kick up his heels and cavort about, and even to shed his pack, which is not just the thing for a few loaves of bread thinly protected against the world by a wrapping of unbleached muslin. But worse than the baker's deplorable habits or the mule's playfulness are the floods, which may happen along any time between the first of December and the first of April, and which cut us off not only from bread, but from mail and outside help in case of critical illness, and even from a nice funeral with religious trimmings in case of death. I have never actually gone without bread, nor have I ever been critically ill, or even died; but I never see the turgid waves of the *avenida* come snarling down the river bed without a clutch at the heart, and a feeling that I am caught, trapped, destroyed.

For a few months of the year—January to May—we are emancipated from tin cans, and the Indians bring fresh vegetables and fruit up the river. These are always wrapped in corn blades or straw to protect them from the sun and dust, and packed in high, crudely made baskets. These baskets are either fastened on the backs of the Indians, or swung pannierwise across the burros, and lashed into place with native rope made of llama wool. Llamas are extensively used in Bolivia as pack animals, but never for perishable articles, as they are almost unbelievably slow, six miles a day being about their speed. These proud and stately beasts saunter about the hills with loads, never exceed-

ing a hundred pounds (they sit down if more is imposed on them), of ore from the mines, or wheat and flour and salt for the very isolated parts of the country. Potatoes and onions are more or less all-year-around commodities; and during the summer months we get queer gnarled tomatoes, carrots, cabbages, and corn—just field corn, and not orderly field corn at that; for, like the Bolivian potato, it is apt to burst into unseemly colors. I never was so surprised in my life as when I encountered the first Bolivian potatoes and found that when opened they were just as likely to be bright red or purple or yellow as white. And so the corn. An ear with a nice arrangement of black and white kernels simply throws one back to the Mendelian theory, but when it comes to rows of bright pink or orange kernels, I fear even Mendel himself would be nonplussed. The fruit, like the vegetables, is apt to be knotty and hard and flavorless, but I must except the oranges, which are brought up from the Yungas, or low country, and which are really good. All these delicacies must be haggled over, of course, with the usual joyous gusto. There are times, too, when we can't get them at all, and the larder runs very low. Then, like Sister Anne, I take my stand in the window that commands the river, and watch for the cloud of dust which will announce that rescue is at hand. If, by good luck, I spy an Indian with basket on back or burro, I shriek for Teresa, who, usually accompanied by Flores and Benigna and Jasmine, rushes out and herds the sometimes unwilling vendor into the patio. There we coax and cajole and threaten him into parting with what he may have, be it eggs, or potatoes, or grapes, or merely a few ears of corn. Can you wonder that days spent in such endeavor never seem long or dull, even though we may go from week-end to week-end without speaking to another Gringo or exchanging an idea or giving thought to what I learned on my last visit home to call "mental relaxation"! There is

something rather sweet and Adam and Evish about it.

And, like Adam and Eve, two people who I always did feel were not done quite right by, we too must soon flee our garden; for the nights and mornings are beginning to be cold, and the flowers in the patio are throwing out that last brave spasm of beauty that flowers do before winter comes, and the cauliflower flowers and cabbages have outlived their usefulness and are beginning to smell "most awful vile," and the piles of manuscript that appear on my desk every morning tell me that the report is on the way and the job about done. So Teresa, guarding the pressure cooker and the can opener and the egg beater for another housekeeping bout, will return to her native pueblo; and Flores and Benigna, with loud howls denoting grief, will repair to the scenes of their former activity. I think I shall give the parrot to Benigna. Relations between the two were strained at one time, when the parrot, promenading up and down the kitchen floor, bit Benigna severely on the leg; but they were later reconciled, and I know she will be kind to it. Flores can take Jasmine. This particular Jasmine was such a nice dog, with a dash of the Pekinese in his bearing. The cat will have to shift for herself; cats are so extraordinarily self-reliant. Then, when the last day comes, I shall pack all our belongings neatly into a small leather trunk, gather up saddle bags and map holders and ponchos, place my precious typewriter on the top of the stack, and we shall be off and away. This time we go to a camp nearly two thousand feet higher than our present one, a camp where there are only two Gringo men, where I haven't a house to keep, but all day long must work or read or think my thoughts in a great silence. What a life! Yes, what a life, so bitter and drab and empty, so sweet and gay and full; but always so much life. I think I can change Nevinson's gallant words about a little, and say, "At least I live."



OUR LAST FRONTIER

A WESTERNER LOOKS AT MANHATTAN

BY LILLIAN SYMES

ONE cool morning in California my breakfast was interrupted by a great clatter and some shrill whistles from the front of the house. When I went out I found two young men of my acquaintance in the most disreputable Ford roadster I had ever seen. They were off, they informed me, to New York—"where all good young newspaper men go eventually."

"But you don't expect to get there in that?" I protested.

"Sure, we'll get there. Just look at our equipment."

They lifted the cover of the rear compartment and I looked in. I saw a portable phonograph, a roll of brown army blankets acting as a buffer for a half dozen bottles of white wine, and a row of books, containing at least six titles of modern poetry.

I have little doubt that the display was arranged in just that fashion to impress stay-at-homes like myself with the limitless courage of young adventurers and that a practical kit of tools lay concealed beneath; but not wishing to dash the cold spray of cynicism on any feeble flame of romance left flickering for this post-war generation, I looked properly awed and asked them in for coffee.

When pressed for the reason of their sudden decision to trek eastward, they were somewhat inarticulate. When I reminded them that New York was already overcrowded with bright young men out of college with equipment and ambitions similar to their own, they readily admitted the fact. They ad-

mitted, also, that they would have only money enough to keep them for two weeks after they arrived. But something would turn up. They wouldn't write home for help anyway. Look at all the people they knew who had gone and got by somehow. A lot of them had succeeded too, and were making reputations and money. New York was the only place left where their sort—fellows who didn't want to go into business, who had some talent, but no special professional training—could get anywhere. They didn't care so much about the money end of it. They just wanted to live interestingly—that was it! And to make a living while doing so. All the interesting people in the country went to New York, and all the interesting jobs were there.

"Look at our newspapers," one of them said. "A little local news and a lot of boiler-plate sent out by the New York syndicates. Canned features by New York columnists about New York events. Why, even our book reviews are syndicated now, and when I was in high school I used to dream I'd be book editor of the *Tribune* some day! There's not a decent magazine published in the whole West—no books published here. There are probably a lot of people interested in the things that interest us, but we never get together. We don't know one another. We're spread over too much territory. Oh, I know a few arty fools on the Hill hold poetry readings and moon about their souls; but that's not what I mean."

"If you think that life is less regimented in New York, that those jobs you imagine so interesting aren't dull to the people who hold them, you're romancing," I said. "Here, at least, you have a certain physical freedom—"

"Freedom!" scoffed the other boy. "More space to move around in, yes; but not freedom to live as you please. Why, last week I went down to the office carrying a cane. I'd always had a sneaking desire to, but couldn't get up the nerve before. I was nearly kidded to death. The fellows kept calling me Oscar. If I'd worn spats, they would have mobbed me. Only visiting English lecturers can get away with that sort of thing here. That wouldn't happen in New York. People are too busy to care what you do, and you can do as you please because you're so anonymous. We're too far from Europe out here to be civilized."

And then, like a true native son, he added, "Of course, we're not half as bad as the Middle West, at that."

It was after these two young men and their machine had disappeared down the hill, accompanied by a cacophony of loose fenders, that I realized that if I had been living in the 1850s or '60s, in the Southeast, New England, or the Ohio Valley, I might have received a farewell visit in that distant day from young Americans very much akin in spirit to these boys. The young men of the '50s, it is true, would have employed a different idiom. Instead of climbing into a "flivver" and shouting, "So long!" they undoubtedly would have bowed a graceful farewell and might even have gone down to the harbor and the clipper ship, or out to their covered wagon on the sun-baked road, singing, "Good-Night, Ladies." But like my young friends, they, too, would have been seeking romance, adventure, and a wider freedom; and they would have concealed their misgivings, no doubt, with similar reckless gestures.

The family histories of my friends were typical of those of so many young

Westerners. They were both descendants of pioneer settlers. Both had heard much of their picturesque, gun-toting forebears, of the roaring, free-booting West of the Bonanza Kings. But they had seen their fathers turn to golf and "Service"; and not to be deluded by the grandeur that was, they saw clearly that theirs was a West conquered and regimented. Fresh from college, with a distaste for business, vague literary ambitions, and the moral compulsion of earning their livings, they cast about for an opportunity to follow their particular bent, but found that this West had little to offer them. Like thousands of similar youths throughout the country, their eyes turned inevitably to New York.

For if the West spelled opportunity for the ambitious Eastern youth of sixty and seventy years ago, there can be no doubt that New York spells opportunity for the Western youth of to-day. Together with their brothers and sisters from the North and South, they crowd hopefully into its narrow confines, as prepared as were their forefathers to face the dangers and undergo the hardships of a frontier. Like their forefathers, they, too, have no illusions about the immediate sacrifices demanded of them, but are inclined to underestimate the length of time they will be called upon to make them. Often they have left comfortable, spacious homes, loving families, an easy existence. They know that life in New York may be cramped, difficult, ugly, precarious, unhealthful. They know that competition for jobs and honors will be keen because they are only part of a host with similar aims and desires. Yet they pour into New York by the trainloads from North, South, and West—these adventurers who, like my two young friends, want to live interesting lives among interesting people and in whose hands, in the main, the cultural and artistic future of America rests.

I do not mean to imply, of course, that all the restless souls who flock by the thousands to Manhattan are yearning

young æsthetes in search of artistic inspiration and spiritual companionship. Along with those who come to write, paint, act, study, or to make a living in a fairly congenial fashion until Opportunity knocks; along with the newspaperman who expects to become a columnist, the "ad" writer or commercial artist who hopes some day to land a big account and a little leisure, the girl who has always loved books and wants a job in a publishing house where she thinks she can commune with kindred spirits—along with all these comes the young engineer, the young man with an eye on Wall Street, the farm boy and shop girl seeking for thrills and a brighter life. But it is the first group which is more significant, both as regards its acquisition by New York and its alienation from its native heath. For it is the steady influx of such young men and women which gives New York its intellectual buoyancy; and it is with the departure of such as these that hope wanes in the hinterland for an indigenous culture, for an effective counter-irritant to its local business-mindedness.

II

However idealistic or æsthetic the aims of the newcomer may be, he knows when he leaves home that the immediate problem ahead of him is that of survival. Life in New York is going to be interesting, exciting, and satisfying, he is sure, and some day he's going to get somewhere; but in the meantime he must meet the city on its own terms and compete for a livelihood with thousands of like-minded adventurers as well as with the more formidable natives.

The hardness of New York and the "brass" of the New Yorker is a legend which he has heard repeated again and again when his elders have been eager to stress the greater geniality of the West. So he comes prepared to perpetuate this legend. Long before his train arrives at Pennsylvania Station or Grand Central he has steeled himself for his first meet-

ing with the "typical hard-boiled New Yorker," little realizing that when he encounters him, he is likely to discover that this flinty-souled gentleman preceded him by only a few trains and that they played ball on the same vacant lot back home. These "typical New Yorkers" from Kansas, Iowa, California, Rhode Island, and Georgia have come to New York, like our newcomer, with a purpose; and they know that one can't afford to be soft here. Some day, when they have "arrived" and made names for themselves, they will go back home to live quietly and comfortably, or on to Europe. Meanwhile they must be ruthless and, if necessary, indulge in social and personal *gaucheries* and jesuitical practices which would have shocked their souls back home. Victory, they feel sure, is reserved for the swiftest, the shrewdest, the most intelligent, or even for the best bluffer. The meek inherit a ticket back home and a stodgy life with the old folk. If they have misgivings, they hide them in their furnished rooms in the Fifties, in their attic studios in Greenwich Village, or in their boarding houses near Columbia. When they sally forth it is to make brave faces at an indifferent world.

Not all of these new Manhattanites from the hinterlands are able to adjust themselves so readily to their new environment, of course. The "hard-boiled" attitude or its simulation is constitutionally impossible to some. Many of these have come with no other purpose than to live obscurely in the shadow of great events and high excitements. If they can make an adequate living in some not too uncongenial occupation, see the plays which interest them, read good books, meet like-minded people, and feel that they are living at the heart of things, they are content.

While still in the West, I received a letter from such an unambitious youngster who had turned down a promising position in the oil business for a thirty-five dollar a week job on a New York magazine.

"I've been eating in the Automat and stalling the landlady for a week," he wrote, "but on Saturday I'll be affluent. You should see The Enormous Room—just big enough for me, the couch, and a chair—on the fourth floor, walk-up, and two doors from the Sixth Avenue 'L.' The 'L' keeps me awake until one or two, and then at six the Street Cleaning Department begins bumping the 16th Street garbage cans around the sidewalk. I'll get used to the noise soon; and later, perhaps, to the dirt and the subway smell. New York is a dirty, noisy hole, choked with coal dust.

"But what do you think? Yesterday I discovered that Edgar Lee Masters lives in the parlor suite two floors below me, and Dreiser lives around the corner. I saw Willa Cather in Washington Square last evening, and on Sunday a chap on our sheet is taking me to tea to meet Robinson. On cut-rate tickets, I've seen the three big plays of the season—plays that will never get West because they're too good to be successful. New York isn't comfortable, but it gives you a feeling of living with your finger on the pulse of the world."

There are other unadjusted New Yorkers, talented and ambitious, but too sensitive or timid to pull strings and shout their wares in the marketplace. Occasionally one of them "arrives"—usually through the efforts of some influential well-wisher. Most of them, however, just hang on, trying to cultivate their nerve or waiting philosophically for the chance that may never come. Among these, the unambitious and the unaggressive, may be found some of the most charming people in New York.

But a typical *arriviste* is my young friend Max. When I knew Max and Sue in the West, they lived in a charming house that rambled up a steep flower-covered hillside and overlooked a sparkling blue bay. The site and view were such as American millionaires look for but seldom find along the Riviera. Half

an hour away was the city where they both worked, one as "ad" writer and the other as commercial artist for the same agency. Then one day the agency transferred them East to the home office. When I visited them in New York they were living in a two-room-and-bath apartment. Sue cooked their breakfasts on an electric grill in a closet and washed the dishes in the bathroom. They were making much more money, but it cost them much more to live, and they cursed their "sublimated tenement life."

"Why not go home and be comfortable?" I asked them.

Max shook his head. "New York's the only market for my kind of wares. I'm going to put one book across before I go home if it means working day and night. The day it comes out I'll kick the dust of this damned, dirty, pseudo-sophisticated hick town from my shoes and go home and live like a gentleman." That was five years ago. During the last two years they have both been quite successful. Max finally published his novel. Not the one he wanted to write, of course; but one that is sure to be talked about and which, because of its scenario angles, will probably get into the movies. He attends literary teas, cultivates the columnists and critics, and gets tight with his publisher's publicity man. In private, among a few friends, he will protest loudly that all this literary "hokum" makes him sick, but the next minute he will forget himself and wax jubilant over a sensational feature story about the book which a friendly newspaper man has been able to get syndicated for him. Return home now? Good Lord, no! He's rushed to death working up publicity on the book, but he intends to start another and better one soon and he has to be in New York where things are happening. He guesses he'll sell the house on the hill. Some day when he's made more money, he'll buy a farm up in Westchester or Connecticut or maybe go to Europe to live. Paris wouldn't be so bad.

One cannot blame all the sins against the human spirit for which the metropolis is infamous upon the ambitious newcomer and completely absolve the native New Yorker. This would be as foolish as to credit the latter with all the city's brilliance, beauty, tolerance, friendliness to innovation, and the sense of freedom it inspires. The native New Yorker is usually the child of some American or European adventurer who came here for spoils as well as freedom, and much of the competitive and predatory blood of his fathers still flows in his veins. But he has become tempered by a certain sophistication and disillusionment. He knows that New York is not the Promised Land; that the citadels of fame and fortune are not so vulnerable as they appear to the naïve newcomer, and he has fewer illusions about their grandeur.

Because the New York of the present has become the cultural, as well as the financial center of the country, it is attracting a new type of American adventurer to-day. A few decades ago the eyes of the more intellectual and artistic fraternity turned to Boston. To-day they focus on Manhattan. But like the earlier ambitious settlers of a generation or two ago, these later pioneers from the provinces have come to New York, not because it is a pleasant place in which to live pleasantly for the rest of their days, but because it is their marketplace.

To the European invader New York is also a battleground and a marketplace—a frontier spelling material opportunity for himself and cultural opportunity for his children. He, too, must struggle first for survival and then for advantage; and because of the handicaps which he suffers as an alien, he usually goes the American invader one better in the single-minded pursuit of his aims.

But it is the country's young careerists jockeying for position, as well as the new aliens struggling for a foothold, who give New York its reputation for cold-bloodedness, its aspect of a granite jungle swarming with predatory humanity.

III

The careerists are not continuously ruthless, of course, any more than they are always rushing about bent upon achieving some practical end. Some of them are kindly, unselfish, and gracious. The time they spend over their luncheons would bring tears of anguish to the eyes of the Western go-getter. But in the main, it seems to me, the current New Yorker lives with his eye cocked for the Main Chance more consistently than do his brethren back home. It is more likely to be a full-time job with him. He has made, and is making, sacrifices to be in line for opportunity when it comes. It is only human that he does not want these sacrifices to be in vain. He is not hypocritical in regard to this attitude. He makes little or no effort to hide his purposefulness. He is out after the "right contacts" and he seeks them in his social as well as his business connections. It is this latter attitude which is so likely to shock the disinterested stranger. Friendships in the West (the section I know best), and probably in the South and New England, are more rarely cultivated for the sake of their practical ends. To the newcomer New York seems to present a swarm of eager climbers after "contacts"—business, social, literary, and artistic; and he is naturally revolted. When he looks closer, of course, he finds that a large proportion of this swarm is composed of his fellow-immigrants who have preceded him by a year or two. New York has acted upon them, to be sure; but how violently they in turn are reacting on New York!

Except during such moments when he yearns for his old friends back home, our New Yorker does not shed any tears over the fact that the people with whom he associates are inclined to place as obvious an emphasis upon self-interest as he does himself. Such people fit into his new scheme of life. He does not want any "lame ducks" on his hands. He hasn't, he feels, time for them. Once

he himself is established, however, he is perfectly willing to help his friends and acquaintances. On the slightest provocation he will boost them to the skies and go to almost any length to advance their interests. A friend tells me that a New York woman whom she chanced to meet at tea and with whom she exchanged a few commonplaces promised to help her achieve a much-sought-after position in which she had heard she was interested. After no end of trouble and sacrifice of time on the part of this woman whom she had never seen before, it was accomplished. On my own first evening in New York, a prominent magazine writer and former Westerner whom I had met casually for the first time, on learning that I was looking for a job, sat down at our host's typewriter and wrote for me three letters of introduction to as many New York editors, referring to me as "a friend from home," and giving a highly colored and somewhat fictitious account of my talents and abilities.

I doubt if I could have such an experience in the West. If I were a stranger from the East with a few letters of introduction, the people to whom they were addressed would invite me to dinner and would introduce me to their closest friends. I should be taken for long motor rides to see the country. I might be asked to make my home with them until I could get settled. A party might be staged in my honor and every gracious kindness would be shown me, but the fact that I have to earn my living would not be mentioned. If I were so rude as to mention it myself and ask about possibilities for work, my new friends might look thoughtful, or say that they would make inquiries, that they would "keep it in mind," etc. If they knew of a definite opening they might even go so far as to hint (oh! so indirectly) to the employer, that they knew someone who might be interested. That they would actually lie in my behalf would be inconceivable. Their attitude would not imply that they are more heartless or more honest than the New

Yorker. They simply don't *use* their friends and acquaintances in the New York sense, either for themselves or for anyone else.

The "arrived" New Yorker on the other hand, who has come on from San Francisco, Des Moines, New Orleans, or Boston, has been through the mill himself and he knows what it means. He has known loneliness, discouragement, disillusion. He knows that jobs, good jobs, are not obtained here unless one knows someone. You may be a complete "dud" or one of those promising youngsters who achieve the electric lights or the front page eventually. Anyway, you need help and he is willing to take a chance on you. If you fail, the man to whom he has given you an introduction won't remember it a month hence anyway. If you succeed, he knows that you are likely to "play ball" with a person who has treated you so well. He may want to ask a favor from you some day and he won't hesitate if he does. The notorious "log-rolling" of New York cliques, about which the outsider complains so bitterly, undoubtedly has its origin in such obligations. The New Yorker's greatest sin is disloyalty to his circle.

The intense group-loyalties of the New Yorker grow out of the physical conditions of New York life, which are, in a modern sense, akin to those of the old frontier. In no other place in the world, I think, can loneliness be so acute and overwhelming. The city's immensity, the height of its buildings, its intense mechanization and hurrying millions, all tend to lessen the human stature and make the newcomer feel like a child lost in an unfriendly world. His few friendships assume gigantic importance. Even after he has become a seasoned Manhattanite and complains bitterly about the horde of uninteresting people he is forced to meet, he clings tenaciously to the small group of people whom he knows fairly well and who live usually within walking distance of his own abode. A close friendship between a man who lives

on 160th Street and one who lives on 12th is practically out of the question. No one here has time to travel that distance after a fatiguing day. The new arrival usually settles in the section inhabited by his few friends. They introduce him to their friends, and he becomes one of a little group of people who have similar interests and habits. The members keep one another informed of chances and opportunities and zealously guard one another's interests. I know of a whole department of a New York publication made up entirely of close personal friends. Every hint of a vacancy is carried home to some friend who is ready to apply for the place before the managing editor knows he has a place to dispose of.

But even after one is drawn into some such circle, I doubt if there is any other place which gives the sense of complete personal freedom that New York offers. The stranger may feel free in any large city, but as soon as he is drawn into the current of its life, takes a job, makes friends, and establishes a residence, he finds that in his private life and opinions he is expected to conform to the norm of his class. But New York offers a minimum of social impingement upon the individual conscience. Perhaps this is because the New Yorker cares too much for results to care very much by whom or how they are accomplished. Whatever the reason, the fact makes New York the most comfortable abode for the nonconformist, the rebel, the individualist, the person who seeks merely to live his life in his own way.

As a rule, the security of one's job is not influenced by what one does after five o'clock. Nor is one's social position so dependent upon lip-service to the tribal mores. The newcomer finds that so long as he is effective the average employer is not concerned with his personal idiosyncrasies; and the New Yorkers with whom he comes in contact are more concerned that he be interesting and amusing than that he subscribe to any particular social dogma. I do not mean that the

Bolshevist is likely to find a berth with the National Security League, or that the professed atheist would be joyously received by the communicants of John Roach Straton. I do know of a man, however, who went fresh from the city editorship of the leading Communist daily to a similar position on New York's most conservative journal.

The new arrival finds that opinions for which he may have been branded a "freak" back home pass unnoticed here. The misfit of the provinces so often finds companionship and a suitable niche in Manhattan. This sense of freedom from neighborly curiosity and social pressure does not spring entirely, I am sure, from the mere size of the metropolis, because to me the comparatively small city of San Francisco most closely approximates New York in this respect. It is due, no doubt, to the cosmopolitan and shifting character of the New York population and to the steady influx of Youth. To the average young person who comes here this quality is likely to outweigh the personal discomforts of crowded living, bad climate, and nervous strain.

IV

In that friendly book *New York Is Not America*, Ford Madox Ford has written: "Well, one hears eternally that New York is not America. It is obviously not Europe—the Atlantic lies between. Is it, then, the outer fringe of America—or the end of Europe? Perhaps the one overlapping the other . . ."

It is just that—an area where one overlaps the other; and it is this which accounts for the New York paradox, making it at once the most civilized and sophisticated, as well as the crudest and most blatant of American cities. It is the first of these qualities which attracts to it the sensitive, talented youth of the land; and it is the latter which so often thwarts them spiritually while it rewards them materially. It is a trading post that deals in European refinements and philosophies and, at the same time, with

the raw materials of American life. While it may not be America, I venture to say that it is fast becoming the most American, as well as the most European, of all our cities. All other American cities are imitating it, as they are bound to imitate what is biggest, swiftest, and most mechanized. It is in tune with the spirit of the age and the nation. Where it leads, New Orleans, Minneapolis, Duluth, Los Angeles, and Boston will follow. To-morrow every American metropolis will go in for that air of slightly bored sophistication and cosmopolitanism of which New York is so proud to-day.

Its sophistication is not, of course, European. That can hardly be expected of people so few generations removed from the backwoodsman. With the European, sophistication means merely an urbane acceptance of life. With the Manhattanite, it is likely to mean a conscious hardening to it. New York is crowded with Europeans, of course, but the bulk of these are not of the class that goes in for undue refinement in feeling and expression. Most of them, particularly of the younger generation, are too busy making themselves over into what they imagine is American to perpetuate the more gracious European traditions. The New Yorker wears his sophistication as the new arrival from the hinterlands wears his first derby. He is not quite comfortable in it and wonders what the folk on Main Street would think if they could see him now.

Nor is he—our New Yorker—quite comfortable in many other respects. He has known a life that is duller, perhaps, but free from dirt, noise, nervous wear-and-tear. He has lived where living costs are lower, where there is purer air to breathe, space in which to relax, and where one can get away from people. Consequently, he is always turning back to that life for the moment, rushing off for a week-end in Connecticut, a week's vacation in Maine, a fortnight in Florida, or a summer in Europe. No one vacations as frequently or as seriously as the

New Yorker. He is always talking of "a little farm somewhere" where he's going to live some day—a non-productive farm, to be sure, with all the latest conveniences. He has a permanent and sentimental nostalgia for the open spaces. In Manhattan he may be gaining everything he had longed for, but it is not quite enough. Whatever his city's deficiencies, however, he will never quite emancipate himself from it. Once the Manhattan tempo is in his veins, he will not stay far or long away from it. The little farm will be within commuting distance. He will go abroad for a year or two, perhaps; but by the end of that time he will be eager to return.

One thing he practically never does, and that is, go home to stay. After a few years in Manhattan, the Pacific Coast, Denver, Chicago even, seem the end of the world. One may run over to Paris, but a similar distance to San Francisco seems an insuperable barrier. He came East with the idea of making his mark and then returning home. But the West has lost him and its other bright young boys and girls forever.

This is, I think, the West's misfortune, as it is the misfortune of Maine, Ohio, and Kentucky. It is more serious for the former than for the latter, because the West is farther from the metropolis, and the expenses of trans-continental travel make frequent going back and forth, with consequent exchange of values, impractical.

A similar situation exists, of course, in Europe. Ambitious and talented young Frenchmen and Englishmen are constantly pouring into Paris and London. But to the great mass of French and English a trip to Paris or London is only a matter of hours. Young people from Provence and Normandy, or from Devon and Lancashire, may visit their capitals for intellectual stimulation. The Parisian or Londoner, also, can make frequent excursions into the home provinces and keep in touch with the simple verities of rural and small-town life. His national life is homogeneous and

closely knit. But when the American Westerner goes to Manhattan he is likely to leave home and family behind him for years, or perhaps forever. He is completely cut off from his sources.

It is probable that nothing can be done to remedy this. Restless youth will always seek frontiers, whether they promise physical or intellectual adventure. And the lure of Manhattan has its national compensations. Life here tends to counteract a narrow provincialism, and whatever European flavor the city possesses is a grateful complement to our national naïveté. If I were an all-powerful, benevolent despot, I should make at least one year in New York a required part of each promising youth's education. But it is unfortunate that youth and energy should be constantly drawn from its native soil and permanently lost to its native culture.

Shortly after the Armistice we had an atrocious popular song which began, "How're you goin' to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

The country's problem at the present moment may well be—How are you going to keep them from staying away after they've seen Manhattan?

We cannot so long as Manhattan remains the answer to their economic needs as well as to their intellectual unrest. So long as Western (and Northern and Southern) universities continue to graduate thousands of boys and girls who can find no place for themselves in the business and professional life of their communities, those boys and girls will turn to New York, which, in some miraculous fashion I have never been able to fathom, manages to absorb them into its newspaper, magazine and advertising offices; its publishing houses, theaters, studios, social agencies, decorating and antique shops, and to render them some sort of satisfactory existence. So long as the young artist is unable to maintain himself at home until he is able to command recognition, he, too, will turn to New York, where such institutions as the part-time or occasional

free-lance job enable him to "get by" while he plies his brush or typewriter.

I am quite aware that the young artist of obvious talents in the West often achieves a local patron. The West is generous to the local talent it recognizes—too generous at times to too slight a talent. But the Western patron does not, as a rule, take chances on the less obvious talent that may require years for maturing. This is largely because he is uncertain. He is in the habit of looking to the East for artistic and literary dicta. The less obvious artist is left to work out his own salvation and, unless he has money, he must find some occupation which will take only a part of his time and energy. There are not enough of these occupations in the West.

A common lament from beyond the Alleghenies is that all American art reflects the New York point of view. This generalization is not true, of course; otherwise we should never have had, in the realm of literature alone, a Sherwood Anderson, a Carl Sandburg, or a Willa Cather. But it is true that practically all American art is passed upon by people with this point of view, and that the folk back home look to the New York critic to tell them what is good and bad. A small New York group can tell our country what's what, because—as a nation—we seek from it arbitrary dicta about the arts. Most of us have not developed a personal sense of values. We don't trust ourselves. We are too afraid of being "taken in." This has happened so often to our Innocents, at home and abroad, that we are particularly sensitive on that score.

If the West, as well as other sections of America, wishes to foster its cultural life and immunize its youth to the Circe wiles of Manhattan, it will need to furnish those diffused elements from which such life can spring, some sort of economic basis and spiritual rallying point; and to furnish its genuinely gifted children with support and recognition before, not after, their "arrival."

All this is easier said than done, of course; and I am not implying that any American community ever will, or can, compete with New York in the diversity of its intellectual and artistic opportunities. But if it cannot manufacture opportunities, it can check somewhat the present stampede toward Manhattan by a more intelligent and critical cultivation of an indigenous culture.

If some of the concern which goes into preserving and enhancing its natural beauties and physical advantages were turned to fostering its latent art life, some progress might be made in this direction. Public golf courses and swimming pools donated by kind-hearted millionaires and memorials erected by public subscription undoubtedly have their value; but if some Portland, Denver, or Los Angeles philanthropists were to subsidize for a few years a hundred talented young men and women in each locality, perhaps out of these hundreds a few first-rate talents and an occasional genius might emerge. I am inclined to think that one virile, first-rate magazine in each large American city—a magazine that is literary, artistic, critical, catholic in its policy (and not devoted to local boosting), would do more to serve as a rallying point for intellectual interests and as an outlet for local talent than could any other

single agency. I am aware that a dozen American cities have their feeble imitations of the facetious *New Yorker* devoted largely to Society, sports, and the more respectable Bohemianism; that half a dozen others boast precious and esoteric little journals in the manner of the Paris *Transition*, but neither of these is what is needed.

The Westerner who has lived in Manhattan is not eager that his home town should take over wholesale the manners and methods, the point of view and tempo of the metropolis. But he really would like a good reason to go home. He is not anxious to leave the three-ring circus that is New York for a one-ring imitation of it; but he wishes rather wistfully that the spaciousness and vigor of his West might be leavened with some of that intellectual freedom and stimulating companionship that New York offers.

Perhaps it is asking too much of the West—and of the South and North—that it should develop the outstanding virtues, without the corresponding vices, of New York life. But unless this can be done, in some degree, the highways leading Manhattanward will continue to be crowded with bright young pioneers who feel, with my two young friends in the disreputable roadster, that “New York’s the only place left where fellows of our sort can get anywhere.”



The Lion's Mouth



THE RESURRECTION OF CHILTON HILLS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAD a strange experience, not long ago. I had an invitation to spend a week-end in Chilton Hills, and it is quite impossible to describe the sensation it gave me. It was much as if I had been asked for a week-end in Thebes.

Twenty-five years ago, of course, Chilton Hills was probably the smartest resort in America, and a visit there was like a novel by Ouida at the height of her fame. The place had, I believe, the first eighteen-hole golf links in this country, and at one time two others were under construction. It had the best polo field away from Long Island, and in the autumn there was fox hunting three times a week. The Northeastern tennis championship was played there every summer, and a famous man-about-town once remarked that it was the only place outside of New York where one could always be sure of good bridge. During a visit that I made one college vacation there was a dance every night at the country club or one of the cottages, and that year appeared the daring innovation of dancing in the afternoon. Only vaguely, out of the kaleidoscopic haze of that momentous fortnight, do I remember a vast jumble of lesser events such as paper chases, regattas on the lake, and morning concerts by a string quartet, although I do recall that when we younger guests were starting off to play golf or ride the older members of the

household would usually be going to a lecture on the art of George Sand or an exhibition of Indian baskets.

Then something happened, and little by little Chilton Hills disappeared from the social map. Indeed, on my second visit, I wondered whether it had not also disappeared from the topographical map, for hardly had my car crossed the boundaries of the village when I began to feel that I was in a city of the dead. On a hill near the center of the town was a gaunt stone chimney with a few charred beams to show where once had stood the finest country club in the United States. Beyond it loomed the empty shell of the famous Chilton Arms, a great summer hotel, with a rusted chain stretched across its gateway and its acres of windows now boarded up. At a turn in the road was a simple meadow, knee-deep in daisies and buttercups, with only a few rotted lengths of whitewashed fence to remind the traveler that once it had been a polo field.

Only a few private cottages, set back in their lawns and trees, seemed to be well-kept and prosperous. Among them, happily, was the familiar place of my former host, Luke Munday; but if the public life of Chilton Hills had entirely disappeared, so, correspondingly, had the private life slowed down from eight or ten thousand revolutions a minute to two or three languid turns a year. On my previous visit, as I could well remember, it had been several hours after my arrival before I had even had time to unpack my bag, but now, as soon as the first formalities were over, Luke turned to me with an apologetic smile.

"Bob," he confessed, "to be frank, I have the habit of taking a nap every afternoon. Do you mind being left alone?"

To tell the truth, it was so many years since I *had* been left alone, except in the subway, that I didn't know whether I minded or not. For two or three minutes I wandered around, feeling quite lost and ill at ease, then suddenly I saw a steamer chair ranged invitingly on a cool, shaded terrace. As I stretched out luxuriously, my eye was caught by a book that someone had left on the bricks at my feet and, the next thing I knew I was being called for dinner.

And that was exactly the pace at which we passed the whole week-end. In the evening, Helen Munday played the piano in rambling fashion while Luke and I loafed at full length and smoked our cigars. Nobody came in, nobody went out, and I do not recall that the telephone rang during my entire visit. On Saturday we strolled down to a pond in the woods, undressed in an old barn, and went in for a swim. On Sunday night we found ourselves again on the terrace with crickets chirping in a neighboring hayfield and, over our heads, a blanket of stars. It was funny but, actually, I seemed to have forgotten that there still *were* stars and crickets. I had had an unconscious feeling that when the movies and motor cars had come in they had gone out.

It was beautiful, it was incredibly beautiful, but it was all so different from the old Chilton Hills that I could not lose the sensation that there was some mystery about it, something that should be explained. At the same time I could see that it might easily be a tender subject, and it was only there under the stars that I found a way to make guarded inquiries.

"Luke," I asked, "have you been here ever since the old days?"

"Oh, no," answered Luke, easily, "there were eight or ten summers that the house was closed. We only came back when we heard that the country club had burned down."

"You mean," I asked, vaguely, "that you meant to rebuild it?"

"Decidedly not," replied Luke. "We

came back only when we felt sure that it never would be rebuilt."

His words did not seem exactly to be making sense, and for a moment longer I floundered around.

"But what," I asked, "has become of the other people that used to be here: the Haddons—wasn't that their name?—and that polo man with the awfully pretty wife—and that brisk, breezy chap who used to be something important in steel?"

"Oh, they're still here," answered Luke. "You'd probably see them if you stayed around long enough. Most of them went away, as I did, for a while, but in the end they all came back. Of course," he added, "for a man in my circumstances it is the wildest extravagance to be living here now."

If his previous words had been somewhat mysterious, these last were a cryptogram. In the old days I could easily understand that no one except a millionaire could live in Chilton Hills but I could see nothing now that seemed very expensive. I voiced this perplexity, and Luke quickly explained.

"Oh, it isn't the cost of living. That's simple enough. It's the value of the land. Land to-day in Chilton Hills is worth five times as much as it was in the old days. If I would consent to sell this place I could get enough to live in luxury for the rest of my life."

"But why?" I demanded. "What makes it so valuable?"

"The fact," replied Luke, "that Chilton Hills to-day is a spot absolutely unique."

Then apparently seeing that he must tell once again what was to him a very old story, Luke leaned back and began.

"You remember, of course, what Chilton Hills was like in the old days?"

"Yes, I remember very clearly. It was—"

"It was a nightmare," broke in Helen, sharply.

Luke laughed. "I'm afraid it was before we got through. You know, most Americans are still pure savages

when it comes to pleasure. A savage believes that if one quinine pill will do him some good, twenty quinine pills will do him twenty times as much good. If he finds that he likes ribs of pork, he goes out and eats a whole hog. And that used to be exactly the state of mind here in Chilton Hills. Because we had fun with one golf links, we thought we would have twice as much fun with two. Because we got a thrill from a little scrub polo team that beat everything in the county, we thought we would have a bigger thrill if we got better players and beat everything in the world. Because we liked to dance once a week, we tried to be six times as happy by dancing every night.

"The result was that in the end we were so highly organized and equipped for pleasure that we didn't have any more fun. We were so busy organizing tournaments and taking tickets for polo games and running to railways to meet musicians for our concerts that we no longer had any time to play in the tournaments or watch the polo or listen to the music. One summer I was treasurer or secretary of eight different drives or committees or organizations, I was selling a million dollars' worth of bonds for the new country club and at the same time I was trying to run a business of my own in New York. Everyone else was just as busy and, apart from this, we had our private entertaining. That same summer we went to forty-three formal dinners and gave eleven in return. When my vacation was over I was flat on my back."

"And then what happened?"

"Well, I for one," replied Luke, "simply woke up. Helen and I faced the situation and asked each other, 'What for?' The next summer we went to a little resort in Germany where we didn't know a soul and couldn't even speak the language and had a perfectly glorious time. It was such a success that for nine years we went abroad every summer, always seeking a place where we were absolutely unknown. One by one

all the other old families did much the same thing. The sports and dances dropped off for lack of support, then the country club burned down, and in five years the town was flat.

"But after all," continued Luke, "home is home, and in the end we had a bright idea. When Chilton Hills was no longer smart or popular we quietly slipped back here and had the most peaceful, unbroken summer we had ever known. But the trouble was that most of the other old timers each had the same idea, and the first thing we knew the old state of affairs was threatening to start up again. You know, among any dozen given people, there is always some ass who is never happy unless he is organizing something and very shortly someone decided to get up a bazaar for the benefit of the visiting nurse. A dozen of us who were still jumpy from the old days saw the danger and we offered to give a thousand dollars if they wouldn't have the bazaar. From that simple beginning grew one of the most remarkable organizations in the world—The Red Ticket Club."

"It sounds good," I said. "What is it?"

"Every year," replied Luke, "each householder in Chilton Hills pays a hundred dollars and is given a red ticket. This exempts him from subscribing to or attending any bazaar, masquerade, treasure hunt, musicale, ball, dance, hop, or any public event of any kind whatsoever and, if he is even asked to a private dinner and does not care to go, all he has to do is reply 'Red Ticket' and nothing more is said. Out of the funds thus collected are supported the church, the fire department, the library, the local Red Cross; and any surplus funds are given to foreign missions. In two years we had applications for membership from all over the United States, and you couldn't get an inch of ground in Chilton Hills for love or money. As a matter of fact, we ourselves buy up any bits of property that come on the market, and to celebrate our tenth

anniversary we bought the old Chilton Arms just for the fun of seeing it rot."

"It sounds like a work of genius," I suggested, "but what are you going to do when another, more foolish generation comes along?"

"Alas," said Luke, "that is already one of our greatest worries, but the only thing we have devised so far is the Chilton Memorial. Near the center of town did you notice something that looks like the ruins of the old country club?"

"But isn't it the ruins of the old club?"

"Oh, goodness, no. The real chimney blew down two years after the fire and the charred beams all crumbled away, so we had a replica of the chimney made in solid concrete and false wreckage in rust-proof steel. Every Fourth of July all the children of the town are taken to look at them—not collectively, mind you, but when their parents feel good and ready. Simply and sadly they are told the story of the old Chilton Hills and then they are shown an inscription at the base of the chimney—a big rock on which is carved a modified version of Shakespeare's epitaph:

"'Good frends, for Heaven's sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.'"



DIET MADE EASY

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

SOMETHING has got to be done about this diet business. Time was when a fellow could sit down to a meal and think he knew what it was going to do to him. Now there are so many theories as to what it will do to him that he can hardly muster up cour-

age to do anything but drink. No matter what item on the menu he selects, he knows that somewhere there is a diet expert who believes it will induce sleepless nights, obsolescence, wear and tear, and general depletion. His head swims as he thinks of the theories which have been earnestly laid before him by his various friends, each theory positively based on the authoritative word of Doctor So-and-so, a very big man, or of Doctor Such-and-such, positively one of the biggest men in the country.

Clearly, what is needed is a brief, terse, definitive statement of just what has been discovered about diet to date and what should be done about it, if anything. I hardly need add that I have prepared such a statement. It is based upon practically everything in sight. And if any of you feel that it calls for illustration, let me add that I have ready for mailing to eager applicants several large and very beautiful maps of the headwaters of the Amazon, which look enough like the digestive system to be admirably adapted for physiological instruction.

All dietitians lay stress on the seriousness of the problem, and I will not be outdone. Did you know that when a rat (not an ordinary rat, but one of the Rockefeller Institute rats) was fed the usual business man's lunch every day for a period of a month, his hair began to fall out, his eyes became glazed, and he took little or no interest in what was going on about him? It is said, in fact, that he acquired the habit of dropping into a doze at about three o'clock, and at one directors' meeting he fell sound asleep and his cigar dropped right out of his mouth. There now—doesn't that arouse you to the menace of wrong diet? Doesn't that make you realize that with all our vaunted prosperity, things are not as they should be with us, and that the course which we are pursuing is little short of suicide? We should all learn the laws of health. I am not even sure that there shouldn't be a campaign of public education.

For one thing, we should all know about vitamins.

There are four principal vitamins, known to the elect as A, B, C, D. Each of them, it appears, is a specific against a given disease, the four diseases in question being ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets. In other words, if you go out now on the street and meet a man who is clearly suffering from ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets it is safe to assume that he hasn't been doing justice to his vitamins. If on the other hand you meet a man who has *not* ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, whatever is the matter with him is something else, and you should advise him to consult a reputable physician without delay. I take no responsibility for him. I wash my hands of him. Is this quite clear?

But, I hear you say, you and your friends don't very often have ophthalmia, beri-beri, scurvy, and rickets, so what are vitamins to you? If you have had time to consult an encyclopædia you may even inform me that there have been only four cases of ophthalmia in Baltimore since 1917. You may add that there would seem to be a sporting chance, these statistics being what they are, that you can go ahead without, for instance, paying much attention to Fat Soluble ("Fatty") Vitamin A, and not come down with ophthalmia. And since all the literature about beri-beri and scurvy seems to deal with sailors on sailing vessels going with nothing but hardtack and dog biscuit for months, or with the inhabitants of Breslau during the celebrated siege of 1843, when there was nothing to eat but horses and those not of the best, you will argue that these vitamins would seem to be of minor importance to one deciding whether to select the Combination Blue Plate or one of the Special Luncheon Suggestions. But let me point out to you that before the onset of any of these diseases there is a period of lassitude. The men toy idly with knife and fork instead of plunging them eagerly into the horse;

they become listless and ennuyé. Grundset reports that the men on the *Shooting Star* (becalmed in the Pacific in 1817), after six months of dog biscuit could hardly be prevailed upon to do any work at all, and used to gather dully at the rail and say to one another, "What of it?" . . . Now haven't you ever felt like that? Well, then, eat your vitamins this very minute and let's not argue about it any more.

Besides, ophthalmia is quite common in certain parts of the Orient. You'd like to visit the Orient, wouldn't you? Think of it: the Romance of Asia—little slanting-eyed brown men—the sound of temple bells—a tiger-hunt in Bombay—moonlight on tropic seas! You, too, can have this experience if you will only make sure of Vitamin A.

Vitamins A, B, and C are found in spinach and things like that. Vitamin D is found in cod-liver oil and sunlight. That seems a crazier place to find a vitamin even than spinach, but let us not dispute the order of nature. Let us rather follow nature's law. It tells us that if we will only sit for a little while in the sunlight every day, with a heaping plate of spinach before us and the little old bottle of cod-liver oil at our elbow, we need have nothing to fear so far as vitamins are concerned. Send one dollar for our Complete Vitamin Kit, consisting of Sunbath Jersey, Spinach Plate, Cod-liver Oil Bottle, and anæsthetics for use while being fed same.

But the human body needs other things than vitamins. Lots of other things. The human body is like an engine—a very remarkable engine. It requires fuel, just like the engine in your automobile. Now who would ever try to run an automobile without fuel?—Wait a minute! Where are you going? To the filling station, you say? You're going there for dinner? But stop—you have misunderstood me. The human body needs fuel of a very special sort. No, not gasoline. It needs proteins, carbohydrates, fats, starches, amino-acids, calcium, phosphorus, iodine, and

things like that. A cockeyed sort of engine, you reply, that needs all those things for fuel? Well, perhaps. But then you have to realize how many sorts of things this engine will do. It serves for locomotion, as an automobile does, and it can lift and hold things, as a derrick does, and it also has a brain which will do the most exacting sort of intellectual work, such as the writing of this article, which is quite beyond the average automobile or derrick. Now do you wonder that such a versatile engine as the body needs different kinds of fuel? Of course you don't. Never let me hear you say anything against the human body again. It's a wonderful machine, and I won't hear a thing against it. Let us rather study it and its needs, reverently yet in a scientific spirit.

Where were we? Oh, yes, other sorts of fuel. Take calcium, for instance. Calcium is needed for our bones. For a long time this was not realized, but one day the great Doctor McTavish performed a very interesting experiment. He took one hundred rats (there are always plenty of rats to be found in McTavish's laboratory, eating this and that) and divided them into two groups of fifty each. One group he fed a regular diet—roast beef and vegetables, Romaine salad, vanilla ice cream, demitasse, and ten per cent for service—all the usual things. The other group he fed in just the same way but he had the calcium taken out in the kitchen beforehand. After a month or two he came back. "Which group is which?" he said to his assistant. "The ones that are lying on their backs are the ones that have had no calcium," replied the assistant respectfully. It was a fact. Those fifty rats were all lying on their backs.

"What's the idea?" said McTavish to the nearest rat. "Tired, are you?"

"It's my bones," said the rat plaintively. "They won't hold me up. They've gone limp."

"Jefferson, take these rats out to the dining room and let them have all the

calcium they want," said McTavish to his assistant at once, brushing away a tear for, like all true scientists, he was a merciful man. And do you know it, in forty-eight hours all those fifty rats were scampering about as lively as ever, swinging on their trapezes or doing whatever rats in laboratories do. McTavish had discovered the value of calcium.

I forget exactly what calcium is found in, but if you eat the right sort of things, just a sensible well-rounded diet, you'll get it all right. The same is true of phosphorus and iodine. All of us who have visited the tropics—ah! the tropics!—have seen the phosphorus glowing in the wake of the ship, and all of us who have cut our fingers know about iodine. Eat well-rounded meals, just varied, wholesome meals—not dog biscuit—and you won't have to jump overboard or cut your finger for your phosphorus and iodine.

It was a black day at McTavish's laboratory when the rats had their iodine taken away from them. They became moody and apprehensive, and it was enough to break McTavish's heart to see them. So he sent a boy right out to the corner drug store for iodine and let the rats spread it on their bread for tea. And such a time as they had then! You wouldn't have known them. Just half an hour before this they had been moody and apprehensive, saying to one another that things were coming to a pretty pass nowadays, what with technological unemployment and Federal Reserve policy and the behavior of the younger generation; and one of them had gone so far as to assert that the trouble with this country was that there were too many laws—and then all at once they were laughing and joking and poking one another in the ribs and having pillow fights! Eat well-rounded meals and be sure of your iodine. And drink plenty of milk. And don't neglect your spinach. If you don't feel better, you're even less like a rat than I thought you were.

Some people are overweight and wish to reduce. This introduces a special problem which we diet experts all feel called upon to discuss. A difficult problem, you think? Why, no, it's the simplest problem in the world. If you want to take off weight, all you have to do is to understand the scientific nature of the problem.

You remember what I said a moment ago about the human body being like an automobile engine? Well, an automobile, you will have noticed, is provided with tanks. In one of these is carried the fuel for immediate use. In the other is a reserve supply. It's just the same with the human body. It, also, has two tanks. Or, no—I don't seem to be putting it just right—it, too, has its fuel and its reserve supply. The reserve supply is fat. Now who, after reading a clear, scientific explanation like this, would be so foolish as to carry round an unnecessary amount of this reserve supply, just overloading the poor engine? Who indeed? Is it not madness? And yet look about you and you will see dozens of men, yes, and women too, God help them, who can just barely get about because they are carrying three or four tanks of reserve fuel and probably a stowaway or two.

What should they do? Science provides the answer. Among the fats are butter, cream, lard, olive oil, and a lot of other things. Probably these people have been just soaking up these things.

They must stop it. This will call for Will Power, but which of you will look me in the eye and say that he has no Will Power? The next time that big pail of steaming lard comes on the table, push it aside. You can do it. Right in this city, every day, people not a bit better than you are pushing aside the lard and regaining the Form Beautiful.

And remember this, too. Exercise helps to use up the reserve supply of fuel. Exercise more. Walk ten miles a day. Run about. Play tag, leap-frog, prisoner's base. Ah, you say, but you are a city-dweller, and such forms of exercise are difficult for you on account of the unfortunate traffic congestion. Then form the habit of walking upstairs. Better yet, run upstairs. Run up to the top of the Woolworth Building. Or best of all, learn to exercise right in your room. Send fifty dollars for our Complete Exercise Equipment, including rolling pin, elastic belts, elastic rope for attachment to leg of bed, glue for repairing leg of bed, surgical kit for repairing other injuries at same juncture, and mirror for looking at something funny while exercising.

There you are. Eat well-rounded meals and get plenty of exercise. That's all there is to it. Try this wonderful health program of mine, and then come back and tell me how you feel. Only don't come back right off. Try it for six months or so. Give me time to make my get-away.





Editor's Easy Chair

POWER

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IS THERE anything that everybody wants?

Money, you might say; but the desire for money is very uneven and does not by a good deal express everybody's aspiration. One comes nearer in saying that what everybody wants is power. Money is a form of power; that is all it is. That is why people want it. Knowledge is a form of power. Social position, reputation, advertisement, creative or administrative ability, notoriety of almost any sort are forms of power. Aspiring people seek them because they want what these can give.

Money is power in a sort of tabloid form, convenient to locate and carry; but there are those who reject it, religious persons, for example, who take vows of poverty. St. Francis rejected it, so have thousands of others, not because they did not want power, but because they reached after a higher power than the power of money.

For, of course, there are limits to the power of money. Money is fairly crude; there are many things you can do with it, but many others that you cannot. It is a tool, a wonderful tool, commanding work of hands, of minds, exertion, energy, and that semi-magical property that we call expert knowledge. If there ever was a time when money was being tried out, surely this is that time and this country is the chief seat of the experiment. But it is only a tool, only a source of power. There are other sources that rival it. Some of them are

old and well-known; other forms of them are in process of development, and they all work steadily, perhaps increasingly, to draw away human aspiration from money to these other forms of power.

You can make any complaint you like about the pursuit of money, and a good deal of what you say will probably be true, but what of this pursuit of power? Is it wrong? Or does it match with the purpose of the Power that inaugurated human life on this globe and said apparently to man, "This is yours, see what you can make of it"? What did his Maker say to man? Nobody overheard the conversation, so we have to infer it. He seems to have said to him, "Be something! Be all you can! Do something! Do all you can! Now then, you have knowledge of good and evil; use it! Grow, aspire, climb, reach! Get power! Everything is yours if you can get it—every attribute of almightiness that you can reach to and acquire!"

Just now, if you put your ear to the ground you will hear a lot of doors coming open, doors of the colleges sweeping out after summer operations and getting ready for their fall opening. What are the colleges? Power houses of the country, no less. What do they stand for? Power, every kind of power! Get it, use it, buy it, sell it, spread it! Give it away if necessary to make it work. War at the moment seems to be on the way to the scrap heap. It has had a protracted reputation as an instrument for getting

power. The present generation suspects that destructive efficiency in war has become so highly developed that war-bought power is no longer worth the price. Force seems to have declined as a means of giving power; it really does. What is the alternative? Knowledge, intelligence, understanding of life and means, spiritual power. In the newspaper, just before this writing, it was mentioned that the government had moved a gun weighing three hundred and sixty-five tons across the continent from the East to the West coast. There was an object lesson in power of the old style. That big gun is more interesting for what it says about the present state of the human mind than it is as a weapon. Forecasts are hazardous; tendencies that we think we see may be checked or stifled or sidetracked, so that when one says that force as a means of regulating human conduct seems to be going by the board we may feel that it seems so; but perhaps it is only looking for a new form through which to operate. There is a saying which carries great weight in our time, to wit—"It does not pay." You may say of something that it is wrong, and that settles it for some people, or that it is too difficult and that will settle it for others; but when you say it does not pay and can demonstrate that you speak the truth, that reaches many minds which are only slightly moved by the other denials.

The mid-summer epidemic of insurrection in prisons in various parts of the country has a bearing both on the limitations of force and on what does not pay. There was too much disorder; hold-up men were too active, rum-runners and bootleggers were too bold, and legislators fell to to stiffen up the law and strengthen enforcement. They made Baumes laws, lengthening terms of imprisonment, providing life sentences for very moderate offenses, and diminishing or abolishing the benefits that came to prisoners for good behavior. The idea was that by increasing punishment crime would be diminished. It was not a novel

idea. It had been tried out over and over again, especially in England. No provision being made for increased facilities for imprisonment to match the increased popularity of crime, the prisons generally got overcrowded, and convicts, made hopeless of improvement in their condition, rebelled. The results have been good. The condition of the prisons has been advertised, and something is in the way of being done to improve them.

BACK now to the opening doors of the power houses which we call colleges. You remember that when they were finishing their year last June, a gentleman from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a few remarks addressed to the class he was parting with, urged his scholars to strike out for the best society they could reach. It reminded one of that story of Mrs. Vanderbilt and the American soldier in Paris. They had dances for those boys, and she was interested in keeping up their spirits and used to dance with them. "Who are you, Miss?" said one of them. "Mrs. Vanderbilt." "That's right, chicken, fly high!" That was about what the M. I. T. professor told his pupils and was scolded up and down the land for saying it, though commended also by persons who realized that he was talking more sense than appeared. Perhaps his advice to be a snob and marry the employer's daughter had to do with the complaint of the Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education that American education was deeply infected with snobbery. Schooling, he complained, is used for ulterior purposes, for getting ahead in the world in the sense of making desirable connections and acquaintances rather than for sincere and direct effort to prepare for specific duties and activities, or even for general self-improvement. So Dean Holmes told the delegates to the Convention of the American Home Economic Association on the 4th of July in Boston. He warned against the "prostitution of the entire

educational system to cheap ambitions and unworthy desires!"

Tut! Tut! When it comes to knowledge, what ambitions are cheap, what desires are unworthy? To know all kinds of people, to be at ease with all of them—that is neither a cheap ambition nor an unworthy desire. Some people get on in this life by hard work and some partly by charm and gumption. These latter ones get what is coming to them partly because they are attractive, —radio-active, perhaps—and understand other people and can get across to them. That is a form of power proper enough to gain a share of attention in the power houses. Manners still make the man. In a big power house like Harvard College everything seems to receive attention, and if you don't see what you want, you may ask for it, and if that does not bring it, you are welcome to go and fetch it for yourself. Sometimes when I note the variety of wiles of that venerable university, I think it is as wise as the Roman Catholic Church and as reluctant to miss anything. Doubtless it is more progressive. It is progressive. "Tradition," said its President last commencement, "is movement. Our tradition is change."

Social position is a form of power. So are manners. So is that understanding of humanity which makes one at home with all sorts and conditions of men. There is sympathy and brotherhood in really first-class manners. Social position that is merely exclusive lacks confidence in itself and seems little worth. Indeed, it seems rather to be a drawback; but social position that is all inclusive implies understanding of life and of people, and that is a form of power which is useful. The great advantage of the big universities over smaller ones is not so much that they teach more subjects as that they offer a larger field of human experience. Commonly, there are more kinds of people in a big university than in a small one, in an old one than in a new one. In so far as there is a ruling class in the United States outside

of the Methodist Church, you are more likely to make a contact with it in a big university than in a small one. That, so far as it goes, is an advantage. It gives an opportunity which, to some youths, is profitable, but it is an opportunity which calls for a particular kind of talent to get good out of it. That opportunity in some big colleges is offset in smaller colleges of first-rate quality by good teaching, more attention paid to individual students by competent professors, and better development of individuality. There are youths who never really get their hands on the social life of a great university who might do better in that respect in a smaller college. Of the four men from the United States who worked over the reparations problem, three were graduates of a big university, the oldest in the country, and the other was farm-bred and from a small college. The last one was the most useful of the lot, but the others also were useful. The job was negotiation. They all understood men. They all had patience and manners, which is as much as to say they were all gentlemen. At Harvard there is an attempt going on to recapture for that institution the advantages of personal attention which a small college has over a big one. That is the meaning of the effort financed by Mr. Harkness to establish Houses, so-called, of not more than two or three hundred residents, within the university. It is believed that things can be done in the way of instruction, guidance, and inspiration for three hundred students gathered in a sort of family which cannot be done for three thousand students running loose.

ONE result of having some surplus money is to inspire people in general to construction and beautification of all sorts. As one goes on the road—as is apt to happen more or less to solvent persons who have not gone to Europe—everywhere, just now, one sees construction, repair, and reconstruction. The building instinct seems to be very strong in civilized man. As quickly as he gets

along a little way and is able to stand off starvation and come down out of the trees to live on the soil, he begins to build. Presently, in our climate, he builds with logs, then with white pine boards if he can get them, and progressively with brick and stone, wood, and whatever material is convenient. The instinct to build is a natural derivative of the kind of power that is expressed in wealth. Time was when people liked to go to Europe because there was more to see there. The fruits of two thousand years of civilized life are naturally more interesting and imposing than what can be done in two or three centuries, but nowadays the new is getting to be quite as interesting as the old—as imposing, as splendid, as inspiring. There is a good deal in Europe that we cannot duplicate, but nowadays in North America there is a good deal that Europe cannot duplicate and which, being contemporary, has a greater influence on Europe and the rest of the world than that which is over there has on us. This talk that we hear about the Americanization of the world has a good deal of point to it. Whoever has succeeded in getting far enough downtown in New York to see the Telephone Building, has really seen something notable—best observed perhaps from the water. The great banks and corporation buildings in New York and elsewhere spend money freely nowadays on decoration. Some of them are very handsome.

Far and near there proceeds a constant disposition to preserve and restore such antiquities as we have. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.'s restoration of Williamsburgh and Mr. Ford's resuscitation of the Wayside Inn are cases in point, but the preservation of examples of Colonial life goes on in many places in the East, and in the West—far West—one reads of such places as Mr. Hearst's remarkable palace in California. So, with some great natural wonders like Niagara and Yellowstone, Yosemite and the Canyon

of the Colorado, there go on rising marvels made by the hand of man. Even in our day this is getting to be an interesting continent; indeed it is now. It has been interesting before in some places, and we are coming to know more and more about that as money is found for antiquarians to explore the civilizations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru. A good deal happened on this continent before its discovery was advertised to Europe. People by the million lived, loved, fought, worshipped, built cities, organized life, traded, and presently went to pot and disappeared just as we may do if we do not learn more about the laws of life, and shape our conduct in better agreement with them than they did.

As we look about we see momentous processes working out all around us; power over material things steadily increasing; organization invading our concerns from the chain-stores and groceries, to the Methodist Board of Morals in Washington. We see enormous accumulations of the power that is wealth piling up in the hands of individuals, and still more in great banks and corporations. We see old things passing away and giving place to new things about which we cannot fail to have misgivings. We don't know where our world is coming out, but most of us like to see it moving. We say our prayers, hold our breath at times, try to discharge our modest duties, and on the whole, enjoy the gamble.

For, after all, this world is not our home. It is only our experiment station. Our business, our duties are here while we live here, but at any moment we may move on and out and fare none the worse. Perhaps it is because we know all that, either instinctively or by conscious conviction, that the current joy-ride of humanity does not scare us worse. Scared or not we are going on, searching for more knowledge and more power and using both according to our lights.



Personal and Otherwise



THE leading article of the month introduces a writer new to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, **John Gunther** of the Chicago *Daily News*, who divides his time between Chicago and Europe, where he serves as foreign correspondent for the *News*. Mr. Gunther has written three novels, *The Red Pavilion*, *Eden for One*, and *The Golden Fleece*. As the headnote to the article explains, his detailed exposure of the methods and cost of racketeering has been prepared in collaboration with James W. Mulroy, also of the *Daily News*. The material in the article has been carefully checked for accuracy and gives, we believe, a fair picture of the inner workings of the sort of organized hoodlumism which operates in Chicago and threatens to extend to other American cities as well.

With "The Crystal Ball" **Charles Caldwell Dobie**, San Francisco short-story writer and playwright, whose many excellent HARPER stories are familiar to all but our newer subscribers, returns to the pages of the Magazine after a two-year absence.

J. B. S. Haldane has the rare gift of combining brilliance in scientific research with literary skill of a high order. Since 1922 he has been Sir William Dunn Reader in Biochemistry at Cambridge University, England; since 1927 he has also been head of the genetical department at the John Innes Horticultural Institution. He is the author of *Dadalus*, *Callinicus*, *Possible Worlds*, and many HARPER articles such as "The Last Judgment" (a picture of the possible end of the world and colonization of Venus, published in March, 1927) and "Science and Ethics" (June, 1928). Incidentally it may be added that the distinguished physiologist, John Scott Haldane, is Mr. Haldane's father, and that the late Lord Haldane was his uncle.

Noise is one of our American specialties. Those who do not enjoy it are accustomed to

talk of the terrific nervous wear and tear which the uproar in our cities must cause. But how much justification is there for the theory that noise is actually damaging to us? **H. M. Johnson**, who answers this question in the light of experimental evidence, is the psychologist in charge of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep conducted by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh. He has written for HARPER'S "Is Sleep a Vicious Habit?" (November, 1928) and "The Real Meaning of Fatigue" (January, 1929).

Twenty-one years ago William Heinemann, the English publisher, brought out a story entitled *Maurice Guest* which he always claimed was the best novel he had ever published. It was the work of an Australian girl who had spent several years studying music in Leipzig, and who signed herself **Henry Handel Richardson**. The same author has now written *Ultima Thule*, the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September. She does not wish her real name disclosed, but it may be stated that she is married to an Englishman and lives in England.

Last fall **Lloyd Morris**, lecturer at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan*, wrote for us a type-study of a prosperous physician, "Mammon, M.D." Now he contributes another composite portrait or type-study, not, of course, based on any single individual. In the August number Mr. Morris was represented by a summer-hotel article, "Paradise: American Plan."

Dr. Alice Hamilton, the first—and so far the only—woman member of the Harvard Medical faculty, was described by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant in a portrait which we published in May, 1926, as "the leading American expert in one of the newest fields of scientific medicine: a doctor who by her rare combination of human gifts has been able to mitigate the danger of the lives on which

American industry rests." Dr. Hamilton now summarizes her nineteen years' experience as an investigator of industrial poisons, and shows how great an improvement in conditions those years have brought about—largely, it may be added, as the result of her own authoritative knowledge, force, and persuasiveness.

Though *Don Marquis* is most widely known as the wise and witty newspaper columnist (for the *New York Sun* and later the *Herald Tribune*) who created Archy the cockroach and the Old Soak, he is first of all a poet. That he can also write an uncommonly powerful story is shown by his contribution to this issue.

Anna Steese Richardson of the *Woman's Home Companion* staff knows the world of the women's clubs inside and out from long experience. Last April she contributed a HARPER article on "Women in the Campaign."

We conclude this month the tragi-comedy of love in an office by the late *Harvey O'Higgins*, author of *Polygamy*, *Julie Cane*, *Clara Barron*, etc. Mr. O'Higgins died of pneumonia on February 28, a few days after completing "Alias Walt Whitman," which we published in May.

As she states in "Life on the Hoof," her first HARPER contribution, *Alice O'Reardon Overbeck* is the wife of an American geologist who has been stationed in Bolivia for many years.

Since *Lillian Symes*, like the other Californians she describes in her article, came to New York several years ago to make her literary fortune, she has engaged in industrial research, has written for the *New Republic*, the *Survey*, and various newspapers, and has contributed to our columns "What Shall We Tell the Children?" (published last April) and "Still a Man's Game" (May).

Of the poets of the month, *Drewry Putnam*, whose verses come to us from Sheffield, Massachusetts, and *James B. Giltitz* of Binghamton, New York, a senior at Cornell and poetry editor of the *Cornell Columns*, are new contributors; *Daniel Whitehead Hicky*, a Georgian, has had two sonnets in the Magazine this year, "Say That He Loved Old Ships" and "Ship Model." (Speaking

of new contributors, there are six of them in this issue out of a total of eighteen writers.)

Two seasoned Lion's Mouth contributors divide the department between them this month: *Philip Curtiss*, who in "The Honorable Charley," which we published last June, wrote one of the funniest dog stories of all time, and *Frederick Lewis Allen* of the editorial staff of the Magazine.

The frontispiece is the work of *Edmund Blampied*, who was born in Jersey forty-three years ago, studied at the Lambeth Art School, took up etching in 1913, and has subsequently become a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers and Engravers and one of the most distinguished British etchers of his generation. He lives in London.

Apropos of Count Keyserling's article, Colin C. Locke of San Antonio expresses surprise that the comments in "The Animal Ideal in America" should come from a German:

Your recent feature article by Count Keyserling has impressed me especially. It seems strange, after all we have heard about Germans—their strict system, their steadiness, their cold-blooded exactness in the sciences—that it should be a German who would point out to us Americans how we as a people are the very ones who are losing sight of the human element. I take it we are inhuman in the way we expect even human beings to behave precisely in a certain way as the result of precisely a certain chain of circumstances and a certain set of surroundings. And a German philosopher tells us about it! I do believe that this substantiates what has probably been demonstrated many times: that national characteristics are far from universal within the nation.

Emily Newell Blair, a frequent contributor—and convinced Democrat—expresses herself on "A Business Man's Civilization":

I was much interested in Mr. Adams's article. What he says has wanted saying. But I cannot help wondering why he did not go further and include the application to our governmental processes. Surely in nothing is the business man's inability to take a long view more disastrous than his

considering immediate profits when framing tariff, income tax, public utility and water power policies. That is why many of us deplore the engineer in the White House.

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The spinster's real need "suitable contacts":

I have just read, belatedly, the article by Margaret Culkin Banning on "The Plight of the Spinster," in the June HARPER'S, and would like to make a brief comment.

Mrs. Banning discusses sympathetically and understandingly the disadvantages of the present-day spinster, and restates the self-evident fact that routine work, while it brings self-respect and independence, can never make up for the lack of social status and emotional outlet which come to the well-married woman.

But she is mistaken in her implication that women have consciously chosen the unmarried state because of the freedom it brings. A few have done so, but those largely because the form and not the content of marriage was repugnant, and they have not necessarily remained spinsters. The majority, however, are unmarried either because the right man for them was not available, or their emotional needs developed late, or they had no opportunity to meet suitable men. Certainly Mrs. Banning would not suggest that had they married the "first or obvious suitor" their lot would be preferable.

The problem therefore resolves itself into seeking some way of giving the unmarried woman more opportunity for suitable contacts, whether early in life or later. There seems no good reason why an unmarried woman should not have the standing an unmarried man continues to have, whatever his age, unless it is that she is so much in the majority. Perhaps the new generation, with its greater freedom, is going to find a solution by making it easier to obtain the emotional experience necessary in order to enter upon a wise marriage, or else for the reasoned choice of the single state if such experience points that way. Certainly complete social equality is as yet unattained.

At any rate the question is not whether in general marriage is better than spinsterhood, which is obvious, since normal women have certain biological and social needs; but whether the spinster nowadays has a more desirable life than of old, which Mrs. Banning herself proves beyond dispute.

"ONE OF THEM."

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A spirited reply to Mr. Villard's article on the changing racial attitude in the South,

from Edith Moses of Savannah, who says she will feel repaid if what she says "is instrumental in keeping ten readers from joining the ranks of color-line abolitionists":

When I picked up my July HARPER'S, I turned first of all to "The Crumbling Color Line." The title intrigued me. I felt that if the color line was beginning to disintegrate in the North, we, in the South, should know something about it. I found to my amazement that certain "Southern whites are coming to the Christian position" and that they are "determined to remove all causes of race friction." I gathered that those of "oldest Southern lineage" are girding up their loins and attacking the color line with true Confederate abandon. I have no quarrel with Mr. Villard for his personal views. They are most certainly his own concern, as much so as his taste in neckties, or his political affiliations. But I must voice my disapproval of what I can only call a misrepresentation of facts. Whether it is based on ignorance of actual conditions in the South or a too lively and sentimental prejudice in behalf of the negro race, I cannot say.

I should like to stress the point that I am not Southern born. No less than two grandfathers and innumerable great uncles fought for the Union. I can only hope that their blood was spilled to preserve the Union, and that it did not spring from a Calvinistic urge to reform the slave traffic.

As I have lived in Hawaii, the Philippines, and China, we may assume that my answer is neither the result of inherited inhibitions nor Southern provincialism.

Mr. Villard's article sounds a note of optimism that is not warranted by true conditions in the South. No writer, however capable, is qualified to write on the color problem in this section until he has actually lived here. Had Mr. Villard confined his pæan to negro welfare work in the South, I should agree with him. The South *is* educating the negro. Hospitals are being built. But it is being done with only one end in view. Not to fit him for his place in the sun of Southern social life, as Mr. Villard so erroneously infers, but to make him a more efficient member of the working caste to which he belongs. Certain immigration restrictions have depleted the ranks of American laborers. The negro is the logical one to fill that gap. As such he is indeed entitled to "decent housing, decent living, and decent education." The South is making strides in all three. But rest assured that it has no intention of carrying its altruism beyond that point. These things are being discussed in mixed meetings by blacks and whites, but not, emphatically not, over Southern tea tables. Unlike the "best Washington hotels," the Southern drawing room is still taboo to the negro.

As to "increasing fellowship between white and colored students in the South," that, if it is meant in a broad sense, is inaccurate. There may be isolated instances where certain individuals go in for that sort of perverted fraternization, but happily it is a rare exception. If these students are, as Mr. Villard states, "unable to countenance a single caste or taboo because they could not reconcile them with their day-by-day religious living," I can only assume that they are suffering from an acute form of religious hysteria. As a communicant of the church which, with very few exceptions, is the church to which those of "oldest Southern lineage" belong, I feel qualified to state that Southern Episcopalians lose no sleep over the social ostracism of the negro.

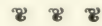
Naturally the South disapproves of lynching. So does it disapprove of the Northern executions of bootleggers and hijackers. Those go unpunished quite frequently. And they are far more numerous than lynchings in the South. (Incidentally, they are both the indirect results of two of our most notable reform movements!) The South disapproves from a purely humanitarian standpoint. The color of the victim's skin has little bearing on the case.

The South is just beginning to recover from the War between the States, as they say down here. Slowly but surely, under its own steam, and under white domination, it is forging to the front. To yield one point of political equality to the negro means utter and complete collapse, years of heart-breaking labor undone. It would be comparable to the "Years of Destruction" that are synonymous with the Harrison regime in the Philippines. His slogan was "The Philippines for the Filipinos." It has taken no less than ten years of reconstruction to clean up the debris.

And why, after all, drag God and Christianity into the argument? The bane of American civilization at present is the group of so-called Christian reformers who are attempting, most unsuccessfully, to regulate everybody's personal habits. Why not an antidote in the guise of a reform movement abolishing the professional reformer? He is far more dangerous than the color line. Under such ideal conditions the abolitionist of the color

line could live as his conscience dictates. He might live among negroes, send his children to mixed schools, even intermarry if he chose (in view of our mulatto population statistics we must admit "a possible sex relationship"). On the other hand, we who prefer the association of our own race would not be subjected to social contacts for which we have no desire, contacts forced upon us merely because a fanatical few have decided that the salvation of our immortal souls depends upon such drastic measures.

Whoever believes that the South favors social or political equality is laboring under a great delusion. I presume we have our share of fanatical "liberals." Even they have not the temerity to shout their views from the housetops. As one scion of an oldest family said (in discussing Mr. Villard's article) "the color line hasn't crumbled a hundredth part of an inch in a hundred years."



A severe epidemic is tardily reported from Dallas, Texas:

DEAR HARPER'S:

I have planned to write you many times during the past several years and make my "complaint" known to you. But I have waited in vain for you to diagnose my trouble, which I am convinced is now epidemic with the general reading public, and prescribe the remedy and treatment without this now urgent consultation.

I suffer from intense restlessness, ennui, and general fatigue—in trying to exist from the 20th of one month to the 20th of the next—until HARPER'S comes again!

My condition is almost unbearable, and I'm sure the only remedy for this condition is for you to publish HARPER'S semi-monthly: within twenty-four hours after each HARPER'S arrives nothing relieves my severe nostalgia—except the *next* HARPER'S.

The above prognosis should convince you that mine is an emergency case and needs immediate treatment.

Very sincerely yours,

JUDITH HAWLEY WINANS.



THE CRITIC

By James McBey

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

MUSSOLINI'S AMERICAN EMPIRE

THE FASCIST INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES

BY MARCUS DUFFIELD

PART of Mussolini's empire, from his point of view, lies within the United States. Fascism, which has seemed remote to the New World, has reached across the seas to fasten its grip upon four million Americans of Italian extraction. Although many of them are naturalized American citizens, Mussolini considers them as his subjects and is attempting to rule what he regards as his outlying colony in this country.

Il Duce has set up a political organization in the United States which resembles an unofficial government of his own to claim the allegiance of Italo-Americans and enforce their obedience. He provides Fascist schools and courts here and even imposes taxes. If Mussolini's "subjects" in this country, insisting on their Americanism, refuse to accept his rule, Fascist agents persecute them by boycott and intimidation. Should they visit Italy, they are often held there by force or compelled to serve training periods in the army. Neither in this

country nor in Italy does American citizenship safeguard the Italo-American from Fascist domination or terrorization.

Mussolini has presumably two objectives in this curious sub-surface invasion of sovereignty, both arising from military motives. Looking forward to the next war, he is trying to keep Americans of Italian extraction thoroughly Italianized and loyal to him so they will respond to his call to arms. He sees no reason why perhaps a half million potential soldiers of Fascism should slip from his grasp by becoming Americanized. Second, Il Duce wants to stifle all criticism in the United States, for he realizes that only if Fascism is favorably regarded here can he get American loans.

The Fascist campaign here not only involves frequent violations of American citizenship rights, but also is in ceaseless conflict with our attempt to assimilate the Italian element. An increasing number of informed persons feel with

Senator Borah that the Fascist activities here are far more disturbing than the Communists'. A group which includes Professor Taussig of Harvard, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise are sponsoring the "American Friends of Italian Freedom," an organization which has been investigating the Fascisti in America with a view to seeking Government action to halt their work.

II

"My order," Mussolini commanded, "is that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, even to the seventh generation." Setting out to carry out the decree, he established a Bureau of Fascism Abroad and formulated its rules. Fascist organizations in foreign lands, said Article 1, were "unions of Italians residing abroad who have adopted for their private and civic life obedience to Il Duce and to the laws of Fascism and who intend to collect around the Lictoral Emblem colonies of Italians who are living in strange countries." The Fascist rules of Italy apply, and the secretary of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad, now Piero Parini, is in command of all foreign Fascios. He visited the United States last winter on one of his periodical inspections of the Fascist campaign.

In the original plan, representatives of these foreign colonies would have been chosen to sit in the Italian parliament and in the grand council of Fascism, but the Fascist leader in America diplomatically suggested that the time was unripe for this arrangement to apply here.

Mussolini found his way prepared in the United States, for Fascism of a sort had sprung up spontaneously shortly after the march on Rome, when a few Italians here sought to ally themselves with the winning party by proclaiming themselves Fascisti. Having no coherent program, they were distinguished by their patriotic fervor and their contempt for Italians who had not participated in the War. Their activities were

largely confined to speeches and parades that sometimes ended in street skirmishes with their Socialist compatriots.

Presently the Fascist League of North America was incorporated in New York State, and at its head Mussolini set his friend, Count Ignazio Thaon di Revel, a pleasant, keen-eyed aristocrat, the nephew of Admiral Paul di Revel, formerly a member of the Fascist cabinet. With the aid of secretaries sent over from Rome, Count di Revel has welded the League into a powerful nucleus for Mussolini's American empire. These secretaries of the League are under the direct orders of the head of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad. Di Revel reports to Il Duce.

The local branches, called Fascios, of which there are about one hundred and twenty, are scattered throughout the United States wherever there are Italian communities. Italian immigrants are most numerous in the eastern manufacturing States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, and in Chicago. Control of the League is nominally vested in a board of governors, but actually lies with Rome. The local Fascios are ruled by triumvirates selected from New York City. Each member pays dues of thirteen dollars a year, one dollar of which goes to the Central Council and the rest to the Fascio.

The official uniform of Fascisti in the United States is a black sateen shirt with a flowing black tie, a tasseled overseas cap, black trousers, spiral puttees, and shoes. Always conspicuous on the costume is the Lictoral Emblem, the fasces, bundles of rods bound together with an axe blade projecting, whence the movement takes its name.

The oath of allegiance which each new recruit must take is illuminating alike in its appeasing gesture to America and in its frankness as to the real aims of Fascism. Mussolini's strong talking point in his bid for American favor was his supposed rescue of Italy from the danger of Bolshevism; hence we find

the same argument for the establishment of the Fascist League here: Fascism will fight Communism. The actual purposes of the League are the Italianization of Italo-Americans and the crushing of anti-Fascists, always with an eye to obtaining man power and money for the next war. The oath, then, becomes a naïve patchwork of contradictory vows:

"I swear on my honor

"To serve with fidelity and discipline the Fascist idea of society based on religion, the Fatherland, and the family, and to respect the authority of the League and of the hierarchy and the tradition of our race.

"To love, serve, obey, and exalt the United States of America and to render obedience and respect to its constitution and its laws.

"To keep alive the cult with Italy as the Fatherland and the eternal light of civilization and greatness.

"To combat with all my might theories and ideas tending to subvert, corrupt, and disgrace religion, the Fatherland, or the family.

"To do my best to improve my culture, my physique, and my morale to render me fit for the part I am to play in serving the Nation in its hour of greatness.

"To submit to the discipline of the hierarchy of the Fascist League of North America."

On the back of the application card which contains this oath is a series of questions which are equally enlightening as to the aims of the League. "To what political, economic, sporting, or literary associations do you belong?" the new recruit is asked. "Through what associations and channels can you spread Fascist propaganda? What special attributes do you have to serve the cause of Fascism?"

The inaugural meeting of the Fascio d'Ambrosoli in Brooklyn will give an idea of the procedure in general. Dr. Giuseppe Previtali, a Columbia University professor, presided in the absence of Count di Revel, who was on one

of his periodical trips to Rome to report to Mussolini. When Doctor Previtali entered, the members, standing, gave the Fascist salute, upraised arm, palm forward, and their chant, "Mussolini! Eja! Eja! Alala!" After the ruling triumvirate was installed the group sang "Giovinezza," and other Fascist anthems, then despatched this cablegram to Mussolini, "Inaugurating with great manifestations of enthusiasm new section d'Ambrosoli, Brooklyn. Pray your Excellency, founder of the fortune of our country, to receive our devotion and homage." The initiates then took the oath at the tribune, received their membership cards, and walked backward to their seats at salute. Speeches in the nature of exhortations, more songs, and the making of plans for sporting contests and social affairs occupied the rest of the meeting.

A rudimentary judicial system was established late in 1927. The newspaper *Il Grido della Stirpe*, which calls itself "An Organ of Fascist Propaganda," announced the formation of a "*corte di disciplina*," officially authorized by the executive committee of the League. The court was designed after the fashion of the special military tribunals in Italy, for the purpose of preserving "rigid discipline" among the Fascisti here and to mete out "exemplary punishment." A Captain Martinez, formerly a military tribunal judge in Italy, drew up its rules and has presided over its sessions. The various Fascios handle their own minor infractions of discipline with the triumvirate sitting as a court, sometimes joined by one of the judges sent out from the central court.

Suspension or expulsion from the Fascist League is the commonest form of punishment imposed by these courts, but for more grave offenses there are penalties of corresponding severity. Confiscation of property, revocation of Italian citizenship, and boycott lie in store for him who turns anti-Fascist, for he is the traitor. The League *ipso facto* penalizes any of its members who

become naturalized American citizens by taking away their rights and privileges as members of the Fascist organization in Italy. This may constitute a deprivation of no mean significance, for without the magic membership card, Italo-Americans traveling in Italy or transacting business there are likely to find their way beset by innumerable difficulties.

The public appearances of the Fascisti here are limited to occasions of state which afford them opportunity to parade their uniforms. Whenever a distinguished Italian visitor is received at the New York City Hall, there a squadron of Fascisti is sure to be found providing him with an official escort. When Rudolph Valentino took out first citizenship papers the Fascisti were indignant, and threatened to boycott his films in Italy, but when he died, they claimed him. A solemn, black-shirted guard of honor surrounded his coffin as it lay in state in New York City.

III

The real business of the Fascisti in the United States is conducted quietly, without ostentation, and Americans in general never hear of it. The first duty of the League is to prevent the Americanization of Italians in this country; to keep them Italianized and loyal to Mussolini. This is so they will continue to send money remittances to their relatives in Italy—a source of substantial help in bolstering the lira—and so they will be ready to answer the next call to arms. The war motive underlying the anti-Americanization campaign is nowhere better set forth than in the official utterances of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad through its Rome organ, the newspaper *Il Legionario*.

"With strenuous efforts," said an editorial in *Il Legionario* last year which was reprinted in the *New York Curriere d'America*, "all the nations are preparing to face new events, so that we may say that another war is being deferred only

by economic difficulties. It is essential that we organize ourselves in order to face a situation every day more perilous. Fascism abroad should organize to combat the first and most imminent problem, that of denationalization of our community abroad and its division into scattered foreign groups. The United States is trying by every possible means to absorb them. If Italian communities in foreign lands are not defended, we shall soon see the spectacle of ten million Italians lost to the mother country."

"Why should our mothers raise soldiers for other countries?" bluntly demanded another editorial in *Il Legionario*.

As indicated in the questions asked of applicants, Fascism immediately set out to capture the Italian societies in the United States, their institutions and their channels of expression. John di Silvestro, an early leader of American Fascism and now president of the largest Italian society, the Sons of Italy, whose membership numbers about three hundred thousand, sought to deliver that organization to Fascism in a body. "I accept your oath," Mussolini cabled him, "wishing that all the Sons of Italy may feel the new-born spirit of the motherland presiding over their manifestations." The effort met with success except for one rebellion in New York where a group seceded, taking along the property and funds of the New York State Grand Lodge, and precipitating a long legal dispute which is still in the courts. The Sons of Italy proper, which formerly did Americanization work, this last summer sponsored in co-operation with Fascisti here a pilgrimage to Rome to do homage to Mussolini and impress him with their loyalty.

The Casa Italiana, an organization for Italian students at Columbia University, was likewise swallowed by Fascism, and the lectures became dissertations on the merits of Mussolini's regime until university authorities intervened with the suggestion that topics

of a cultural rather than political nature should be chosen. Even now certain Columbia professors most active in Casa Italiana are prominent members of the Fascist League.

The League tried to get control of the Italian Hospital in New York City, but found the way blocked by Dr. Santo Modica, who is now the object of vicious attacks in the Fascist press here. An amusing incident in connection with the hospital campaign afforded grist for the Fascist judicial mill. Judge F. X. Mancuso arranged a banquet to promote the hospital and, hoping for wide support, he invited along with the Fascisti, Carlo Tresca, one of the most vocal of the anti-Fascists. When Tresca, grinning to himself, took his dinner seat, all but three of the Fascist leaders arose and left. The three who stayed were afterward tried in the tribunal and punished by suspension from the League.

The Italian-language newspapers in the United States, with but two exceptions, have been brought under the influence of the Fascisti. Obviously this is a source of great power, for many of the Italian immigrants read only papers in their own language, and the constant iteration of Fascist principles, together with the entire exclusion of matter unfavorable to Fascism, tremendously reinforces the influence of the League. The Italians are taught through the newspapers to regard those of their number who become American citizens as renegades. Adoration of Mussolini is the daily theme. The two exceptions among the newspapers are *Il Nuovo Mondo* and *Il Martello*, the former a daily and the latter a weekly, both ardent anti-Fascist crusaders.

The Fascisti have, in addition, established two organs of their own in New York City, *Il Grido della Stirpe*, or "The Cry of the Race," and *Giovinezza*, or "Youth," the Fascist watchword. Both these newspapers devote their columns almost exclusively to Fascist affairs and exhortations. One of the aims of the Fascist organization, *Gio-*

vinezza points out, is to "bring back to Italian citizenship all those countrymen who have been legally denationalized and, what is much worse, who by accepting foreign ideals and a foreign language have made themselves bastards of Italy."

The Fascist campaign of Italianization reaches its climax in its efforts to instill loyalty to Il Duce in Italo-American children, whose impressionable minds make them a particularly fertile field for anti-Americanization work, and whose natural tendency toward absorbing American ways makes their capture for Fascism a first essential for its success in the United States. These youngsters, most of them born here, not only are being taught in Italian schools established by the Fascisti, but actually are being given preliminary training to fit them for the Fascist army.

The Fascist organizations for children in Italy, devoted, of course, to training them for war, comprise two age groups: the Ballila for boys from eleven to fourteen who are distinguished by their fezzes, and the Avanguardista, from fourteen to seventeen, who drill with small muskets. At eighteen the boys graduate into the Fascist militia, becoming full-fledged reserve soldiers. Although the Fascisti in America do not officially describe their schools here as Ballila or Avanguardista, they constantly refer to them as such in their own newspapers. The schools are conducted in connection with local Fascios, in some instances in conjunction with parochial schools, and elsewhere as Italian language classes using borrowed space in public school buildings. These latter are supervised either by the nearest Fascio or by an Italian consular agent.

Mary Maolini found that out to her grief. She was teaching Italian to children in late afternoon classes in a public school building in Yonkers, New York. A Yonkers Italian consular official sent her a Fascist Government document outlining in a general way

what children in Fascist schools abroad should be taught. She returned it, feeling that, as an American, it was not her place to instill Fascism into the youngsters. The consular official thereupon visited Miss Maolini's class and asked the pupils questions about Mussolini and Fascism which they were unable to answer. Shortly afterward Miss Maolini was dismissed, and her place was filled by a teacher sent over from Italy.

The Dante Alighieri Italian school in Providence, Rhode Island, using a public school room, was investigated by the *Providence Journal*. The children, it was found, were taught Fascism along with their A-B-C's. They learned the Fascist hymn, "Giovinezza," and their diplomas and prizes were awarded by the Marquis di Ferrante, Italian consul in Boston. Further inquiry revealed that the Department of Italian Schools Abroad in Rome was sending textbooks and granting a subsidy to the school, listed on its books as "*sussidio regio governo*."

The thoroughness with which loyalty to Mussolini is inculcated in the children is significantly brought out in a speech made by a pupil on the occasion of a celebration in Pittsburgh of the "Feast of Fascism," at which children from all their schools in Pennsylvania were assembled.

"The young student read an address as an act of homage to our consul," read the account of the affair in *Il Grido della Stirpe*. "'Our teacher,' he said, 'has often told us that here in Pittsburgh is a man who represents our King and our Duce, who . . . wants us to learn the language which is spoken in our Fatherland. I wish to pray you in the name of my fellow-students, Mr. Consul, to write a letter to our Duce and tell him that there are many Italian children here who love him. . . . Tell him that we, too, are obedient to him like those children who live in Italy and that we wish to grow up worthy children for our dear Italy which he has made so powerful and so beautiful.'"

The definite link between the Ballila schools here and in Italy was fully disclosed only this last summer when the Fascist League sent one hundred and sixty Italo-American children to Fascist summer camps in Italy for two months' training. The youngsters apparently had been well drilled in Ballila schools here, for they marched to the pier in formation three abreast, and executed their turns and simple maneuvers with almost the precision of an army company. Their uniforms were a compromise between our Boy Scout costumes and the Italian Ballila dress, with the Fascist shield prominently displayed. They bore banners of the local Fascios to which their schools were attached, and Italian and American flags. They were marshalled on to the boat by Fascist leaders bearing their customary "*manganelli*," or heavy-handed short whip-lashes. The affair was presided over by Camillo Canali, secretary of the Fascist League and by the Italian Ambassador to Washington, Giacomo di Martini, for whom the children joined in giving the Fascist salute before they sailed. On their arrival in Italy they were to be presented to Mussolini and then taken to Ballila and Avanguardista camps near Naples and Palermo.

Shortly before the children set out, the *Vittoriale*, an Italian magazine in New York City, reprinted an editorial from *Il Legionario* which outlined the motive so clearly that no comment could add anything. "What a marvelous spectacle!" the editorial said in part. "Eight thousand Italian children living in foreign lands come to our camps . . . and mingle with our own children already proud of the Ballila fez or of the musket of the Avanguardista. They will return to foreign lands with an indelible impression of the new powerful generation which is rising under the emblem of Fascism. In turn these children will become Ballila and Avanguardista themselves. . . . They will find youths' organizations which gather around their masters, around Fascist

secretaries and consuls, to cultivate their bodies and souls to the worship of their Fatherland."

IV

Mussolini's American empire is by no means a meek colony, nor peaceful. The Fascisti say that seventy per cent of the Italians in the United States are at least sympathetic toward the regime. This perhaps is an optimistic estimate. At any rate, the unsympathetic minority, if it is a minority, is inclined to be extremely vocal. The United States, being like England a haven for Continental political refugees, has attracted for years Italian liberals and dissenters of various shades. These groups, unanimous in their dislike of Mussolini's regime, have formed an opposition to Fascism in the United States which includes Italians of all political faiths who disapprove of Mussolini's methods for various causes.

Mussolini's noted intolerance of criticism, which has led him to suppress free speech in Italy, applies equally in this country. The Fascisti, in fact, feel that it is a matter of the highest importance to muzzle critics in the United States. They realize the value of our good will, not only in diplomatic affairs, but more specifically as it affects financial matters. The regime already has been greatly aided, if not actually saved, by American bankers loans of \$300,000,000. Mussolini will want more money from America, but unless this country is friendly, he will find no purchasers for his bonds nor banking houses to float the loans. Hence, the Fascist League has orders to stifle at any cost opposition which might injure Mussolini's reputation in the United States; and this duty takes a place of major importance beside the work of Italianization. It is in the performance of this task that the League goes to extremes which are quite undreamed of by most Americans.

Fear hampers an investigation of this phase of Fascism here. With a few exceptions, Italians blacklisted by the

Fascisti are afraid to speak lest they suffer reprisals. Their questioner might be a Fascist spy; their names might appear in print. They have learned that it is dangerous to criticize Mussolini in this country, even in the banks where they cash their pay checks or in their restaurants. Only by the patient building up of confidence can they be induced to tell the stories of persecution that reveal the methods only too suggestive of despotic terrorism with which the Fascist League is crushing Italian opponents in America.

The first and most powerful weapon of the Fascisti here is economic. Put baldly, they know that they can silence most of their foes if they can starve them. Most Italo-American firms do part of their business in Italy, notably the banks, importers, steamship lines, and a few manufacturers. Unless they are obedient to Mussolini their business in Italy will promptly be ruined, since Il Duce has industry well under his thumb. The Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York City is, and obviously has to be, pro-Fascist. These Italian firms in America, therefore, are perforce subject to the orders of the Fascisti. This makes possible the employment of both the boycott and the lock-out against critics of the regime.

It works out in this manner: an Italian-language newspaper or magazine which incurs the wrath of the League loses its advertisements and is likely to die. If an Italian grocer is on the Fascist blacklist his trade disappears. If the employee of an Italian firm speaks against Fascism he loses his job. Naturalized American citizens are subjected to this treatment equally with immigrant residents.

Il Carroccio was a flourishing Italian magazine of high standing in New York City. Its editor, Augustino de Biasi, still proclaims himself an ardent follower of Mussolini, but he expressed in his editorial columns disapproval of the violent methods of the League. An inspection of the advertising-fattened

volumes of his magazine before that editorial criticism, and the wraith-like volumes since, reveals the power of the boycott. By actual count, the advertisements of thirty firms, some of them purely American, and one of them that of his own brother, immediately dropped out.

Other anti-Fascist publications suffered likewise. In one case a journal was boycotted and forced to suspend publication because its editor wrote anti-Fascist articles in *Il Nuovo Mondo*, although his own journal was strictly non-partisan. Lest it be thought that this boycott is in any way voluntary, let me quote from a letter the original of which I read in an editor's office:

"We would appreciate your discontinuing our advertisement in your valuable publication, because for the last eighteen months we have been receiving letters from our factory abroad advising us that your publication does not meet with the approval of certain authorities in Rome, and enjoining us to discontinue using —. We have been holding out as long as possible, but it seems that the situation has reached a point where our not complying with the factory's request may become a disturbing factor in our relations with them, and therefore, we trust that you will be kind enough to withdraw our advertisement."

By the same token, anti-Fascists are dismissed from their positions and find themselves unable to get new jobs. Pietro Allegra, an American citizen, tells of his dismissal from a responsible post with an Italian house in New York City after repeated pleadings and warnings to give up his anti-Fascist views. He refused a substantial money offer for signing a statement of resignation, and is suing the company. He thereupon opened a small business of his own in the same line; and a jagged hole in the back of his shop marks the place where someone broke in at night and ransacked the office, probably in search of papers that would brand him as a dangerous radical in the eyes of the

police, for Allegra has socialistic leanings.

When their opponents cannot be reached by business pressure, the Fascisti have found an equally effective and even more vicious weapon in the intimidation of relatives in Italy of anti-Fascists here. Nearly all the Italians in this country have fathers or mothers, brothers, sisters, or other family members in the homeland. In hundreds of instances Italo-Americans, many of them naturalized citizens of the United States, have received letters from their relatives in Italy imploring them to join the nearest Fascio lest those in Italy suffer arrest, violence, or even imprisonment.

"Dearest papa, I urge you not to talk to anyone about politics, for it is a dangerous thing," wrote a daughter to a naturalized Italian in Philadelphia, after telling him of repeated visits of the carabinieri to her home in Italy.

"My dear husband," wrote another woman, whose letter was given to me by the husband, a naturalized American citizen living in Chicago. "A carabinieri came again to our house and told me to go to the police station because the marshal wanted to talk to me. The marshal upbraided me because of your activities, and demanded the two pictures of you that hang on our wall. I am overcome with fear because the carabinieri keep coming nearly every day to our house on one pretext or another. It is worrying me sick, and you would hardly know me. I am afraid our little baby also will get sick."

"We may at any time be sent to the islands," wrote a sister in Apulia to an Italian in Milford, Massachusetts. She was referring to the dreaded penal islands in the Mediterranean. "You must go directly to the Fascio of — and say you will join. If not your family will be ruined."

Giuseppe Ramieri, of Hoboken, New Jersey, who is a naturalized American citizen, left four sons in Italy. Ever since he has been in this country he and his wife have been saving, week by

week, from their small working-man's salary, to bring the boys here to join them. Two years ago they got the necessary papers and passports from the United States Government and sent the steamship fares over to the boys. But the Fascisti here had reported Ramieri as an anti-Fascist, and the secretary of the Fascio in his home town in Italy, Molfetta, told the boys, "You will not go to America, now or ever." Protests to our State Department and appeals for aid to American consuls in Italy all have been in vain. Ramieri's boys still are in Molfetta.

An Associated Press dispatch from Rome, passed by the censor because it carried an object lesson, told the story of Manlio Chiossone. Manlio, a boy of twenty who had been living in Boston, attracted the attention of the Fascisti here by his criticism of the regime. As is their frequent habit, they first looked up his record and found that he had entered this country clandestinely. They reported him to American immigration authorities and had him deported. When he arrived in Italy he was arraigned in a military tribunal on a charge of having "spread lies abroad about Italy's internal conditions, hence hurting her credits and prestige." He was sentenced to twelve and a half years in prison.

That was Mussolini's message to those who opposed him in America; his warning of the last drastic punishment for flouting the authority of the Fascist League here. Of course this punishment can be inflicted only on those upon whom the Fascisti can lay their hands in Italy, but none the less it is an extremely effective weapon. Most of the Italian immigrants here hold a cherished dream of returning to Italy to visit their friends and relatives. The incident of Chiossone and numerous similar cases have shown them that in order safely to visit the homeland without being imprisoned there they must join the League and be obedient subjects of Mussolini in the United States, even

though they have taken our citizenship.

Nearly the whole Italian colony in New York City is aware of the case of F. N. Giavi, a wealthy Italian importer who had a successful business here. He went to Italy nearly two years ago to attend to his affairs there, intending to return at once. He never has returned. The Italians here have their explanation, although the censorship has allowed no official word to come through from him. Giavi, they say, entertained the son of ex-Premier Nitti at a dinner in New York City, and was immediately rebuked by the Fascisti, for Nitti is one of the outstanding foes of Mussolini. Shortly afterward Giavi made his trip to Italy, and through their own underground channels of information came the report to New York Italians that, like Chiossone, he had been arrested and imprisoned for anti-Fascism here.

In Hoboken, New Jersey, is a colony of immigrants from Molfetta, in the south of Italy. They come from independent stock and almost to a man are opposed to Fascism, but, like all Italians, they want to go home on visits. They tell of one of their number, Carlo Ragno, who got leave of absence from his employer for a trip to see his mother in Italy. *He thought because he was an American citizen he would be safe.* He left more than a year ago and has not returned. The same subterranean Italian news sources bring the word that his American passport was taken away from him, and that he is being held there unless he promises to become a Fascist in the United States. My own investigation in official quarters in Washington showed that Ragno's passport was reported as "lost," that a new one was authorized for him early last January. But he still has not returned.

A similar fate has befallen Signora di Carmelo, who was born here and is, therefore, an American citizen. She and her husband live in Furnari, Italy. Last spring she made arrangements to return to the United States. I have the letter from the Italian Ministry of

Foreign Affairs refusing her permission to leave the country. Signora di Carmelo is a cousin of Dr. Charles Fama, a former surgeon in the United States Army, who is one of the most active anti-Fascists in New York City.

Physical violence, finally, is not unknown as a weapon of the Fascisti in this country. The plant of *Il Nuovo Mondo* twice has been raided at night, and its linotype machines smashed and put out of commission. In one of the raids the Irish watchman, who had no interest whatever in Mussolini, was severely beaten, and he has since maintained a scrupulous detachment from all Italian politics. Vicente Vacirca, a former deputy in the Italian Chamber, has an ugly scar on his head by which to remember his days as editor of *Il Nuovo Mondo*. He was attacked from behind, the weapon being the leaded handle of a "manganelli." After Doctor Fama, an American citizen, began his intensive campaign against Fascism he received so many letters threatening his death that he carried on his medical practice for months under police guard. There never has been a satisfactory explanation of the death of two Fascisti outside a hall in New York City where Carlo Tresca was conducting an anti-Fascist meeting. They were riding past in a small motor car which was destroyed apparently by the ill-timed explosion of a bomb meant for the anti-Fascist hall.

V

While his Fascist League is carrying on its sleepless campaign to hold Mussolini's American empire intact by thwarting Americanization and by crushing critics, Il Duce is proceeding to assert his rule over his colony here in two fundamentals of sovereignty—taxation and military conscription. He is, so to speak, cashing in on his American domain, attempting to wring from it both money and man power directly. In reality the amount of money flowing into Fascist coffers in Rome cannot be

large, nor can the number of men so gained be great. The significance lies not so much in the tangible results thus far attained as in the fact that Mussolini does assume and methodically exercise these prerogatives over American citizens as well as others of Italian blood who have adopted this country as their home.

The problem of collecting taxes from his American subjects must have been perplexing, but enviable ingenuity was brought to bear on it. By no justifiable reckoning could Italo-Americans be reached by income, property, or stamp taxes. There were, however, numerous unmarried men of Italian extraction living in the United States. Very well, they should be made to pay the Fascist bachelor tax.

There has been, of course, no announcement to that effect, but so many cases of Italo-Americans receiving assessments for bachelor tax have come up within the last year that it seems to have become a definite policy. Doubtless the Fascist organization in this country is the source of information through which the home government learns which are unmarried and liable to the tax. At any rate, Italo-Americans in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and throughout New England have been billed. It is impossible to know how many have resignedly paid, but certainly not all of them did, for protests have been coming in to Washington from some who happened to be naturalized citizens, and others have sought help through appeal in their local newspapers.

The Fascisti, however, are ready to meet the eventuality of non-payment, providing the rebellious bachelor has relatives in Italy. The relatives, who can have no choice, are forced to pay the tax for the delinquent in America. I have an official stamped receipt made out to Mr. X in Italy showing that he paid "for his son" fifty-two francs' tax "*sur celibi*." The son is a naturalized citizen of the United States living in

Yonkers. Another American citizen in Massachusetts declined to pay only to find that his mother in Italy was assessed.

"I have received a notice from the government," she wrote him, "which imposed a tax because you were not married. They said I had to pay. I went to the city with four witnesses to tell them that you had gone from us and had lived in America for twenty years, my child. But they have sent me a bill for three hundred lire, and said that I should have to pay the tax for all the years since you were twenty-five."

Fascism made another curious attempt to reap a financial harvest in the United States, but that failed. In a test case last June the Italian consul general in New York City presented a claim in the name of his government for the property of an Italian here who died intestate without heirs, on the ground that although he was long a resident of this country, he was still a subject of the King, and his property should revert to the crown. The plea was denied in court. Had a favorable precedent been set, the Fascist treasury would have benefited substantially.

The question of citizenship rights has projected itself even more sharply into the situation created by the Fascist policy of seizing Italo-Americans traveling in Italy, *including naturalized American citizens*, and compelling them to serve training periods in the Italian reserve army. This, again, is in accord with Mussolini's idea that all Italians are his subjects and that war material can and should be drawn from America as well as from any other colony.

The problem arising out of dissimilar nationalization conventions is not a new one. Several foreign nations do not recognize any change in the citizenship of their natives. Italy theoretically recognizes American naturalization, but does not grant exemption from military training on that ground. Hence, there have long been so-called "military cases" confronting our state department as subjects of representation to various

other governments. Frequently the complainant had left home and sought American naturalization for the express purpose of avoiding military service, then had returned home only to be apprehended for the army, whereupon he sought to escape the consequences by calling on our government for aid.

Mussolini's conduct differs vastly from that of previous regimes and other governments in that the military cases had cropped up hitherto only sporadically, and principally in circumstances of definite evasion, whereas the present Fascist Government has taken advantage of the lack of a naturalization treaty with the United States to institute what can only be regarded as a fixed policy of arresting for military duty all eligible Italo-Americans visiting Italy except Fascisti in good standing. That is, what had been an occasional incident, under Mussolini has become, to all appearances, a systematic impressment. Our government, in fact, has felt it necessary to open new negotiations with the Fascist Government looking toward the conclusion of a naturalization treaty.

So regularly have Italo-American visitors been seized for the army in Italy that there is now a fear of going home prevalent among Italians in America. This was strikingly attested last summer when the Sons of Italy advertised their pilgrimage to Rome to pay homage to Il Duce. They hoped to have a large representation to impress Mussolini not only with their faithfulness but with their numerical strength, but despite the reduced steamship rates the response was discouraging. The sponsors conferred as to what was wrong and then inserted advertisements in the Italian language papers in this country which were curiously reminiscent of Imperial Germany's warning to Americans to keep off the *Lusitania* on its fatal voyage. In this case, however, the foreign government promised, by special dispensation, *not* to molest American citizens. The Italian advertisement, addressed to "Citizen or Non-

Citizen," stated that "The government of Italy has sent an official communication to Giovanni di Silvestro giving its pledge that no traveler on the pilgrimage will be arrested because of unfulfilled military service."

Specific instances of such seizure are all too numerous and much alike in their details. Arturo B., who was naturalized in Brooklyn six years ago, saved the fare to Italy to visit his father, obtained leave of absence and sailed, happy at heart. Meanwhile the Fascist consul in America who gave Arturo his visa had cabled ahead to Fascist police in Italy to look up his record. No sooner had Arturo reached his father's home than he was called before a military tribunal where he was given the choice of five years' imprisonment or fulfillment of his military term. Arturo, as an American citizen, appealed to the nearest American consul who gave him no encouragement. He smuggled a letter through to his wife here asking her to appeal to Senator X, who took the matter up in Washington, and eventually a form protest went through to Rome. Rome was sorry, but the man could not

be released. So Arturo served, and his wife in Brooklyn is taking care of herself and their children as best she can. This is not an isolated case, but typical of scores like it that are constantly coming up and are a matter of record in Washington.

An educated Italian importer sitting in his office in New York City told me of being arrested on a business trip to Italy because he had become a "renegade" by taking American citizenship and because he was not a Fascist here. He told of his release through influence, of their threats to take away the agency through which he does business here, and how, finally, he joined a Fascio in New York City to save his firm. "Why does our government allow the Fascisti to carry on their work here?" he asked. "Here is a foreign government organization combating the Americanization of four million of our residents and citizens, laying its plans for getting men and money for war from this country, and persecuting by boycott and terrorism those who resist. Why doesn't our government act to protect its own citizens and residents?"





DRESSING-UP

A STORY

BY W. R. BURNETT

WHEN the store manager saw Blue and his girl, Birdy, coming in the front door, he turned to Al, one of the clerks, and said:

"Look at this, Al. The stockyards're moving down town."

Al laughed, then he put on his best professional manner, clasped his hands in front of his stomach, inclined his head slightly, and walked up to Blue.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

Blue was short and stocky. His legs were thin, his waist small, but his shoulders were wide enough for a man six feet tall. His face was red and beefy, and his cheekbones were so prominent that they stuck out of his face. He looked up at Al.

"I'm buying an outfit, see," he said. "I'm gonna shed these rags and climb into something slick."

"Yes, sir," said Al. "How about one of our new spring models?"

"He wants a gray suit," said Birdy, adjusting her new fur neckpiece.

"Double-breasted," said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said Al.

"But first I want some silk underwear," said Blue. "I'm dressing from the hide out."

The store manager came over and smiled.

"Take good care of this young man, won't you, Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir," said Al.

"Warm, isn't it?" the store manager said to Birdy.

"Yeah, ain't it?" said Birdy, taking off her neckpiece and dangling it over her

arm like the women in the advertisements.

The store manager walked to the back of the shop and talked to the cashier:

"There's a boy that's got a big hunk of money all of a sudden," he said, "and he's gonna lose it the same way."

"Yeah?" said the cashier. "Well, I wish my rich uncle that I haven't got would die. Take a look at that neck-piece his girl's wearing. He didn't get that for five dollars."

Al spread out the silk underwear on the counter, and Blue looked through it. Birdy held up a lavender shirt.

"Here you are, Blue. Here's what you ought to get."

"Say . . . !" said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said Al; "we're selling lots of that. Just had an order for a dozen suits from Mr. Hibschiemann out in Lake Forest."

"That's where the swells come from," said Birdy.

Blue looked at the lavender shirt and the lavender shorts and said:

"All right. I'll take a dozen."

Al glanced up from his order book, caught the manager's eye, and winked. The manager came up to Blue, put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"My dear sir, since you seem to know real stuff when you see it, I'll let you in on something. We got a new shipment of cravats that we have only just begun to unpack. But if you'd like to look at them, I'll send down to the stockroom for them."

"Sure," said Blue.

"Thanks awfully," said Birdy.

"It's our very best stock. Handmade cravats of the best material obtainable."

"We want the best, don't we, Blue?" said Birdy.

"Sure," said Blue.

While the manager sent for the cravats, Blue bought a dozen silk shirts, some collars, a solid gold collar pin, some onyx cuff links, a set of military brushes, and two dozen pairs of socks. Al bent over his order book and wrote in the items swiftly, computing the possible amount of this windfall. In a few minutes a stock boy brought up the neckties and stood with his mouth open while Blue selected a dozen of the most expensive ties. The manager noticed him.

"Just leave the rest of the stock, please," he said, then he turned his back to Blue and hissed, "Get out of here!"

The stock boy went back to the basement, and the manager turned back to Blue, smiling.

"Those cravats retail at four dollars apiece," he said, "but because you're giving us such a nice order, I'll let you have them for three fifty."

"O.K.," said Blue.

"Them sure are swell ties, Blue," said Birdy, putting her arm through his. "Won't we be lit up though?"

"Sure," said Blue.

When the accessories had been selected, Blue began to try on the suits Al brought him. Blue strode up and down in front of the big triple mirror, puffed out his chest, struck attitudes, and studied his profile, which he had never seen before except in one Bertillon picture. Al stayed at his elbow, offering suggestions, helping him with the set of a coat, telling him how wonderful he looked; and the manager stayed in the background, occasionally making a remark to Birdy whom he addressed as "Madam."

Blue, after a long consultation with Birdy, selected two of the most expensive suits: a blue serge single-breasted and a gray double-breasted. Then he bought a gray felt hat at twelve dollars,

a small sailor at eight, and a panama at eighteen.

"Well," said Blue, "I guess you guys got about as much of my jack as you're gonna get."

"How about shoes?" Al put in.

"By God, I forgot," said Blue. "Hey, Birdy, I forgot shoes. Ain't that good? Look at this suitcase!"

He held up his foot. He was wearing big tan brogans, and there was a hole in the sole which went clear through the sock to the skin.

"Put your foot down, Blue," said Birdy. "Where you think you're at?"

Blue bought a pair of tan oxfords, a pair of black oxfords, and a pair of white and tan sport shoes.

"Now we're done," said Blue. "I guess I ought to look pretty Boul' Mich' now."

Al totaled up the bill. Birdy and the manager had a long conversation about the weather; and Blue stood before the triple mirror studying his profile.

Al hesitated before he told Blue the amount of the bill. He called for the manager to O.K. it, then he said:

"Cash or charge, sir?"

Blue took out his billfold which was stuffed with big bills.

"Cash," he said, "how much?"

"Four hundred and sixty-five dollars," said Al.

Blue gave him five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Now," said Blue, "I want you to get that gray suit fixed up right away so's I can put it on. I'm gonna dress from the hide out, and you guys can throw my old duds in the sewer."

"Yes, sir," said Al. "I'll get our tailor right away. We got a dressing-room on the second floor."

The cashier rang up the sale and gave the change to the manager.

"Are you going away for the summer?" asked the manager as he handed Blue his change.

"Yeah," said Blue; "me and the girl friend are gonna see New York. It'll be our first trip."

"That'll be nice," said the manager. "Are you in business for yourself?"

Blue glanced at Birdy, and she shook her head slightly.

"I'm in the oil business," said Blue. "I got some wells. I'm from Oklahoma."

"That's interesting," said the manager.

When they were leaving the café Blue took out his billfold and gave the doorman a five-dollar bill. The doorman's eyes popped but he managed to bow and smile.

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," he said. "Do you want a cab?"

"Yeah," said Blue, hanging on to Birdy who was drunker than he was.

"Yeah, you're damn right we want a cab," said Birdy. "Do we look like the kind of people that walk?"

"That's right," said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said the doorman, and he went out into the middle of the street and blew his whistle.

Before the taxi came a small sedan drew up at the curb across the street, and two men got out.

"There he is," said one of them, pointing at Blue.

"Hello, Guido," shouted Blue. "Look at me. Ain't I Boul' Mich'?"

Guido ran across the street, took Blue by the arm, shook him several times and said:

"You got to sober up, keed! Get it! You got to sober up. Somebody spilled something, see? Me and Bud's taking it on the lam. Saint Louie won't look bad to us."

"Yellow," said Blue.

"Sure," said Guido; "but I got a stake and I'm gonna spend some of it before I get bumped. Somebody wised Mike's boys up. They're looking for Pascal right now."

"What the hell!" said Blue, laughing. "Look at me, Guido. Ain't I Boul' Mich'? I got silk underwear under this suit. Look at Birdy."

"Look at me," said Birdy; "ain't I Boul' Mich'?"

"Say," said Guido, "you better ditch that tommy and put in with us. We got room in the heap."

"Not me," said Blue. "I ain't scairt of Mike Bova. I'll bump him next."

"All right," said Guido; "you'll have a swell funeral."

"Guido," called the other man, "let that bum go."

"So long, Blue," said Guido.

"So long," said Blue.

"Bye, bye, Guido," said Birdy.

Guido crossed the street, got into the driver's seat, slammed the door, and the sedan moved off. The taxi was waiting, and the doorman helped Birdy and Blue into it.

"Good-night, sir," said the doorman.

Birdy was lying on the lounge flat on her back with her hands under her head and an empty drinking glass sitting upright on her stomach. Blue, in his shirtsleeves, his collar wilted and his tie untied, was sitting at the table reading a crumpled newspaper. There were three-inch headlines.

BOVA'S LIEUTENANT KILLED
SHOT DOWN AS HE LEFT
HIS OFFICE BY GUNMEN

"You hear me!" said Blue. "Funniest thing ever pulled. There I was waiting in a room across the street trying to read a magazine, and Pascal was sitting with his head against the wall sleeping. 'Christ,' I says, 'there's Pete now.' He was coming out of his office. We wasn't looking for him for two hours yet. So I jist set there. Hell, I couldn't move, see, 'cause he come sudden, see, and I was figuring he wouldn't be out for two hours yet. 'Pascal,' I says, 'there's Pete now.' But Pascal he jist opens his eyes like a fish and don't say nothing. Pete he stops and looks right up at the window where I'm sitting, see, and I wonder does this guy know something. Hell, I couldn't move. I wasn't ready, see? Well, so Pascal he slips and falls over and hits his head. This makes me laugh but still I couldn't move my

trigger finger. Pete he holds out his hand like he's looking for rain, then I let him have it. I don't know. It was funny. I jist let him have it without knowing it, see, and before, I couldn't pull that trigger when I wanted to. When the old Thompson starts to bark, Pascal gets up and yells, 'What you smoking for, you bum? It ain't time yet.' Then he looks out the window and there's Pete on the sidewalk dead as yesterday's newspaper and an old woman is pointing up at us. We ditch the gun and beat it down the back stairs. That's all there was to it. There wasn't nobody in the alley, see, so we jist walked along slow, and pretty soon we come to a drug-store and went in to get some cigs 'cause we smoked all ours waiting for that guy to come out."

"Pour me a little drink, honey," said Birdy.

Blue got up, took a big flask out of his hip pocket, and poured Birdy another drink. Then he sat down, took out his billfold and extracted a couple of railroad tickets.

"Look at them, old kid," he said. "When we ride, we ride. Twentieth Century to New York. That's us, kid; and won't we give 'em a treat over in Brooklyn! Say, them Easterners think we're still shooting Indians. Hell, Chi makes that place look like a Y. M. C. A. Yeah, I used to know Ruby Welch, and he was big stuff from Brooklyn; but what did he do when Guido started gunning for him? He got himself put in the can as a vag. Yeah, we ought to go big over in New York, kid. What they need over there is guts. We can give 'em that, kid. When somebody needs somebody for the No. 1 caper, Blue's the guy for the job. I was born with a rod in my cradle and I'm the best there is. Yeah, when the Big Boy wanted Pete bumped who did he call on first? Old Blue, yes, sir, old Blue."

Blue got up, turned on the gramophone, and started to dance with a chair.

"Hey," he said, "come on, let's dance, Birdy. We're big shots now, Birdy;

let's dance. Look at me! If I had my coat on I'd look like the Prince of Wales. Boul' Mich', kid; that's us; Boul' Mich'. We'll knock their eyes out on Fifth Avenue, kid; yes, sir. Let's dance."

"I'm getting sick," said Birdy.

Blue went over and looked down at her. Her face was pale and drawn; there were blue circles under her eyes.

"Getting sick, Birdy?"

"Yeah. I can't stand it like I used to when I was with The Madam. Put me to bed, honey."

Blue picked Birdy up and carried her into the bedroom. Birdy began to hiccough.

"Gimme glass of water," she said.

"You don't want water," Blue said; "you want a nice big slug."

"No, gimme glass of water."

She lay down on the bed and, before Blue could bring her a glass of water, she was asleep. He stood looking down at her, then he went back into the living room, took a long pull at his flask, and picked up the crumpled newspaper. But he had read the account of the killing of Big Pete so many times that he knew it by heart. He sat staring at the paper, then he threw it on the floor and sat rolling a cigarette between his palms.

It had begun to get light. He heard a milk wagon passing the house. He got up and went over to the window. The houses were still dark, and far off down the street a string of lighted elevated cars ran along the horizon, but the sky was gray and in the east some of the clouds were turning yellow. It was quiet. Blue began to notice how quiet it was.

"Birdy," he called.

But he heard her snoring, and turned back to the table.

The telephone rang, but when he answered it there was nobody on the line.

"What's the idea?" he said.

He sat down at the table, took out his billfold and counted his money, then he took out the railroad tickets and read

everything printed on them. Again he noticed how quiet it was. He got up, put away his billfold, and went into the bedroom. Birdy was sleeping with her mouth open, flat on her back, with her arms spread out. Blue lay down beside her and tried to sleep, but he turned from side to side, and finally gave it up.

"I don't feel like sleeping," he thought. "I'm all het up about going East on The Century. Here I am, old Blue, riding The Century dressed up like John Barrymore and with a swell frail. Yeah, that's me. Boul' Mich' Blue."

He got up, put on his coat, and began to pose in front of the living-room mirror.

"Boul' Mich' Blue," he said.

Finally he sat down at the table and laid out a game of solitaire; but he had so many bad breaks with the cards that he began to cheat and then lost interest in the game.

"I know," he said, "what I need is food."

He got up and went to the refrigerator, but there wasn't anything in it except a few pieces of cold meat.

"Hell!" he said, "I guess I'll have to go down to Charley's."

He put on his new soft hat, but hesitated. If they was looking for Pascal, they was looking for him, too. Right now there wasn't nobody on the streets and it was a good time to bump a guy.

"Hell!" he said, buttoning his coat, "I got a streak of luck. It'll hold. Boul' Mich' Blue'll be on The Century to-morrow. Yeah bo! I ain't scairt of no Mike Bova."

When Blue came out of the apartment house the sun was just coming up. The alleys and areaways were still dark, but there was a pale yellow radiance in the streets. There was no one about; no sign of life. Not even a parked car.

"Hell!" said Blue; "safe as a tank-town."

A window across the street was raised, and Blue ducked without meaning to; but a fat woman put her head out of the window and stared into the street.

There was nobody in Charley's, not even a waiter. Behind the counter the big nickel coffee urns were sending up steam. Blue took out a fifty-cent piece and flung it on the counter. Wing, the counterman, looked in from the kitchen.

"Come on, Wing," said Blue, "snap it up."

"Didn't know you, kid," said Wing. "Ain't you dressed up, though? Must've struck it."

"I sure did," said Blue. "Give me a combination and some muddy water."

"Muddy water, hell," said Wing. "I jist made that Java."

Blue leaned on the counter and stared at himself in the mirror, while Wing went back to make his sandwich.

"Hey, Wing," Blue shouted, "did you know I was going East on The Century?"

"Are, hunh?" Wing shouted back. "You're on the big time now, ain't you, kid?"

"That's the word," said Blue.

Blue turned to look out into the street. He saw a man passing, and stared at him. The man was small and had a slouch hat pulled down over his face. Blue thought he recognized him and slid his gun out of the holster under his armpit and put it in his coat pocket. The man passed without looking in.

"I got the jumps," said Blue. "It's that rotten gin."

Wing came in with the sandwich, drew Blue a cup of coffee, then leaned his elbows on the counter and watched Blue eat.

"Well," said Wing, "I see where they got Big Pete."

"Yeah," said Blue.

"I knew they was gonna," said Wing. "I got inside dope."

"Yeah?" said Blue.

"It was coming to him."

"Yeah."

Blue finished his sandwich, lighted a cigarette, and sipped his coffee. It was broad daylight now, and trucks had begun to pass the restaurant.

"Going East, are you, kid?" said Wing.

"Yeah," said Blue. "I got in on a big cut and I don't have to worry none for some time. I jist took my dame down and dressed her up this afternoon. Is she hot? Me, I got silk underwear on."

He unbuttoned his shirt and showed Wing his lavender underwear.

"You're sure a dressed-up boy," said Wing. "I bet you paid ten bucks for that hat you got on."

"Twelve," said Blue. "It was the best they had. I paid eighteen for a panama. You like this suit?"

"It's red hot," said Wing; then with a twinge of envy, "If I wasn't going straight maybe I could wear rags like that."

"How long's your parole got to run yet?"

"Plenty long. And I got the dicks down on me. They thought I'd stool for 'em in this ward. But that ain't my way."

"Why don't you make a break for Canada?"

"Yeah," said Wing, "and get jerked back to stir."

Blue finished his coffee, paid his check, and gave Wing a dollar bill. Wing turned the bill over and over.

"Say," he said, "give me another buck and I'll put you on to something hot at Arlington."

Blue laughed and tossed Wing a silver dollar.

"Never mind the tip," he said. "I know lots of better ways to lose my dough. Why don't you lay off the ponies, Wing? You can't beat that racket."

"I got the itch," said Wing.

Blue looked into the mirror and adjusted his hat to the proper angle.

"Well," he said, "I'm leaving you. I'll send you a postcard from the Big Burg, Wing."

But Blue noticed that Wing had begun to get nervous; his face was twitching.

"Blue," said Wing, "for Christ's sake watch your step. I'm telling you

straight, kid. One of Mike's boys was in here buzzing me about you jist 'fore she began to get light. I'm telling you straight, kid. It ain't my fight and I wasn't gonna peep. But you're a right guy, Blue."

Blue rubbed his hand over his face, then he said:

"It was The Wolf. I seen him go past."

"Yeah," said Wing.

"Jesus!" said Blue, "which way'd I better go?"

"I'd put you upstairs . . ." Wing began.

"No use," said Blue. "The Wolf seen me."

Wing drew himself a cup of coffee and drank it at a gulp.

"If they knew I'd peeped they'd bump me sure," said Wing.

Blue stood staring at the counter, then he pulled his hat down over his eyes, and slipped his right hand into the pocket where the gun was.

"Well," he said, "the alley's no good. It's blind my way. The side street won't get me no place. So all I got's the front way. Hell!" he went on, puffing out his chest, "I got a streak of luck, Wing. It'll hold."

Wing drew himself another cup of coffee.

"Here's hoping," he said.

Blue went to the door and, putting his head out a little way, looked up and down. The street was deserted except for a truck which was coming toward him slowly. It was a Standard Oil truck.

"Wing," he said, "has any of Mike's boys got a hide-out anywhere around here?"

"Don't know of none."

"Well," said Blue, "here I go."

"So long," said Wing.

Blue stepped out of the restaurant, threw his shoulders back, and began to walk slowly toward Birdy's apartment. The Standard Oil truck passed him and went on. The street was quiet. At the end of the street he saw an elevated on its way toward the Loop.

"I wish I was on that baby," he said.

But the nearer he got to the apartment the surer he became that his luck would hold. Hell! it was the first break he'd had since he and Guido hijacked that big Detroit shipment. He had tickets on The Century. When a guy has tickets on The Century he uses them. And that wasn't all. He was a big shot now; the Big Boy had promised him a bonus; he had on silk underwear.

"Hell!" said Blue, "it ain't in the cards."

Across from Birdy's apartment he saw the same fat woman leaning out of the window. When he looked up she drew her head in hastily. Blue made a dash for the door, but across the street a Thompson gun began to spit. Blue stumbled, dropped his gun, and ran blindly out into the middle of the street; then he turned and ran blindly back toward the house. An iron fence caught him just below the belt and he doubled over it. Across the street a window was slammed.

EXPATRIATE

BY MARY BROWN ONSTOTT

*ALL night he sits and plays at solitaire,
A king upon an ace and then a queen,
And sips a little wine his games between
Or strolls out on the balcony for air.
Without, the foreign chatter in the square;
Within, rich foreign silks of rose and green,
Venetian glass, old bronze, an Orient screen,
And for his cards a teakwood stand and chair.*

*And time has mellowed his calm, unlined face
But cannot quite conceal the look of dread
That comes upon him. . . . Black upon the red
And red upon the black, with easy grace
He plays his cards—and drives back in his brain
The thought of maple trees and snow in Maine.*



OUR ISLAND UNIVERSE

REFLECTIONS OF A RESIDENT OF MANHATTAN

BY ELMER DAVIS

A YEAR has gone by since the presidential election which was a referendum on—among other things—the proposition, “Resolved, that we the people of the United States disapprove of New York.” Many New Yorkers have not yet got over their amazement at the vigor of that disapproval. We knew that our town was not popular in the rest of the country; but some of us had forgotten, others had never suspected, the intensity of malice and the depths of credulity revealed by the crusade which Bishop Cannon and Mrs. Willebrandt so valiantly led to triumph.

Much of the abuse which our town received last year was of course merely a political gesture. Mrs. Willebrandt's campaign speeches to the embattled Methodists conveyed the impression that New York was the one sink hole of iniquity in an otherwise stainless nation; her newspaper articles on prohibition, written after she left office, tell a different story. Even Bishop Cannon might admit that a city whose bucketshops are so accommodating to clerical customers is not utterly to be condemned. But the inaccuracy or insincerity of some of these attacks does not matter so much as the fact that they were made because it was known that they would be effective. Abuse of New York is the surest method of rallying those rural and small-town voters who call themselves the moral element. You could not have lined them up so solidly against a candidate who had

graduated from the city machine of Philadelphia, or Boston, or Chicago. The back country hates all cities, but especially it hates New York.

All of which brings particular grief to us New Yorkers who are immigrants, not from Naples or Cork or Odessa, but from other parts of the United States. We feel the immigrant's traditional affection for the old country, even if it be Kansas or North Carolina, and the immigrant's natural wish that the old and the new fatherland might live together in amity. We perceive no adequate reason for the back country's bitterness against New York, still less for its conviction of its own ethical superiority. We have observed that human nature averages about the same in Manhattan, in Middletown, and in Gopher Prairie, though we believe that conditions are rather more favorable to decent and civilized behavior in New York than in most small towns.

We ought to be able to mediate between Manhattan and the back country; we understand something, at least, of both the rural and the urban point of view. There must be nearly a million of us; and in all departments of New York life except government we are about as influential as any other race. We could be more influential still if we thought and acted together as a racial group—but that is precisely the sort of thing that many of us do not like, and came to New York to escape. In the vast anonymity of Manhattan we can be individuals, free from the clan or fac-

tional loyalties that would bind us elsewhere, and might become irksome. But we obtained this freedom for a great price. A racial bloc of a million people can get what it wants, or make somebody pay for it on election day; but a million individuals, on election day, can only follow a bandwagon.

That was what we had to do last fall. As the presidential campaign took on the aspect of a war between Anglo-Saxon Protestants of the back country and Irish Catholics of New York, something like the war hysteria of a decade earlier seized the nation. We Anglo-Saxon Protestants of New York felt that there was something to be said on both sides; but a man who said anything on the other side just then was giving aid and comfort to the enemy. He that was not for us was against us, and jumping on us with both feet. So when our kinsmen back home said that the Tammany-governed town we lived in was viler than Sodom, most of us chose to stand by Tammany and swear that it was as spotless as the New Jerusalem, because that contention seemed less inaccurate than the other.

That war is over, for the time being. Tammany, so thoroughly *conspued* by the nation last November, seems to have decided that it might as well remain a mutual welfare league, instead of becoming, as Al Smith almost made it, a civic betterment society. And some of us who voted for the New Tammany, and would prefer even the old Tammany to the sort of "Christian" leadership of which Bishop Cannon is a specimen, have leisure, now that the smoke has blown away, to look at our town with a more dispassionate eye.

Perhaps we should not do that. Any admission by a New Yorker that New York has faults will be picked up and elaborated by the whirling dervishes who worked up the Holy War of 1928, as proof that all they said was true. Yet if there is any virtue that urban life with its greater variety of possible experience should encourage, it is the willingness

to discriminate and qualify; to try to see things as they are without being blinded by partisanship; to recognize that there is almost always something to be said on both sides, and that it is a misfortune if we become too heated up to feel like saying it. New York is not and has not been for decades, if indeed it ever was, such a cesspool of corruption as inland moralists delight to picture; but it falls short of the New Jerusalem in several respects.

Some of us who hotly defended our town last year, and would do so again if occasion arose, have been driven to wonder, in this lucid interval, just what it is really like and how it compares with other cities. Especially a man whose business could be conducted anywhere must wonder, occasionally, why he goes on living on Manhattan Island, the most expensive spot on earth.

II

Well, one reason for living in New York is that life and property are tolerably safe, by comparison with other American cities. The picturesque violence and extortions of Chicago, described by Mr. Gunther in last month's *HARPER'S*, are as yet but faintly reproduced in New York. Rackets such as increase the cost of so many different kinds of merchandise and service to the Chicago customer are comparatively rare here outside of the building trades; and even in these they seem confined to the borough of the Bronx, where the recent burning of several apartment houses under construction has been ascribed to the desire of racketeers to show contractors that they mean business. Strikes in certain industries are apt to entail the hiring of gunmen by both strikers and employers; but all this is petty by Chicago standards.

If you believe statistics published last summer, the New Yorker is twice as safe from assassination as the resident of Cincinnati, and almost twice as safe as the man who lives in Detroit or Chicago.

The exact truth about crime in America is notoriously hard to obtain, and the fact that these figures were compiled by the Registrar of the New York Department of Health may make them suspect elsewhere; but if they are trustworthy, New York ranks ninth among the cities of the country in the percentage of homicides, and seventh in the percentage of suicides. (San Francisco, Seattle, and Los Angeles lead the suicide list, which confirms what some of us have long suspected about the Golden West.) I have not at hand any recent comparison of the traffic death rates of the larger cities. Heaven knows, New York streets are perilous enough, but they seem to me safer than those of other places; perhaps because every man gets used to his home-town traffic and takes it for granted. The real peril of the traffic in New York, as everywhere else, is its continually increasing congestion. At evening, when stores and offices are closing, it oozes uptown in a slow-moving viscid mass. I have spent eighteen minutes traveling three blocks (about 700 feet) in a Fifth Avenue bus. A few years more, and the actuaries can safely calculate just how many thousand New Yorkers in the course of a year will starve to death in taxicabs on their way home to dinner, while they wait for the red light to turn green.

If our homicide rate is less than that of other cities, it must be due to the native mildness of the population rather than to any fear of punishment. A recent report of the Police Commissioner, contrasting the first half of 1929 with the first half of 1928—there was not much difference between them, so far as homicides were concerned—showed that in the two periods taken together there had been 327 killings. In 114 of these cases there were no arrests, in many others no indictments. There had been two convictions for first-degree murder, forty-four for other degrees of murder, or for manslaughter. Allowing for the cases in which trials were pending, it would still seem that a New York killer

has about a five-to-one chance of escaping conviction, and better than a hundred-to-one chance of escaping the chair.

Spectacular gang murders such as have made Chicago famous are rare in our town. Our underworld, so far as the outsider can gather, is neither so well organized, so profitably employed, nor on the whole so well protected by politicians as that of Chicago. Still, we have had in the past two or three years several underworld killings of the Chicago type; and in the best Chicago manner they have been left unsolved.

The best known of these affairs was of course the murder of Mr. Arnold Rothstein. So much hullabaloo was raised over the inability or reluctance of the police to solve it that the Mayor rather brutally forced out the Police Commissioner—his close personal friend, who had been a valuable public servant in less exacting offices—and appointed in his place the famous greeter, Mr. Grover Whalen. Mr. Whalen's renown as head of our local reception committee has somewhat obscured the fact that he too had proved himself an efficient executive, both in public and in private business; and his handling of the Rothstein case seems to prove that he is an extremely efficient police commissioner.

This is what he did about the Rothstein case. He announced, frequently and vigorously, that he was about to solve it. Then he put into operation, with all the flamboyant publicity that attends the opening of the opera or the world's series, a new and spectacular method of traffic control. Shortly before this an evening paper in search of a crusade had started a scare about speakeasies that sell poisonous liquor. Mr. Whalen, as defender of the public safety, promised to close "the speakeasies which breed crime." Whether in this oral statement a comma was to be inferred after "speakeasies" was a matter of dispute. At any rate his police raided several hundred speakeasies out of the 32,000 which he estimated as existing in New York—smashing many

of them with axes, in the Carrie Nation style. It is true that very little of the liquor seized was found to be poisonous; and it was observed that almost all of the places raided were those that sold a drink for a quarter, whereas the far more numerous establishments that sell a drink for seventy-five cents escaped, with rare exceptions, untouched. This class discrimination might seem hard to reconcile with Tammany's traditional championship of the poor. Still, it was a famous victory.

Then Mr. Whalen's police made an illegal and utterly indefensible raid on a clinic where birth control information is disseminated, under the restrictions prescribed by law. Mr. Whalen has said that he did not know anything about this beforehand, being presumably too busy solving the Rothstein murder. Who inspired this unlawful search and seizure was never revealed, but I do not suppose that anyone familiar with the history of the birth control movement in New York would need more than one guess. At any rate, there was a tremendous uproar. Much had been said about religious liberty in the campaign of the previous fall, and an inconveniently large number of New Yorkers seemed to have taken it seriously. The defendants were hastily discharged, at least some of the private documents seized in the raids were restored, and the net result was a great advantage to the birth control movement.

It was also a great advantage to the murderers of Rothstein, who by that time had been completely forgotten.

I do not know who killed Mr. Rothstein and I do not care; he never will be missed. Whoever were his murderers, the ordinary citizen who behaves himself and does not meddle in the business of his betters will never get in their way. I suspect that our police are more usefully employed in giving that ordinary citizen reasonably adequate protection—which they do—than in fussing over the removal of a gentleman whom we can easily spare. Our police keep order; we

do not have riots, and there are few streets if any in Manhattan where a pedestrian is not reasonably safe at night from everything but the traffic.

True, our protectors incurred some derision last summer when a prominent detective excused his failure to report important information bearing on a front-page underworld killing by explaining that he had not read the papers, and hence did not know of the murder. This was the Frankie Marlow affair, of which Mr. Whalen offered three or four entirely different explanations on successive days. He insisted, however, that the police knew who the murderer was, and somewhat curiously invited the miscreant to give himself up to be electrocuted, threatening that if he did not the police would go and get him. The murderer did not, and neither did the police. But possibly the man who had killed Frankie Marlow did not read the papers either. At any rate, when people began to wonder too audibly why something was not done about this case which Mr. Whalen had seemed to consider so simple, the Commissioner distracted public attention by a general shifting of high police officers. Argument over the reasons for this reshuffle and new deal, and its probable effectiveness, ran so high that nobody bothered any longer about Frankie Marlow.

If you and I were murdered, however, the police would try to find out who did it, and might succeed. As for the Rothstein and Marlow cases, Mr. Whalen declared so often and so loudly that he was going to solve them that half the people in New York probably think he did solve them, and most of the others do not care. So these episodes seem to prove that Mr. Whalen is a highly efficient police commissioner.

III

If you really want action in such matters as the Rothstein murder, and cannot get it from the police, you can get it from the District Attorney—

provided that he is not only able but ambitious, and belongs to the party which does not control the police. New York had such a District Attorney in 1912, when Herman Rosenthal was murdered. Mr. Charles S. Whitman's presidential aspirations were rather ludicrous, and his eventual achievement as Governor was not impressive; but as District Attorney he certainly put the fear of God into a lot of people who were all the better for a dose of it.

Our present District Attorney is able and honest, but he is not ambitious, and he belongs to the organization. His chief assistant, Mr. Ferdinand Pecora, is also able and honest; but it was not his ability and honesty that promised, last summer, to give Mr. Pecora the nomination for District Attorney. He owed that bright prospect to the fact that he is an Italian Protestant, a combination of eligibilities extremely rare. Yet the organization passed him over, and nominated instead a jurist of ability and integrity who is seventy years old. Some persons have been base enough to suggest that it was not Justice Crain's integrity but his age that caused his nomination. A man of seventy is not apt to be agile enough to get around much, and pry into matters that might better be left alone.

All this, again, is petty, by inland standards. No District Attorney within my memory has been suspected of corruption—a rare distinction, as American cities go. Some of them might have been more enterprising; but no man is perfect, and if any man were he would not be nominated for public office. The chief fault of both our police and our prosecutors, to the current American taste, is their old-fashioned outlook. They regard the preservation of order as more important than the imposition of morality. Cincinnati, for example, is more enlightened. It has the highest homicide rate in the country, but dog racing is sternly suppressed.

But what, the inlander may ask, about those 32,000 speakeasies? How and

why do they survive, unless they pay for police protection? Well, of course they pay. A rumseller is apt to speak freely enough of his gifts to the patrolman or the sergeant; if you ask him about higher personages a great ox, as Æschylus puts it, steps on his tongue. Seven or eight years ago, when the Volstead Act was reinforced by a state prohibition law, there seems to have been a regular graduated tariff, running from \$5 a day for neighborhood restaurants that serve wine with lunch and dinner to a maximum of \$500 a month outside the Times Square district. Broadway night clubs were charged whatever the traffic would bear. Since the state law was repealed these matters are handled more suavely. I believe you do not pay for protection any more, you make spontaneous gifts to friends, and when it comes to the amount you let your enlightened self-interest be your guide. The police do not get all of this. Most speakeasies are in remodeled residences which violate some of the countless regulations of the Building Bureau, the Fire Department, the Tenement House Department. Inspectors who indulgently fail to report those violations are not restrained by mere good-fellowship.

But the speakeasies are not there because the police make money out of them; they are there because the people want them. Some people do not want them, others would rather have some other kind of liquor dispensary; but most people would rather have the speakeasies—which are usually respectable restaurant clubs where you can meet your friends and get pretty good food as well as pretty good liquor—than nothing at all. This may confirm the inlander's conviction of the wickedness of all New Yorkers, but it ought to take away the reproach from a Tammany administration which merely registers the will of the people. No Mayor could dry up New York, and no Mayor who tried it would be re-elected. If the police neglected everything else and gave burglars and stick-up men the run of the town,

they could probably close those 32,000 speakeasies to-morrow; but most of them would open up somewhere else the day after. A demand so copious creates a supply.

It is unfortunate that the police profit by this antipathy between national law and local sentiment; but their takings are less offensive than the tolls levied on prostitution, for instance, by their predecessors of a generation ago. The passing of this sort of thing is partly the effect, and partly the cause, of a greater decency among our policemen and politicians; chiefly it is due of course to nation-wide changes in social custom—the disappearance of the red-light district and the more recent decline of street-walking. This slump in prostitution, in turn, is partly the effect and partly the cause of increased amateur competition; and if commercialized vice seems to have disappeared more generally from New York than from most other cities, the inlander will probably reason that the amateur competition is keener here. I doubt it. Whatever New York girls may want to do, those of them who live with their families have fewer opportunities than the small-town girl whose boy friend can get hold of a car and take her beyond the village limits in five minutes. There are vestiges of commercial vice in New York, but Mr. Whalen told the truth when he lately boasted that there is less open vice here than in any other large city in the world.

As for graft in general, it is quite true that the days of Tweed and Croker are gone, and probably gone forever. The one conspicuous recent instance of flagrant graft was the sewer scandal in the Borough of Queens, and could not fairly be ascribed to Tammany, which was on bad terms with the Queens organization (though it was so ascribed, of course, in campaign speeches). Queens is a suburban district, growing at a furious rate—still in the pioneer boom stage that ended many years ago in Manhattan, where Tammany rules.

American history shows that pioneer boom days usually mean graft; the march of progress has to pass through somebody's toll gate. Yet if the Tammany of Tweed and Croker is dead, the modern Tammany which lately rejected Al Smith's highbrow notions is not in business for its health. There are far too many jobs in our city government, and far too many district leaders and local heelers holding them down. What graft there is now is mostly what is called honest graft, but it comes out of the taxpayer's pocket none the less.

Again one must discriminate and qualify. Tammany gives us a pretty good government—well above the average of American municipal government in efficiency, so far as concerns the routine of running the town. It does not seem to see very far beyond the end of its nose, and we may presently pay heavily for that short-sightedness; but more of that later. From what I hear in other cities, I believe that our government is well above the average in honesty too; though that is faint praise. But it comes high. It costs six hundred million dollars a year to run our town—a hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child in it. That is three times as much as the United States government costs per head; six times as much, if the costs of the late war are deducted from Federal expenditure. Any competent private business executive (which is not the same as a "business administration," or even a city manager) could do it for very much less if the people made the politicians let him alone.

The notion that they ever would is of course fantastic. Your average citizen would say that Tammany's famous "human touch," the help he can get from his district leader when he needs it, is worth a few dollars extra a year—provided you could persuade him that he paid any part of the cost of government, as you probably could not unless he owned real estate. Most local taxation falls on real estate and is absorbed in the rent; but you could not convince the

average rent payer that the cost of city government, past and present, accounts for a large fraction of what he pays the landlord. We New Yorkers are, in some ways, a simple lot.

IV

But if our government comes high, it gives us some unusual blessings. Chief of these is our Merry Monarch, James J. Walker, undoubtedly the most decorative Mayor this or any other city ever had. If the Honorable James, in these past four years, has done a great deal of decorating and practically no work, it is not because he could not work if he wanted to. He has worked hard and well in other jobs, when he was driven to it. But he is a shrewd person who knows what the people want. They want some work, of course, but there are plenty of minor officials who are able and willing to do it. They also, and more especially, want a show; and nobody can give them so good a show as Joyful James.

Chicagoans kept re-electing Mayor William Hale Thompson, I believe, because he gave them the sort of show they liked; but how much cruder it was than Walker's show, how much nearer the æsthetic standards of the Stone Age! Thompson's show suited Chicago; Walker's show suits New York, which is all to New York's credit; but it is not true, as has sometimes been said, that New York would never stand for Thompson. Ordinarily New York will stand for any Mayor whom Tammany selects; it stood for eight years of John F. Hylan, whose show was as crude as Thompson's and far less amusing. It was our luck rather than our merit that gave us Walker, whose show appeals to the more subtle and sophisticated strata of the population. He may have few visible achievements to his credit, but he has been a powerful influence for the refinement of public manners and the elevation of popular taste.

But the masses love him because they

prefer King Log to King Stork. New York does not know much about King Stork, at first hand. The nearest approach to him it has had was John Purroy Mitchel's administration of 1914 to 1918—probably the ablest and most honest government the city ever enjoyed, or rather did not enjoy. The Mitchel administration had all the virtues but tact, and people overlooked the good things it did in their annoyance at the way it did them. The voters who turned it out were cutting off their nose to spite their face, but they were actuated, however stupidly, by the sound instinct that too little government is better than too much. Walker will never give them too much.

When you read this, the municipal election will be only a few days distant; as I write, the nominations have just been made. It does not yet appear what will be said and done in the campaign by Joyful James's opponent, Fiery Fiorello LaGuardia, or whether he will get any lucky breaks. I do not know at this moment for which of these gentlemen I shall vote; but I do not suppose that enough people are similarly undecided, as yet, to give Joyful James much worry. Whichever wins, we shall have for the next four years a potentially able Mayor who will do no more work than he has to (LaGuardia would have to do more than Walker), because he knows his constituents would rather have too little government than too much. And under either Mayor we shall have some capable and conscientious public servants, and a considerable number of district leaders whose idea is to keep the wheels turning and take care of the boys.

We could have worse governments than that; most American cities have. But a city of six million people does not stand still; if its government stands still for four years, it will have to hurry all the faster whenever it starts catching up with civic needs. While Joyful James plays his clean wholesome comedy act at the City Hall, New York keeps growing larger and more complex. Some-

thing must be done about the traffic, about the subways, about garbage and sewage disposal, about better housing. Just what ought to be done is not always clear, but it is clear that it will cost a lot of money. Joyful James at last took notice of this, in his address accepting renomination, promising that in his second term he would do everything he had neglected in his first term, and let the Mayors who come after him figure out how to pay for it.

Can he get away with that? Certainly he can. Suppose that a few hundred millions more must some day be taken out of the taxpayer, what of it? Taxes are never increased in New York; only assessments. Besides, as any New Yorker who owns no real estate will tell you, taxes are something that the other fellow pays. You and I only pay rent.

V

Our town differs not only in degree but in kind from the other cities of America—yes, and of the world. Every foreign city of comparable size is the capital of a nation; there is a constant interchange of people and ideas between the metropolis and the provinces that knits the nation together. New York misses much of that, and the loss is not only ours but the nation's, which would be better off if its political capital were located in its financial and intellectual capital. (Or in Chicago, for that matter; in any natural city, rather than the cantonment of government clerks and lobbyists on the Potomac. But that is an old story.)

Even the difference in size is important. Six million people are as many as you will find in three or four ordinary States. Among so many there are all kinds of people, including a group which lately gave Bishop Cannon a prize for Christian statesmanship. So whatever you say about New York or New Yorkers will be true to some extent. Our vast and complex island city might be called by a term borrowed from the astronomers—an island universe, detached from

all other universes, complete in itself. Of course our town is not wholly self-sufficient; economically the rest of the country could get along without New York better than New York could get along without the rest of the country. But spiritually there is a cleavage, in interests and in point of view; which is unfortunate both for New York and for the back country. Inland Americans are quite right when they say that New York is not America. It does not pretend to be; it is simply New York, a city on a group of islands off the coast. And if the inlander wishes that those islands were a thousand miles off the coast—why, so, sometimes, do we.

It is an article of faith in the United States that New Yorkers are the most provincial people in the country, that they neither know nor care about what lies west of the Hudson. That is true of some New Yorkers—a considerable number, if you add them up. But among any six million inlanders you will find quite as many who are uninterested in anything beyond the county line, and have considerably less to see inside it. A city so immense and intricate contains about everything, even to pastoral scenery and Pre-Millennial Fundamentalists. It is another article of faith in the interior that New Yorkers, living in apartment houses, do not know their neighbors even by sight. Well, I lived three years in an apartment house where I did not know my neighbors by sight; and I have lived five years in another where I know a dozen families about as well as I should know my neighbors in a small town where I had lived five years. Anything is true of New York.

Babylon, said Aristotle, was a nation rather than a city. New York, said Rutger Jewett a few years ago, is not even a nation but a league of nations. He was thinking, not of the racial colonies in the poorer districts—these are gradually dissolving, with the shutting off of immigration—but of the hopeless heterogeneity of the more prosperous classes. Mrs. Wharton's novels depict

a compact and integrated New York society, which survived as late as thirty years ago. Now there are a dozen, perhaps a hundred, New York societies, hardly aware of one another's existence. Chicago is a great city, too large for all the people who count to know each other; but I gather that they at least know about each other. New York is too big even for that.

This vast impersonality fills some people with horror; they flee from it to suburbs where they cannot help knowing their neighbors. But for some of us this impersonality, anonymity, indifference, is New York's greatest charm. Especially does it appeal to some of us immigrants from the inland, who if we had stayed at home should have been caught in a network of group loyalties—some inherited, some acquired in youth, some compelled by the pressure of public opinion. In New York we can be individuals; we do not have to join anything, side with anybody, if we do not choose.

A man who lives in, say, Heliopolis, Ohio, must follow the customs of Heliopolis, which are excellently satisfactory if you happen to like them. He is not only a person, and a husband, and a father, and a brother, and a cousin; he is also a Shriner, a Sigma Nu, a Republican, a Methodist, a Rotarian, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, above all, a booster for Heliopolis. If these or similar loyalties did not bind him, people would think he was queer, and his business might suffer. But if he moves to New York he need not be anything but himself. The interwoven loyalties of Heliopolis may make him a more useful citizen, though there is room for argument on that; they will certainly make him a happy man, if he likes them. But some people do not like them; they prefer to stand free, except as they are limited by personal friendship or affection. They can do that in New York, and nobody cares.

They do not have to do it. I know New Yorkers who think of themselves

primarily not as individuals—still less as New Yorkers—but as Rotarians, or Knights Templar, or natives of Georgia, or Greenwich Villagers, or Catholics, or Socialists. But they do not have to feel that way unless they want to. New Yorkers who belong to organizations are apt to take their ties lightly, especially the harder immigrants from the inland. Your New Yorker born in Heliopolis, Ohio, may belong to a club; but he probably goes there only for lunch, or to consult some book in the library. He feels no loyalty binding him to members of his club against the rest of the world.

Not all New Yorkers are like that, but there are more people like that in New York than anywhere else in the country; and here is one large factor in the back country's hatred of New York, especially that venomous hatred that is felt by the so-called "moral element." In our town, men and women can live, within reasonable limits, as they please and not as the neighbors please. The moral element hates that. It also hates the people in its home town who want to live as they please, but it has them licked. New York, the devil's citadel, still defies assault.

The belief that men and women who are permitted to live as they please will please to live wickedly is not utterly to be derided; some men and women will. The doctrine that you learn by trying, that you cannot be sure you are going right till you have resisted temptation to go wrong, has been decisively rejected by American public opinion. But in New York the freedom of the will is still part of the unwritten constitution. No wonder excited inlanders scream that we have seceded from the Union.

But this freedom, too, comes high.

VI

The resident of Heliopolis may not be a member of a lodge or a church or a luncheon club, but one thing he must be, if he stays in town—a shouting booster

for Heliopolis. Among six million New Yorkers you will find more Parsees or Confucians than shouting boosters for New York. Hylan was one; and in his day the Hearst papers carried, for a while, the slogan—"Boost New York, the Wonder City of the World." But most of us thought that was hick stuff. Why advertise the obvious?

The New Yorker is proud of his town, but vaguely, almost unconsciously; his feeling is not civic pride as American cities know it, nor yet what the Parisian feels about Paris. For why, after all, does a man love his home town? Usually for the simple reason that he lives there; a town that enshrines him is uniquely blest. If a Minneapolis booster is transferred by his firm to Los Angeles, he becomes a Los Angeles booster.

Some New Yorkers feel that, but not many; the town is too vast, chaotic, impersonal. You do not live in New York; you live in a part of New York. Inlanders are apt to think of New York and Manhattan as the same thing; but hardly more than a third of the city's inhabitants live in Manhattan, and there are New Yorkers who have lived in the city all their lives without ever setting foot on that famous island. (They are not all children, either.) I live on Morningside Heights, and like that district; but I feel no affection, proprietary or otherwise, for Maspeth or Morrisania. So with native New Yorkers; most of them have the natural human attachment to the place of their birth—but the place of their birth is not New York City, it is Murray Hill, or Flatbush, or the old Ninth Ward. New York is too big to inspire parochial patriotism. We might as well feel a home-town pride in the Milky Way.

What else may men love in their city? Its history? Most New Yorkers do not know the town has any. Its beauty of situation? Our town has that in spots; you may love the harbor, the river, the heights, but your heart does not thrill as you contemplate the wilderness of real-estate subdivisions in Queens. Its

peculiar urban splendor—the beauty of mass and speed, of towering buildings and hurrying crowds, the feel of a great metropolis? Yes, young people have been falling in love with that aspect of New York for a hundred years; but the object of their affections changes fast; when they are forty and cannot get away from her she is not the town they fell in love with at twenty-five.

There is a better civic patriotism than all this—a pride in the spirit, the ideals, of your fellow-citizens. That kind of pride produced the finest advertisement ever written by a civic booster for his home town—the description of Athens, which Thucydides ascribed to Pericles. But New York is many times as big as Periclean Athens; its six million residents have no common ideals or emotions. We individualists appreciate what it gives us, but we know that its freedom and tolerance are negative, the fruit of its immense impersonality. Our fellow citizens are not the six million New Yorkers, but the people anywhere who think and feel as we do. There are more of them in Manhattan than anywhere else; but there are plenty of them in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and Chicago; there are some of them in Boston, and Washington, and Indianapolis, and Nashville—even in Philadelphia and Los Angeles. Greenwich Village is, or used to be, the nearest thing New York had to a city in the Greek sense—a group of people bound together by community of residence and of ideals. But even in Greenwich Village the majority of the inhabitants are Irish or Italian Catholics, who hate the ideals of Bohemia as heartily as any Kansas Protestant. What the Greek felt for his little city only rare spirits can feel for a league of diverse nations.

Whatever may be the origin of civic patriotism, there is no doubt as to the first duty it dictates, according to current American belief. You must shout for a bigger and better Boston, or Houston, or Seattle; and if you have not the means to attain both objectives, you

try to make it bigger and trust to God to make it better. Among New Yorkers there is a growing realization that their town is too big already; almost all of them, except the realtors, would give three cheers if somebody found a way to make it stop growing. But no one has found it yet; the population of the city has increased only about ten per cent in the last fifteen years, but the population of the suburbs which are mainly dormitories for city workers has doubled. Some of us are becoming reconciled to the possibility that the sewage which is so gaily dumped in the rivers and bay may some day set off an epidemic that will remove three or four million people, and give the rest of us room to move around.

So of civic pride as America understands it New York has almost none; and we suffer thereby. If Chicago, or Los Angeles, or even Boston, were as heartily hated by the rest of the country as is New York, its Chamber of Commerce would have good-will delegations going up and down the land, shouting the merits of their town. New Yorkers merely dismiss this hatred with a shrug, as a display of provincial bigotry. Even if that is true, it does not help New York.

We do make half-hearted attempts, occasionally, to advertise a town which we feel needs no advertisement. Last summer the Merchants Association took a vote among leading citizens and visitors to the town as to what were the Seven Wonders of New York. Mr. Joseph McKee, second in command of the city government (the man who works while Walker does not sleep) observed that he thought it would be more to the point to pick out the Seven Disgraces of New York, and try to get rid of them. It seems to me that the wonder of wonders, outshining the chosen seven, lies in the fact that a city official would dare to say that; and that after he had said it he could be re-nominated, with confidence of re-election. I do not believe that could happen anywhere else in America.

That it could happen here is one of the reasons why some of us like New York.

The chief wonder selected was the Woolworth Building—not for its architectural beauty, I fear, for no other of our beautiful buildings came anywhere near enough votes to be chosen, but simply because it is the most protuberant object in sight. The second wonder was the subway. Well, it is a wonder, true enough—the wonder being that even New Yorkers will tolerate its noise, its dirt, its foully indecent crowding. But what can we do about it? The more subways we build, the more the crowds increase on all the subways. The management of the Interborough subway might have been put down as one of our wonders; it is undoubtedly the most insolent public-service corporation on earth. But we tolerate that, I suppose, because it is part of our municipal show. There must always be a villain whom we can hiss.

Yes, it is a great town—the greatest and richest on earth. Yet it permits its show street, Fifth Avenue, to be invaded by Woolworth stores and Childs restaurants and the cheapest sort of underwear shops. (The Childs people conscientiously tried to dress up to Fifth Avenue; not so the others.) It loads its garbage in scows and dumps it a few miles out at sea, where it floats in to befoul the beaches where millions of New Yorkers bathe; because otherwise the garbage would have to be incinerated, and any region in which an incinerator was built would vote for the opposition at the next election. It dumps its sewage in the waters that flow through the town, and trusts to Providence and the tides to avert a pestilence. Its street cleaners take the waste paper that apartment-house janitors have collected in barrels, and merrily scatter it around all over the streets. Buildings rise higher and higher; more and more streets become dark chasms; but nobody would restrict private enterprise by declaring that we have enough tall buildings. A skyscraper is erected, so

beautiful that it is worth going a thousand miles to see; and next year a dozen others have grown up around it so that you cannot see it at all. Crowds grow thicker; the traffic is a crawling python, ever fatter and more sluggish. Bit by bit the town is torn down to make room for it, but it increases faster than new outlets can be opened.

All these drawbacks and discomforts are partly the fruit of our town's peculiar merit. That immense indifference which permits individuals to stand alone, keep to themselves, prevents them from noticing much or caring much when things go badly. Vaguely we all perceive that the town is more costly and less comfortable than it used to be, but everybody's business is nobody's business. Back in Heliopolis we should all have to belong to the Chamber of Commerce or the luncheon clubs, and those organizations would do something about it—the wrong thing, perhaps, but something. Here, the Russell Sage Foundation lately promoted a huge regional plan for the sane development of city and suburbs; but if the real estate interests ever permit much of it to be executed, I shall be surprised.

New York will not stop growing; the only question is whether it can escape the fate of the dinosaurs whose bodies grew faster than their brains. Chicago has a tangle of overlapping governments, some of them the worst in the world; yet despite its government Chicago goes ahead. It seemed to me, revisiting it lately after two years' absence, that Chicago had made more improvements in that time than New York had made in a decade—real improvements, that either beautify the city or make it more livable. New York would show immense changes after two years, but I am not sure that much of the change could be called improvement. Our government, with all its faults, is simpler, more honest, and more efficient than Chicago's; but it does little, and the community spirit that gets things done in Chicago in spite of the government is

weak in New York because the town is too big and impersonal and incurious.

VII

Why, then, do we go on living here? Every immigrant of more than ten years' residence must ask himself that sometimes, whether he came from Kieff or Kansas City. Year by year the town grows bigger, noisier, more crowded, more expensive; it still has beauty, but not the same beauty with which we immigrants fell in love ten or twenty years ago. Cloud-capped towers rise higher and thicker, obscuring each other and the sky; streets become more and more impassable; rents increase and the space of living quarters decreases for everybody but millionaires. Why do we stay?

Most of us stay, of course, because we have to; our jobs are here and we cannot leave them. But a man whose business could be conducted, as mine could, almost as well and with far less overhead expense in Bird Center, Minnesota, must occasionally wonder what Manhattan gives him one half so precious as the price he pays.

Yet, as Mr. John dos Passos asked some years back, if New York sours on you, where else is there to go? Anywhere, of course, if you like country or small-town life; but people who like that are probably not here in the first place. If you happen to prefer the metropolitan atmosphere, there are not many cities in America where you can get it. Cincinnati has more of it than Cleveland, and San Francisco than Los Angeles; Chicago, of course, most of all. If we immigrant inlanders were expelled from New York most of us would feel more at home in Chicago than anywhere else.

But the things that threaten to make New York unlivable—overgrowth, congestion, expense—are curses of Chicago too. New York is farther gone than Chicago, Chicago farther gone than most other towns; but these are the curses of all American cities. They are,

in the main, the price we pay for the automobile. So America seems to offer no exit; and those New Yorkers who shake the dust of Manhattan from their feet and go off to Paris are apt to come back, confessing, as did Mr. Ralph Barton lately, that while ours is a crazy town, if you belong here this is where you belong.

So we stay here because, be it ever so uncomfortable, there's no place like home. Here more than anywhere else we can live in our own way and not in the neighbors' way; here all of us, whatever our taste, can find more of the sort of people we like. But that is not all. Here is probably the best art in the country. Not merely the galleries, though no other American city could equal them in the aggregate. Our Metropolitan Museum, like our town, is big enough to contain almost everything, including more bad pictures than you are likely to find anywhere else in the world; but it has plenty of good pictures too. But more than any other American city our town is itself a work of art—of the one great American art, skyscraper architecture.

Here, too, are excellent libraries. New York apartments have little room for books, but we do not have to own books. In my business I should have to buy many books if I lived in a small town; New York libraries are a considerable offset to New York rents. Here too are the best of schools—not the public schools, but private day schools that are setting the pace for American education. If you like the theater, New York has the best in the world; if you like music, we have the best music in the world. Philadelphia has a better or-

chestra (except when Toscanini is conducting ours); but you can hear the Philadelphia orchestra here, and all the other good orchestras besides our own. Grouching about the way things are done in our opera house is a civic right as inalienable as grandstand-managing the Yanks for Miller Huggins; but we know that for all our mutterings we have the best opera in the world too.

All these are what are called cultural advantages; they are not apt to loom large to boys and girls coming in from the inland, though they help persuade the old folks at home that the young people are not going to Manhattan just to lead a life of sin. But as the boys and girls grow older, the cultural advantages count. When I settled here I was thinking less of schools and libraries than of tall buildings and bright lights, of gay and cozy restaurants, of the feel and smell and color of a world city. The buildings are taller now, and the lights are brighter; there is still the metropolitan feel and color, and (especially in the subway) the metropolitan smell. Restaurants are still gay, if not so cozy; their gayety seems more synthetic than it used to be, but probably it was always more synthetic than it seemed to the eyes of inexperience. The town is bigger, noisier, harder; it is not what it used to be, and it never has been for a hundred years past. Yet it gives my children a better and cheaper education than they could get elsewhere; it gives me more of what I want than any other town I know. Custom cannot stale its infinite variety. Cleopatra may have been hard to live with, but men who tried it do not seem to have had much eagerness to live with anybody else.



SUNSET CAMP

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

MRS. GROBATY had the feeling that it must be time for getting up. Back home it would be. But everything was different here. Even the hours of the day were changed. She couldn't get used to thinking that when it was six here it was eight back there. The light that came in through the drawn curtains of the cabin was different.

Mister was still sleeping, and it wouldn't do to waken him. But she was growing more accustomed now to getting up first, and by herself. She drew up her legs, hoisted herself, and then crawled out cautiously over his feet. He still slept "on the outside." She stood and shivered a moment on the braided rug that she had made to cozy up the cabin. The floor was cold, but she scurried across it, grabbed up her clothes, and went into the kitchen where she lighted the gas stove. It wouldn't do to light the fire in the other room until Mister was awake. Besides—although that, too, was only a gas heater—he liked to "make the fire" himself. He liked to keep a few little chores, as many as he was able to do.

At first the kitchenette was chilly. Let folks say what they would about the climate, the nights were certainly cold! Mist veiled a strange landscape of palms, mountains, and eucalyptus trees; and the few furnished kitchen utensils that hung above the stove were clammy. It was not much like the big kitchen with the warm range at home. She missed having her own things to work with.

Still, this was a pretty nice camp.

She remembered some where they had stopped on their way out to California. They had their own toilet and shower bath—not that either of them used the shower much; they couldn't get used to that way of bathing. It was nice to think that she didn't have to send Mister clear down town but could just step over to the store and get what she needed in the morning.

And the minute she went outside she felt better. Maybe it was stirring around a bit. But it was nice here. She had to admit that. At first she couldn't get used to so many people. They had always had their own place at home. Now it was kind of pleasant seeing all the other cabins around her. It was exciting to have folks coming and going all the time. She didn't feel so lost and far away any more. The folks in the store knew her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Grobaty. What will you have?"

My, but there was nice fruit this morning! She and Mister were getting so they lived on fruit. At home he always wanted just what they had on the place and needn't buy, plums or apples from their trees, or things she had put up for winter. Well, he had to buy things here, and she was glad of it! Oranges and figs and grapefruit—he said they grew out here and they didn't cost much.

"I'll have a dozen of the oranges, I guess."

She talked to the man—told how Mister had slept—and even gave a kindly glance at the tiger cat that came

purring around her skirt. She couldn't remember that Mister had been any hand for cats at home, although they used to have plenty of them around the barn, but he was getting kind of attached to this one. "I guess it won't hurt us to let kitty have a little milk," he told her. Papa holding a cat! She would have to write that to the children. It was friendly, though, to have some animals around.

"Yes, you can come along if you want to."

Already the cars were whirring past on the road outside. Land, where were all those people going? But it wasn't long since she and Mister had been some of those people! That was a funny thought. Maybe others had wondered where *they* were going.

Yes, and she wondered sometimes herself.

"Good morning—good-by!" some people were shouting.

Startled, she looked around. Why, it was the Millers!

"You aren't leaving us!"

"Yes, we're going."

She hadn't thought *they* would go so soon. Here she had just been thinking she was used to the place and it was changing! The Millers came from back home and they didn't seem to her like strangers. They lived in the very next county.

"Why, I thought you'd be here a good while yet."

"No," Mr. Miller said gaily, "we're off to-day."

My, but that was a shame. She didn't know what she'd do without them. She and Mrs. Miller talked and tried to think of folks that both of them might know, and when Mister felt well enough, he and Mr. Miller pitched horse-shoes. It didn't seem like she and Mister were so far off when they could talk to folks from the next county. But here were the Millers and all their things in the car, and she looking just as excited as he did. Yes, they were going on to L.A., they said. Had to see that before they

went back home. Might even, Mr. Miller thought, get down for a day into Mexico.

"Land!"

"Well, we ain't so far from there."

So it had been just this little while she had known them!

"Oh, we'll see you back home again. You and the Mister must come over to Oak Grove."

Mrs. Grobaty nodded. But she didn't know about that. Home? When would they ever get home? Maybe never. . . . Her eyes moistened, so that the Millers felt pretty bad for the moment to leave her; and when they had gone, and the dust had settled behind them, she felt almost as if she and Mister were deserted out here among strangers.

She might as well go back to the cabin. The tiger kitty followed. "*You're* not going away, at least," Mrs. Grobaty said. It belonged here. Cats were home bodies, that could be said for them—and it was a little consolation. Cars were tooting and pulling out all around. How could Mister keep on sleeping? She rebelled against this transient world, where a tiny while ago she had been feeling so much at home, with the cabins, and the bright geraniums, and the ragged eucalyptus trees. What was going to become of her and Mister? . . . And as she went down the path, she would not look off toward the mountains. Grass was what she wanted, and the old summer flowers, and the garden.

Those folks in Number 40, though, still seemed to be there. The man was out in front of the cabin. "Good mawnin', ma'am," he said. "It's nice to-day, hain't it?" She had thought they were awful queer folks at first. But now it seemed friendly to have him speak to her.

"Well, I see you're still here."

"Yes, we ain't movin' on yet awhile. How's the old man this mawnin'?"

What an awful way to speak of Mister!

But she could see that he meant well

by it. "The old woman" was what he called his wife. And they weren't old folks, either. They had a baby not more than a year old. Baby, children, dog, blankets, coffee pot, frying pans—what a shiftless lot she had judged them, all packed into that rattle-trap Ford, and with no idea of where they would land! "Just goin' araound a little," he had told her. Might stop somewhere if they liked it. But they'd keep on goin' while the weather was good. "If it hain't cold what's the use of stoppin'?" She would have had no use for such folks back home.

But it pleased her to have him inquire about Mister. "I think he's a-lookin' better," the man said. He offered to do anything for her that she needed—"While he's a-feelin' so poorly." They were good-hearted folks, at least, even if their ways were so different. Children had come flocking out around him. Dirty!—land, to let them go like that! But there was a wildling, dark-eyed prettiness about them. The baby was cute. She guessed maybe all children were pretty.

She went into her cabin. The cat sat down on the steps and waited.

He wasn't quite awake yet, and she tiptoed across the floor. The little kitchenette was warmer. The clammy damp was drying off the pots and kettles. She felt like making some nice biscuit—felt like doing some real cooking again. She had learned pretty well now to use the little one-burner oven they had bought, although at first she had thought she could never do anything with it. She would make some of those corn meal gems.

She did, and they turned out lovely. If only "he" would wake up now, and they could eat the things while they were good! At home, by this time, both of them would have been up for two hours. She moved restlessly about the kitchenette. The sun was up now, the mist was gone, the air was light and bright above the mountains. The climate and the easy living seemed to have put too much

energy into her. She felt like pitching right in and fixing up the cabin. Land, was that man never going to wake up? Their nice breakfast would all be spoiled. Should she call him? . . . But when she looked into the shaded front room, saw the slack but bony outline of his old body humped under the covers, she hadn't the heart to wake him. And what did the breakfast matter beside his rest? What was she getting in such a stew about? Didn't they have the whole day before them?

Still she couldn't just sit down and twiddle her thumbs even if she didn't call Mister. She had to do something with her nice cooking. She thought of those young folks in the cabin next door. That little thing didn't look as if she knew how to do much cooking. The friendliness of the funny man—it was pretty nice of him, offering to help her out like that, a stranger—that unsolicited friendliness made her feel kindly toward the whole camp. And then it was a little bit like home, going over with some of her nice cooking to the neighbors.

Noise and laughter came to her as she rapped on the door of the next cabin. She guessed they hadn't heard her. She waited a moment. How queer to be way out here in the desert between the mountains and the sea! When she thought of the Millers going back home, she wanted her elm trees and her garden, the settled substantiality of her own house. But, all the same, it was nice to be out here. It was nice to have seen so many strange things. Even the dusty, ragged eucalyptus grove was kind of pretty in the sunshine. She might come to like these funny trees. Trees were trees wherever they were, and there were more kinds of them in the world than she had dreamed of. And these big bright geraniums . . .

She rapped louder, this time thinking, Why don't they answer? There were queer scuffling noises, stifled laughter, then silence inside. What was going on in there, she wondered?—and should she wait or go back home? She was about

to retreat down the path when the door was cautiously opened. A boy's flushed face was looking out at her, and behind it she had a confused glimpse of a rumpled bed, disordered cabin, blankets on the floor, another boy, a tousled-haired girl in a man's coat just disappearing through the other door.

"Excuse me . . . I just thought you folks might enjoy these warm gems."

For there seemed nothing to do now but to offer the things she had come to bring them—offer the things and get away. But she was terribly flustered. What had she got into? Land! The boy was flustered, too. She heard some more smothered laughter.

"I thought your wife—traveling around . . . you folks might not have the chance to do much cooking . . ."

The girl came back through the doorway now, and paused, bright-eyed and uncertain. They seemed now to realize what her errand was. The boy's flushed face grew sheepish and friendly, and the girl's bright eyes were wide and pleased, though all of them were still embarrassed. The other boy—if there was another—was nowhere to be seen.

"Gee—I should say."

"Well, thank you."

Now they took the gems, voluble with thanks, while she got away as fast as she could. Land sakes! My goodness! What kind of a bunch were they? She had never seen anything like that before. And her scandalized mind recalled details—the tumbled bed, the two pillows, those blankets on the floor! Were there three of them or weren't there? Were any of them married, and which ones? She was certain she had seen that other boy. The girl's short tousled hair, the scanty little nightgown under that coat . . . she didn't believe any of them were married! Just a bunch of crazy children running around the country.

Mrs. Grobaty was scandalized. Well, folks at home *would* be. If such things were going on around this place—! She felt all fluttered and upset. She

wanted to wake Mister and tell him they wouldn't stay here any more. The hundred little green-painted cabins surrounding her were all hostile and mysterious. She wanted to get home where she knew folks and knew just what was what. . . . And off there were the strange blue mountains, the stretches of desert land with the tumbled rocks and the cruel cactus, and on the other side the unknown wilderness of the sea. . . .

Mister was waking up when she entered the cabin. She heard him coughing and saw him hoisted in bed. She wanted to go to him that moment. She felt she couldn't stand this any longer. "Henry," she wanted to beg him, "let's go back home." The Millers gone, nothing fixed, everyone coming and going, and that young bunch she had just left. . . .

But he was going through his morning repertoire of coughing, wheezing, struggling, spitting. She had to sit on the edge of the bed and wait. Her nerves were still all flustered. She felt as if she would like to cry. He was absorbed in his illness. She couldn't turn even to him. His drawn, struggling face was remote from her. She felt utterly lonely and lost.

He was saying something to her. "Nellie . . ." He was beginning to call her that again. And she was beginning to think of him as Henry. Her own name in his gasping voice was sweet. All at once it made her feel tender and different toward him. Sitting there beside him, she had a dim remembrance, almost too distant to be seized, of another time when they had been in a strange place together. She didn't have the chance, now, to remember it. He had turned to her out of his remoteness, and she had to help him. She fixed his pillows, brought him water—and the realization of his age and frailty, his gaunt face and his disheveled gray hair overwhelmed her other need and suffused her loneliness with devotion. By the time she was through with all she had to do for him, the other feeling was gone.

"Are you better?"

He was spent and did not answer her. But after a moment, in the midst of the tumbled bedclothes, she felt the shy, feeble, trustful pressure of his hand.

"I guess I'll have to fix us some breakfast, Henry. I'll be right in the other room."

A few tears ran down her cheeks as she bustled about by herself in the little kitchen. She knew—although she didn't let herself think of it often—how far gone he was. What did anything matter to her beside that? All the vigor her healthy old body had left in it went out to support him. Why should she worry about other folks? Now she could go back to that memory—as she lighted the burner under the oven again, heated up the cooled-off gems, opened the lid of the coffee pot. It was just after they were married, when they had left the old home in Pennsylvania, and gone out to Iowa . . . how strange it had seemed, the trees so small, the houses so new, their farm so big and rough and lonely—and she hadn't known any of the folks. Then she had depended upon Henry as the only sure thing in a wilderness of the unknown. He used to come into the house, sometimes, from his plowing, just to see how she was getting along and let her know he wasn't far away—she, a little slender, homesick bride, away from her home and all her people, and learning how to do everything at once. . . . She squeezed out some of the oranges. Orange juice was good for him. And why shouldn't they have it if it did take more fruit? She was going to give it to him no matter what he said. They were together all by themselves again. If he needed to be out here, if it did him any good . . .

"Nellie!"

He was the one who depended upon her now.

He got up, after all, for breakfast. He had lighted the gas and even fixed up the bed a little—he had learned that much, that it hurt her not to have things nice.

"Oh, you needn't have done that," she said.

She almost wished he had left the bed alone. She guessed she could stand it—she'd kept house as she'd wanted to for enough years. But with the cretonne curtains pushed back, the sun coming in, the cabin was real pleasant.

"Muffins!" he said.

"They're corn meal gems. I don't know . . ."

She was going to say "how good they are warmed up again." But she felt suddenly impatient with her own particular ways. If he didn't make a fuss about it, why should she? The breakfast was pretty good anyway. Sunshine, light and brilliant, came through the windows.

"That juice tasted kind o' good," he said.

That was certainly a concession for Mister! It had done him good to pay out a little money on this trip. He knew it—there was a shamefaced look about him as he said it. Was he actually, after all these years, going to let her manage her buying as she thought best? My land, it was almost worth coming out to California!

She got her work in the kitchenette briskly out of the way. Maybe it wasn't worth while fussing with gems. Maybe she'd just buy some of that ready-fixed pancake flour instead of thinking she must fix up everything herself. She felt rebellious at her years of cooking—almost as when they were first on the farm, and she used to wish Henry would let everything go and take her into town to the social. If she told the children that, they'd say in triumph, "Mama, you're getting skittish in your old age!" She would have to hedge and give them reasons, she'd been the other way so long. She didn't want to admit that things could change. All she would acknowledge was that she felt better now than she had a little while ago.

When she got through she looked around for Mister. She didn't want him to go doing too much . . . Oh,

there he was, just out on the step! He was talking to that cat and petting it—thought she didn't hear him. "Was you waitin' for the old man to get up? How's the kitty this morning? Hm? How is it?" She hadn't noticed the cat when she came back to the house. Maybe it really had been waiting for Henry. She wouldn't have admitted the fondness she herself had shown it earlier this morning. But she liked the sound of Henry's voice as he talked to it confidentially. Long as she'd lived with him, this was something she hadn't known about him.

"Millers left," she called to him.

"What?"

"Millers left. They're starting back home."

"That so?" No comment; but after a moment she heard him murmur to the cat, "Well, we're goin' to stay a while longer. Yes, sir. Don't get scared. We're goin' to stay a while with the kitty yet."

She thought, "My land, listen to that man!" But she didn't mind it. It made her smile to herself. Well, if that cat was any company . . .

When she thought about Henry again it was to realize that he had wandered off somewhere. It worried her. It was her business these days to keep an eye on him. She had to put down the magazine she was reading (the folks before them had left a lot of trash in the cabin) and go off in search. The air was so nice that, in spite of her worry, she couldn't seem to do anything but take her time. Then she saw him, sitting on one of the green-painted benches in that little sort of park-like in the center of the camp, talking to some man from goodness knows where. She thought she'd call him at first—and then thought she wouldn't disturb him. After all, why shouldn't he do that as well as anything else?

She meant not to look at that fool magazine but a minute longer. It was nice and sunny in the cabin. She just sat there. It seemed funny to think she had felt so upset about being here

just a little while ago. The camp had settled into the routine of the day. She looked out once to see what kind of a car that was coming. Pennsylvania! Where she and Henry had first come from. . . . But that didn't seem to her like home now. Iowa did. The farms, the frame houses, the big cornfields, the elm trees, and the oak groves—those were "back home." It had been just about as strange to her once as this outlandish place was now—maybe more so, it was hard to remember. Folks could get used to more than they thought. The children that belonged to those queer people were playing outside in the path. Yes, sir, that man was nice!—she didn't care. There was another sound of a car roaring and backing. She looked out. She had just been thinking of that young set next door, and here they were, already leaving! There were three of them all right, two boys, and the girl in overalls. She could hardly tell which was girl and which was boys! They made a terrible racket leaving. The crazy young lot! There was something funny. But even there at the door, at the moment, the boy's flush and the brightness of the girl's eyes under the tousled hair had sort of disarmed her. Not that she was going to approve of such goings-on!—but it wasn't just like it was back home either. There were lots of kinds of folks in the world. Even those Indians she and Mister had seen, in those mud houses . . . she remembered that woman, how really nice she'd had it in that room with the funny fireplace—the little kids were cute, she'd written Mabel—and the woman was kind o' pretty, too, wearing beads, and those funny kind o' bed sock things on her feet. . . . She didn't know as she was called upon to make up her mind about everybody. She eased her conscience, with a secret rebellion, in that way. No matter what folks back home might think.

There was just a little square view of the mountains from the window. They didn't look so fierce to her from here.

She wanted to write Mabel about these big geraniums. The folks who kept the camp were real nice, they seemed to take a lot of pride in it.

Well, as long as Mister felt like staying here, she didn't know, after all, any good reason why they shouldn't. She had admitted to her own mind—although she wouldn't admit it openly—that there might be something in what the children had always been telling her. "You and papa take a trip. There isn't anything to keep you. It's just that you think there is." . . . She had a rending loyal pang at the thought of the house, the windows nailed shut, maybe the garden going to seed—she guessed that couldn't get along so well!

But, anyway, they were out here. They didn't have to think of the weather, the children, anything but just themselves. She didn't know for how long—maybe Henry . . . but as long as he and she were out here together, she didn't know as anything else made so much difference, anyway. And in lots of ways, it was real nice. That young lot might be having a fine time gallivanting. But this was all right.

She rocked, aware of the mountains, aware of the scarlet geraniums, and began to think what she could fix up for Henry and herself this noon—something easy, but something they would both like. They might as well enjoy whatever they could.

FUTILITY

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

HOW I am mocked
By the stubborn emptiness of words
Whenever I try to fill them
With the subtle essences of you
And the wonder of how I love you.

Words I can take and try with them
Like a child at work on a picture puzzle,
And out of them fashion faint likenesses
Of your slim body of glowing ivory tipped with gold;
I can recreate a semblance of the lighted shadows in your eyes;
And shed a reflected glimmer of what happens when you smile—
But what, then, have I done?

What have I done when in words I have prisoned
A glint from the myriad in your hair,
Or caught at the tenuous change
Between the white flash and warm flush of your body,
Or echoed one strangely stirring tone
From the full-vibrating reed of your throat?
What when I have set trudging phrases to the task
Of mounting to measure that of you which is spirit?

What have I done when I cannot convey
The miracle that all these work in me?



GASTONIA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

SPONTANEOUS uprisings of the people are few. There is some patient quality in man that makes him endure long past the point of actual suffering. Especially is this true of man's economic state. It is appallingly easy to get used to poverty; if one has been poor always one can scarcely comprehend any other way of living.

When I first learned last winter that a wave of spontaneous strikes was sweeping through the mill villages of the South I was skeptical. I know how helpless and docile leaderless workers are. I remembered the complaint of one good striker, Reilly, to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, "Gee! Gurley, me fut is bruk on me! I been assistin' at a spontaneous uprisin' o' th' workers. Me an' Finnegan kicked them Hunkies in the pants an' they spontaneously arose an' wint out of th' fact'ry!" Many "spontaneous" uprisings have had such motivating causes—but not that in Gastonia, North Carolina, or the other recent strikes in the Carolinas and Tennessee.

It was not the number of people who had struck which made this Southern revolt significant. It was the number and variety of communities involved. It was also the fact that those primitive and unorganized workers had struck without union or leaders. There was a shouldering thrust as of a folk movement—of a great many mute, patient people being driven by desperation to revolt. They had moved in almost a score of communities separated by miles. Over the mountains in Tennessee the rayon workers had struck. Far away in

Thompson, Georgia, the workers had struck too; and through all the textile towns they were quiveringly awake. One remembered the weavers' revolt of the last century. There was a reverberation of strikes through the textile South. People were talking strike everywhere. Everywhere these "loyal and one hundred per cent American workers" were talking of organization.

In widely separated mill towns you will find the same reasons for discontent. There are two of equal force—the introduction of the Bedaud efficiency system, which the workers call the "stretch-out," and the substantial cutting of wages which has been almost universal during the past two or three years. Through the operation of the stretch-out men and women often do double work while they receive less pay. The mill hands who endured long hours and low pay as their lot, broke down under the burden which was laid upon them. One after another I have heard them say, "We could not do it."

The effect of the stretch-out was explained to me most lucidly by a strike leader in Greenville, South Carolina, named Rochester. He is thirty-seven and has worked twenty-nine years in the mill. He began to work in the mill in 1900 when he was eight years old and did not make a penny his first month. Later he got seventeen cents a week. When he made a quarter a day he "thought he was running into money."

"It amounts to this," he said. "They cut my wages and increased my work. I used to tend forty-eight looms, while under the stretch-out I have to tend

ninety looms, and I couldn't do it. Three years ago I was makin' over \$19 a week. Now I make \$17.70. I ain't a-braggin'. I'm an experienced weaver. I don't believe there's many can beat me. I make a hundred per cent, the most any weaver can make." He hopes again to make nineteen dollars, the highest reward to which he can aspire for a lifetime of unremitting work.

The average weekly wage scale in the great Loray Mill in Gastonia, North Carolina, is less, apparently owing to the parings and cuttings of workers' wages by the management. In 1927, \$500,000 was saved on the payroll without cutting production. To make this possible two people had to do the work of three. Piece-work prices were cut. This mighty saving was continued up to the moment of the strike.

The workers in the Loray Mill went out on strike on the same heaving surge of revolt which runs to-day through the Southern mill villages. Their strike was none the less a spontaneous demonstration even though a single organizer of the National Textile Workers' Union, Fred Beal, had been laying the foundation of a labor union in that mill. At the beginning of the strike whose tragic climax has been filling the newspapers of the country only a handful had as yet joined the union.

II

The Loray Mill is in West Gastonia. It is owned by the Manville-Jenckes Company, a Rhode Island concern. The mile of road which separates Gastonia from its suburb begins with ample houses surrounded by rose gardens. In West Gastonia the same street which began so pleasantly is lined with brick and wooden stores whose wares tell eloquently of how little people buy.

The great mill dominates the settlement. Behind it is the mill village, a flock of little houses all alike, perched each one on brick stilts. The big mill is like a huge hen with uncounted chicks

around it, so obviously do the little houses belong to the mill from which a roar of turning wheels comes night and day. Night and day the men, women, and children from the little houses go into the mill. It is their whole life.

The strikers' lawyer, Tom P. Jimison, outlined for me the course which the strike took. On April 1, seventeen hundred of the twenty-two hundred employees of the mill came out on strike. The immediate cause was the discovery of union activities and the discharge of union members. On April 2 the public street was roped off to prevent the strikers from approaching the mill. The workers pulled the rope from the hands of the police. The Governor was then asked for troops.

During the first days of the strike there were large and orderly picket lines. These picket lines were broken up with increasing severity. Workers were beaten after their arrest and scores were thrown into jail. All the leaders were arrested at one time or another. Gastonia was in a ferment.

As soon as the strike was called, Vera Buch, Ellen Dawson, and George Pershing were sent down as organizers from the headquarters of the National Textile Workers' Union. This is an organization containing Communist elements, which was active in textile strikes in Passaic and New Bedford. The feeling in the town against the Northern organizers ran high. Well-dressed people swore at them when they appeared on the streets of Gastonia. Threatening letters and telephone messages were frequent. Since then Mr. Jimison's life has been threatened for defending them in the murder trial.

The National Textile Workers' Union had rented a small shack on the main street of West Gastonia which it used as strike headquarters. An empty store near-by had been hired as a relief depot, and to it the strikers went daily to get their food supplies. This relief store was supported by the Workers' International Relief, an organization which

collects money from labor unions for workers on strike. I speak of these two buildings especially because it was against them, instead of against the strike leaders, that the threats of mob violence materialized. On the night of April 18 a mob of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred masked men descended upon the headquarters and with axes and other instruments almost literally chopped it down. They broke into the relief store, smashed the windows, and threw the supplies of food intended for women and children out into the road and destroyed them. The nine boys who, unarmed, were guarding the headquarters and store were arrested by National Guardsmen. None of the raiders was arrested.

The militia was dismissed at the end of that week. A large number of extra deputies were then sworn in and armed with bayonets. On Monday, April 22, they charged the picket line with bayonets and blackjacks. A reporter was beaten unconscious. Women were beaten. Men and women, their clothing torn, were scratched with bayonets. Large numbers were arrested. The events of that Monday afternoon were a premeditated attempt to terrorize the workers from holding the picket line.

This was the general state of affairs when I arrived. A Grand Jury had already been called to investigate the mob outrage, which was very badly looked upon throughout the State. (It failed to bring indictments or to throw any light on who was responsible for the trouble.) Two of the nine guards made affidavit that they recognized members of the mill police among their assailants.

III

The first day I was in West Gastonia a striker, guiding me to the open lot where the "talking" was, pointed out the little lamentable wrecked building. Fred Beal was addressing a big crowd from a square platform. It was the first time I had seen an audience of

purely American workers at such a meeting and I found the sight of them unexpectedly moving. I got an impression of a people unmistakably American yet of a different flavor from any I had ever known.

Fred Beal is wide-shouldered and heavily built; boyish, red-haired, sun-burned, with very blue eyes set far apart. He has absolutely no pose, no "front" whatsoever. He is unassuming and seemingly unconscious that he is a big man hereabouts. He is one of the few young men who can stand the applause of crowds.

He was sweating when he got off the platform. He slumped down in depression beside me. The men didn't want to go on the picket line, he said, without their guns. When the militia had been succeeded by deputies with bayonets, the strikers had gaily said, "We'll get our guns, too!" This they had been restrained from doing by the young organizer from the North. The mountaineers were glum enough about this. Without their guns they felt emasculated, deprived of their manhood.

Beal felt deeply both his responsibility and his isolation in the South. For the moment he was the most conspicuous person in North Carolina. In the eyes of the well-to-do people and the mill owners, he was the "outside agitator," a menace which threatened the peace of the commonwealth. His shoulders, though broad, were not quite broad enough to carry the burden of so much hatred. But if he was the object of fear and hatred of thousands, he was also the spark of hope of thousands more. As Fred Beal walked through the crowd you could see the people loved him. The faces of the gaunt, earnest men and the meagerly clad women broke into smiles at the sight of him.

He and the other Northern organizers were the focus of so much emotion that it was as if they were small incandescent points of radiance made visible by the burden of love and hatred which they carried. There was an apprehensiveness

among them that had nothing to do with fear. It was almost as if they, and Beal especially, had a prescience of what was coming. They all agreed that the terrible weight of public enmity oppressed them, this core of white-hot hate which the South visited upon them.

Around these young people were the gaunt mill workers, who are all of them American of the early English migrations. They come from the hills and from tenant farms in the valleys. It is largely upon the cheapness of their labor that the textile South has based its mighty development. Northern capital has poured in to take advantage of the "one-hundred-per-cent loyal American labor," following the advertisements which in the trade journals have read "Avoid labor troubles! Come South! Plenty of American cheap labor!"

The laws requiring children to go to school until they are fourteen have been in effect only a few years. It is not unusual to find mill workers in their late twenties who already have worked twenty years. Such people are, of necessity, illiterate. Yet there is a direct quality, a completeness about them. They do not belong to this century. Their point of view toward the clan, their kin, society, their bosses, is of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The doubts of our time have escaped them. They are living in another day, when man occupied the center of the universe and communicated directly with his God. And when, moreover, he was the head of the family.

Poverty and lack show in their every line. The old women dress in dark, homemade calicoes as they did in the mountains. They show the effects of malnutrition. Pellagra is common among them and has increased during the last two years. Yet the men have dignity and the women have sweetness. They have not lost their mountain habit of hospitality.

The little girls are often exquisite—many of them blonde and blue-eyed and

very English in appearance. At forty they are old women. The men are tall and spare and strong looking. One sometimes sees one of the Lincoln type—tall, rangy, and lantern-jawed. Among the women one frequently comes upon that delicate and lovely profile which has made Southern women famous for beauty. The women of forty who look so worn still have heart-breaking moments of evanescent loveliness.

Like all people who read but little, they are great story tellers and they love a political argument. They are law-abiding and have the Jeffersonian jealousy of their constitutional rights. No policeman may enter a house without showing his warrant. They believe that a man should defend his rights as he defends his honor. Among these mill "hands" you will find names that are famous in Southern history; they are many of them descendants of the men who turned the tide of battle at Kings Mountain, which is only a few miles from Gastonia.

IV

I turned from my preoccupation with the strikers and the history of the strike to look at its setting. I spent some time acquainting myself with the look of the city and its surroundings. Nothing I had read prepared me for what I saw. The industrial revolution had here run its completed cycle in thirty years. I found myself in the presence of an industrial development which was so gigantic and had been encompassed in so brief a time, that it had the terror of incalculable energy. There is in North Carolina a sense of ordered direction as though these multitudinous cotton mills had not sprung up for many varied reasons, but as though the whole industrial South was the plan of one. The transformation of North Carolina, within a period of thirty years, from a sleepy agricultural State still struggling with the problems of reconstruction to

one of the richest States in the Union, is a miracle. The cities have appeared as if by magic.

North Carolina is so beautiful and so finished, there is such mastery in its great highways, that it seems as though it were the work of some superman—the result of a stupendous, organized plan.

It has beauty enough to make the fortune of a European country. In the springtime red, fertile plowed hillsides overwhelm the eyes with the flame of their color. There is no poet who has sung adequately of the gamut of reds which shout and sing in the Piedmont fields, and which in the evening light are washed with purple.

Among the red fields marches a mighty procession of ordered factories. And again one has the impression that the red earth has blossomed spontaneously and monstrosly with red brick and plate glass; as if the God of Machines of the industrial revolution had said "Let there be factories" and there were factories.

Take the city of Gastonia, with its twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the southern part of North Carolina in that principality within states known as Piedmont. This is the high red-earth country which begins in Virginia and continues through the Carolinas. It encloses within its confines the richest portion of the textile industry and, therefore, the richest cities, of which Gastonia is one. Thirty years ago Gastonia was a hamlet on the crossroads. It gives the impression of having sprung out of the earth fully equipped. There is a new city hall, a new courthouse, a new county jail, all fine buildings. On an elevation stands a splendid new high school. There is a great orthopedic hospital, where miracles are performed on children and where nearly ninety per cent of the work is done free. The only public building lacking is a library, and this lack, one feels sure, will soon be remedied by Gastonia's public-spirited citizens. There are new churches and new residences

everywhere. The city is completely surrounded by fine new mills, of which I was told that the Loray in West Gastonia is the largest.

Few if any of these mills are over thirty years old. It is they which have supported the prosperity of the town and its well-to-do people. The mills created Gastonia, the city of spindles. It is handsome, prosperous, thriving. Here is the cotton-mill population culled from hill settlements and from farms supporting the handsome city. The picture one gets is as complete as an egg. Gastonia tells you its story, loud and clear, the very first day.

The order of these modern factories with their new machines is in strong contrast with the absurd disorder of mob violence: men with stockings pulled over their faces chopping down union headquarters and throwing workers' food into the street; militia called out against these workers; Americans chased by deputies with bayonets on American streets; all the old silly saws printed in the papers about the trouble being caused by outside agitators. How, the visitor asks himself, can a community be so orderly about industry and so disorderly about human life?

The answer was clear. Although other parts of the United States had already accepted the economic theory that short hours and high wages lead to prosperity, this splendid, vigorous, vital South had not yet attacked the human problem.

V

There was no communication, I found, between the mill people and the well-to-do people. When I asked Mr. Jimison if there could not be found at least a few women who would contribute to a milk fund for the babies—for this is one thing for which one can always get a committee in a Northern community, even among people who disapprove violently of unions—he answered bitterly:

"You don't understand. You, in the

North, think of workers as human beings. The folks here think of them as hands!"

They can hardly think of them otherwise under the existing system of paternalism. Each factory is surrounded by a settlement of company houses. In East Gastonia, surrounding such factories as the Plymouth, are pleasant streets with rose- and vine-bowered cottages; elsewhere bare dwellings stand in naked and sun-dried earth. There are all grades of villages between the two extremes. The mill village will be bare or flowering according to the will of the factory owner. Within seven miles of Gastonia are to be found villages both better and worse than those within city limits. Cramerton is one of the mill towns where the last word in beneficent paternalism has been uttered. But whether the towns give information concerning a good or bad master, it is always a master of whom they speak.

There are towns in North Carolina which are not incorporated. (This means that the very roads belong to the mill owner. He hires the police force, and if the schoolmaster or the minister does not please him he must go. In such towns paternalism becomes a despotic autocracy.

There are many mill owners throughout the South whose paternalism is infused with an ardent desire to do all that they can for the workers. (There are few mills within corporate limits to-day which have not some form of welfare work.) There are often women nurses and welfare workers attached to the factory. Some mills have ball fields, recreation grounds, community houses. Frequently day nurseries and rooms are provided where women may nurse their babies, the time they are absent being taken, of course, from their pay. The workers buy their food at the company store. They buy their coal, oil, and wood from the company. If they are ill a company doctor attends them. All this, of course, will be deducted from their pay.

Conscientious mill owners frankly

consider their "hands" as children, incapable of taking care of themselves. But whether their conditions are good or bad does not depend upon the workers' joint effort to control hours, wages, and factory conditions. All depends upon the policy of the owners.

Company houses covered with roses still remain company houses. The workers cannot own them. Community activities do not raise the wage scale, which is so low that almost without exception children of fourteen go to the mill as a matter of course. Mothers of young children must work at night.

I heard of these things in terms of human lives. The strikers wanted to talk about themselves. Every day yielded stories like that of Mary Morris, who passed all the young years of her marriage in want because "when I was goin' to have a baby and got so I couldn't work, they'd fire my husband. Lots of mills won't have you unless there's two hands in the family working." Or of Daisy McDonald, who told me she has to support a husband and family of seven children on \$12.90 a week.

"My husband lost his leg and has a tubercular bone. What do you think's left to feed my people on when I pay my weekly expenses? My home rent is \$1.50, light 50 cents to 85 cents, furniture \$1.00, insurance \$1.25. What do you think was left the week I paid \$2.20 for wood?"

"I used to work in the Myers Mill in South Gastonia, and they wouldn't take my husband unless I worked too, and I had a little baby."

James Ballentyne added another detail. It was a story of police brutality which recurred often in different forms. "I was leading the picket line and I was trying to get through a mob of deputies. They said, 'What do you think you're doing?' I said 'Leading a picket line if I can get through,' and I walked through. They jumped on me and hit me with clubs over the head and in the belly so I was spitting blood and

hemorrhaging all night. It was two weeks ago, and I ain't well yet. I was all mashed up inside."

When I had seen some of the sights of Gastonia I went strike-sightseeing with a minister from Greensboro. We were going about strike headquarters getting the addresses of some of the people who had been chased with bayonets by the police, in order to verify to our satisfaction some of the well-nigh incredible stories poured into our ears by strikers and organizers, when Amy Schechter, the relief director, came up saying, "They're evicting people over in the ravine!" We drove to the place, a striker guiding us.

A woman I had noticed at headquarters, a Mrs. Winebarger, was standing in front of a lamentable little heap of household furnishings. Pots, pans, bedding, bureaus were piled helter-skelter. What had been a home of a sort had in a moment become rubbish.

Three yellow-haired children sat solemnly on the heaped-up wreckage. The baby was asleep at a neighbor's. It waked up presently, and the little girl lugged it around. We went into the house, which like most houses in the neighborhood was built without a cellar and stood on little brick pillars. The lumber was of the cheapest. There were knot-holes in the floor through which the wind poured. (This was not a company house but was owned by a private landlord.)

Mrs. Winebarger told us, "It rained in like a sieve. When it rained we had to keep moving our beds around to keep them dry." She had never had the electric lights turned on. "Where'd I get my five dollars for the deposit?" she asked angrily, for she was angry at her house, at the circumstances of her life, and she wanted to go back to the mountains whence she had come. "But it would cost an awful lot to get us back—fifteen dollars." Her husband had pellagra, and she was supporting him and her four children on what she made. She had a venomous feeling toward the

house which had finally spewed her forth.

"Look at that chimney! It always smoked! We couldn't have no fire here! We couldn't keep warm. Once, I was buyin' a coal stove for my kitchen and I had \$19 paid on it. Then I had to buy medicine for him and I couldn't make my payments and they tuk my stove away."

The furniture of the mill workers is almost inevitably bought on the installment plan. Mrs. Winebarger made \$12.50 a week. She paid \$1.50 a week for house rent, between fifty cents and a dollar for fuel and light, and more than a dollar a week for medicine. The house was a bungalow of four rooms. It had a fairly wide hall and small shallow fireplaces. Except for its flimsiness it was much better than the tenements of Passaic, New Jersey, or the over-crowded houses of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with their four court-yards.

We went next to the house of Mrs. Ada Howell, an old woman who had been beaten up on Monday, April 22, after the withdrawal of the militia.

Mrs. Howell sat in a rocking chair, her two eyes blackened, her face discolored. It gave one a sense of embarrassment and impotent anger to look at her. She told her story in a detached way. She was curiously without passion as she described something as unbelievable as a nightmare. She had been going to the store for supper on Monday, April 22nd. Policemen came down the street "chasing the strikers before them like rats." A policeman rushed at her with a bayonet.

"He cut my dress and he cut me too. Lawyer Jimison told me I should keep that dress without washing it so I could show it, but I didn't have enough dresses to lay those clothes away." Her idea was that the policeman had gone crazy.

"They acted like crazy men. They was drunk crazed," her son said.

"They had been a-drinkin'," she admitted, "an' they must 'a been a-drinkin'

to chase women and little kids with baynits. They chased 'em in and out the relief store like dogs huntin' rats.

"An' they hadn't no call to go in that relief store—the laws hadn't. You can't go in any place if you ain't any warrent.

"An' then the policeman came up an' hit me between the eyes with his fist. He hit me more'n twenty times, I reckon. I was all swelled up an' black an' blue."

I had seen photographs of her mutilated face. We didn't say anything. There didn't seem to be anything to say. I suppose when comfortable people read such stories they think, "This can't be true. Why, that just couldn't happen in our town. Such things *don't* happen." No wonder they feel this way.

We went on. Strike-sightseeing is a rather awful thing. There is obscenity in the fact that old women can be beaten for no reason when they are peacefully proceeding on their business; there is equal obscenity in the fact that a mother with four children to support has to work all night for \$12.50 a week, and then be evicted because she cannot pay her rent. It does not seem reasonable that such things should happen here in this country, in 1929.

This was not the end of the sights Gastonia had to show that day. In the late afternoon I went out to watch the picket line. Perhaps a hundred men, women, and children walked two by two in orderly fashion. The procession was led by two boys and two gay girls of about fifteen, in overalls. The police whistles shrilled. Two or three automobiles containing police and deputies armed with bayonets speeded after the picketers. The picketers walked away from the mills. The deputies herded them with their bayonets.

I stood on a high bank, watching. A nice-looking woman was rushed to a waiting car by the police. She resisted. I saw a policeman twist the knot of her hair and twist her arms cruelly. She struggled. And still they

twisted her arms. Women near me were crying. Murmurs of "Shame!" came from the crowd. One of the village women grasped my arm, trembling. Everyone was saying, "Why don't they do something?"

The arrested woman hadn't been in the picket line. Her little boy had been swept into the procession as it was rounded up by the police, and she had pulled him out. The reason she had struggled so against arrest was that she had a nursing baby. A few hours after her brutal mauling she was set at liberty. Why was she treated this way? There is no answer. Why was Mrs. Howell set upon when she was going to the store to get her evening's supper?

VI

A few days after this a mill company began mass evictions. The fifty people evicted that first day lived in houses distributed through the different sections of the mill village.

"To show the others what's comin' to 'em," a mill official remarked grimly. One official stated frankly that it was intentional that union officials and the most active strikers should be the first to be thrown out.

Accordingly, the house of J. A. Valentine was one of those where the sheriff and deputies stopped first. Mrs. Valentine was sitting on a bench, a little girl in her arms. The child had been in bed when the mill doctor arrived to see if there was sickness in the house. When the doctor was questioned about her, he answered:

"She's convalescing from the smallpox. She's all right now; ain't any temperature. This ain't a smallpox-quarantine state. Compulsory vaccination and compulsory school age is enough without quarantine."

On the next street the deputies were at work taking out the possessions of fourteen people. It was Henry Tetherow's house.

Henry is the head of the family. He

is seventeen, and looks fourteen. He and a sister support a family of nine. His father is too sick to work. With them lives the family of William Truitt, the secretary-treasurer of the local union of the National Textile Workers.

"This house has been a hotbed of union meetings," said the company doctor. "The company's been patient to let 'em stay here so long. Let 'em stay five weeks. What's the matter with the little girl in bed? Oh, she's got nothin' but runnin' ears. Might have 'em for weeks."

Men came out, bringing children's beds, a basket of pretty glasses, a tiny old-fashioned organ. A big doll was being evicted.

Henry, pale of face, very small, wandered at random among the swelling mountain of things. Mrs. Tetherow stood as if she would never move again.

At another house in the midst of the immense disorder of eviction a woman sat tranquilly writing a long letter to her husband. Not far from her, tucked into a fold of a featherbed, a little baby lay peacefully sleeping. She was a delicate and beautiful woman, and all her belongings were new and freshly painted.

Only one woman sat crying. The tears slid slowly down her cheeks. She had four small children and expected her new baby to be born any day. Around her were the shards of a home.

The work of eviction continued relentlessly day after day. The mill village became a gypsy encampment. People set up stoves and beds in the lots. The dwellers of two hundred homes were evicted. Over a thousand people must have been homeless.

VII

I went to visit other strike areas, and when I returned the Workers' International Relief, together with the National Textile Workers' Union, had erected a tent colony. Close by was a new union headquarters which the strikers had built with their own labor.

The tent colony was picturesquely set among woods near a ravine. There was an air of general happiness and well-being among the strikers and organizers. There were rumors of great discontent among the workers at the mill. The strikers and the organizers talked hopefully of another walk-out.

It was Decoration Day. A band of children with American flags was walking gaily off toward the picket line. They were led by little Sophia Melvin, who had come down recently from the North to teach organized play to the children. Old friends came up and greeted me. Everybody was brown; they looked as if they had gained weight since the early days of the strike. The women's faces were rested.

I was told that there had been prowlers around the tent colony and frequent threats that the new headquarters would be destroyed as the old one had been. Because of this the boundaries were patrolled at night by an armed guard. But this did not seem strange to me, coming as I did from Elizabethton, Tennessee. The place where I had stayed there had been guarded every night by boys peering out of the windows, their fingers on the triggers of their guns.

It did not seem possible that further trouble should occur. Least of all did the Northern organizers expect it. Yet just a week later, during trouble at the tent colony, Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt was killed, and three other policemen and one striker wounded.

Two policemen, after a celebration in Mecklenburg County, chased a man into the Catawba River and playfully shot at him. Two hours later they were at the tent colony. It was nine o'clock. The guard refused to allow the police to enter without a warrant. Another policeman tried to disarm a guard. In the scuffle a gun went off and the shooting began. Each side claims the other fired first. In the next few days seventy persons were arrested. Sixteen people, including three women,

were held without bail for first-degree murder, the unfailing penalty for which in North Carolina is the electric chair. The death penalty against the three women was later dropped. Seven others were held for conspiracy. Every Northerner, man or woman, was arrested.

VIII

It is idle to think of Gastonia as a situation peculiar to itself. Edward McGrady, loyal representative of the American Federation of Labor, and Alfred Hoffman of the United Textile Workers were kidnapped in the principal hotel of Elizabethton, Tennessee. In Ware Shoals, South Carolina, George L. Googe, vice-president of the South Carolina Federation of Labor, was threatened by a mob and left town under police protection.

There is no doubt in my mind and in the minds of many other people that had it not been for the Northern organizers and their desire to avoid violence the workers would have shot in what they consider self-defense long ago. Not only would they have shot in Gastonia, but also they would have shot in Elizabethton and elsewhere. Everybody in the Carolinas and Tennessee has a gun. Peaceful citizens going on a long journey take revolvers with them as a matter of course. People think in terms of defending themselves. The trial now in progress will concern itself with the question whether the strikers shot in self-defense or not.

This trial began with a scene of grotesque unfairness, unprecedented in any American court. A life-sized manikin of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt was rolled into the courtroom dressed in a blood-stained uniform. Conspicuous among the prosecution lawyers sat the widow and daughter of the Chief of Police. Confronted with this unexpected sight they burst into tears. Judge M. V. Barnhill, who throughout the trial was a paragon of impartiality, commanded the figure to be removed.

The jury and the appalled audience, however, had filled their eyes with the ghastly effigy.

Three days later one of the jurors went violently insane—from the shock he had suffered at the spectacle of the “ghost,” it was claimed. The trial had to be delayed. The defense had not been heard. The principal witnesses for the State had already been examined. Not one of the defendants had been connected with the shooting of the Chief. The released jurors told the press that on the evidence before them they were for acquittal.

At this point of the story the mob reappears. Already on the Saturday before, union organizers going to a meeting in South Gastonia had been surrounded by a mob of two hundred, threatened with lynching, and beaten with black-jacks and bottles. The taxi had plowed its way through the crowd and they escaped with only minor injuries. Apparently as a result of the jurors' statement that they would release the prisoners, an “Anti-Red” demonstration was held in Gastonia on Monday, September 9th, the night the trial came to its abrupt pause. A procession of one hundred cars went to strike headquarters, which was looted. The strike headquarters at Bessemer City, a small town seven miles from Gastonia, was raided.

The mob went next to a house in Gastonia where union organizers lived. A hundred men crowded into the house and kidnapped Ben Wells, an Englishman, and C. D. Saylor and C. M. Lell, local men. They were driven to a wood in a neighboring county where Wells was stripped and flogged. Two possum hunters heard his cries. The night riders heard the hunters approaching and thought it was the law and fled, leaving Wells unconscious to be rescued by his companions.

Meantime the major part of the mob had streamed over the twenty miles that separates Gastonia from Charlotte with cries of “Get Beal out of jail and lynch him!” “Let's clean up all the

Communists!" "Let's get out Jimison and lynch him!" They went to a hotel where some of the Communists and organizers lived and tore up the hotel register and broke fixtures. They proceeded next to the headquarters of the International Labor Defense, an organization which has been defending the accused men as well as those arrested on charges connected with the strike. The sympathizers and organizers in the office had been warned by telephone from Gastonia and escaped only one minute before the arrival of the mob. After breaking into the International Labor Defense office and finding no one there, the mob went to Tom P. Jimison's house, where they shouted and milled around and finally dispersed.

Two significant facts stand out in this night of terror. (One is that no police protection was afforded.) The other is that the mob was in nowise a rabble but proceeded along planned lines. It is considered by defense counsel part of the reign of terror which has been in effect throughout the strike and of which they consider the raid of June 7th an integral part. The better element in North Carolina has been deeply stirred by this lawlessness in which prominent mill people and members of the police took part. (An investigation was promptly begun. Fourteen people were arrested including prominent mill men and police officers who were in the tent colony raid.) Members of the Gastonia mob have asserted that they will not stop till they have cleaned out every union organizer in their part of the South.

The culmination to mob violence came on September 14th. A truck load of union members were going to an attempted union meeting. The meeting

was never held, armed mobs turning away all union members. The truck turned back to Bessemer City, whence it had come, and was followed by a number of cars containing members of the mob. A car swerved in front of the truck apparently to stop it. The truck crashed it, and the car was upset. Immediately rifle fire was opened on the unarmed workers. A woman was shot through the chest and died instantly. She is a widow and leaves five young children. She was especially beloved among the strikers as the composer of the strike songs and ballads. When the Chief of Police was shot, sixteen people were indicted and tried for murder. It will be interesting to see if anyone will be tried for this murder.

Meantime, ever since the arrest of their leaders, the workers have been flowing into the union. This demand of the Southern workers for better conditions, and a union to help them get it, is spreading. The South knows it.

Up to now, mob violence, police brutality, wholesale arrests of workers, ordinances against picketing, intimidation, and the calling out of the militia—in a word, repression—has been the only answer the South has made to this movement for economic equality among Southern workers. History shows that repression has always failed. Not all the Inquisitions, not all the Black Hundreds, not all the various spy systems that humanity has devised have ever stopped an idea.

If the Southern industrialists hold to their present policy they face a long and bloody war, bitter and costly. Sooner or later they will have to yield. Political equality cannot exist side by side with industrial feudalism.



THE SPANISH WOMAN

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

IF you should find yourself in any part of Spain upon All Saints' Day there is only one thing that you must do. You must go to the theater and see them play "Don Juan Tenorio."

In Madrid or Barcelona you will probably have a choice of four or five different companies, but even in the smallest town there will certainly be one crowded little theater hanging upon the words of a tenth-rate ranting Don Juan and a very fat Doña Ines. Attendance is everywhere almost obligatory, for ever since the play was written in 1849 it has been a fixed feast in the calendar, part of a sacred ritual, like Hot-cross Buns on an English Good Friday.

Now it will be readily agreed that a play which can command such permanent and universal attention must have very special qualities of its own; it must represent real life, or life as people wish it to be, in a most unusually deep manner. Don Juan Tenorio does precisely this, for it is the perfect stage representation of what Spanish men and women feel about the most dramatic of life's dramas, the drama of sex. If we add that it is impossible to imagine Don Juan Tenorio lasting a week in any other country in the world, we can see that we have something really Spanish, a key to the depths of the Spanish character, an ideal guide to what the Spaniard thinks about human relationships, which should help us greatly to understand the real Spain, so different from all we know of ourselves. Watch the play and note how foolish it seems to you, watch the audience and see how wise it seems to them,

and you have a measure of the distance separating you from Spain.

The play begins with Don Juan and his rival Don Luis recounting to a tavern audience the tally of their conquests during the past twelve months. Don Juan with a list of seventy-two seductions "from a princess royal to a fisherman's daughter" wins; but his list is not quite perfect as it does not contain a novice on the eve of taking her nun's vows or a girl on the eve of her wedding. He guarantees to add these within six days and proceeds to make good one-half of his boast by seducing Don Luis' own bride that very night.

In passing, we may note the extreme simplicity which seems to characterize this success. It is merely a matter of bribing a servant with a few coins in order to obtain access to the house and a few minutes' solitude; after that nature takes its course. Apparently the audience is perfectly satisfied that the psychology of this episode is inevitable.

There remains only a novice in order to make a perfect score. The third act, called "Profanation," introduces her to us. Doña Ines, the heroine, young and innocent in her convent, listens to an interminable speech from a Lady Abbess and then is left alone with her nurse. She hands the girl a book of devotion in which is concealed a very long letter in rhymed couplets from Don Juan. It is calculated to arouse the very tenderest of passions. Doña Ines reads it aloud to us and while its effects on her and on us are at their height Don Juan arrives. Doña Ines swoons and is carried off in his arms.

Act Four, "The Devil at Heaven's Gate" finds Doña Ines in Don Juan's country house, whither, she is told, she has been carried by her brave knight who has rescued her from a devastating convent fire. The hero himself enters, and there takes place *the* scene of the play, the famous, the inebriating "Sofa Scene." Everybody on both sides of the footlights is carried away, and Doña Ines succumbing to the luscious couplets, "*respirando de amor*," cries out, "Don Juan, I implore you, of your noble compassion! Crush me to your heart, take me, because I adore you." The effect on Don Juan is a little extraordinary. Apparently devastated by the sight of so much yielding innocence, he begins to invoke the deity and talk vaguely of getting her father's consent. Her father, Don Gonzalez, more or less opportunely arrives, but after long speeches on all sides refuses his consent and is murdered for his pains, as also is Don Luis who arrives soon after. "Justice for Doña Ines" shouts the quickly gathering crowd. "But not against Don Juan" she answers as the curtain drops.

Five years go by and Part II begins. If Part I was romance, Part II is pantomime. Don Juan returns from his exile and visits the mausoleum erected by his father to his son's victims. Statues of Don Luis, Don Gonzalez, and Doña Ines herself confront him. That of Doña Ines begins to talk. God, it explains, has told her to wait in her grave until he should arrive in the hopes that she may convert him, in which case they will go off together to heaven. All the statues move about, and that of Doña Ines disappears altogether, leaving Don Juan rightly doubting his senses. He goes off to dinner with two friends, and in the middle of the meal the statue of Don Gonzalez walks in to tell him that God offers him forgiveness if he repents within nine days. When Don Juan, tired of statues, draws his pistol Don Gonzalez retires through the wall, and Doña Ines arrives. She recites some couplets and announces that to-morrow

both their bodies will rest in one grave.

Act III, "God's Forgiveness and the Apotheosis of Love," is full of stage effects, ghosts, peripatetic statues, angels ascending, opening flowers, flames, dawns, and sunsets. Doña Ines is seen reclining on a bed of roses. Amid colored lights Don Juan exclaims, "The God of Mercy is the God of Don Juan Tenorio," and then according to stage directions: "Don Juan falls at the feet of Doña Ines; both die. From their mouths issue their souls, in the guise of brilliant flames which lose themselves in space to the sound of music. Curtain." To prevent disappointment, we should warn pilgrims that much of this is commonly left out on grounds of expense.

II

Eighty years of ritual observance show that this nonsense, splashed with gleams of poetry as it is, is a mirror of the Spanish soul. Don Juan Tenorio is the glorified Spanish male, Doña Ines the female who goes with him, at least in theory. Every man in the audience identifies himself with Don Juan, every woman more than approves of him. The play is natural to them because it displays a life of warfare against the opposite sex in which women are taken as besieged towns, whose defenses have never been in good order. In a community where freedom and familiarity between the sexes has produced its code, its nuances, the stark assumption that all that is necessary for seduction is solitude and a room would appear a gross theatrical affectation, an artificiality; in Spain it is not so. The change from vice to virtue when an innocent woman is on the point of yielding voluntarily is the sort of sentimentality which goes with unimaginative seduction; and all this, in addition to everything being put right by a deathbed repentance, exactly sums up the bourgeois Spaniard's intimations of morality. On the stage it produces Zorilla's drama, balanced between lyrical poetry and sheer idiocy; in life it pro-

duces the pitiful human relations of present-day Spain.

It is of course impossible and indeed foolish to lodge an indictment against a whole nation's attitude to women, and there are all sorts of exceptions; but it is not unfair to say that in Spain to-day the real social sore, far more pestilential than any political medievalism, is to be found here, in the logical results of the morals of Don Juan Tenorio being applied to a society of living men and women. The value of drawing attention to this does not lie in saying hard things about Spain, but in possibly discouraging those who are forever attacking the morals of the younger generation in England and America, who apart from possible indiscretions, certainly live cleaner lives than old-fashioned times permitted to human beings. And we should not forget that in living Spain we see our own dead selves and the attitude towards life and sex from which the modern flapper and emancipated woman have helped the world to escape. We cannot over-estimate the value of that escape not only for human happiness, but for what is much the same—morality. True, we wear our hearts on our sleeves and wash our dirty linen in public; we have divorces by the thousand and a pretty bundle of scandals; but it does not mean that a country, where divorces are not legal, as in Spain, has no broken or unsatisfactory homes. We send sick folk to hospitals to have operations; in the Middle Ages they did not, but still there were sick folk in the Middle Ages.

III

Spain prides itself on being the land of the family; and it would be impossible to discover a European country where the patriarchal family is more flourishing. In the eyes of the law women are scarcely individuals so much as parts of the family. Before marriage she is the slave of her parents: it is illegal for her to leave home without her father's consent before the age of twenty-five; only by marrying

and becoming the property of a husband can she cease to be the property of her father. If her father or mother finds her entertaining a lover he or she may kill or wound her or the lover without greater penalty than temporary exile to a distance of not less than twenty-five or more than two hundred and fifty kilometers from a stated place; a penalty doubtless designed to avoid blood feuds between families. When she marries, if she is taken in adultery by her husband, he may kill her and her lover for a similar penalty; but if she kills her husband in a like situation she is guilty of parricide.

The extent to which a woman is legally the slave of her husband is well illustrated by a discussion in a legal handbook as to whether a man may prevent his wife publishing literary or scientific works; though the Civil Code does not expressly include these acts among those which a wife may perform without her husband's license, it is understood "that as they are not only lawful, but highly honorable, she is to be permitted to exercise them. The husband could refuse to allow his wife to spend money on publishing them, or to receive remuneration for them, in accordance with article 61; but he cannot destroy them, as that would be prejudicial to the sciences or the arts, that is, to the public interest, which is always superior to the private."

More serious perhaps is the fact that the Code implicitly condones unfaithfulness on the part of the husband, except only if by keeping a mistress in the same house or elsewhere there is public scandal, but punishes it on the part of the wife with up to six years' imprisonment. In short, the family is safeguarded and maintained entirely for the advantage of the man and by a virtual enslaving of the woman.*

* Very important changes have recently been made in the legal position of the Spanish woman. These are to be found in the new Penal Code of 1928. This code is a very great advance on former codes in most things to do with women. The position of the unmarried mother and the illegitimate child is much strengthened; the man finding his wife *flagrante delicto* and killing her is no longer to be absolved but to be given a punishment "less than the usual" for murder; a wife in the reverse case is put on an

But it is dangerous to rely only on the law for a true picture of such things as family life. What, therefore, has everyday observation to tell us of a woman's place in her Spanish home?

IV

The majority of middle-class Spanish women have never spoken alone to any man before the day of their marriage, and from that day they will never speak alone to any other man except their husband. In her teens a girl has some liberty of action; she can at least show herself to the world together with her girl companions; she can dance under certain conditions; she can even go on hiking expeditions, if she is very modern—always provided that she has brothers and girl friends to chaperon her. She goes to places of amusement, usually only with her parents; but once married, her activities virtually cease and her life becomes singularly empty; brains and muscles atrophy from disuse and all her days are filled with boredom.

The result can be seen everywhere in Spanish towns; and the eye sums it up in one sentence, nowhere in the world can so many beautiful girls be seen, nowhere in the world so few beautiful women. Old age begins at twenty-five.

To an American the aging of womanhood in Spain must be particularly remarkable, since America's greatest gift to human civilization is the discovery that women need not grow old sooner than men. He is used to finding it difficult to tell any woman's age between the age of seventeen and forty-five; in Spain he will find that beautiful maturity has been cut out and the laughing teens joined to shapeless and outworn decay.

The curious listlessness, the drab lack of character seen so often in Spanish middle-class women is due to more than one cause. First there is a lack of edu-

cation: their faces reflect the boredom of daily life when there are no intellectual interests. Policy and custom in Spain give women less education than men. In Madrid five per cent of the men aged more than twenty-five are illiterate; seventeen and a half per cent of the women. Some other figures are interesting:

	<i>Illiterate Men over 25</i>	<i>Illiterate Women over 25</i>
Town of Barcelona	12.35%	26.68%
Town of Seville	12.82%	27.99%
Town of Zaragoza	20.55%	36.99%
Province of Granada	57.54%	74.25%
Province of Lugo	27.91%	69.38%
Province of Leon	12.85%	45.50%
All Spain	35.23%	55.16%

These eloquent figures tell us, in the first place, that more than half the women of Spain cannot read or write and, even more significant, that everywhere a far greater percentage of illiterate women abound than of illiterate men. A deep-rooted prejudice against educating women is at the back of such statistics.

Of course, for middle-class women the percentages of illiterates would be less, but the possession of the mere tools of reading and writing avail them little, since they have no idea of applying them to any intellectual interest. "For her," says Luis Araquistain, "beyond eternal salvation, there is nothing in life save a double preoccupation: to get married as well as possible, and once married, if she has children, to marry them in their turn as well as possible. The continuance of the species, in its purely biological aspect, finds in her a faithful and jealous guardian. But outside this mission, nothing exists for her, neither science, nor art, nor politics, nor history, nor immortality; or all this only exists in so far as it produces an economic return or some social alleviation."

One thing she can always do: she can go to church, for every husband, however much of an unbeliever he may himself be, approves of religion for his wife. The writer once asked a man in a Spanish town how many of the inhabitants were honest professing believers. "Ten

equal footing with the husband; adultery is now treated equally whether committed by the wife or the husband, though in practice it is of course rarely punished at all. Thus the present military dictatorship can claim credit for having purged the law of some of its grossest medievalism; it remains to be seen what the effect will be upon public opinion and daily conduct.

per cent of the men and most of the women," was the reply. "They need some sort of consolation"! And perhaps one of the most pathetic sights in any small town is the cluster of black-garbed, black-veiled, wizened old spinsters and widows, "*ratas de iglesia*," church rats, whose one means of supporting life is to wander from church service to church service in a mood of blind faith and blinder resignation.

Other amusements, whether intellectual or not, are few: the cinema is making a great difference, however, and in one town of ten thousand inhabitants five picture theaters have so captured the heart and the purse that the butchers are selling only half the meat required in earlier days, since their customers prefer to eat less and see more. But the most conspicuous example of female seclusion is afforded by the sight of a Spanish café, that democratic club and local parliament, where the men congregate after supper each evening: there will be one hundred men for every woman present; the rest are at home gathered about the family hearth vegetating.

V

To an empty head we must add atrophied muscles. The middle class in Spain is in the unenviable position of being a class of parvenus without traditions. Frequently the well-to-do business man is the son of a peasant who worked all the days of his life squeezing sustenance from the parched stones of the Castilian *meseta*. The only traditions he knows are those demanded by a life of hard labor, the only code one based on the fields and farmstead. Endowed by luck or cunning with money and leisure, transported to that most foreign of all lands to the country-bred—the large town—the family does not know how to behave, how to be educated, how to enjoy itself. Decay sets in almost inevitably.

To begin with, everybody eats too much; the predominant Spanish vice is

gluttony. It is as if the race-memory recalling generations of half-starvation forces the *nouveau riche* to make up for it all. The effect on man and woman is disastrous: imagine a typical Rotarian without any public spirit, taking no exercise, with three hours off for the mid-day meal, and you have a type of Spanish business man; his wife is similar to him.

Two only are the sculptors who mold the faces of Spanish women and their names are Overwork and Overeating. Examples of the former's craft abound in every field, and on every road and street, especially in Galicia, the latter's *chefs d'œuvre* are seated all about one in every hotel. The first artist imitates for his effects the surface and texture of medieval wood carvings, he multiplies *madonnas* everywhere, especially where custom assists him with tight tied kerchiefs, showing and simplifying the shape of the head. The latter works in a wax which has not even the virtue of being inflammable: these faces are disgusting in their lifeless bestiality. As for the men shaped by the same artist, it is impossible to believe that in any country where women's desires are tolerated such utter callousness towards physical grace, nay, decency, could exist.

What incapacity, what lack of animal spirits and of intellectual imagination lies behind all this obesity, so characteristic of the Spanish reality, in spite of all the chocolate-box Carmens of foreign fancy! It is a pathetic sight to watch such a family on a holiday. You see them sitting over their enormous meals in silence: not a spark of life on wife's or husband's face. I have seen a meal eaten without a single word or gesture of affection, or even of recognition. Are they really as bored with each other as it seems?

In most cases they are, hard though it is to believe it. The middle-class youth, unaided by tradition or sane education, leads a wild and merry life for several years. Often he has an absurd allowance, keeps a *querida*, sits about all

night at cabarets, drives a motor car furiously, seduces the domestic servants and, worn out and prematurely aged, sinks back on marriage as the last and inevitable boredom. He has no interest in the girl who chances to become his wife, and indeed what he requires in marriage is neither a companion nor a lover, but a mother to look after him. And that is the solution of the Spanish family, as a lover a wife is nothing, as a mother she may attain to power.

In Spain you see, indeed, stalking about in broad daylight that *deus ex machina* of modern psychology, the Œdipus Complex. There as here "a man may not marry his mother," but he can do something nearly as satisfactory—he can make his wife as much like his mother as possible in a very short time. Perhaps this also explains in part why women are encouraged to grow old young in Spain; for certainly if their husbands preferred it otherwise, they would be different.

For her part, the woman, Electra, finding herself powerless as a wife, sets her mind to binding her offspring to her with irrefragable bonds, and she succeeds to the great misfortune, as many Spanish writers have said, of the Spanish community. For it is this "hypertrophy of the family" which is responsible for the lack of public spirit notorious in Spain. "For the Spaniard in general," says Luis Araquistain, "the highest form of his existence is that of the family, which does not represent for him a step to higher forms, but rather the sum and compendium, the maximum limit of all his doubts and aspirations. Beyond the little family world, the center of his universe, the Spaniard does not feel himself moved by any higher objective. All is a means, an instrument for the sustaining and aggrandizement of the family." In short, for most Spaniards the family complex is never broken, and the woman rules in the heart and the unconscious not of her husband, but of her son.

VI

But it is high time to look at the other sculptor's work. So far all that has been said concerns chiefly the middle class and especially the town dweller; and it should never be forgotten that the most typical Spanish life is that of field and farm, of village and isolated hamlet, where the woman of importance is the peasant's wife, the hard-worked mother of poverty and heroism.

In the fields the Spanish woman has a dignity not to be found in the towns. "The passivity of the Spanish woman," writes Margarita Nelken, "her retirement for century after century, has given her a respect for herself perhaps unique in the whole world. This very submissiveness of the woman of the people before her husband who ill treats her and ill spends his money, this 'I cannot turn against the father of my children,' which at first sight seems a survival of slavery, has at bottom an instinctive consciousness of moral dignity—the dignity of the hearth of which she is the faithful guardian—which has and can always have the force of the most indomitable virtue. And there are regions, Cataluña and Galicia, where, thanks to this factor, the woman who exercises it very soon attains to a power superior to that of any foreign woman."

However that may be, it is very true that in talking to a Catalan or Galician peasant woman one is conscious of contact with a personality, a sensation rarely to be experienced when talking to a bourgeoisie of the town. The simple explanation is that the peasant woman has power and develops it because she is of social value: she works hard, bargains in the marketplace, makes money and saves it by good spending; and so is honorable and honored. Her lot is happier than that of her semi-parasitic sister in the town. Her dignity is the reflection of her value to the family and the community.

But even so she suffers from the nightmare, broken of course by gleams of

beauty, which is the life of a peasant wresting from a cruel soil a bare living in the waterless deserts of the typical Spain. And her life is harder than the man's life because to their common tasks of economic toiling is added in her case the even more debilitating task of child-bearing. Spain is the country above all other European countries except Roumania of high birth rate. And the tragedy is that all these children born into the world do not serve to fill up the deserts and solitudes, but only to fill coffins. One in every three Spaniards born dies before reaching the age of five. That is the chief reason why the Spanish peasant woman bears on her face the tragic beauty of overwork and misery.

A little incident will translate statistics into real life. We had stopped in the middle of the shadeless *meseta* of Leon to buy a drink at the village inn. A gnarled and shapeless peasant woman surrounded by eight or ten children playing on the mud floor served us with bottled beer. "Are all these your children?" we asked, and she replied that five of them were hers and that the rest came from next door. Had we any children? she asked in turn. Yes, two. How old? Nine years and eight. "Oh, I suppose the rest are all dead then," she commented, wiping the glasses. It seemed obvious that there must have been others each separated by a year or less, and it did not seem very tragic that they were dead.

In the province of Palencia there was in 1920 a birth rate of 35.1, compared with one of 25.5 in England in that year, and a death rate of 29.0 compared with one of 12.4 in England: thus in Palencia the difference between births and deaths was only six, while in England, with a far lower birth rate, it was more than twelve. Of the married women between thirty-five and forty-five more than one in five had five or more dead children. In the villages of Guipuzcoa twenty-nine out of every hundred married women have had eight or more children; and when we realize that these figures include all the

women who could not have had so many children since they have not been married long enough, the significance is greatly increased. Finally, in all Spain every living mother has one child dead for every two living.

That the high death rate is largely due to the high birth rate is shown by the fact that out of the forty-nine provinces nineteen have a birth rate and a death rate higher than those of all Spain, nineteen have them both lower, and nine only have a birth rate higher and a death rate lower. The two remaining provinces are Madrid and Barcelona where unsanitary conditions increase the death rate, while a certain small infusion of neo-Malthusianism reduces the birth rate.

In spite of these facts all the public authorities and molders of opinion in Spain cry aloud against the threatened decline in the birth rate. On the day I first entered La Coruña, two of its daily papers had leaders attacking "the American neo-Malthusian propaganda" and calling on the government to exclude such foreign menaces to the purity of Spanish life. They both drew attention to Spain's proud place "in the vanguard of Christian civilization" measured by her having the largest birth rate in any country except Roumania, which country presumably is *facile princeps* of the civilized world. Yet in La Coruña at the last census the twelve thousand married women had had fifty-nine thousand children of whom twenty thousand were dead.

When asked to explain the huge infantile mortality, a leading publicist said, "Ah well, you see a child's life is not considered very important among our women. It comes, it goes; there are plenty more to take its place." He himself had nine children and, "I am quite willing to have twelve or thirteen," he added genially, giving the impression by his whole conversation that he must live in a community where the women were largely illiterate. Statistics proved this to be correct: whereas sixty-four per cent of the men of La Coruña can read and

write, only twenty-nine per cent of the women are so instructed. One may assume therefore that their opinion about the value of dead children is not likely to be sought; but we can leave to the reader the full realization of what all this means to the mute women who bear burdens in the heat of the day patiently like oxen, and bear children year after year, of whom one in three is doomed to die after a few unprofitable years. And this accounts for a fact stated by the great Madrid Doctor, Dr. Marañón, "When, passing through a village street—preferably in our own Castiles—or through the suburbs of the great cities, where live the workers, you see those women resting, one child in their arms, several at their knee, guess their ages and then ask. Even assuming that they also are touched with the feminine foolishness of understating their years, I assure the inquisitive who follows my advice that he will very often feel sorrow and grief at learning that these women, consumed by a premature old age, seeming about fifty, have hardly reached their thirtieth year." Twenty-eight per cent of the women, not themselves invalids, who brought patients to his clinic had had eight or more children, "often from fourteen to seventeen"; the total number of children belonging to those mothers was 478, of these 382 were dead and 91 were alive. No wonder all the mothers "had lost the enchantments of their sex, were exhausted, indifferent, and sad."

VII

The sentimental picture of a Spanish woman is gained, of course, from gilded portraits of the cabaret girl. She has certain advantages over her "good" and married sister, notably a pride of body which for obvious reasons she must possess; while there is no need for the married woman to possess it. It is perfectly true that in the cabarets of Barcelona, Madrid, and the other towns many beautiful and exotic, slim, living creatures can be found. Go to a public

dancing place, say near the Ramblas in Barcelona, and you will find it full of women, not merely pretty, but with some of the tragic beauty which is needed to accompany the rhythm of the tango. Not one single woman is "respectable": they are all prostitutes or somebody's mistress. Some of them, one feels, are there because they are too intelligent, too alive, to become wives. And certainly there is a quality about many of these bad women which is not to be found in similar circles in London or even Paris. They have not given over their form to the two sculptors Overwork and Overeating; they have carved out their own faces and possess some individuality. But we must avoid sentimentalizing over them, nor will it be difficult if we watch them long enough.

We are now face to face with the victims of Don Juan Tenorio, or rather the other victims, for the married, "good," women with all the boredom and lifelessness of their estate are as much the victims of that philosophy as these. The cabaret is the meeting place of Don Juan's seventy-two, "from a fisherman's daughter" and almost "to a princess royal." A conversation will help the reader to understand the situation.

We sat together over our liqueurs and coffee, Josep and myself. Josep is a young Catalan lawyer with a social sense very rare in his country, where as we have seen there are few loyalties outside the family. We talked of women and morals in England and Spain. He asked me about unorthodox conduct in my country. I said that even in the least exalted relationships there was almost always an element of companionship and responsibility; that even a man who seduced a scullery maid would certainly take the responsibility in most cases of "looking after" her, of helping her to avoid serious consequences and of "seeing her through" if "anything happened."

"You are really civilized," he exclaimed, "we are barbarians." In Spain, he went on, a young man regards a

girl as his natural enemy, to be defeated and humbled. He told me stories of well-educated men who would seduce a girl and then, after she had been turned out of her home and gone to the public lying-in hospital, would take her to a brothel and deposit her there, promising to visit her occasionally and to send her wealthy patrons. No young man, he assured me, would take the slightest precautions to safeguard a girl from such a complete disaster.

It is in this way that the wretched little cabarets which stretch for miles along such streets as the Parallelo in Barcelona are populated. Servant girls and factory girls, victims of their employers, exposing themselves on the petty stage with a pretense at a song or dance, so as to invite custom.

The attitude of public opinion is perfectly definite upon these matters: they are necessary and it is the woman's fault. She is the temptress and she must take her punishment. A friend of mine once said to me, "I will tell you why I ceased to be a Catholic. I had an amour and I confessed. 'That will be all right,' said my confessor; 'only one thing, you must never see the girl again.' 'But I must see her,' I said, 'she may be enceinte, and need me to look after her.' 'That does not matter at all, you must flee her as a temptation, I forbid you to see her'." That sums up the orthodox attitude in Spain to-day; it is Tertullian all over again—"You are the devil's gateway, you destroy God's image, man." The youth must flee the temptress, the temptress may hide herself from the world in a brothel. We need not dwell on the terrible revenge exacted in disease and sordidness from a society which accepts such a code.

The law seems framed expressly to maintain such a system. No mother of an illegitimate child can prove its paternity; it is illegal to investigate the fatherhood, and mention of the father's name is punishable with a fine, while the record containing the name in the report

is obliterated. If, however, the father admits paternity voluntarily, the mother has no rights over the child, and may be deprived of it after three years. There are two sorts of illegitimate children, those whose parents could marry, and those whose parents could not, for example, a priest's child. In no circumstances whatever—not even in case of rape—may the paternity of these last be disclosed, not even if the priest acknowledges his paternity in writing. The only exception to these rules are cases of violence and of seduction under promise of marriage. In the second case a man may be imprisoned for six months for fraud; a punishment which may be compared with that of six years' penal servitude for fraud involving a sum of money over two thousand five hundred pesetas.

Every country in the world has its problems of vice and its evils, but what characterizes the Spanish reality is a hard cruelty, an utterly unrelenting bitterness of outlook, a cynicism without tenderness or mercy, which deprives nearly all intercourse between the sexes of its nuances, its imaginative possibilities; and leaves little else but boredom on the one hand and heartless lust on the other.

VIII

Enough has been said to dispel the sentimentalized myth of Spanish romance, which has been current increasingly of late; but it is not for this purpose merely that these facts are worth recording. We are living in countries which enjoy the benefits which came almost entirely from the feminist movement of emancipation; most of us are not old enough to realize what that movement meant, or what it cost to the brave leaders who made it possible. It is, therefore, valuable to look at a picture of what was destroyed by these pioneers; for what I have written is not only an honest picture of Modern Spain, but also a picture of our own communities not many generations back.



BUILDING THE 200-INCH TELESCOPE

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

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Chairman of the Observatory Council of the California Institute of Technology*

The following article is the first authentic account of the vast enterprise now engaging American and European scientists to construct and equip a gigantic telescope that will dwarf all previous instruments. When it is remembered that the Hooker telescope at Mount Wilson, now the largest in the world, reaches out into cosmic distances that can be measured only in thousands and even millions of light years, some conception of the power of the new giant glass may be gained from the statement that it will be able to penetrate three times as far into space.—*The Editors.*

ASTRONOMERS, like other men, spend most of their lives in hard and often tedious routine work. They are, however, sometimes fortunate enough to take part in a great adventure, and it is of such an adventure that I am now writing.

The pupil of the human eye—about a fifth of an inch in diameter—receives only a minute fraction of the light falling from a star upon the earth's surface. Imagine this pupil enlarged to a diameter of nine feet, and endowed both with magnifying power and with the cumulative capacity of the photographic plate, which forms a visible image by adding up during long exposures the invisible rays of feeble celestial objects. Like our largest existing telescope, it could then penetrate millions of light-years into space and reveal more than a thousand million stars in our own galactic system and hundreds of thousands of "island universes" beyond the Milky Way.

A year ago I described briefly in this magazine some of the possibilities of still larger instruments. A few months later, through the generosity of the International Education Board, funds were given to the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena for the construction of an Astrophysical Observatory and Laboratory, to be conducted in close co-operation with the Mount Wilson

Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. This Observatory, which will be designed so as to supplement, not to duplicate, the Mount Wilson Observatory, is to be equipped with a 200-inch reflecting telescope and powerful auxiliary apparatus. It is our hope that the new telescope will be fully ten times as powerful as the 100-inch Mount Wilson reflector, penetrate more than three times as far into space, and thus open for investigation an unexplored sphere of about thirty times the volume of that which has been hitherto sounded. Perhaps, however, the most important use of the new instrument and its accessories will be in the more intensive investigation of objects already known but inadequately studied because of our present optical limitations.

Astronomical observatories are not all alike. On the contrary, they show a greater diversity of design than the laboratories used in any other branch of science. The number of celestial objects is so great that a lifetime can be spent in measuring the "absolute" positions, the relative positions, or the speeds of small fractions of their number. Consequently, observatories are often erected for such special purposes, so that their sole equipment may consist of a meridian circle and astronomical clocks, or a photographic refracting telescope

and machines for measuring the relative positions of stellar images, or a telescope and spectrograph for determining stellar motions. The results thus obtained are indispensable to astronomy, which through the ages has been fortunate enough to possess men of the skill and devotion required to accomplish these endless tasks of routine observation and measurement. The true value of their results often does not appear until long after their death, as in the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes by Hipparchus two thousand years ago, when he compared his observations with those made by Timocharis nearly two centuries earlier. In the same way the importance of Tycho Brahe's observations, which were bequeathed to Kepler, was brought out by Kepler's discovery of the laws of planetary motion that bear his name.

In recent years, however, the rapidly expanding scope of astrophysical research has revolutionized the observatory and multiplied its possibilities to the astronomer, the physicist, and the chemist. As the key to cosmic laboratories, which afford temperatures, pressures, densities, and masses greatly exceeding those attainable on earth, the telescope with its many auxiliaries has become as indispensable to the physicist and chemist as to the student of stellar evolution and the structure of the universe. For this reason a co-operative investigation of the physical, chemical, and astronomical aspects of the nature and properties of matter under the widest range of conditions was undertaken several years ago by the California Institute and the neighboring Mount Wilson Observatory. The resulting series of fundamental discoveries, both celestial and terrestrial, has now led to the provision for the 200-inch telescope and its accessories as a new and powerful means of extending them.

The method of organizing the new Astrophysical Observatory and its indispensable Laboratory is thus plainly indicated. The optical and mechanical parts of the 200-inch telescope, naturally

of the highest attainable perfection, should be mounted equatorially so as to command the heavens from the north pole to a region far south of the equator. It should be established at a site out of the path of frequent storms, where a great preponderance of clear weather is associated with the sharpest and steadiest telescopic images. It should be quickly adaptable for a wide variety of researches and provided with the best attainable means of recording and measuring celestial objects. It should have the immense advantage of the best laboratory facilities for interpreting its observational results. Its equipment should not be fixed once for all, but should constantly be extended and improved in pace with advances in physics, chemistry, and engineering. Finally, and most important of all, the new telescope should be used in close conjunction with all the present facilities of the Mount Wilson Observatory and those of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics, the Gates Laboratory of Chemistry, and other branches of the California Institute, by the most competent group of investigators that can be recruited from these and other institutions in this country and abroad.

II

The designing of the telescope includes both optical and engineering problems, the first and most vital of which is that of obtaining a suitable mirror disc. Readers of this article are probably aware that the images of stars or other celestial objects are produced in reflecting telescopes not with the customary transparent lens of the more familiar refracting telescope, field-glass, or camera, but with a concave mirror, which lies at the bottom of the telescope tube, and converges back to a focus the parallel rays of starlight that fall on its polished upper face. This face, which must be highly reflecting, is ground and figured to a paraboloidal form, the curvature required to concentrate parallel

rays in a point. The focus, therefore, is in the center of the tube near the upper end, where the photographic plate or other recording device may be placed. By means of supplementary mirrors, plane or concave, the image may instead be formed at the side of the tube near its upper end, or at the bottom (where it is observed through a central hole in the large mirror), or in a laboratory below the hollow polar axis, where instruments such as long-focus spectrographs, requiring great stability, may be rigidly fixed in a constant-temperature laboratory.

In the days of Herschel and Lord Rosse the mirrors of reflecting telescopes were made of speculum metal, a silver-like alloy of tin and copper, which takes a beautiful polish and retains it for many years. Subsequently, mirrors of glass, silvered on their front surface, were introduced and universally used. Glass is lighter than speculum metal, and silver reflects a greater proportion of blue light, though speculum metal is much more efficient as a reflector of the ultra-violet stellar rays. Moreover, as glass is a poor conductor of heat, the outer parts of large, thick, mirror discs change in temperature more rapidly than the interior as the air in the open dome grows warmer or colder from night to night. Thus their curvature is more or less affected, and this means that the stellar image, instead of being nearly a point, may often be expanded into a much less brilliant disc.

The most promising means of overcoming this difficulty is to make the mirror of fused silica or quartz, which is not appreciably affected by change of temperature. Dr. Elihu Thomson and his associate, Mr. A. L. Ellis, had already solved at West Lynn, Massachusetts, many of the technical problems involved in the use of fused quartz, and our first step was, therefore, to secure their co-operation and that of the General Electric Company. President Gerard Swope immediately agreed to have the work done in the Thomson

Research Laboratory at actual cost, with no charge for commercial or administrative expenses. The special methods required for producing large discs have since been developed, with every promise of success. The procedure adopted is to begin with the manufacture of mirrors of moderate size, then to undertake the 60-inch and larger mirrors needed for auxiliaries, and finally to make the 200-inch disc itself. A 22-inch disc has already been made, and the 60-inch stage will soon be entered. Some conception of the magnitude and difficulty of the ultimate task may be gained when it is stated that the fundamental problem is to construct a rigid concave mirror nearly 17 feet in diameter (200 inches), many tons in weight, whose surface is parabolically curved with an error less than two millionths of an inch.

The process consists of fusing a mass of nearly pure silica sand in a circular electric furnace which constitutes the mold. The disc thus obtained, which contains innumerable small bubbles, is ground to the approximate curvature of the mirror desired and then coated to a sufficient thickness with perfectly transparent quartz, free from bubbles. This crystalline quartz, in finely ground form, is sprayed on to the hot disc by means of an oxy-hydrogen flame; and the development of multiple burners needed for coating large surfaces without flaws has been one of the principal difficulties overcome. On this transparent face of water-clear quartz the final grinding, polishing, and figuring will be done. Finally, a thin coating of pure silver will be chemically deposited on the finished surface, just as is done periodically in the case of such glass mirrors as that of the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson.

To give an idea of the scale of the new instrument, it may be compared with the 100-inch Hooker telescope, now the most powerful in use. The Hooker mirror is about 13 inches thick, and weighs about $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons. The 200-inch mirror will be

approximately twice as thick and will weigh about 30 tons, unless we decide to lighten it by using a ribbed structure for the underlying casting of crude quartz.

Everything depends upon the success of the mirror, and we are, therefore, considering as possible alternatives several entirely different methods of construction, some of which are very promising. Ritchey's cellular mirror has been considered, but none of our advisers favor its adoption because of the difficulty of figuring with optical perfection the thin glass faces and the edges of the intervening honeycomb, not to mention doubts as to the optical permanence of a heavy cemented structure subjected to wide ranges of temperature. Sir Charles Parsons has taken a great personal interest in our problem; and the success of his firm in making composite glass discs up to three feet in diameter, all the contiguous surfaces of which are fused together in the oven, without the optical complications just mentioned, is an encouraging advance. Our National Bureau of Standards, which recently produced a very fine mirror disc of solid glass 72 inches in diameter, is successfully experimenting along similar lines. Ribbed metallic discs of speculum metal, or an even better alloy, are also worthy of consideration. A Dutch method of coating a metallic disc with glass of precisely the same coefficient of expansion, securely fused to its surface, is another process that has reached an interesting stage. Finally, such authorities as Dr. Arthur L. Day and Dr. Frederick E. Wright of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who have contributed so much to the production of new glasses, affirm that a 200-inch disc of special glass even less subject to distortion by temperature changes than the well-known "Pyrex" can undoubtedly be made. In this view they are supported by the firm of Carl Zeiss, whose remarkable "spiegelglas" has already proved its fine qualities in the Einstein Tower at Potsdam. Thus there are numerous possible

alternatives, but at present Doctor Thomson and Mr. Ellis are perfectly confident of complete success with fused silica, the ideal material for large mirrors.

After careful consideration by members of our Pasadena group, checked by the computations of our Research Associate Dr. Frank E. Ross of the Yerkes Observatory, we have decided to make the focal length of the 200-inch mirror 55 feet, only 3.3 times its aperture. This is relatively shorter than that of the Hooker telescope, which has a focal length five times its aperture. The advantage of a focal ratio $F:3.3$, as users of "movie" cameras know, is to give an immense concentration of light with consequent reduction of exposure time. With this change of ratio, and a light-collecting area four times as great, the 200-inch mirror should prove fully ten times as powerful as that of the Hooker telescope under similar atmospheric conditions.

A defect of short-focus mirrors is the small area of sharp definition in their focal plane. Outside of this area the star images, instead of being minute discs, resemble arrowheads pointing toward the center of the field. Even a small area recording extremely faint stars is for many purposes far preferable to a larger field of sharp definition in which these feeble objects fail to appear. A notable illustration is afforded by the spiral nebulae, where the problem of the nature, distance, and evolution of these extraordinary "island-universes" depends upon the detection of their constituent stars, now beyond our range except in the case of two or three of the nearest of the spirals.

Three methods of enlarging the area of sharp definition have been found: the Schwarzschild and the Ritchey-Chrétien mirror systems, neither of which is applicable in our case; and the Ross correcting lens, which is placed in the cone of rays in front of the photographic plate. This lens, which has recently been developed by Doctor Ross as a part of our policy of improving all desirable

devices for recording, measuring, or interpreting telescopic images, is about to be tested on Mount Wilson. Not content with an F:3.3 ratio, Doctor Ross has also computed a correcting lens which we hope will enable us to use the 200-inch mirror with an equivalent focal ratio of F:2.

In both of the above cases, as already stated, the photographic plate is supported directly in front of the 200-inch mirror, and centered on its optical axis. Another arrangement calls for the use of a convex mirror 60 inches in diameter, supported axially near the upper end of the telescope tube. This will change the ratio to F:10, and form a field of stars sharply defined over a photographic plate 17 inches in diameter, at a focus just below the 200-inch mirror, through the center of which a circular hole will be cut. I need not pause to describe other mirror combinations required for different classes of photographic, spectrographic, and radiometric observations.

Turning now to the mechanical problem of mounting and moving these mirror systems with the extreme precision demanded, we fortunately find its solution well within the range of modern engineering practice. When Lord Rosse built his six-foot reflector in the forties of the last century he was compelled to work on his country estate in Ireland without the aid of skilled opticians and machinists, or the methods and machine tools of modern engineering. In the present case we begin with twenty-five years of experience with large telescopes at Mount Wilson, and combine the knowledge of our local group of men of science and instrument builders with that of such skilled designers as Mr. Russell W. Porter of the Jones and Lamson Company of Springfield, Vermont; Messrs. Ambrose Swasey and E. P. Burrell of the Warner and Swasey Company of Cleveland, and Messrs. Gano Dunn and S. R. Jones of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York. We are also fortunate in having the benefit of the advice and criticism of

such eminent authorities in Europe as Sir Herbert Jackson, Director of the British Scientific Instrument Research Association; Sir Charles Parsons, grandson of Lord Rosse, distinguished not only for his work as an engineer, but also for his success in developing the most progressive optical glass and telescope building establishments in England; and other authorities of similar calibre. In this study of telescope mountings we are, therefore, pursuing the same co-operative policy as in all the other phases of the present undertaking.

Our decision in favor of an equatorial mounting, of which four types have been considered, is determined by our desire to command a wide range of the heavens and the possibility it affords of producing celestial images by a single reflection from the 200-inch concave mirror. This is to be mounted at the base of a very stiff octagonal skeleton tube, about 24 feet in diameter and nearly 60 feet long, hung on bearings between the arms of a massive fork, which forms the upper end of a large polar axis, fixed parallel to the axis of the earth. The tube can be pointed electrically as far north as the pole (or beyond it) and far south of the equator. After being set at the angle determined by the declination of the celestial object, it is rotated east or west about the polar axis until the desired object is at the center of the field. By the aid of the driving-clock the entire polar axis and tube are then turned slowly from east to west to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation and hold the celestial object in the field. Final corrections for the effect of the varying refraction of the earth's atmosphere are made by the observer, who watches stars at the edge of the plate through high-power eyepieces, and moves the plate by delicate mechanism so as to keep the guiding-stars at the intersection of cross-hairs in the eyepiece throughout the exposure, which may last for hours, or even be continued on several successive nights.

This fork type of equatorial mounting, which dates back more than a century, was built on a large scale (with a four-foot mirror) by Lassell in 1861, and subsequently, with accurate driving-clocks and in somewhat different forms, by the fourth Earl of Rosse, by Common with 36-inch and 60-inch mirrors (the former afterwards used by Keeler and others at Mount Hamilton), and by Ritchey at Mount Wilson with a 60-inch mirror. A design closely resembling Lassell's, with heavy fork and polar axis and modern roller bearings to relieve friction, made by Doctor Pease in 1928, and a modified fork or "split-ring" design made by Mr. Porter, were carefully considered by our committee on the 200-inch telescope mounting last winter. This committee included Mr. E. P. Burrell, Chief Engineer of the Warner and Swasey Company, who has made a provisional scale drawing and model of the fork type, similar to that of Doctor Pease. When subjected to careful study and computations for flexure by Professors Epstein and Martel of the California Institute, and to further examination and criticism by Messrs. Gano Dunn and Samuel R. Jones of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, this design was found to provide a very satisfactory solution of the general problem.

It is thus perfectly safe to proceed with our other plans, though much further criticism and study will be given both to the general design and its many details before the final working drawings are prepared. Our first necessity was merely to make sure of the possibility of one satisfactory general solution, which can of course be improved by further work. All such minor questions as suitable electric clamps, slow motions, etc., have been admirably solved before for such large instruments as the 72-inch Victoria telescope and the 100-inch Hooker telescope, and it simply remains to adapt the best of these, in the light of recent progress, to the needs of the 200-inch telescope. We now know beyond question that a tube and mirrors having

a combined weight of 150 tons, involving a total weight for the moving parts of 500 tons, can be mounted equatorially and without troublesome flexure so as to afford access to the entire available sky, and manipulated with the ease and precision demanded by the delicate work in view.

III

As compared with the microscopist, the astronomer is in some respects at a marked disadvantage. A small microscope can be brought to the limit of optical perfection at little expense and can be used almost anywhere under nearly perfect conditions. To improve our telescopes we must increase their size and their precision of construction, which means not only heavy expense in manufacture and operation but also added mechanical and optical difficulties. Moreover, instead of looking through homogeneous optical media, selected for the purpose in view, we must observe the stars from the depths of a turbulent atmosphere, which not only scatters and absorbs much of the light that reaches its upper levels, but so irregularly refracts the portion transmitted that the rays falling on the various parts of a large lens or mirror are rarely or never combined into a sharply defined and perfectly steady image.

By selecting a site of high altitude, above the denser and more disturbed portion of the atmosphere, in a region but little affected by clouds and storms, we may greatly reduce these difficulties. In fact, as I stated in my first article, the conditions on Mount Wilson are so favorable that on a very large proportion of the nights in a year the 100-inch Hooker telescope gives us a gain in light-collecting power over the 60-inch telescope fully in proportion to its greater aperture. The use of the larger instrument has thus resulted in many fundamental discoveries beyond the range of the smaller one, and has more than justified our most sanguine hopes. Moreover, we have direct observational evi-

dence that on Mount Wilson a 200-inch telescope could be depended upon to show a further gain, in keeping with its increased size. The probabilities now are that we can find a still better site within a short distance of Pasadena.

To understand the conditions required for the best results we must think of the appearance of the telescopic image of a star. Obviously, no clouds should be in the way, and our site should, therefore, be one where storms are few. But a clear sky is not enough. Under a magnifying power of, say, five hundred diameters, the star image, instead of being a very minute and perfectly steady point, is usually enlarged and in a state of motion. The enlarged image oscillates very rapidly in all directions and also undergoes slower oscillations of about a second of arc in a period of approximately a minute of time, as Schlesinger has shown. As already stated, the observer is constantly correcting the position of the photographic plate during its exposure in order to reduce the effect of such tremors. But there is a limit to his quickness and skill, and the more rapid oscillations that escape him are consequently registered upon the plate. As these take place in all directions, the resultant image is nearly circular in form. Such a recorded image, which of course differs from the instantaneous moving image seen by the observer, has been well named by Newall a "tremor disc." Its diameter varies from several seconds of arc to about five or six tenths of a second, the smallest, I think, yet photographed. These minute images were obtained by Hubble under good atmospheric conditions with the 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson.

If the telescope were optically and mechanically perfect, in correct adjustment, and provided with a perfectly controlled driving-clock, the star images would of course remain fixed on the plate if there were no atmosphere to interfere. There would be no tremor discs, and the fainter stars would be

registered as extremely minute points. Brighter stars on the same plate would be larger, as there is a purely photographic effect that causes a gradual spreading of the light in the sensitive film about the central point, producing a disc which increases in diameter with the length of the exposure and the brightness of the star.

The importance of securing the smallest possible star images will be recognized when it is remembered that perfect concentration of all the light in a point would permit the registration of stars too faint to affect the plate if their feeble rays were scattered over the much larger area of the tremor disc. Another advantage of perfect concentration would be the possibility of distinguishing and measuring two closely adjacent stars of a pair, or the minute details of planetary or nebular structure which would overlap and be confused if enlarged by atmospheric disturbance.

It rarely happens that an observatory site can be selected without regard to geographical limitations. When the Carnegie Institution of Washington was established, however, it was decided to locate its various departments of research in places where their work could be done to the best advantage. Accordingly, the Observatory Committee, of which I was a member, was authorized to send a skilled observer to a large number of promising sites, armed with a telescope sufficiently powerful to enable him to make reliable comparative tests. We selected the late Professor Hussey, then of the Lick Observatory, where the splendid results obtained on Mount Hamilton had opened the eyes of astronomers to the excellent atmospheric conditions available in California. As the results of his observations in 1903 at many points in California, Arizona, and Australia, confirmed by our own longer series of tests in the following year, we selected Mount Wilson, in the Sierra Madre range a few miles north of Pasadena, as the most promising site for our purpose.

It is easy to understand the astronomical advantages of this region of the southwest, where we photograph the sun on 300 days of each year. In choosing the most suitable site for a large telescope we are limited by three principal restrictions: latitude, altitude, and weather. If we go too far from the equator we lose the broad zone of stars beyond it; while if we approach it too closely we cannot observe the stars near the pole at a sufficient height above the horizon to afford good images. A latitude of from 30° to 35° , from which about three-fourths of the entire celestial sphere can be effectively observed, is most suitable. As for the altitude of the site, it should be great enough to escape the absorption and irregular refraction of the denser part of the atmosphere, but not so great as to involve excessive snowfall and extreme winter temperatures. An elevation of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet seems to be most favorable in Southern California. The weather enters in several ways. A great range of temperature, daily or annual, affects the form of exposed optical surfaces and the efficiency of the observer, who cannot nimbly and precisely operate micrometers, double-slide-plate-holders and other devices when his fingers are stiff with cold or hampered by heavy gloves. I can testify to this, after experience in an open dome in Wisconsin at temperatures down to 20° below zero (Fahrenheit). But the most serious effects of the weather are cloudiness, large tremor discs caused by air disturbances felt far beyond the central cloudy area of storms, and winds that shake the telescope and thus displace star images.

There are several types of widespread storms in the United States, two of which are most common. These are the large cyclones (not tornadoes) whose centers move eastward from the Pacific Ocean across the country near the Canadian border, and northward near the Atlantic coast from the Caribbean Sea. Taking these and all other factors into account, our choice is narrowed to the

lofty plateaus and mountain ranges in the southwestern part of the country. Indeed, the astronomer and physicist may well regard this favored region as a vast high-level laboratory, admirably designed to meet their varied needs. During the protracted dry season in Southern California we are able to carry on the many types of astronomical work that call for daily observations in long unbroken sequences. Once, for example, in a spectroscopic study of the general magnetic field of the sun, photographs were taken at Mount Wilson on more than ninety successive days. Clear and tranquil nights are even more common; and a comparison of the total number of hours of observation with those of eastern observatories shows a great preponderance. Measured in other terms, such as average size of tremor disc, low wind velocities, or favorable temperatures, the advantages are equally apparent. Thus our experience of twenty-five years, with telescopes of all sizes and types, will serve as a sound basis for comparative studies of other possible sites.

Physicists as well as astronomers have profited by the mountain laboratories, extending up to 12,000 feet, within easy reach of Pasadena. Michelson has repeatedly used Mount Wilson for his measures of the velocity of light, sending intermittent flashes to a large mirror about 22 miles distant on Mount San Antonio, which returned them to his point of observation. Here, too, with the aid of Pease and Anderson, he developed his interferometer from a small laboratory instrument into a 20-foot auxiliary of the 100-inch telescope, the first successful device for measuring the diameter of a star. Here he and others have repeated the famous Michelson-Morley experiment, forerunner of the Einstein theory, to determine beyond doubt whether his original negative result might be affected by the altitude of the apparatus. Millikan has made no less use of neighboring high-level stations. Within four hours' motor ride of

his Pasadena Laboratory is a mountain lake, containing radium-free water, in which he and Cameron measure the penetrating power of the cosmic rays with delicate electrometers sunk to depths as great as 150 feet. When they wish to check their results at still higher levels, they easily find suitable lakes among the lofty Sierra peaks farther north. One of these lakes lies within a narrow gorge, whose towering walls serve to exclude from the electrometer all cosmic rays except those coming from a narrow strip of sky overhead. Aided by this natural telescope, they have found that the Milky Way is no richer in cosmic rays than all other regions of the heavens far from the galactic plane.

These illustrations, which are drawn from our recent co-operative work, help to emphasize the most important factor entering into the selection of a site for the 200-inch telescope. To be efficient, it must of course be placed where the atmospheric conditions are excellent. But its efficiency and output can be multiplied several fold by establishing it within convenient reach of Pasadena, where the activities of the California Institute and the Mount Wilson Observatory are centered. Only in this way can the great advantages resulting from the intimate co-operation of the research staffs and the utilization of existing equipment be realized.

A preliminary comparative study of many promising sites in Southern California and Arizona is now being made under the direction of Dr. J. A. Anderson, Executive Officer of the Observatory Council of the California Institute. The customary plan of merely estimating the quality of the star image, on a scale in which 0 stands for very bad, 5 for good, and 10 for ideal perfection has been replaced by a method of measuring the diameter of the tremor disc, devised by Dr. Anderson, and thoroughly tested with small telescopes on Mount Wilson in co-operation with observers working simultaneously with the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors. Ten portable telescopes

equipped with this device are now in continuous use at as many different sites. After our choice has been narrowed down to a few most favorable regions, it may be necessary to continue the comparative tests for two or three years before making a final selection.

IV

Our experience at Mount Wilson has clearly shown that the 200-inch telescope should not be confined to a single class of work, but should be quickly adaptable for a wide variety of observations. Its efficiency will depend quite as much upon the perfection of the photographic plates, spectrographs, thermocouples, photo-electric cells, laboratory apparatus, and many other devices used to record, measure, and interpret the images of celestial objects as upon the size and quality of the telescope that produces them. Moreover, I have learned from forty years of astrophysical research that many forms of auxiliary apparatus and laboratory equipment, not of standard type, should not only be designed and constructed under the personal supervision of those who use them, but constantly improved in the light of new discoveries. Thus adequate laboratories and instrument shops may be as necessary to an observatory that effectively combines astronomy with physics and chemistry as they are to such corporations as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the General Electric Company, whose rapid advancement is the direct result of their development of new devices through research.

There is nothing novel in this method to the physicist or the physical chemist, who are constantly building, adapting, and improving their instrumental means. It naturally found little recognition, however, in observatories equipped with standard apparatus, easily obtainable from commercial instrument-makers, and necessarily used without change for long periods of time. But with the rise of astrophysics the point of view and the

methods of the physicist and chemist have been gradually added to those of the astronomer, to the great advantage of all concerned.

This policy applies equally to small and large observatories, as I found when a boy, working with a little lathe, a small spectroscope and induction coil, and a 4-inch telescope; later at the Kenwood Observatory, where I had some good machine tools; and subsequently at the Yerkes Observatory, where these machine tools served as the nucleus of a shop in which we built a large part of our instrumental equipment, with the aid of small gifts from the Rumford and Draper Funds and from several friends.

I could give scores of illustrations from our experience at Pasadena and Mount Wilson where our shops and laboratories, supplying the very lifeblood of the Observatory, have been run to full capacity since their beginning in 1904. Electric arcs, sparks, vacuum tubes, furnaces, and other light-sources, frequently improved in the light of astronomical demands or physical discoveries, have been used constantly from the first, with results of vital importance. When equipping the original laboratory I ventured to include a large electromagnet and polarizing apparatus, recognizing that they would at least be useful in classifying spectral lines. Three years later they proved to be the indispensable means of identifying and studying magnetic phenomena in the sun. The temperature classification of spectral lines, the development of a new method of measuring stellar distances, the analysis of solar and stellar atmospheres at various levels, the precise measurement of standard lines and solar spectrum wavelengths and the determination of the Einstein effect in the sun, the discovery of new elements and new isotopes in celestial sources, the first use of the Koch microphotometer in astronomical work, Michelson's application of the interferometer for measuring star diameters, the development of large reflecting telescopes, the tower telescope in various

forms, vacuum thermocouples and radiometers for measuring stellar and planetary radiation, spectroscopes, spectroheliographs, and spectrohelioscopes of many types, apparatus for the ultraviolet measurement of fluctuations in solar radiation, means for the study of stellar spectra under high dispersion—these are some conspicuous instances of the advantages at Mount Wilson of utilizing shops, laboratories, telescopes, and their accessories in the most intimate union.

The recognition of these advantages by the International Education Board has enabled us to plan the Astrophysical Observatory of the California Institute so as to supplement and extend our present combined facilities. Designs for its Astrophysical Laboratory and Instrument Shop, soon to be erected on the grounds of the California Institute, have recently been completed. The Laboratory will serve for the Pasadena headquarters of the resident and visiting astronomers and physicists, the measurement and reduction of photographs taken with the 200-inch telescope at its mountain site, the performance of experiments for the interpretation of these observations with the aid of instruments and methods available neither in the Bridge and Gates Laboratories of the Institute nor in the laboratories of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and for the work of the Graduate School of Astrophysics. Here, too, will be devised the new instruments and methods which the neighboring Instrument and Optical Shops will enable us to build and modify as experience suggests.

The scale of these shops will necessarily be determined by the work to be done in them, and this depends, in turn, upon the scale of the 200-inch telescope. The largest parts of the telescope mounting, which demand the use of huge boring mills, planers, and other machine tools of great capacity, will not be constructed here. These can be built once for all in commercial machine shops, as they do not require the frequent modi-

fications often necessary, for example, in large auxiliary instruments during their period of development. In general, standard instruments will be purchased, whenever possible, from commercial makers; large machine work will be entrusted to commercial shops competent to produce it with the necessary precision; and the capacity of our own shops will be determined in the light of our Mount Wilson experience.

As the optical work on the 200-inch and other mirror discs should be done by our own opticians, the Optical Shop must be built on a large scale. This is evident when the diameter and weight of the 200-inch disc and its auxiliary mirrors, and the consequent size of the grinding and polishing machinery are borne in mind. We at first considered the advisability of erecting this Optical Shop at the mountain site of the telescope; but it must be close to the instrument shop, and this in turn must be near the Astrophysical Laboratory. Moreover, the advantage of using the heating and power plants of the California Institute, and several other important arguments, leave no doubt as to the desirability of building the Optical Shop in Pasadena. It is now assumed that the 200-inch mirror disc will be made at the Thomson Research Laboratory, or some other point where adequate facilities for the work are available, and then shipped to Pasadena in its rough state.

V

When I began photographic work with microscope and telescope in the early eighties all commercial plates were insensitive to yellow and red light. To sensitize them for the yellow, a few years later we bathed them in a solution of erythrosin. It was not until early in the present century that plates sufficiently sensitive in the red to serve for the photography of the hydrogen atmosphere of the sun became available. Since then the advance has continued far into the invisible infra-red, recently

enabling Babcock in our Pasadena Laboratory to discover lines of fundamental importance to our knowledge of the sun. We owe these infra-red plates, invaluable for the study of a host of astrophysical, physical, and chemical phenomena, to the activities of the Eastman Research Laboratory under the direction of Dr. C. E. K. Mees. Here, with the cordial approval of both Mr. George Eastman and Doctor Mees, many other problems of vital importance to the 200-inch telescope are sure to find their solution.

Foremost of these is the production of plates of the highest sensitiveness combined with very fine grain. A star image on the most sensitive plates now available commercially looks under high magnification like a heap of coarse sand. For this reason we are compelled to employ slower plates, of finer grain, for many kinds of work, thus greatly increasing the necessary exposure time and virtually diminishing the size and output of the telescope. These illustrations will suffice to indicate the importance of improving the many photographic processes required for astrophysical research.

The fable that Archimedes set fire to the Roman ships at Syracuse by focusing upon them the sun's rays has found more substantial applications in modern times. Large burning lenses and concave mirrors were long ago used to perform chemical experiments and to vaporize metals, and recently Straubel of the Carl Zeiss Company has found it possible to obtain a temperature of nearly 5,000° Centigrade (9,000° Fahrenheit) at the focus of a searchlight mirror. As this will instantly vaporize tungsten and is within about 1,000° of the surface temperature of the sun, a properly designed "solar furnace" should be of great service in extending the range of our electric furnaces, so successfully used by King and others for the spectroscopic interpretation of astrophysical phenomena. We are accordingly considering the construction of such a

furnace for our new Astrophysical Laboratory.

If space were available, I might go on to describe other instrumental improvements already under investigation, as well as our plans for theoretical researches, and the development of a graduate school of astrophysics.

The success of the whole undertaking obviously depends upon the initiation and development of a wise policy of design, construction, and operation, and the provision of the necessary financial support. As for the latter, an adequate income has just been promised for the early operation of the Astrophysical Laboratory and Graduate School of Astrophysics, and a much larger sum is assured for the work of the Observatory when completed. The Observatory Council, in charge of the entire project, includes Henry M. Robinson, best known internationally as one of the authors of the Dawes plan and as a leading representative of the United States at Versailles and Geneva; Robert A. Millikan, whose studies of the cosmic rays and the structure and radiation of the atom are organically related to the astrophysical researches in view; and Arthur A. Noyes, whose physico-chemical investigations also enter directly into our general attack on the constitution of matter and the interpretation of cosmic phenomena. Dr. John A. Anderson, Executive Officer of the Observatory Council, is as widely recognized for his skill in devising optical instruments as for his investigations made with their aid. The Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. Walter S. Adams, which works in the closest relations with the Observatory Council, and the list of our other advisers in this country and abroad, include many authorities in various fields of science and engineering.

Certain minds of the "practical" type, regardless of the attitude of our greatest statesmen and industrial leaders and unconscious of the history of constructive thought, sometimes raise the old question, *cui bono?* What is the

good of astronomy or, indeed, of any form of pure science? I have already attempted to answer the general question in a paper published in this Magazine entitled "Science and the Wealth of Nations," but a more specific reference to astronomy and especially to the value of large telescopes may appropriately close the present article.

Look back over sixty centuries and see the Egyptian priests nightly observing the heavens from the summits of their temples. Like a vast clock, the celestial sphere, turning from east to west, marked by the meridian passage of familiar stars the hours for their devotions and the months of their simple but essential calendar. From these crude beginnings arose the precise measurement of time and the regulation of the calendar, our accurate methods of surveying and mapping the face of the earth, and our safe means of navigating both sea and air.

To realize our larger debt to astronomy read Henri Poincaré's book, *The Value of Science*. The basis of science is the knowledge of natural law, and we owe the conquest of law to astronomy. Where would our modern civilization be, asks Poincaré, if the earth, like Jupiter, had always been enveloped in clouds? Our remote ancestors were creatures of superstition, surrounded by mysteries, startled at every display of incomprehensible forces, accustomed to attribute all natural phenomena to the caprice of good and evil spirits. To-day we no longer implore the aid of genii, but utilize natural laws, of which we are constantly learning more. Recognizing, as we do, the unchangeable basis of these laws, we do not foolishly demand that they be changed, but submit ourselves to them, and use them for the advantage of mankind.

Astronomy taught us the existence of the laws of nature. The Chaldeans, observing the heavens even more attentively than the Egyptians, perceived harmony of motion and sequence of phenomena. Day and night, the round

of the seasons, the phases of the moon, the periodic wanderings of the planets held their attention and encouraged their study. Their work was continued by the Greek astronomers, who discovered law after law with the simple instruments at their command. Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo fixed the sun at the center of our system, shattered the mediæval mode of thought, and prepared the way for Newton, who finally announced the most general of all natural laws.

Encouraged by these never-ending successes, students turned their attention to the phenomena of the earth's surface, and found in their apparent disorder the same harmony and the same reign of law. But the infinite variety of nature, the conflict of forces, and the extreme complexity of terrestrial phenomena would have greatly delayed progress if the simple and easily-discovered laws, emblazoned on the heavens, had not pointed the way. Faced with discouragement, the physicist or the zoologist could fall back upon the assurance, which astronomy had repeatedly afforded, that nature does obey laws. Their task, therefore, was to discover these laws, and to persist in their endeavors until the difficulties had been overcome.

To the astronomical and physical researches of Galileo we are chiefly indebted for our escape from the magic and superstition of the past. But we owe him a larger debt. His telescope, followed by others of increasing power, pushed back the hampering boundaries of the universe and advanced step by step into larger and larger spheres, where the same laws are found to reign, unbroken by distance or by time. Thus arose a new and vast conception of an ordered cosmos, stretching away to the countless "island universes" beyond our

own galactic island, in which the solar system is as a grain of sand. In this conception we may glimpse the imprint of a creator, infinitely above the tribal deities of early man, whose immutable laws it is our first duty and greatest advantage to discover and to obey.

During our own time spectrum analysis, initiated by Kirchhoff's study of the sun, has revealed the unity of terrestrial and celestial substance and provided the means of tracing the evolution of stars and nebulae and the systems in which they are grouped. Moreover, it has served as our guide to the true nature of matter and the advancement of the fundamental sciences of physics and chemistry. The first harmonic series of spectrum lines and the first ionized atoms (lacking one or more electrons), vital clues to the modern theory of matter, were found in the sun and stars. Quickly, with the aid of powerful telescopes, the vast experiments performed for us in these celestial laboratories have added to basic knowledge. The three most vital tests of the Einstein theory can be made only with the telescope. Matter two thousand times as dense as platinum has been found in the companion of Sirius. Oxygen and nitrogen in "forbidden" forms have been detected in the excessively rare gases of the Great Nebula of Orion. The transformation of matter into radiation, predicted by physical theory, is attested by stellar observations. And now we may hope that the complex problem of the curvature of space will be settled by celestial measures. Can one doubt that a telescope powerful enough to carry all these studies far beyond our present possibilities will prove profitable, not merely to the astronomer but to the physicist, the chemist, and to all who utilize the results of science in the many-sided problems of modern life?



THE TEN TIN CANS

A STORY

BY GEORGE BOWLES

THE Bogeyman was the cause of it all. It was through him that I first became acquainted with Gasparé, and she it was who brought about the meeting with Bouquet Charlie, the Coco King; which led to adventurous experiences in which snow birds, hop fiends, dealers in narcotics, smugglers, policemen, and revenue officers played principal parts.

This is how it fell about.

The Bogeyman and I had been on a little bender; on the loose, as it were. We had spent the afternoon on the Butte of Montmartre and had dined on the terrace of one of those queer restaurants which hide almost under the walls of Sacré Cœur, in the little Place du Tertre. The jugglers, the fire-eaters and the silhouette-cutters had entertained us, and we had gone for our coffee to the Café of the Lively Rabbit; after which, seeking the level of the boulevards, we had gradually drifted down hill, stopping at the Dead Rat and at the resort where The Rat Is Not Dead, until, with a brief call at l'Ane Rouge, we reached a favorite haunt in the Place Edouard VII. It was the Bogeyman's birthday, and I was giving him a good time. That morning I had presented him with a new collar, decorated with silver bells and a golden dingle-dangle bearing, in chaste Roman characters, his name and address. This had been lost during our peregrinations. My silk pocket handkerchief, the color of which matched my socks and cravat, was also missing and so was my umbrella. Look-

ing in the mirror over the bar, I observed that my cravat was very much awry; all of which suggested to me that it was time to go home. Being a man of quick decision, I made for the door, followed by the Bogeyman, who, by the way, is a little dog, a Belgian griffon, who weighs only five pounds including his whiskers, which are of the fashion known as Galways.

We crossed the square where the late King Edward, in a cocked hat, sits on a cock-eyed horse, went down a little street, under an archway, and emerged into the rue Caumartin. It happened that I knew just one more place, a little bit to the left, where I contemplated stopping before taking a taxi to our hotel. As we reached the corner I threw the helm over hard-a-port. Having done a bit of catboating in my time, it is difficult to refrain from slipping now and then into nautical vernacular. In the operation of going to port I forgot for an instant my small, four-footed companion, but I was abruptly warned of my neglect by a woman's shriek, and the next moment I met Gasparé.

She had the Bogeyman in her arms and was saying things to me in a foreign tongue, things which I did not understand, but which, obviously, were not of a complimentary nature. This was evident from the tone of her voice, the expression of her face, and the way she stamped her little foot. I could see by the electric light that her foot was very dainty and, being something of a diplomat, and also, in order to make a duet

out of what had so far been a rather high-pitched solo, I proclaimed in soothing tones my admiration of little feet in general and of Gasparé's in particular.

Of course, at that time I did not know that her name was Gasparé. This information was obtained later when we were seated in the Black Cat café talking matters over. It was well that we went to the Black Cat café or I should never have known that just as I threw the helm over hard-a-port the Bogeyman had nearly been crushed by a taxi; that Gasparé, at the risk of her life, had saved him, and that she spoke English as well or better than I did.

Lifting a glass of the vintage of 1914 to her cherry lips, she vouchsafed the information that her name was Gasparé.

"Mine is Robinson," I responded. In a moment it struck me that I might better have said that it was Smith; but that not too original idea came a trifle late, so she knew my true name.

"You are so good natured and pudgy that I think I shall call you Robbie."

Now, I didn't so much mind her calling me Robbie, and I told her so; but, emphatically, I did not like to be called pudgy. Sturdy, robust, even chunky; but pudgy seemed undignified and a bit too familiar. I was about to express myself to this effect when her next remark came so ingratiatingly that I forgot to do so.

"I think you are just awfully nice," she chirped and then, in a more convincing tone, she said that she was hungry.

What is one to do under such circumstances? Unquestionably, demand the menu card. That is what I did. A small sirloin steak, smothered with onions, was all she wanted with some lettuce salad, some cheese, and a little fruit. She might think of something else later on. To keep her company, I ordered a sandwich, and she was just telling me about her cruel life in Russia during the revolution; how, when her father, the grand duke, was killed by the proletariat (or was it the bourgeoisie?) she escaped on a sledge drawn by her faithful dogs,

and, after weeks crossing the snow-clad steppes, finally arrived at Monte Carlo. She had reached that part of this harrowing tale where her father's court chamberlain, now a professional dancer at the Café Riche, had lifted her from her sledge, as she was about to expire of starvation, when The Fat Girl appeared. She, also, was expiring of starvation; in fact, had not eaten for many days. When Gasparé revealed this to me there was not much else to do but to ask The Fat Girl to join us. This she graciously did. She took a cocktail first, then a dozen oysters while the chicken was being cooked. Gasparé's steak and onions arrived about this time, and The Fat Girl sampled them. Then she ate her chicken, with some potatoes and green peas and followed these with some endive salad garnished with truffles and embellished with a special dressing which she made herself, with the assistance of two or three waiters and a dozen or so different condiments. After this, a rum omelette and a package of cigarettes sufficed. My sandwich had been eaten long ago, and Gasparé had finished her third peach, just to keep The Fat Girl company, she explained, when the afore-said Fat Girl whispered something in her ear.

"She says she wants some hop," said Gasparé.

"Some what?" asked I.

"Some dope, some coco, some snow. She thinks you look like a man who would know where to get it."

"I? Good heavens, no. I have read about those things—De Quincey, Sax Romer, and so on—but I have never even seen dope. What is it like?"

"Well, if you are so curious and really insist, perhaps we can find some. Suppose you pay the bill and we will par-tee. *V'estiare!* Tax-e-e-e!"

When the taxi came it was in my mind to bid the ladies farewell; but the spirit of adventure possessed me, and so, perhaps, did the spirit of 1914. At any rate, I forgot that I had engagements of

importance on the morrow, or, rather, on that very day, as the morrow had already come. So I stood on the curb in front of the Black Cat café and argued it out mentally, whether I should go home or go where the coco was; but, before I came to any decision, I was pushed in the taxi and landed plump in The Fat Girl's lap; which, in passing, I might remark, was commodious and comfortable. Sitting there, the time passed pleasantly, and I think I must have dozed a bit, because I seem to have had visions of bul-buls, houris, and strange perfumes. Then the motor stopped, the door opened, and a gorgeously garbed and most majestic-looking commissionaire grasped me firmly by the arm and assisted me to alight. As he aided The Fat Girl and Gasparé, who, by the way, was carrying the Bogeyman in the folds of her fur coat, I paid the taxi-man and gave him a tip. We were led up a gorgeous stairway, ushered into a brilliantly lighted room full of mellow-looking people and escorted to a table, where somebody ordered a bottle of 1914. It was all gone, all drunk up, but the waiter recommended 1924, which he said was quite as good and which I found out later was quite as expensive. The Fat Girl having slaked her thirst, lapsed into a state of coma, but Gasparé was all alert. She glanced around the crowded room, evidently seeking someone. Disappointed, she stood on a chair to get a better view; then she flounced about the place for awhile. Suddenly, returning to our table, her face lighted up as she looked intently at a corner near the entrance door, where there was a bar at which several of the élite appeared to be practicing. She vigorously shook The Fat Girl and, pointing towards the bar, looked at her inquiringly. The Fat Girl came to life for a moment, glanced in the direction indicated, grunted affirmatively, and said, "*Oui. C'est lui.*"

"Yes. It is he," repeated Gasparé. "Your eyes are clearer than mine to-

night but, now that he is here, mine will be brighter soon."

With which cryptic remark, she steered what might be termed a great-circle course toward a tall, dark person who lounged in the extreme corner of the room and appeared to be doing his best to make himself inconspicuous. His greeting to Gasparé, however, was cordial, and for some moments they engaged in what appeared to be very serious conversation. Then she laid a course which, with a few tacks, brought her to the ladies' retiring room, where she disappeared.

Time went on, and I began to get fidgety. The Bogeyman seemed to be fidgety also. He scratched his ear with his left hind foot and looked at me in an appealing way, as though he were fed up with things and wished the party were over. As a matter of fact, I was feeling the same way. The Fat Girl, while not asleep, had a somnolent look on her bovine face and an anticipatory glint in her melting eyes which seemed to indicate hope deferred but hope about to be realized.

The waiter arrived with the *addition* and I paid him, with an idea that, if I had to make a quick get-away, there would be no financial obligation to detain me. In fact, I made a move to rise, but The Fat Girl became alert at once.

"*Où allez-vous?*" she inquired.

"Don't you speak English?" I countered.

"Yes, I speak leetle. Is it not that you make enjoyed yourself here?"

"Oh, yes. I am enjoying myself hugely, but I am anxious about Gasparé. Where has she gone?"

"She make a business. She come back the more soon she can."

We lapsed into silence. Then I noticed that the tall, dark man was approaching. He strolled towards our table and made a pretense of passing it, but, as he did so, he stooped and apparently picked some object from off the floor. He held it in his hand and exam-

ined it curiously; then he placed it on our table and said, in a very soft, suave voice, "Pardon me, sir; but you appear to have dropped your cigarette holder."

If there is anything that I abominate it is cigarettes, but, before I could explain that I did not use them—a pipe, or, now and then, a cigar being more to my liking—he had passed on; although, ere he departed, I distinctly observed a most perceptible twitching of the left eyelid—emphatically a wink.

The brief glimpse that I had convinced me that he was a rather unusual person. About six feet in height, sinewy and strong; sleek as an otter and graceful as a bamboo; he had a bold eye, a quizzical smile, a very dark complexion, an over-large boutonnière in the lapel of his perfectly cut coat, and the most remarkable pair of checkered trousers that I had ever seen—large checks of brown and white—quite stunning, I thought, with a knife-edge down the front of his long, slender legs like the bow of a submarine chaser. There was nothing about him to suggest the law-breaker; yet, later on, I was to learn that this was a notorious smuggler of drugs, known to the police and to the underworld as Bouquet Charlie, a man so clever that, although many a trap had been laid for him, he had never been caught, and not an atom of evidence had been found against him.

The cigarette holder still lay upon the table, and I picked it up. It was a cheap, wooden affair, long and thick in the barrel. I was about to toss it away when I noticed that the mouth was stuffed with a small piece of newspaper and I observed also that The Fat Girl's hand was clutching my arm.

"No putting down," she exclaimed. "*Ne touchez pas.*"

"I am going to open it just the same," I said. "I am getting suspicious and I don't like this business; especially the way that man winked at me. What was that for?"

"He make to you zee high-sign. He think you are a good sport man. Isn't it?"

I did not appreciate the compliment of being called "a good sport man," and I had just opened my pocket knife to pry the paper out of the end of the cigarette holder when Gasparé stood over me, grabbed the holder, and said:

"Don't do that. You will spill the coke!"

There is a café in the rue Volney at Paris which is much frequented by Englishmen and Americans. It is quiet and more like a club than a public house. There are comfortable easy chairs and files of the English-language newspapers, and there are little tables at which dominoes, checkers, and other innocent games are played. It was to this café that I made my way the next afternoon as soon as my aching head and wobbling legs would permit. Into a big armchair by the fire in the back room I cuddled and felt better, especially after imbibing a stimulant of a peculiar nature, known only to Ernst, the barman, who has prescribed for many such cases before.

As my nerves got steadier and my brain began to function again I thought of the events of the night before, and I remembered that after my two companions had retired with the mysterious cigarette holder, the Bogeyman and I had made an unceremonious exit from the gilded night palace. But as we went down the stairs we had noticed several gendarmes coming up and, at the lower door, we had been stopped by a serious-looking officer, who had searched us and, not finding what he was looking for, whatever that might have been, had examined my card of identity and, finding it in order, had accommodately called a taxi and told us to "*allez-vous-en,*" which is the French for "Beat it" or "Get to hell out of here."

Rambling, reminiscent thoughts of this sort passing through my still befogged brain, I picked up a newspaper; really to see what day it was. I noticed that it was *jeudi*. That is Thursday, I thought. Hang it, this is a French paper. I was about to put it down and

seek one of the Paris papers that are published in English, when I was confronted by something that startled me. It was at the top of the first column on the front page, where the editorials usually appear and, in big, black type, it read:

LE TRAFIC DES STUPEFIANTS!

A Montmartre hier soir la police a arrêté une dizaine de personnes soupçonnées de se livrer au trafic des stupéfiants. De grandes quantités de morphine et de cocaïne auraient été passées en fraude par celles-ci en Italie. Certaines de ces arrestations auraient été opérées il y a déjà quelque temps, mais, dans l'intérêt de l'enquête, elles avaient été passées sous silence.

My slight knowledge of the French language told me that this had something to say about a police raid in Montmartre the night before, when ten drug dealers had been arrested. I was nervously and laboriously trying to translate the story when a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. With guilty fear I looked up and was relieved to see that it was my American friend Bob Floyd, who is in the silk business and has lived in France for over thirty years.

"Have a drink, Bob, and please tell me what this says."

Ernst obliged with another, and Mr. Floyd glanced over the article.

"Oh, it is nothing much. Just another raid by the French Sureté on the dope merchants. It appears that the police have been lying low for some time, keeping their information secret, in the hope of catching a notorious trafficker in drugs who is known as Bouquet Charlie and who brings the stuff in from the Far East by way of Italian ports. It seems also that there is a man higher up who is said to be the head of the opium ring—the master mind, as it were. The paper describes him as 'trapu,' urbane, and bald-headed, but artful and shifty-looking. Had a little dog with him last night. By jove, Robinson, it sounds like you. You were not at Montmartre last night, were you? And

where is that bloodhound you carry around with you?"

There was nothing for it, and I needed advice and help, so I told all the sorry tale of my escapade to my friend. He appeared to enjoy it very much and was especially keen to know how I got out of the clutches of the police and where I was to meet my pal Bouquet Charlie, who, it seemed, had made his escape with the gentleman who was known as "The Master Mind." Pretending in a half-hearted way to believe in my innocence and professing a sincere desire to protect me from unpleasant consequences, Mr. Floyd made a suggestion that I was glad to adopt.

"The thing for you to do is to get under cover until this quiets down. Where is the dog? At your hotel? That's good. Give me a note to the manager and the key to your room. Then wait here until I return."

Two aching, anxious hours passed. I concealed myself as well as possible, being consoled occasionally by Ernst, who brought me long, cool drinks in tall glasses. Suddenly, with great exuberance, Floyd burst in.

"Got it all fixed," he said. "Packed your bag; it's outside in a taxi. Porter will send your trunk on later, when you give address. Pup's in his box, also in the taxi. Glad you haven't had a shave for two days. Put on these spectacles. Great! Couldn't tell you from Comrade Smolensky. Don't wear a collar and learn to sing the 'Internationale.' Now, hop it with me."

We got into the taxi and went to the Gare de Lyon. I sat on a bench in the waiting room while Floyd, who seemed to consider my predicament a great joke, went to the booking office. Soon he returned, registering glee in every wrinkle of his mischievous old mug.

"Couldn't be better. Got you a stateroom on the Rapide all to yourself. Bought your ticket to Nice. You get there about eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Leave the train and go straight to the consulate. Get your

passport viséd for Italy and cross the border to-morrow night. Go to Genoa. You will be safe there and it is a pretty good town. If you tire of it, of course there are plenty of other good places to go to. Here are five hundred francs. That amount, added to your hotel bill, the price of your ticket, and other expenses, makes two thousand seven hundred francs. Send me a check for it when you can."

Although I did not say so, Italy did not sound good to me. Didn't the newspaper article say that Bouquet Charlie transacted his business through Italian ports? I had no desire to see that gentleman, or his checkered trousers, again; so I decided to throw my friend Floyd off of the track, especially as I felt that he would make my misfortunes a subject of jest among our mutual friends and might inadvertently put the police on my trail. My check book and fountain pen being handy, I gave him a check there and then; thus avoiding the necessity of writing to him and disclosing my future place of refuge. He escorted me to the train and, with rather hypocritical thanks, I was about to bid him good-by, when a thought which had lurked in my mind came to me and I said:

"That newspaper report described the man with the master mind as being bald-headed and '*trapu*.' What does '*trapu*' mean?"

"Pudgy, I should call it," answered that wretch Floyd, and the Rapide pulled out for the Riviera.

In the morning, with brain refreshed by a good, sound sleep, I hatched out a plan of action. What does the fox do when he flees the hounds? The wily beast doubles on his tracks, does he not? I could be as foxy as anybody. I would double on my tracks also, or, rather, on the tracks of the Paris, Lyons, and Méditerranée Railway. I got to Nice, had my passport viséd for Italy, and then caught the first train back to Toulon. I selected Toulon because tourists

do not go there very much—no English or American pests prying into one's affairs. It was dinner time when I arrived, and I strolled across to the Terminus Hotel to get a bite before deciding upon a permanent abiding place. There was a delightful feeling of freedom in being in a strange town where no one knew me and where I knew nobody.

The Terminus Hotel has a long verandah, raised several feet above the level of the street. There are tables there where people may drink and dine; but as I got nearer, below the very first table, I beheld a sight that shocked and frightened me. It was no less than a pair of brown-and-white checkered trousers. Looking higher, I saw a large, white chrysanthemum, and just above that a dark face, a quizzical smile, and a bold eye, which unmistakably winked at me. The high-sign and Bouquet Charlie! I must away from here. Signalling full speed astern to the porter who was carrying my things, I executed a swift retreat to the railway station. Luckily a train was just pulling out, westbound. I boarded it. An accommodating fellow-passenger told me about a little place a short distance farther on; a place practically unknown and not in the guide books. There I got off.

And here I am! Six months of serenity and peace have passed. I have a little flat in this nice little town. My windows look out over the Mediterranean, and from them I can see my little motor boat tied up to the jetty. Only my bankers at Paris know my exact whereabouts. I have two good friends here: the Major and the Heavy Dragoon. As I glance from my window up the Promenade des Palmiers, I observe them approaching. A lady is between them. I shall go down and see who it is.

They are drawing near. The Major has the conquering look of a three-time winner. Clinging confidently to his arm is a dainty thing, with trim legs and very small feet. Where have I seen feet as

small as those before? My memory is troubled. The Heavy Dragoon stalks along as though he were leading his regiment—six-feet-two of doughty dignity. He recognizes me first, and speaks:

"Haw! It's Robinson," he says.

The Major looks up, and I look down; down at the little feet. There can be no mistake. It is Gasparé.

"Countess, may I present Mr. Robinson. Robinson, permit me to introduce you to Wanda de Ridska, Countess of Cracow." Thus spoke the Major.

The "countess" smiled charmingly, said something that sounded like "enchanted," and winked at me twice with her left eye. Once more the high-sign! It was evident that this was not only a signal of recognition, but a gesture of comradeship.

What was I to do? Peach on her? In Paris we had broken bread together—also a few bottles of champagne; 1914 and 1924, as I remembered it. Among Arabs the breaking of bread is a seal of sacred friendship; but, not being an Arab, I did not take the custom so seriously. Nevertheless, I decided to be a good sport and say nothing, to maintain a policy of silent watchfulness, as it were, cautious and observant; for I suspected that Gasparé might be up to some of her old tricks—perhaps looking for another cigarette holder full of coco. Such a thing as fifty liters of it, in ten tin cans, never entered my head.

The Major appeared to be particularly anxious to impress upon Gasparé, or the Countess, as he called her, my prowess as a sailor. He told of my "*promenades en mer*" in my motor boat and of the skill with which I always brought it back to the dock about cocktail time. According to him I knew all the waters of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Port Said, and could have given Captain Kidd and The Flying Dutchman points on deep-sea sailing. He suggested that I might take her for a boat ride sometime. He seemed to be laying it on pretty thick, but I had to be polite; so I said I should be pleased to take her out

any time. To my surprise, she decided to go at once. It seemed that I was in for it. There was the boat tied to the wharf, and there was nothing for it but to get under way. As we moved out of the harbor my early suspicions were somewhat quieted by her first remark.

She appeared to be interested in navigation and asked if I knew the channel from the high sea into the bay. Of course I did, every bit of it, and the shallows on either side, and the rocks where the fish lay. Good! She felt safe with so experienced a seaman. And how did we, on that vast expanse of water, find the right places and always the same places to fish?

"That is as easy as falling off the water wagon," I explained. "It is done by taking cross bearings. For instance, do you see that palm leaf waving above the water? We shall approach it. It is stuck in a large, flat piece of cork, to which is attached a long line, and down below there is a lobster pot. It is a small signal, but the lobsterman always finds it."

"Could you find it again, out here in this wide sea?"

"Of course I could. Look over there to the south. You see far away a lighthouse on an island. That is very distinct, isn't it? Now look to the north, in an exactly opposite direction. Notice the hotel tower with the flagstaff. Our boat is in a direct line between the lighthouse and the flagstaff."

"Very simple," murmured Gasparé.

"Not at all. One might have to traverse almost the entire line from the flagstaff to the lighthouse to find that little bit of palm leaf. That is where the cross bearings come in. Let us find a line that crosses our first line just where the palm leaf is. There you are, that hill to the left and the old fort to the right. Where the two lines cross lies the palm leaf."

"It is perfectly wonderful," gurgled Gasparé, in a tone of admiration that made me thrill; "but how would you find it at night?"

"Not so easy, but a navigator could do it," and I puffed out my chest.

"Could you do it?"

"Naturally. The lighthouse would be plain enough, and at night there is a light on the flagstaff. Under the old fort is a roadway which is lighted at night. The third electric-light post on this side would answer admirably, but the hilltop might not be visible of a dark night; therefore, we must take compass bearings." Taking out my pocket compass, I sighted the hilltop. It lay southeast, two points south, and I so informed Gasparé.

"Please tell it over again, slowly," she requested. I did so, and she wrote it down with a gold pencil on a little ivory tablet.

"Now, let's go home," she suggested, apparently having lost interest in the subject.

When we landed and I turned her over again to the Major and the Dragoon, she asked another question. "Is there plenty of water for a big boat where the palm leaf waves?"

"Between three and four fathoms, I should say."

As the Major gathered Wanda de Ridska, Countess of Cracow, under his wing and took her away in his car, I began to wonder why all these nautical technicalities interested her so much. The Heavy Dragoon seemed to be curious too, for he pumped me dry about the motor-boat trip and made me repeat several times our conversation about the cross bearings and the location of the palm leaf.

Time passed and one morning, about ten days later, there came sailing into the bay a very extraordinary craft. A light westerly wind was blowing, and she was a mass of canvas. I noticed that she kept far over toward the easterly shore, too far if she intended to make the inner harbor without tacking. She had plenty of water over there, about three or four fathoms; but it would be a beat against the wind if she intended coming into the roadstead. I was thinking that

her captain must be a bad seaman when I saw her come sharply about just at the spot where I knew the palm leaf was waving. And I also thought I saw something go overboard at the same time. Four fathoms, the palm leaf, Gasparé's ivory tablet. Rather odd!

The boat tacked slowly to a mooring not far from the wharf and I put out in my boat to look her over. A queer craft! One tall mast and a towering topmast; a very long gaff, on which the mainsail drew out like a curtain; an extraordinary spar forward, half foremast and half bowsprit, set at an angle of forty-five degrees and carrying a terrific foresail, and below it a conventional bowsprit on which could be rigged a jib. On her stern she bore the legend, *Nuovo Chiavari*.

A sailor was leaning over the bulwarks, and I called out to him, "What sort of a ship is this?"

"It is an Italian *navicella*," he replied in perfect English, "from Viareggio, with marble for Marseilles."

Just then I got a better look at him. He wore a picturesque red beret, a black shirt, and a crimson sash. There was a flower pinned to his shirt. With his left eye he winked twice at me. Again the high-sign! On account of the bulwarks I could not see below the crimson sash, but I was sure the checkered trousers were there. Was I surprised? Not at all. It was just what I expected. The *Nuovo Chiavari* might be carrying marble to Marseilles, but it was dollars to doughnuts that she also had a pinch of coco on board.

After the arrival of the *navicella* events followed one another with considerable speed. It would seem that I was not the only one who suspected that the *Nuovo Chiavari* had something else on board besides her cargo of marble. A police boat had visited her but had found no evidence of anything contraband. However, there were several coast guards strolling up and down the water front, and I was told that the chief

of the Marseilles Sureté was closeted with the Mayor. I wondered whether I had better tell the police what I knew about Gasparé and Bouquet Charlie, and it also occurred to me that perhaps I should warn the Major and the Heavy Dragoon not to be too chummy with their friend the "Countess."

As I was debating whether to talk or to mind my own business, the Dragoon hove in sight. He appeared to be unusually animated and when he spoke was almost voluble.

"Want you to dine with me at the hotel. We'll go in your boat."

"Why in the boat?" Night was coming on. "Why not in the hotel bus?"

"Little secret," whispered the Dragoon. "Wanda wishes it. She wants to go boating after dinner. With you, alone. Ha, ha! One on the Major. What?"

But I knew better. There was something more serious than putting one over on the Major. History was beginning to repeat itself. Gasparé, Bouquet Charlie, the high-sign, checkered trousers—perhaps The Fat Girl! The only new things in the plot were the coast guards and the *navicella*. I thought, and thought hard, so hard that the effort pained me. I had best dissemble, play the innocent and, perhaps, I might unearth the secrets of the drug ring. I might even be a factor in bringing to justice the man with the master mind, who looked like me. To the boat then, with that stupid ass, the Dragoon. I would see the thing through.

Ruminating thus, the boat reached the dock of the Grand Hotel, and soon we stepped ashore. Hardly a word had passed on the trip, and the Dragoon, dense as he was, had apparently noticed that I was mentally absorbed and somewhat distraught. Showing that he had no soul, imagination, or originality, he vouchsafed that very trite remark, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Could it be, on his part, an unconscious warning, a warning that I was en-

tering upon a hazardous affair? At any rate, the silly remark showed me that I must equivocate, that I must disguise my real purpose behind a mask of jollity, must play the guileless idiot, that I might circumvent and out-manuever my quarry. The look of sternness left my face, and I assumed a cheerful mien. In order to appear merry and carefree, as we walked up the long dock towards the hotel I let out a roar of laughter, followed by a subtle chuckle; but the Dragoon again displayed his utter lack of comprehension by suggesting that if I had a stomachache a brandy and soda would do me good. I scorned to reply, but when we were seated at the dining table I did take a brandy and soda. In fact, at my companion's suggestion and feeling that I might have caught a chill on the boat ride, I took a second brandy and soda, after which my plans seemed to assume clearer form. Indeed, ideas came so fast that I was moved to jot them down, and I was engaged in this occupation when Gasparé and the coffee appeared simultaneously.

As I expected her to do, she immediately suggested the boating expedition, but, to get a clue to her designs, I demurred, saying that I thought it was too late and the night too dark.

"But that is the very thing," she coyly argued. "You said you could find that floating palm leaf on the darkest night. I want to test your ability as a navigator."

Deceitful jade. She cared not a jot about my navigatorial skill. It was the palm leaf she sought. What for? Why hunt for a frazzled palm leaf on a vacant ocean? Why leave the simple pleasures of this bright dining room to go out in a mucky boat after a leaf stuck in a piece of cork? Why? That was for me to find out. That was my job from now on. With dignity, I led the way to the dock, and the Dragoon, with much unnecessary fuss, assisted us into the boat.

I have noticed that motors run better at night than in the daytime. On this particular evening it was marvellous

how the boat sped along. Gasparé took the tiller, saying that she wanted to test the course which I had given her and which she had noted on her little tablet. In the darkness she could not see the tablet, but this seemed to make no difference, as, with unfaltering skill, she kept the bow on the lighthouse ahead. As I watched the beacon it unmistakably winked. It winked twice, then went out and winked again. Of course I knew this was its particular signal to mariners, as recorded on the charts; but, just the same, it seemed like an omen, like that plagued high-sign. Uncanny, this was. I was deep in thought on the subject, when someone threw out the clutch, and the boat stopped. Astonishing as it may seem, Gasparé had the palm leaf in her hand.

Instantly, she assumed a domineering manner. "Pull up this rope," she ordered.

This was her undoing. I may be cajoled but never commanded.

"Not on your life," I replied. "That is the fisherman's lobster pot, and I shall not touch it. Honesty is my middle name."

"Lobster pot be blowed," she vulgarly answered, "and honesty be damned."

So astonished was I at her slang and profanity that for the moment I was disconcerted, and the line of procedure which a detective should take under such circumstances did not occur to me. Cogitating over the dilemma, some time must have elapsed; for, in the interim, Gasparé had been busy, and in the bottom of the boat lay several tin cans. They were of the type known in France as *bidons*. They are usually painted blue and each *bidon* holds five liters of that fluid which makes automobiles and motor boats go.

"What is in those cans?" I curtly demanded.

"Turtle soup," she impudently replied.

By this time there were ten cans in the boat. My indignation knew no bounds, for I seemed to be aiding and abetting a

felony. For the first time in my life I am afraid I was harsh to a woman.

"Consign those cans to the deep," I roared.

"Stop acting and start the boat," she sneered.

With great presence of mind, I grabbed the starting crank and hurled it overboard. "Start it yourself," I yelled.

"Easy enough, but why put me to the trouble?" And that awful woman threw in the clutch.

Off we went. The motor had not been stopped. Curses; but my time would yet come, and so it did, almost immediately.

As we approached the dock I saw the tall form of the Dragoon silhouetted against the sky. Was he friend or enemy? Gasparé appeared to be in doubt, also.

"Where is the Major?" she called.

"Gone away in a car. He asked me to help you with the cans."

Neither friend nor enemy, I concluded. Just a plain simpleton. I must take command.

"Do not touch those cans," I called fiercely. "They are full of hop."

"Never mind about the cans just now," quietly spoke the Dragoon, as he assisted Gasparé to the dock. Then I heard him say to her quickly, "The Major has gone in a hired car. His own car is waiting for you in front of the hotel. He wants you to follow immediately."

"Follow where?" queried Gasparé.

"I can't remember. Stupid of me. Thought you would know. I should recognize the name if I heard it."

"Was it Aix-en-Provence?"

"Yes; that was it. And he says you must come after him quickly, with the cans. Ten of them, I believe. Run to the hotel and get your traps while I put the cans in the car. Mr. Robinson will help me, I am sure."

Off she went, and then the Dragoon smiled knowingly. Perhaps he was not such a simpleton after all. I felt sure

that he did not know before where the Major had gone, and his pretense of forgetfulness was a subterfuge. It seemed to me, also, rather careless of Gasparé to reveal to him the Major's destination. The next move was quite mystifying. The Dragoon pulled me out of the boat and led me to a pile of something under a sailcloth. He jerked the cover off, and there were ten tin cans exactly like those in the boat.

"Come, lend a hand," he commanded, and grabbed two cans, while I, as though hypnotized, seized two more.

"Pretty heavy," I remarked, as I waddled up the dock to the car.

"Quite so; they're full of sand. I filled 'em while you were away yachting."

We made another trip, with four more cans and then, as the Dragoon was depositing the last two in the car, Gasparé appeared and hopped in.

"Do you intend to drive?" asked the Dragoon.

"That will not be necessary," spoke a familiar voice, and from the darkness beneath an acacia tree jauntily stepped Bouquet Charlie, garbed as a chauffeur, wearing a white carnation, but, for the first time in our acquaintance, minus the checkered trousers. He was in the car, had the wheel, and they were off on the road to Aix-en-Provence before I realized what had happened.

The Dragoon did not appear to be much surprised. He was thoughtful. Just to make conversation, I remarked, "At that rate of speed they will catch the Major before he gets to Aix."

"No they won't. He's caught already. He didn't go to Aix. He's gone to jail."

"Then why did you let those two get away?"

"They won't be away very long. They will lead us to the rest of the gang. I didn't know their rendez-vous until she told me. Please wait until I go to the hotel and telephone to Marseilles to have the narcotic squad meet them. It

is only a short run from Marseilles to Aix."

When the Dragoon returned he had a strange man with him. "Now we'll take the boat and go around to the Mayor's office and turn in the dope."

"The motor won't run," I said. "I had a row with that woman and threw the starting crank into the sea."

"Never mind," was the response. "Beranger will row. He is younger than we are, and very obliging. This is Beranger," and he indicated the man who had come with him from the hotel.

"Who is Beranger?" I whispered.

"He is an officer of the French Sureté. You knew him as Alphonse. He waited on us to-night at dinner."

On the boat I got up courage enough to say, "Beranger is one of the Sureté men, but do you mind telling me just who you are?"

The Dragoon handed me a piece of pasteboard, the printing upon which I deciphered by the aid of my cigar lighter. It read: "Robert Ratigan. Central Inspector. New Scotland Yard."

A thrill came to me as I thought I might be under arrest as an accomplice of my erstwhile dope friends. I put the question directly to Mr. Ratigan.

"Oh, no," he answered. "We have known all along that you were only a confiding old fluff. Indeed, you have, unwittingly, been of some assistance to us. In Paris you helped to start us on the scent and here you aided us to catch our quarry."

"Then, instead of being an old fluff, I should get a reward of some sort. The Legion of Honor, for instance."

"No, I think not; but right now you are going to get a bottle of the finest champagne that they have in this town if it costs me as much as thirty francs."

"Well, I am glad I shall get something. Too bad the poor old Major didn't run straight; he'd have got something too."

"Oh, he'll get something all right. He'll get about ten years."



FOOTBALL ON THE WANE?

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

THIS year of all the years that have passed since William Webb Ellis in 1823 "with a fine disregard for the rules of football first took the ball in his arms and ran with it," is, of course, the greatest the sport has ever known. This fall, we are assured by the headlines in the press—headlines that we are obliged to glance at whether we happen to be interested in football or not—we are in the midst of such enthusiasm for the game as the country has never known. The crowds are greater, the interest keener, the competition better, the contests cleaner, the excitement among all sorts and conditions of men is more intense than it was last year—when, as you remember, all records for crowds, interest, competition, cleanness and excitement were broken for the first time in twelve months.

Never have tickets for the big games been so hard to get as this year. Never have speculators asked such outrageous prices. Never has so much space been devoted to the game in the press, so much electricity spent on evening practice, so many automobiles parked outside our bowls and stadia each Saturday afternoon, such hordes transported from X to Y in long special trains bearing big banners on their sides beseeching the team to "BEAT WISCONSIN." No, never have the graduates, the undergraduates, the general public, and the Congressmen of the House of Representatives been so preoccupied with their football as they have this fall. Truly, this is the greatest of all seasons in the greatest of all American sports.

Perhaps it would be just as well to

admit at this point that the preceding lines were written on a hot afternoon in midsummer several months before the first kickoff. But never mind; it is perfectly safe to make conjectures about the headlines in advance. For every fall is to the headline-writers the greatest in the history of football, and there is nothing to indicate that this year will prove an exception to the rule. With the help of the public relations counsel and the press bureaus of the athletic associations of the various colleges and universities of the land, it would be possible by the time this article appears to support the assertions in the first paragraph with facts and statistics. And thereby to prove, if proof were necessary, that a new high-for-all-time was made in November, 1929, by Football Common.

Or so, anyhow, it appears upon the surface. But is it really true?

II

Six barbers were busily engaged in trimming the locks of six undergraduates in a barber shop on the side street of an Eastern college town late one Friday afternoon in November in the year 1902, when a noise penetrated above the hum of conversation and the rhythmic clicking of the shears. It was indistinct, a vague and distant noise; but a noise that persisted and grew slowly louder until the head barber heard it and paused, scissors upraised. In a minute the whole room was listening to the murmur, which was fast changing to a roar and then dissolving into the sound of two hundred and fifty young voices and two hundred and

fifty pairs of scuffling feet. As it drew near, the occupants of the barber shop, personnel and clientele, deserted the chairs for the plate-glass window in front of the store.

The noise increased, and soon the head of the procession appeared: a group of happy youngsters in jackets and small caps perched on the back of their heads, bearing on husky shoulders a youth in a football suit—laced leather jerkin and the tightest of tight trousers—the whole surmounted by an enormous shock of hair. Just behind came the band, a volunteer band, a band capable of little harmony but much sound, while at their heels staggered the entire freshman class, arm locked into arm, twisting in glorious ecstasy from one side of the street to the other and counting in unison.

“One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One—two—three—four—FIVE. One—two—three—”

The freshmen had beaten the sophomores 5-0. The first test of college life had been successfully passed. It was a big moment in the history of the class of 1906.

Those were the days when classes were smaller and more compact, when everyone knew everyone else, when there was a feeling of class loyalty, of homogeneity, that does not and could not exist in a large university to-day. They were the days of Class Rushes and Class Bonfires and Bloody Monday Nights. Stadia and crowds of a hundred thousand people were unknown in those far-off days; a crowd of thirty-five thousand people at a Yale-Princeton game drew headlines in the Sunday newspapers the following morning. Those were the days when Directors of Athletics and Supervisors of Athletics and Boards of Athletic Control were yet to come, when some bespectacled professor in the Greek Department managed the whole thing with the help of one or two undergraduates; he it was who arranged the trips of the team, made out the schedules, passed

over money for expenses, and saw to it that everyone was happy. Those were the days before morning and evening news releases were sent out to the press by an Athletic Association panting for publicity, before a Director of Public Relations was considered a necessary part of every football squad; the days when one umpire and one referee with an amateur timekeeper could handle a college football contest without a squad of assistants supplied with wrist whistles on leather straps, horns, megaphones, and other appliances to interrupt play and make sure that no one gets the better of the breaks. Those were the days when ineligibility rules were anything but closely defined, when it was not always wise to ask questions about your opponents for fear they might retaliate.

Football in its early and undeveloped state lasted, with changes of a minor nature, from 1890 to about 1910. Let us call this period the Rah-Rah period; the term almost exactly connotes the condition of the sport during those approximate years. It was then still a game; it had yet to reach the point in which canny observers in the colleges began to perceive that it could be made a money-making institution. The crowds which came to the games were essentially college crowds, the men who played in the games were college men, the interest was chiefly confined to the colleges and had not yet spread to the general public. At this time intercollegiate football was divided into two groups: Yale, and the rest of the country. To show Yale's supremacy at the time it is only necessary to point out that between the years 1890 and 1910, the Blue lost but four games to Harvard and five to Princeton. This first stage of football, the Rah-Rah period, was in all truth the golden age of the sport.

III

The second period through which football in the East passed was the period of Big Business, from the year 1910

to 1924. This period, like the first, must inevitably be loosely defined; it is not my intention to set up arbitrary boundaries to the various phases of the development. But somewhere about 1910 football began to change in many ways.

First of all, it was at this time or not long after that the supremacy of the East began to be challenged. Yale was no more the Yale of Shevlin and Rafferty, of Hogan and Hinkey; other names and other faces were occupying the headlines of the day in the sporting pages. The game had spread by this time to the Middle West and the Far West; in fact, the state universities throughout the country had long before been developing teams that were at least as good as the Eastern teams. Whereas in the nineties football had been mostly a sport of the colleges along the Atlantic seaboard, by the first decade of the present century it could be justly called an American game, as popular—and as well played—at Michigan and Minnesota as at Princeton and Pennsylvania.

The year 1910 was about the time when intercollegiate football first began to be recognized as Big Business. The Archbold Stadium at Syracuse, the first of its kind, was built in 1900; the Harvard Stadium was opened shortly afterward, in 1903; but the crop of bowls and stadia throughout the East between 1910 and 1925 was so large that one is almost tempted to call this the Stadium Period. Yale presented her Bowl as a sacrificial offering to Mr. Mahan of Harvard in the fall of 1914; Princeton followed with the Palmer Stadium the next year; and from then on there was an epidemic of stadium-building. Football Common was getting ready for the Big Rise.

Harvard, ever the first to adopt new ideas regarding athletics, was perhaps the first university to perceive exactly how big the business of football really was. And the credit for this must fall to the late Major Fred Moore, at the

time Graduate Treasurer of Athletics, who realized that if the Stadium on Soldiers Field could be filled six or eight times during the season as it was filled for the game against Yale, a corresponding increase in the athletic revenue would naturally result. He it was who investigated the potentialities of a remarkable team from a college called Centre in Kentucky; a team to which the newspapers that year were devoting yards of space. And when Bo McMillan led his famous "Praying Colonels" into the Harvard Stadium in the fall of 1920, a capacity crowd was on hand for the fray. This was the day when Football Common jumped ten points before closing time.

Now when more than one university in the United States takes in well over a million dollars each fall in gate receipts, when some teams travel as much as five thousand miles in the course of a short season of several months, and play to half a million spectators on a few successive Saturdays, we are apt to look back with something like contempt upon football's Mauve Decade. But the sums and the crowds that are considered so small to-day were regarded as overwhelmingly large ten to fifteen years ago, and they brought the usual chorus of denunciation upon the game which has been going on since the beginning. This period was the period of the mass meeting with its bands and its frenzied oratory, the period when the special train was actually utilized as a means of transportation by the majority of the spectators on the visiting side, when the "support the team" slogan was all powerful in every college in the land, when the undergraduate who failed to turn out to parade down to the field to cheer the team on its final practice before the Big Game was a traitor to the college. This was the period when a crowd of eighty thousand at the Yale Bowl caused a wave of excitement over the entire college world; eighty thousand at two dollars apiece meant a hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Yes, that was beginning to be Big Business indeed. From a mere nobody who amounted to exactly nothing, the head of the Athletic Association gradually became a highly salaried gentleman with power comparable to that of the President, and at least a member of the faculty called "Professor" by his colleagues. Or by some of them, anyhow.

This was the period when the vast edifice of hocus pocus which surrounds the game to-day was being built up. More money at the gate meant more money to spend; longer trips, rests for the team on the night before the big games at the country club outside town, more highly paid and highly specialized coaches, line coaches and backfield coaches and kicking coaches, bigger and better scouts to watch the rival universities, more doctors, trainers, rubbers, and supernumeraries to help spend the money which the stadium was bringing in and the team was earning. Money-makers like Notre Dame had not yet been visualized; it took Middle Western brains and ingenuity to think up a scheme of this sort, to play in one season a schedule of games all away from home in places as far apart as Atlanta, Georgia; Baltimore, Maryland; and Los Angeles, California; to run the football team of a university devoted to and intended for the cause of sound learning after the manner of a big league professional baseball club like the New York Giants. As a rule the football of the prewar period was run on piker's lines; but enough was seen to bring home to farsighted observers the gold in the football hills. The chart of Football Common took a marked upward swing between 1910 and the end of the War.

IV

The reason for the real popularity of football is not the game itself. Any impartial observer—and by this term I mean any sportsman not brought up in the football tradition, not accustomed to the sport—will watch it for the first

time and tell you that this game is a dull affair. Rather is it the devotion of youth to a cause which makes it so appealing. Not the game itself, but the fact that it reaches and touches the sporting idealism of the American people, is what has made football our greatest national pastime. The average gambler would prefer to watch a Yale-Princeton football contest than the biggest professional baseball game or prize fight because he knows the former is not framed, whereas he may have his suspicions regarding the latter. This is the secret of the game's popularity with the masses the country over.

When, however, the youth of the nation, and the college youth particularly, begin to lose this sentiment of idealism about football, then is the time to look out for a decline in Football Common. When they begin vaguely to wonder whether the team represents them or the town in which the college is situated, to feel that they would rather take out a canoe on the river or shoot some golf with the roommate than cheer at the last practice, then the future of Football Common assumes a bearish aspect. If, owing to external causes, the stock itself has not actually registered that decline, do not assume that the slump is not long overdue and that it is not on the way at the present moment.

Let me once more insist that the periods into which I am arbitrarily dividing the rise and fall of intercollegiate football are not to be taken exactly or precisely but only approximately. Of the three, the final period is the hardest to limit in terms of years because, although it may be said to have begun with the post-war college generation, the change in temper which distinguished it has been most definitely noticeable since 1924. Since about that time the attitude of the undergraduate toward sport in general and football in particular has undergone such a transformation—in the East, at least—that anyone who takes the trouble to journey among the colleges will soon enough realize for him-

self that football enthusiasm is weakening at the center. The different feeling of the Eastern undergraduate not only toward sport but toward work is an accepted fact by those connected with our colleges to-day.

While I was visiting Dartmouth last spring a young man was presented to me who, besides being the leading athlete of the University, an important figure in extra-curricular activities, and a remarkable student, bore a new sort of distinction: he was an All-American football star who had dropped out of the game in his senior year in order to make Phi Beta Kappa! It was generally assumed that this young man's decision was altogether exceptional; such in fact I took it to be until I had traveled to six or seven other universities where men who had made similar renunciations were produced for inspection. The fact is that the Eastern undergraduate to-day is as different from the undergraduate of fifteen years ago as he was from his predecessors of the nineties.

Many reasons have been given for this change. The principal one, I believe, is that in this year of grace 1929 studying is no longer unfashionable. Quite the reverse. In most of the big Eastern universities the emphasis is now distinctly on the cultural side of college life. Much of the Eastern undergraduate's change of attitude toward athletics has undoubtedly been due to this increased interest in intellectual achievements, to the stiffening up of the curriculum which has taken place of late years in so many colleges. He has far less time for sports and athletics. But what is more important, his mind has matured; he takes far less interest in the spectacular side of collegiate games.

Not only as regards sports and athletics, but as regards collegiate problems of all kinds, the Eastern student of this period has a much more discriminating outlook. Men will tell you this who have been connected with colleges for thirty years and more, but seniors also will testify to the difference in under-

graduate thought even in their own college life. The American student to-day is asking questions his elder brothers did not think of asking—probably would not have bothered to ask if they had! He is acquiring a new sense of values those gentlemen did not possess, and in no way is this plainer—in the East, at any rate—than in his attitude toward athletics.

Do not assume that he does not care to see his university win. He does, most emphatically. But if the team loses, he is not going to let it ruin his fall. "The ones who take it hardest are the fellows who bet on the team," said a wise undergraduate to me recently. The student of 1929 takes football in his stride, he considers the football game the focal point of a good week-end. But he is not going into sackcloth and ashes as his father did when the university team has a losing season, and the pleasing result is a lessening pressure upon the coach to turn out a winning eleven, a consequent refusal to obtain students for their playing ability, and a general raising of the scholastic standard.

One of the best illustrations of this changing attitude toward sport was shown by the front pages of the *Harvard Crimson*, the student daily newspaper, in the years 1925, 1926, 1927, and 1928. On the day of the big football rally of the season of 1925 there was a headline across the page about this rally and a streamer along the top:

"THE TEAM WILL BE AT THE RALLY TO-NIGHT. WILL YOU?"

The next year the streamer across the top merely announced in smaller type, "Rally at the Union To-night."

In 1927 the space at the top was bare of print, and the news space devoted to the rally had been reduced to a paragraph with a modest one-column head declaring that there was a "Rally To-night."

And in 1928 there was nothing at all in the *Crimson* about the rally—because there wasn't any rally.

There was, however, a rally at New

Haven that night. It was a distressing affair: barely five hundred undergraduates came into Woolsey Hall. Former Head Coach Tad Jones, the pep speaker of the meeting, was discouraged, and delivered what the newspapers termed "a scathing arraignment" of the modern student, declaring that the old Yale spirit had vanished; while another coach went so far as to call the undergraduates yellow for not supporting the team. Yet the fact remains that after the season of 1928, which was the most disastrous any Yale eleven has experienced in years, the undergraduates behaved like men and not like children. Thirty years ago, when their fathers were young men on the make, such a season would have caused great uneasiness and discontent in the student body and a quick change in the coaching system. To-day the Yale undergraduate takes football as a game; there was no demand for a change in the coaching system or in the sport last year at New Haven. A better or healthier football situation than exists to-day at Yale cannot be found in the colleges. If the old Yale spirit that was expressed by yelling oneself hoarse at rallies and cheering in torchlight processions has vanished, is it not possible that something much finer has taken its place?

V

When you are seeking facts about the attitude toward athletics in the colleges, the one man you must at all costs avoid is the Director of Athletics. Of course he will welcome you cordially; if you happen to be connected with a newspaper your welcome will be all the heartier. He is there to present you with reams of statistics proving that ninety per cent of the undergraduates take part in intramural athletics, that the coach is a high-minded aristocrat who cares nothing for winning games but merely wishes the boys to play because they love football, that everything in university sport is as nearly perfect as possible. Even if he is intellectually honest, he is obviously

a man with a job, and obviously anxious to have his point of view prevail. It is far easier, to be sure, to take your beliefs ready-made in canned doses from this gentleman than to tramp about from fraternity houses to dormitories in the rain, seeking that elusive thing, undergraduate opinion. But it is much less reliable.

The facts and convictions in this article were collected from the undergraduate—not always an easy task—and from no one else. But the effort was worth while; get an undergraduate talking, and you will learn some startling things. My only wish was that some of the Athletic Directors could have been with me and heard their magnificent ninety per cent program of sports-for-all riddled by the remorseless humor of the American youth; and that some of those football coaches whose names you see daily in the public prints as character builders could have listened with me to the verdict of their charges. The number of football players who told me they were sick of football was amazing.

"I am sure of one thing, *my* kid will never play college football," said a bitter undergraduate. "If you want to have fun in athletics," said another, "don't play football." And at another university a brilliant tackle who had delivered some hard words previously to show that an after-game scolding by a sharp-tongued coach was not compensated for by the honors won, remarked, "Football is like war. It appears to be a necessary evil."

That the game was in an unhealthy state, that playing it was not entirely a pleasure, and that practice was simply drudgery, that to a large extent the player was exploited for and by the graduates and the public, was said to me by more than one gridiron star. I heard much caustic comment about what a sardonic young man described to me as "the professional alumnus."

"Why, the first thing these birds in my home town want to know is what kind of a football team we are going to

have next fall. That's the first question I'm asked when I get home."

"That's right," said another, "they know all the players on the team by their first name, and they know all about men in my own class I never heard of."

Sentiments of this kind would have been considered heretical ten or twenty years ago. But the undergraduate of 1929 is more mature; he can and does express his beliefs on things as he sees them. "I can't tell these chaps to go out and die for dear old Blank," said the head coach of a great university team to me last year. "They'd laugh in my face." Precisely. So they would. But he could have told them that twenty years ago; in fact, men did.

"The boys just won't go out and spend the whole afternoon at a tackling dummy," said another university captain to me. "There are too many interesting things to do about the campus." And it is worth noting that as the Eastern undergraduate is beginning to ask whether the values of football are really as advertised, so he is asking the same question regarding other supposedly desirable crowns and prizes of college life. In every university I visited, with one exception, the editor of the daily newspaper confessed that it was harder to get out candidates than formerly, and that the quality was poorer. Candidates for managerial positions were also less numerous than ten or fifteen years ago; the lure of the great "business training" which awaits the manager of the baseball team fails to attract men as it used to. A bright youth remarked to me, "I can get a better business training working summers in a bank."

When it becomes fashionable to study a man must of necessity spend more time on his work, and when he spends more time on his work he has less time or desire to spend cheering the football team at mass meetings. A Cornell junior, talking to me of the Committee of Seventeen, that famous committee of Cornell graduates which came to Ithaca last spring to salvage athletic

prestige along the shores of Lake Cayuga, remarked in the course of conversation that getting excited over football was "rather Middle Western." You may not like this attitude, the Cornell graduate who watches his team get beaten 49-0 does not like it; but that it exists at Cornell as it does elsewhere in the East is undeniable. It is not that the Eastern college man cares less for sport; indeed, thanks to football money which has built swimming tanks and squash courts and golf links, it could probably be shown that he spends more time in exercise than his elder brother did. But he does not like to feel that the President may lose his job if someone happens to drop a forward pass in the last minute of play.

That this is a healthy attitude goes without saying. One of the most startling signs of it, one of the greatest victories for sport and for common sense, took place during the football season of 1928 only to be entirely overlooked by the metropolitan press. To whom the credit belongs is a question; it happened at Princeton, so let us bestow credit upon that university. The night before the Cornell-Princeton game the two football squads dined together. It may sound like a small matter; actually, it was a far greater step than most persons unconnected with intercollegiate football realize. As proof thereof I submit the remark of the football captain of another large university who solemnly assured me that such a thing was an impossibility in his institution. Why? Because, so he naïvely explained, the men might get to know one another and like one another at dinner, and then there would be no fight the next afternoon on the field.

"For instance," he added, "if you found out that the fellow beside you had a weak ankle you might feel you wouldn't want to go out for that ankle the next day."

Thank heaven, there are at least two universities in the country, Cornell and Princeton, where the archaic sporting philosophy that justifies "going out for

that ankle" can be put in the limbo of dead things where it belongs.

VI

One effect of the present craze for college life—notice that I do not say for a college education—has been that with hordes wishing to attend our universities, the authorities have been able to pick and choose their men. Thus the class which entered many endowed educational institutions this fall was selected sometime early last spring; no more candidates have been considered since then. Consequently, more attention can be paid to scholastic attainments and a better intellectual level of potential students demanded. This selective process of admission has had remarkable results, as is shown by the following figures taken from the Dean's office of a large Eastern university. The class of 1924 had 37 men dropped for failure to keep up in class work. The next class lost 32, the class of 1926 lost 29, the number fell to 27 for the class of 1927, to 25 for 1928, the freshmen class of 1929 lost but 24 students, 1930 lost 17, 1931 lost 12, and 1932 only 11. Each class numbered 600 men. These figures are significant.

The modern undergraduate in the East comes to college to study. A young man at New Haven put it to me this way: "The men don't come here so much just to go to Yale." Last May the freshman class at Georgetown announced through their President, Mr. Daniel Canning, that they "had come to college to study." They rebelled against being told to take care of the athletic field and the running track as freshman classes at Georgetown have done for years without number. This unprecedented rebellion was promptly quashed by the Student Council; the striking thing was that it could have happened at all. And it will be interesting to observe the class of 1932 when they become juniors and seniors, and members of the Student Council themselves.

Amherst went farther than most colleges; there it was actually suggested, by one of the undergraduates, that intercollegiate football be abolished. James S. Stillman, the editor of the *Amherst Student*, who wrote the editorial in which this rash suggestion was made, did not pretend to speak for the whole student body; but he certainly did express the opinion of a growing minority in the colleges which feels that all is not right to-day with intercollegiate sport. "Players, coaches, and spectators," he said, "are not the only people who are dissatisfied with intercollegiate athletics. It is a general feeling in Eastern colleges."

This is undoubtedly true, if the term "Eastern Colleges" means only the institutions along the Atlantic seaboard. That things have moved more slowly in the South, the Middle West, and perhaps still more slowly in the Far West is but to be expected. For football, after all, was originally an Eastern game. Just as the orgy of stadium-building started in the East, it is only natural that the decline in undergraduate enthusiasm should first be felt throughout the older colleges of the East. Last fall when Princeton played Ohio State at Columbus it was noticeable that the atmosphere of the city was the same atmosphere which pervaded an Eastern college town twenty years ago. It was not only the college, but the entire town of Columbus, the entire state of Ohio, the entire Middle West which united against the invader. Merchants closed their shops, the day was a gala day, a big affair for the city. Whereas in an Eastern college city the game would have made little impression.

That football still has the hold throughout the Middle West that it had in the East ten or fifteen years ago is evident to anyone who watches a game on the Atlantic seaboard and then one in the Mississippi Valley region. I remember on the morning of an Illinois-Nebraska football game stepping off the train at the Champaign station to see a large white sign stretching almost

the entire length of the platform: "WELCOME NEBRASKA." I do not see any such sign in the Grand Central Station when Columbia is about to entertain a visitor at Baker Field—or even at New Haven or Boston.

You realize the difference between the two attitudes toward football of the different parts of the country from the propaganda they broadcast. The most excessive broadsides are fired mostly from the Middle West. There are, it is true, one or two Eastern universities which flood the sporting offices of the metropolitan press with their releases every day; but they are in the minority, whereas the colleges of the Middle West revel in this sort of publicity. One state university in the Mississippi Valley maintains a press bureau in New York; every day this office is in close touch with the university, or at least the athletic side of it, and gives the vital information about the football situation to a waiting world through the newspapers. On the other hand there are many Eastern universities—Yale and Harvard are two of them—which rarely send out anything of this nature. They simply do not care whether the latest news about the star halfback gets into the papers or not and so they refuse to bother. Had such methods been thought of twenty years ago they would have been in the van of the movement.

You also notice this difference between football feeling in different parts of the country by observing the attitude of the graduates. It is seldom that an Eastern graduate takes the trouble to call up the local newspaper to protest because his college is "badly treated" by the sports writers; Middle Western graduates on the other hand are continually ringing up to demand why East Dakota was not mentioned on Monday morning when the résumé of the week's contests was written. You can understand their feeling when you realize that throughout the Middle West the State University and its football eleven get more publicity than the National Gov-

ernment and Henry Ford combined. But it is hard to imagine Yale men protesting because football news in Chicago does not feature their own second-rate eleven.

Football was—it is no longer—an Eastern game. The first contest between Harvard and Yale took place in 1878, the first between Minnesota and Wisconsin in 1890. The first Yale-Princeton game was held in 1888; the first Conference game was played in 1895. Naturally enough, the feeling about football is more advanced where it has been longest played; in fact, it is hardly unfair to say that the Middle West is still in the Stadium Building Period, the Big Business Era of football through which the East passed a decade or more ago. The crop of stadia which have been springing up in towns like Urbana and Evanston and Ann Arbor are proof of this. There you have football as it was in the days just before and just after the War along the Atlantic seaboard. There you discover little discontent with the game among the student body. There you still find the "pep rallies" enthusiastically and faithfully attended. Football still reigns King. A girl at a large Middle Western state university told me recently of the invasion of her sorority meeting by a male classmate who made an inspiring speech and practically demanded that the sorority sisters, like the fraternity brothers, give money to send the band on a several-thousand-mile trip to assist at an intersectional contest.

Attached to the observation car of the train which carried the squad and supporters of the University of Nebraska east last year, was an electrically lighted sign "of scarlet and cream bearing the words U. OF N. CORNHUSKERS. Each car and pullman was equipped with cards placed in the windows with NEBRASKA written on them." And the student daily, commenting on the departure of the team, said:

"Approximately two thousand students gathered in front of Social Science and marched to the depot for a rally as

the team, coaches, and band entrained for West Point. The rally and send-off yesterday shows that the old Nebraska spirit has not died down and the student body is behind its team."

"The old Nebraska spirit . . ." "behind its team . . ." These phrases have a curiously reminiscent ring. They were the sort of thing that was current throughout the East some fifteen or twenty years ago. To-day a new sentiment has superseded this feeling; it has gone West to college for the time being.

If the feeling throughout the Middle West regarding football is that of the Big Business period ten or fifteen years ago in the East, the sentiment in the Far West might be likened to that of the Eastern Rah-Rah days of the even remoter past. Remember that I am talking of the feeling toward the sport, not the sport itself. My football friends assure me that teams like Stanford under the good Doctor Warner are simply playing modified Eastern football to-day. That is as it may be. But in its reactions to football and its attitude toward the game, the Far West is not ten or fifteen but twenty or thirty years behind the East. There student support is unquestioned and unwavering, there you will find no evidences of rallies being abandoned, of students deserting the stadia. In fact only in the earliest stage of the disease could a great football saturnalia like the Tournament of Roses arise and flourish.

VII

It will be pointed out, and correctly too, that football has more of a vogue with the general public than formerly, that interest among the outside public over the sport is more intense than ever it was. But football—Mr. C. C. Pyle will testify to the truth of this statement—is essentially a college game. And the important thing about the decline of interest in football among the Eastern undergraduates is that it is taking place at the very core of the institution,

where football was born so to speak, and among those young men who in ten years will be graduates and in twenty trustees of their alma mater. If the heaven continues to work, as there is little reason to suppose it will not, football in ten years will have vastly less importance in certain sections of the college world than it does to-day, no matter what the outside public thinks about it.

I expect to be faced with the charge that this classification of football feeling into three periods is unjust and unfair to many universities which fit into none of these classes, and also that it is typically Eastern in outlook. I expect to be told that whereas many of the state diploma mills of the Middle West are in the Big Business era of football, others are not. I admit all this. No classification of the sort can be anything but loose and roughly defined, for if colleges like Ohio State, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota are fairly well committed to the policy of good teams, large stadia, and all the rest of the big business of football, it is none the less a fact that some of their neighbors like Michigan and other Conference colleges—for reasons derived from geographical location, early founding, and closer contact with other parts of the country—have less of the traditionless, new building atmosphere. But rough though it is, I believe this classification is approximately correct and that it will become more so as time and football go on. How long the Middle Western collegian will take to view the game as his Eastern brother does no one can tell. A prominent undergraduate from a state university in the Middle West says, "There is little danger of football dying out in the West for a long time to come, if for no other reason than that it is good business, and undergraduates will always be undergraduates in regard to their varsity." Certainly football is good business, and certainly the Middle West is in the throes of it as regards football; but if the Eastern collegian is any criterion, the undergraduate will *not* always be an under-

graduate with regard to his varsity. That the undergraduate of the Middle West will some day swing round to the Eastern point of view seems inevitable to anyone who sees the progress of football in perspective. "There is a tide in the affairs of men . . ."

In the nineties and the days of the Rah-Rah period along the Atlantic seaboard, the best football teams were in the East, where was the greatest concentration upon the game. To-day the point of greatest concentration has spread through the Middle West to the Far West; there we find the best elevens of the present, the champions of the future. As the Eastern colleges begin to care less about the game and, therefore, less about producing winners, they will produce fewer winners. From now on you will undoubtedly see, as you have seen in recent years, an overwhelming string of victories whenever teams from the Pacific Coast cross the continent. The days of the Rah-Rah period in the East, when an All American eleven consisted of a half a dozen pupils of Mr. Walter Camp with perhaps several recruits from Princeton and Pennsylvania, have gone never to return. The Rah-Rah spirit in football has gone to the Far West where they have the men, the coaches, and, most important of all, the enthusiasm to develop winners. The East, on the other hand, lacks both the patience and the energy (and perhaps also the time) to follow.

I appreciate perfectly the reply that will be made to this contention. It has already been made to me several times; it was best expressed by a Middle Western undergraduate who knows his football the country over. "Can it be," he says, "that the older Eastern institutions, no longer able to compete with those farther west, have come to adopt a sour-grapes attitude?"

Let us admit frankly that this is not an irrelevant suggestion. But if football in the East has fallen off simply

because the Eastern teams cannot develop winners, what then about intercollegiate baseball? Is there not a parallel between the two games? Few observers will deny that despite vigorous efforts to resuscitate the sport, such as intercollegiate baseball leagues and the like, baseball in the Eastern colleges is on the way out. I attended a game between two large Eastern universities last May at which fifty spectators were present. Yet Eastern college baseball is but little inferior to Western college baseball. If baseball is dying in the East, may not the corresponding decline of interest in football be the cause rather than the result of the defeat of Eastern by Western elevens?

Interest in football is definitely on the wane in parts of the Eastern collegiate world because the Eastern undergraduate has gone through the early stages of the football disease and is slowly convalescing therefrom. This disease, which is now attacking the Middle West, and the Far West in even more virulent form, will pass away as it is passing away along the Atlantic seaboard today. Do not, I beg, construe this as meaning that the end of football is in sight, that our celebrated coaches will no longer be able to syndicate their articles in the daily press next fall, that in a few years the Yale Bowl will resemble the Colosseum at Rome. It may take the huge outside public a long time to realize that football is weakening at the center. The headlines will probably continue to extol the sport as attracting crowds and breaking all manner of records for years to come. Nor do I mean that the game *as a game* will die; what I am referring to is not the sport of football but the religion of football, the great business edifice of football, in short, the football mania. This it is which shows undeniable signs of being on the wane. If you are interested in Football Common my advice at present is not to hold for a long pull.



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IS AMERICA YOUNG?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN 1719 an anonymous New England author who signed himself, rather oddly, "your friend among the Oakes and Pines," gave voice to the doctrine that America was young. Speaking for his day, he said, "The Plow-Man that raiseth Grain is more serviceable to Mankind than the Painter who draws only to please the Eye. . . . The Carpenter who builds a good house to defend us from Wind and Weather is more serviceable than the curious Carver, who employs his Art to please the Fancy." Only, he continues, after further praise of labor, "when a People grow numerous, and part are sufficient to raise necessities for the whole, then 'tis allowable and laudable, that some should be employed in innocent Arts more for ornament than Necessity; any innocent business that gets an honest penny, is better than Idleness."

When this anonymous social critic made his comments on the needs of America there was but little more than a fringe of settlement along the Atlantic coast. Boston, with a population of eleven thousand, was about twice as populous as either of its two rivals, Philadelphia and New York. The entire white population of North America was considerably under half a million people. There were scarcely any roads and no public means of transportation. Beyond the scattered coastal settlements, the wilderness stretched to the Pacific. Inhabited by savages and almost interminable in extent, the work of subduing it to the needs of civilized man seemed to call, not for centuries, but for millennia of physical effort.

Owing partly to the indomitable courage and partly to the insatiable greed of the American people, but even more to the inventions of science, what seemed a task for the ages has been accomplished in six generations. On the Pacific coast to-day there are cities as populous as were the greatest in Europe when our New Englander promulgated his doctrine that America was young. Yet that doctrine is as firmly embedded in the popular mind as ever. This is so obvious as hardly to need emphasizing by example, but I may mention three that I have noted within a few days.

When speaking to an American boy of seventeen in regard to certain aspects of American life, he countered immediately with: "But America is young. We are really only about a *hundred and fifty* years old." In the course of conversation only yesterday with an Englishman, the son of one of the great friends America had in England during our Civil War, he said: "Of course you are *young*. We must wait." In a letter just received from a friend at home I find the same idea reiterated. "We are *three hundred* years old," he writes, "England a thousand years old. Will you venture the prophecy that in seven hundred more years, when people have a competency, we shall not educate our sons and daughters for service that does not have immediate economic returns?"

It is worth while to analyze such a persistent and almost universal conception. Just what do we mean when we say that America is young? Has the idea any validity, and what is the

effect on the minds of those who so easily use it?

By America, of course, we must mean the American people or the American nation. It is obvious, however, that we cannot use the word nation in this connection in a purely political sense. So rapidly does the loom of history weave that we can now be ranked as among the older nations of western civilization. As an independent and unified nation we long antedate, for example, Italy, which was created only in 1860, or Germany, which was first welded into a nation in 1870, to say nothing of many of even later growth.

II

It is possible that in some minds the idea stems from that popular analogy which would identify a nation or a society with an organism. This analogy, however, like most analogies, is extremely dangerous. It may illuminate certain likenesses between society and a physical organism, but it is not a safe instrument with which to try to discover new likenesses. Because we may fancy that certain functions of society resemble those of an organism, it by no means follows that we can interpret one in terms of the other. In spite of many sociologists and writers on history, like Spengler, there is nothing to prove that a society has its birth, growth, and death in the same way as has a physical organism. Such a metaphor is merely suggestive, and is not only unscientific but may be disastrously misleading. The individual appears in his personal development to repeat the broad stages of our racial development, but I fail to find any law supported by the facts of history indicating that nations infallibly do the same. To force the attempt to make any such law is to glide blindly over such innumerable exceptions as would certainly invalidate any law in scientific thinking. Not only do certain manifestations of cultural life—æsthetic, intellectual, and other—appear

in some nations and not in others, but there seems to be no definite sequence in which they appear when they appear at all. We may speak of a human being as young, middle-aged, or old, but such terms lose all meaning when applied to a nation as an organism.

Let us take Greece for example. Was Athens old or young in 450 B.C.? It is not fair to say that she had just reached full maturity because within a half century her architecture flowered in the completion of the Parthenon, her sculpture in the works of Phidias, her poetry in Æschylus, or her philosophy in Socrates and Plato. That is a mere begging of the question. It is estimating the age by the achievement, whereas, when we say that America is young, we are deferring the possibility of achievement upon the score of age.

How old was England in the age of Elizabeth? How are we to estimate the answer? Are we to date her birth in the period of the savage Britons, the Roman conquest, the Saxon or Norman conquests, or when? Are we to calculate her age by some stage of culture attained, by some infusion of new racial blood, by the formation of a unified language, government, or sense of nationality? How old England was in 1558 when Elizabeth came to the throne is as insoluble as "How old is Ann?" Yet if certain manifestations of culture go with certain national ages, it ought to be easy to date a nation in such a marked phase as the days of Marlowe, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Byrd, and the whole galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. Nor was the spiritual heaven of that time dotted only with such. One writer tells us that "the young gentleman of Sidney's day was as deft at turning a sonnet as his present-day successor at stopping an approach to the green." Another says that music and song "were not the affair solely of intellectual circles but the creation and inheritance of the whole people." Poetry, music—all the arts, as well as the energy of practical life—were at full flood.

The very first foundation stones were being laid in the building of the British Empire which was to continue to rise and grow until it covers a quarter of the globe. We often hear the period spoken of as gloriously *young*. Was England young or old? If she was young then, was she a baby when the work of building cathedrals was in full swing in the eleventh and twelfth centuries? If she was old and mature in 1600, was she doddering in old age when another great outburst of art and thought came in the years of Victoria? In one sense we may date the birth of England in the age of Elizabeth. It was then that the seed was planted of the great empire that was to be. Of practical activity there was enough, it would seem, to absorb the whole energies of any people: wars by sea and land; business being pushed into new quarters of the world in every direction; new commodities being found, new methods of doing business being developed, new trade routes being opened up; attempts at colonizing North and South America; a rebuilding of a large part of the domestic architecture of the whole nation to meet altered conditions of life—all these and other aspects of feverish business activity were evident on every hand. Was it youth, maturity, or old age?

How old, again, is Italy? From one point of view she is to-day a new nation, throbbing with new life, occupied with the problems of a "new" country, developing a national consciousness and her national material resources, as "young" as America. From another, she was old when Cæsar lay in his blood. I have recently been in Czechoslovakia. As a political nation she is only ten years old. As I passed through her villages on the way from Dresden, they looked newer than Kansas, the whole countryside having been rebuilt while the peasants were afraid to put their money into anything but building on account of the steady fall in the currency. In Prague I was told that the nation was new, that the task of building it would

absorb all the energies of its people, that the work of developing its resources was overwhelming, that for the present it "did not want learned men, artists or writers, but business men, engineers, practical men. Later," my informant continued, "the rest may come, but not now." It was the New England voice "from the Oakes and Pines" of 1719. Yet here and there one saw on hilltops castles ten centuries old. In the fields one saw men in the furrows following yoked white oxen as in the days of Virgil. Is Czechoslovakia young or, from the standpoint of America, very, very old?

Does age mean the accumulation of resources from the past—old buildings, cathedrals, picture galleries, and all the valuable opportunities to see and to study? All these doubtless help, but how much of all such did the common people of Athens have when they crowded as multitudinously to hear the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides as the modern *hoi polloi* of America crowd to see the latest sex film on the screen? In 1787 we were nearly a century and a half "younger" than we are now, but if we held a constitutional convention in 1930 should we be able to send any better thinkers or more broadly cultured men than those who drew up our first constitution? Would the discussion and propaganda regarding a political problem to-day show any advance in maturity and power of thought on the part of both writers and readers over the papers of the *Federalist*? It may well be that not only an outburst of art and literature, such as has happened now and again in the world's history, but the degree of a cultured civilization to which a nation as, say the French, comes to attain, have no ascertainable cause, that they come from combinations deep in human nature too inscrutable to be observed or predicted. That is probably the case, but if so why claim that they are the products or accompaniments of a given age, and that we cannot expect them before a certain

period any more than in the human body we can look for puberty or the growth of a beard or the coming of the wisdom teeth?

This question of national age becomes more puzzling the more we think about it, but in trying to solve it let us turn to America, the land that everyone says is young. We may, as we have seen, dismiss at once, I think, certain interpretations of age. We may discard the thought of any analogy with an organism. We can date a human being as five, fourteen, twenty-one, or three score and ten years of age, and have it mean something. We cannot date a nation as one century, five, or twenty, and have it mean anything with scientific accuracy. Again, we may discard the thought of independence or political nationhood. My young friend, probably taught by his elders, evidently had that point in mind. Arguing that way, we should be a century older than Italy or Germany, but those who argue that America is young would not accept that conclusion.

We have got, again, to dismiss as a criterion the stage of culture which a people has arrived at—the arts, inventions, knowledge which they have inherited from the past. Every settler who came to America had behind him all the past just as much as did his family or neighbors who remained behind. The seventeenth-century English, Scotch, Germans, Swedes, Dutch, and others who came here in our first century were not barbarians. They had the entire inheritance from the past. They were heirs of Greece and Rome, of the Reformation and the Renaissance as much as those who continued in the old countries; and every man who has come here since has been of the same national age as those he has left behind.

III

In analyzing this idea of our being a young nation, I cannot see that there is any valid way in which to date ourselves as compared with others, and I believe

that the constant insisting upon the misleading way of putting the truth (for there *is* a truth about our case which I shall elaborate in a moment) is beginning to do us deep hurt. I believe that it would be far better for the development of our best selves, individually and nationally, if instead of consistently thinking and speaking of the American people as "young," we should think and say the clear truth, which is that we are an old people, the same age as our European cousins, who *moved into an unsettled world*. Not only is the content of these two ideas very different, but so also are the inferences often very loosely and carelessly drawn from them.

The moving into a new country was bound to have important consequences. Even the moving of a family into a new house usually marks a change. The mere move itself is apt to bring about a feeling of excitement and exhilaration if the move is for the better, or depression and sorrow if it is for the worse. For a while after the move, also, there is much to be done of a purely physical sort. One has to rearrange one's furniture, get "shaken down," as we say; perhaps do all sorts of things to house and garden; get used to a new neighborhood; find new shops; learn new ways of doing old things; in a word, the whole routine of daily life is altered for the time being, and our habits and the enjoyment of our tastes are apt to be broken in upon until we get over the pressing work of settling into the new place.

In moving into America there was much more involved, mentally and physically, than in such a move as we have just described. Not only was the break with the old home and the old associations more complete, but everything, literally, from the ground up had to be done in the new. The savages had to be fought; the land had to be cleared; the houses had to be constructed; a new life, socially and institutionally, had to be built up. I have recently pointed out elsewhere the effect of this on the minds of the settlers. It is also, of course, a

fact of great significance for American cultural life that, speaking comparatively, almost without exception all the immigrants who have ever come here have been men of the lower middle and laboring classes. There was nothing in America to attract any of the wealthy or professional ones. With the exception of a few religious refugees, virtually all who have come here have been "practical" men, who have come to better their economic positions. They did not include in their numbers aristocrats, scholars, poets, dramatists, artists, any of the classes who were carrying on and developing the European cultural tradition. But in some respects the arts were more diffused in their practice and enjoyment among the lower classes in the Europe from which our earlier settlers came than they are to-day. Many brought books and many a love and taste for music and the various handicrafts, such as weaving, wood-carving of houses and furniture, and other things, no less truly arts because they were folk-arts.

The effort, however, to establish a European standard of living in the wilderness was too great. The intellectual and æsthetic enjoyments of life had to be laid aside until the practical duties of subduing the wilderness had been fulfilled. All this is well enough understood. But let us suppose for a moment that the North American continent had consisted of that strip of land between the ocean and the Appalachian range of mountains, beyond which we will place the Pacific. By 1776 practically all of this territory was settled as peacefully as was England itself. In fact, much of it looked like England. Boston was to all intents and purposes identical with an English provincial town. Travelers reported that much of the New England countryside was indistinguishable from that of old England. Wealth had accumulated; colleges had been erected; the arts were beginning to flourish. In the 1750's the theater in New York offered a better

repertoire than could be found in any English provincial city of the time, and I am not sure but as good as that of London itself, certainly better than can be heard some years in New York now. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, actors of note in London, arrived in the colonies with their company and remained twenty years. They acted in plays of Shakespeare, Addison, Rowe, Congreve, Farquhar, Steele, and others; and in 1754 New York had a season in which twenty-one different plays, the cream of English dramatic literature up to that time, were heard by the public. Such plays were also given in such a surprising list of places as Philadelphia, Williamsburg, Annapolis, Hobb's Hole, Port Tobacco, Upper Marlborough, Petersburg, and Fredericksburg. The theatrical and musical life of Charleston could hardly have been excelled, if it was, in any provincial town in England.

In 1757 the first exhibition of paintings by colonial artists was held in New York. Before long, Copley, Peale, Benjamin West, who later became president of the Royal Academy, and Stuart were painting and, with lesser figures, were in the way of establishing an American school of art. Colonial architecture, domestic and public, was so good that we do our best to reproduce it to-day, as was likewise the furniture. Merchants in the North, country gentlemen in the South, lived much the same lives as did their contemporaries of similar standing in the old country. The ablest men of the colonies in innumerable instances held legislative and judicial offices. There was no titled aristocracy, there were no cathedrals or ruined castles from the past, life was a little freer, less formal, considerably more open to economic opportunity than in England; but so far from excusing themselves on the ground of being a new people, the colonials rather prided themselves on living the same life and indulging the same tastes as their cousins overseas. America was indeed provincial, but then, so also was all England outside the one

center of London. Much not only of the talent but the genius of England had always been recruited from the provinces, and America had made a good beginning two centuries ago in contributing, among other types, men whose paintings hang to-day on the walls of London galleries. Franklin's fame was European. When Berkeley, the English philosopher, was temporarily living in Rhode Island he found no lack of agreeable society and intelligent conversation in the circle in which he moved. The lower grades had permanently lost their folk-arts and had taken on some frontier characteristics, but there was every indication that a new civilization, following the main cultural interests, values, and trends of the old, was arising rapidly after the break due to the task of subduing the wilderness. Had the continent been limited, as I suggested, to the seaboard strip, or had the people chosen to expand gradually, there is no reason to suppose that the cultural tendencies noted above as on the upward trend through the eighteenth century would not have continued.

The continent, however, was not so limited. It stretched nearly three thousand miles farther. It was incredibly rich. Following the Revolution, piece after piece of it, at intervals, came into the hands of the descendants of those eighteenth-century colonials, men quite as much as women, who had begun to interest themselves in painting, literature, drama, and music. The wealth to be made out of the West, a constantly retreating West for more than a century, began to act as a magnet on men's minds and ambitions. Following the poorer classes who went as hunters and settlers, there appear the agents of merchants, bankers, and speculators. Astor made a fortune in furs. Others in lands. Others in yet more ways. The craze for getting fabulously rich quickly spread. The perpetual boom, broken only by sharp crises, in which America has since lived, began. The nascent civilization on the seaboard became violently de-

flected from its course. Scientific inventions succeeded one another, and with every new method of transportation—canal, good roads, steamboat, railroad—every new method of mining, every new product to be utilized, every new foreign market opened, the rush to win riches by raping a continent became madder and madder.

It was not a question of preparing a continent for habitation. It was one of money-maddened men furiously wrenching wealth from it in every way their ingenuity and greed could devise—from the land, from the forests above it, from the mines below it. Like hogs at a trough, each man guzzled as hard as he could, regardless of all else, lest some other hog should get ahead of him. In Germany they have been rafting logs for a thousand years. The carefully tended and replanted forests may well last for a thousand more. Rafting on the Mississippi began, flourished, and was finished in seventy years. About 1840 the American people as a nation owned forty billion feet of standing lumber contiguous to the river and its tributaries. In seventy years, private individuals and companies had stripped the land of this magnificent heritage without replacing a single tree. This was not "the task of subduing a wilderness to make it habitable." It was the madness of lust—the meanest of all lusts, the lust for money.

To-day America is fairly glutted with wealth. It is useless to enumerate the statistics—an advertising expenditure of a billion dollars a year, savings deposits of twenty-eight billions, two hundred and twenty-eight individuals reporting incomes of over a million a year each, a national income of ninety billions.

IV

Is America still young? Is it not rather, perhaps, if we *must* use such figures of speech, that she was born at Jamestown in 1607, grew to promising maturity by the second half of the

eighteenth century, and then, abandoning herself to the desire for expansion and sudden wealth, deliberately turned her back on the way in which she had been going? Those who say that America is young, still point to the future as the time when we may be expected to begin to devote ourselves to other things than "subduing a continent and accumulating the necessary material resources on which to build a civilization." In the name of every high ideal that man has ever cherished, *when* are we going to be rich enough to begin as a nation, if we are not now, now that we have gutted our heritage, piled up the greatest accumulation of wealth in the world, accumulated the most stupendous material basis for living that man has ever known?

I think it is at this point that the dangerous evil of our being forever told by friendly or hostile critics that we are young comes in. A boy who is really young realizes that there are some things he cannot do until he is a man. He waits, but at the same time he prepares himself. If we tell a child he is too young to do this or that, the child is justified in believing it and in refraining from trying to do it. Is there not danger in telling our people, young and old, that America is young? Will it not merely serve to make them contented to go on piling up wealth, to do what they have been doing for a hundred years, and to keep them from playing the part of men as they should? Many critics have pointed to the immaturity of the American mind. There is a time to stop telling a boy he is young. There comes a time when we must tell him to be a man, to do a man's work and try to think a man's thoughts. If we keep on coddling him and telling him he is a child of whom nothing is expected we are not likely ever to make a man of him.

Why should we be content to wait a hundred, two hundred, or seven hundred years more before we think we shall be old enough to do something besides provide the material foundation for a civilization which we are told will some-

how come of itself when we are grown up? If we are told and come to believe that no matter what we do we cannot lead a more spiritual life or have the culture of an "old" country in less than so many centuries, any more than a boy of fourteen can make himself twenty by trying, are we not giving ourselves an excuse to go on piling up riches and exploiting the world without making an effort to attain to a spiritual instead of a material plane of civilization?

On the other hand, if we think of ourselves as an old race, heirs of all the ages, which was temporarily set back by having to move into a new home, and that now we have not only got that home in order but have added to it and become incredibly rich, and that therefore it is high time we turned to something else, I believe it would be far better for our self-respect and for our spiritual growth. To say that we are too young is to put off the time of manhood beyond our power to attain, and to stultify any hopes of our own day and generation. To say, on the other hand, that we have made our move, got settled, and become rich is to stir us to something better than spending our days devising more means to get richer yet.

I do not believe we *are* young. We are a century and a half older than when a political gathering could include such minds as John Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Marshall, and others. We are nearly a century older than when in one corner of our land alone we could have a group like Holmes, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Emerson. I believe in many ways we have already added much to the spiritual wealth of the world. In our library systems, in our scientific foundations for research, in a number of other ways, we have led the modern nations. Why, then, still preach this debilitating doctrine that we are young and nothing must be expected of us? Is it not time that we stopped using that as an excuse to cover all our shortcomings, the desire not to stop hunting after material gain,

the refusal to stir our minds and play a man's part in the new world? Is it not time to proclaim that we are not children but men who must put away childish things; that we have overlooked that fact too long; that we have busied ourselves overmuch with fixing up the new place we moved into three hundred years ago, with making money in the new neighborhood; and that we should begin to live a sane, maturely civilized life? To keep on telling our children that they cannot expect this and that of America because she is too young is to make self-indulgent, self-excusing mollycoddles of them and of her. To say that we cannot yet turn to the spiritual things

of life because we still have material work to do, when we contrast our own gorged state of material well-being with that of any other nation, is sheer hypocrisy. If we merely want to continue to grow richer and richer, and softer and softer, let us say so straight out and not hide the truth under the plea of having to "develop the continent," that continent which Jefferson fondly hoped would leave us room for expansion for a thousand years. Everything may be hoped from the child who tries to be a man. Nothing can be hoped from the man who cloaks his shortcomings or material selfishness or spiritual indolence under the pretense of being a child.

SILENCE

BY GERALD RAFTERY

FAR out beyond the throbbing tiers of sound
 That weave their pulsing tapestry of strife,
 The still, uncharted seas of silence bound
 The shifting, quick phenomena of life.

*Slow silence like a dead eternity
 Surrounds the present—blots the drifted past;
 And flooding tidelike from that deathless sea,
 On each vibrating day black waves are cast.*



AN ENGLISH VIEW OF PERSONAL RIGHTS

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

Fining a butcher 40s. at Tottenham for keeping his shop open after the hour of 8 p.m. [he served five customers between 8.08 and 8.15], Mr. Lewin, the magistrate, remarked: "You cannot do as you like these days. No one can. As long as Dora is in existence you will have to comply with the order."— London Evening Standard, June 27, 1929.

AS I write, a General Election in Great Britain has just swept from power, by a quite unmistakable expression of the popular will, a Conservative Government which, with the exception of the short period of a few months of minority Labor Government in 1923, had been in power, either alone or in coalition, since 1916, and during the last five years had enjoyed one of the greatest Parliamentary majorities in our history. Many and various explanations have been put forward for this surprising and largely unexpected reversal of fortune; but it is almost universally agreed that among the causes of it was the fact that the Conservative Government, traditionally in favor of the freedom of the individual from governmental control, had failed to repeal the last remnants of the wartime restrictions on personal liberty. It is, I think, a fair statement that the coming into power of the Macdonald Government, with all the profound effects which that event may have on international relations, and especially on the relations between Great Britain and America, is due at least as much to the resentment of the average Englishman at being prevented from buying a packet of

cigarettes after eight o'clock P.M. as to any widespread discontent with the foreign policy of the late Government.

Yet the reader who would deduce from this statement that the English, as a nation, are naturally intolerant of the restraint of law would be surprisingly wide of the mark. On the contrary no nation, not even the German, is more law-abiding than the English. Not only does the individual obey the law, but he supports the authorities in enforcing obedience on his neighbor. The ratio of crimes to population is amazingly low, and the ratio of convictions to crimes amazingly high. Not only is the criminal class in England small, and, to judge by the latest criminal statistics, diminishing, but the criminal himself shares with his more respectable neighbors the law-abiding instincts of the race. The safe-breaker, surprised in the midst of his nefarious operations by the solitary policeman on his beat, may in nine cases out of ten be expected to "go quietly." He is himself unarmed, and he knows that the policeman is unarmed, except for a "truncheon," or club, so carefully concealed that I, the average citizen, have never even seen one in the hands or anywhere about the person of a policeman, although I know that it is there. There is a recognized etiquette in these matters. If the safe-breaker or burglar can finish his job and get away unseen, the trick is his; but if he is so clumsy as to allow the policeman to come upon him unawares, he murmurs "it's a fair cop, gov'ner" and submits. No English policeman, unless he is on plain-clothes escort duty, or on some very

rare occasion when there is strong probability that he will be met, almost certainly by aliens, with violent and murderous resistance, is ever armed with any weapon more lethal than a truncheon; and it is very rarely, and usually only in street rows, that he has occasion to use even that. He has no need for anything more. Very occasionally, after some sensational shooting case in which a policeman has been injured or killed, there is a demand from the public, or rather from the press, that the police should be armed; and the first to resist the proposal are the chief officers of police themselves, who fear that if the police carry arms, the criminal may begin to do so also—that the criminal, in fact, may cease to be as law-abiding as he is at present.

But if even our criminals are law-abiding, how does it happen that we are so intolerant of restraint that even such a mild restriction on liberty as the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes after eight o'clock P.M. should produce, or at least contribute to, so great an electoral revolution as that which has just taken place? How can we reconcile in the same people, on the one hand, an extreme respect for the law and, on the other, an extreme impatience at even the mildest encroachment by the law on what we regard as the right of the individual citizen to personal liberty of action? Are not law and authority almost synonymous, and how can one and the same man be so patient of the law and so impatient of authority? What is the fundamental difference in outlook between the German and the Englishman—both highly law-abiding peoples—which makes the one placidly content under a multiplicity of *verbodens* which would drive the other to almost instant rebellion?

II

The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is, I think, to be found in the English conception of the rights of the individual against the State, on the

one hand, and of his duties towards the State, on the other, which has grown up through many generations of comparatively ordered government, and has long ago changed from a personal and conscious belief common to a number of individuals to an unconscious and communal instinct inborn in the nation.

The idea of democracy in the true sense of the word—government of the people by the people for the people—came to birth from the marriage of the Saxon and Norman stocks after the Conquest of 1066; and no other race save the new English race which emerged from that marriage in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which four hundred years later began to people the great new Continent of the West, has ever really understood what democracy means—what privileges it offers and what services it demands. The so-called democratic governments of the Greek States and of Rome were in reality narrow oligarchies in which all power and all privilege rested with the free, who were as a rule outnumbered by those of their own race and blood who were not free; and they tended constantly to degenerate into tyrannies as oppressive as any in history. The Latin republics—even the French—are neither stable nor in any true sense of the word democracies. But the original ungoverned and ungovernable passion for freedom which split Saxon England into petty kingships was never wholly crushed by the Norman domination; and in the new race it was tempered by the Norman love of order, of duty, and of efficiency. Magna Carta was not solely a charter of liberties; it was also an avowal of duties; but it was above all a recognition that the one depended on the other. That recognition survived the Angevin and Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart autocracies; it was carried across the Atlantic in 1620 and by every shipload of emigrants since then; it gave to the rebellions of 1642 and 1688 their keynote of ordered liberty; it fashioned the Constitution of the United States of America just as it

shaped the Constitutional Monarchy in Great Britain, and has given birth to free governments in the British Dominions; and now in this generation we can recognize its force in the cheerfulness with which we submitted to unheard of restrictions and deprivations in time of war, and in the impatience with which we endeavor to throw them off in time of peace. But is there in that impatience a note of petulance? Are there not signs, both in Great Britain and in America, that the insistence on personal freedom has obscured the dependence of freedom on duty, and that the demand for "liberty" is beginning to mean a demand that everyone shall be allowed to do as he pleases regardless of the rights of others? And if, on the one hand, freedom is degenerating into license, is there not room for fear that, on the other hand, in the growing complexity of our social and national life, both here and in the States, the machinery of government is beginning to overwhelm the people for whom and by whom it should be operated?

III

America I know only in books. England I live in; as a citizen I am governed, as a voter I help to govern, and as a civil servant I am part of the machinery of government. How much of true democracy, of that sense of the interdependence of freedom and obligation to which I have referred, survives in England to-day?

I have already alluded at the beginning of this paper to one manifestation of the strength of that real democracy which prevails, I think, as strongly in England to-day as it has ever done. The English are fundamentally law-abiding; and they are law-abiding not because they fear the law and the power which lies behind the law, not because, as seems to be the case with the Germans, they are naturally submissive and have a genuine liking for being ordered about, but precisely because the passion for personal liberty is still

strong and it is instinctively recognized that liberty can be made secure only in a society in which the reign of law is as nearly absolute as is possible. Law, it is true, manifests itself in a series of prohibitions, that is to say, in a series of restrictions on the power of the individual to do as he pleases. But if every individual is allowed to do as he pleases, it is quite certain that his wishes and desires will come into frequent and violent conflict with the wishes and desires of his neighbors, and that, while perhaps a certain number of the strongest will enjoy complete license, the great bulk of the population will suffer grievous infringements of their personal liberty.

All this, of course, is the most obvious and elementary of truisms; but there are many truisms to which lip-service only is paid, and that law preserves freedom is one of them. It is a peculiarity of the English stock and of its derivatives throughout the world—a peculiarity derived from the coalescence in one race of the Anglo-Saxon passion for freedom with the Norman passion for order—that they not only pay lip-service to this truism but that they instinctively react to it in their daily life. England is the only country in Europe, except Scotland, in which the jury system works at all tolerably well. Any English jury of twelve men and women picked, as it were, out of a hatful represents with extraordinary fidelity the average Englishman, and that is why it is very rare for either the defense or the prosecution to challenge a jurymen; nothing is to be gained by securing the removal of one man or woman from the panel to have him or her at once replaced by another who, so far as his conception of the duty which he is called upon to perform is concerned, is as like his predecessor as one pea to another. And such a jury, quickly formed, may be counted on with absolute certainty to return a verdict based on the facts and on the law and on nothing else. The practice of making sentimental appeals to the sympathies of the jury, of reminding

them of the prisoner's mother and of his wife and little children, still prevalent for example in Ireland, has long ago wholly died out in England because it is wholly ineffective. If the jury believe that the prisoner has done what he is accused of having done, and if the act which he has done is contrary to the law as explained to them by the judge, they will convict him however extenuating the circumstances and however numerous and hungry his family. It is not that the average Englishman is, in this respect at any rate, particularly self-righteous or vindictive or fearful; it is simply that he instinctively recognizes that theft or murder are infringements upon that measure of personal right—security of property and security of person—that the State is bound to secure for him and for all his fellow-citizens, and that the fact that the thief or murderer was hungry or jealous does not make his act any the less an infringement upon the personal rights of his victim. We are, contrary to one of our most cherished beliefs, a highly sentimental race; but in this matter no appeal to our sentiment or our sympathy is able to detach us from our determination to secure as far as possible that no individual, however strong his temptation, shall be allowed to infringe upon the personal rights of his neighbors.

IV

So far then as the actual administration of the law is concerned, I see no signs that the post-war England of today is losing any of its traditional determination that the personal rights of the individual citizen shall be secured against any infringement by other individuals—its instinctive recognition that the law-breaker is not merely attacking an abstraction called the State, but is a menace to each of the individuals who constitute the State. That instinctive recognition is well illustrated in the position which the policeman occupies in our social organization, and in

the respect, affection, and support which he enjoys.

The position of the policeman in England—I do not know whether it is different in America—is fundamentally distinct from that of the soldier. The soldier is a servant of the Crown, and as such is at the disposal of the central executive authority; the policeman is a representative of the people, and as such is at the disposal of the local authority—the Borough Council or the County Council, as the case may be. It is true that the Crown has now become an expression of the people's will, so that a servant of the Crown is as such a servant of the people; but, nevertheless, the distinction between the soldier and the policeman remains a real distinction. The policeman, in our theory, is an ordinary citizen, one of ourselves, with very few powers other than those which every citizen possesses. It is the natural duty of every citizen to prevent wrongdoing when he sees it, and to join with his fellow-citizens in the maintenance of public order. But as, in the modern State, it is more convenient that a certain number of the citizens should be primarily charged with this duty as the representatives of the whole body of citizens, and should for this purpose be relieved from the necessity of doing other work for their living, we pay some of our neighbors to keep the wrong-doer in check and to help us by controlling the traffic and assisting in the prevention of fires and other accidents. But we do not regard this as relieving the rest of us of the obligation to assist in securing these objects. That obligation devolves on the policeman first, but not on the policeman alone, and in the absence of the police or in the event of the police being overpowered, the obligation rests as fully upon the ordinary citizen as upon the police. The citizen who fails to come to the assistance of the police when called upon to do so commits an offense, and convictions and penalties for that offense regularly occur. On the other hand, we never allow the police-

man to forget that he does not represent any authority external to ourselves, but is merely our own representative. The powers which he possesses other than those possessed by the ordinary citizen are very limited. The policeman in England who killed a man otherwise than strictly in self-defense—who killed for example a prisoner who was attempting to escape—would certainly be convicted of murder and would quite probably be hanged, just as would the citizen who shot at and killed a burglar whom he found escaping out of the window. And on the rare occasions when it has been necessary to call in troops to assist the police, the soldier likewise acts not as a soldier but as a citizen—a citizen who conveniently happens to be armed and organized and is, therefore, better able than his unarmed and unorganized fellow-citizens to carry out the citizen's duty of preserving public order. The soldier, in such circumstances, acts only at the request of the civil magistrate conveyed to him through his officer, and he is in no way absolved from the citizen's obligation to obey the law. He may fire, at his officer's command, if it is clear that firing is necessary to preserve life or to prevent riot and destruction; but if the firing is held to have had no such justification, the fact that it was done at the command of his superior officer will be no answer, although it may be a palliation, to a charge of murder brought against the private soldier.

The policeman, then, in carrying out on behalf of the whole body of citizens the citizen's duty of preserving order in the community is regarded as the representative, not of any external authority, but of his fellow-citizens, and as such he is entitled to expect the support and respect of those whom he represents. And he still gets that support and respect to a very great—even to a surprising—extent. Surprising, because in the days, not so very long ago, when the State was an infinitely less complicated organism than it is to-day, when the laws were comparatively few and the

reasons for them correspondingly obvious, it was easy enough for the ordinary citizen to recognize that the policeman was a friend rather than an enemy, and it was not difficult for the policeman to appreciate that his authority was derived not from "the Government"—some abstract power superior to the mass of individuals constituting the State—but from those individuals themselves. Now that the State has become a vast and growing machine, the intricacies of which the average citizen does not attempt to comprehend, the recognition by the citizen that the policeman is his friend, and the appreciation by the policeman that his employer is the citizen, have become less easy. There is in this growing complexity of the State machine a real danger that the State itself may cease to be regarded as consisting merely of the aggregate of its citizens, bound together for mutual protection and assistance and, therefore, an institution entitled to their support and respect, and may come to be looked upon, and to regard itself, as a power deriving its authority from some source other than the combined will of its individual citizens and entitled, in the interests of its own perfection, to encroach upon their liberties. If and when that happens in England, the Englishman will cease to be a law-abiding person.

V

It was, I think, the fear that this was happening, that the State, or the Government, was beginning to impose regulations for the sake of imposing them (for to retain a regulation is the same as to impose it) and thereby to encroach upon the Englishman's traditional right to conduct his own life in his own way provided that he pays due regard to his neighbor's right to do likewise, that led, or at any rate contributed, to the revolt against the late Government in the recent General Election which I have already mentioned at the beginning of this article. It so happened that that Gov-

ernment was a Conservative Government, and in its traditional regard for the rights of the individual, if in no other respect, the Conservative Party, more nearly than any other, represents the average Englishman: its fault on this occasion was not that it was Conservative but that it was the Government.

The Act under which, during the War, the Government was empowered to impose various regulations and restrictions upon the liberty of the individual, on his right to buy and sell what he likes when he likes, to eat and drink what he can afford, to drive his car as far and as often as he pleases, to regard his home as his castle, and to be tried, if he offends, by a jury of his peers, was called the Defense of the Realm Act. It was not long before the Man in the Street christened it, from its initials, Dora, and the cartoonists gave to Dora a personality befitting her name, that of an elderly spinster with a prying nose and gleaming spectacles, looking through keyholes to see what the plain citizen was doing and telling him not to. Under Dora the Government (which, in wartime, is equivalent to the Army and the Civil Service) could make pretty well any regulations they pleased without the tiresome necessity of having to obtain the approval of Parliament; and the regulations they made were very numerous, and their bearing on the great object of winning the War not always very clear. But we recognized that we were living at a crisis of our history. The more we were harried by prohibitions and restrictions the more we felt that we were contributing to the great cause of Victory. We hugged our chains to our breasts, but with a mental reservation that the moment the War was over we would demand our freedom again or know the reason why.

Then came the Armistice, and we were told that, having won the War, we had now to win the Peace. For a time our burdens were even increased, but we recognized that the age was out of joint and

were patient. By degrees the more obvious encroachments on our liberty were withdrawn; but we still felt and resented the supervision of Dora. Many of the wartime regulations which had proved in practice to be beneficial and unoppressive were converted into laws and made permanent. No one any longer may disturb the peace of a whole street by whistling shrilly for a taxi at any hour of the day or night, but then no one feels any the worse for not being allowed to do so. (The bearing of a regulation prohibiting whistling for cabs on the winning of the War is not perhaps very obvious; but it was made in the interests of the wounded who lay in innumerable makeshift hospitals in London and other big cities, where they could obtain the services of the best surgeons until they were fit to be sent to the country to convalesce, and thence back, in those evil days, to fight once more.) No one may carry or possess a firearm without a permit from the police, but no one wants to.

But in addition to the many regulations thus made permanent which everyone regarded as reasonable were others the reasonableness of which was not so obvious; and of these the most prominent, and those which impinged most on the daily life of the average citizen, were those relating to the sale of goods after eight o'clock. The universal early closing of shops during the War, when enemy aircraft were liable to visit us at any time during the night and the energies of every man and woman were required during the day for the national business, was reasonable enough; but, why the devil, said the plain citizen to his neighbor, now that peace is here, shouldn't I be allowed to buy a packet of cigarettes after eight o'clock if I want to buy it and the other fellow wants to sell it to me? The justification for the law, no doubt, lay in the interests of the whole class of shop assistants, for whom it has secured a reasonable day's work in place of the fourteen- or even sixteen-hour day which was often demanded of

them before the War; and if shops which have assistants are compelled to close, then in fairness those which have none and are run by the proprietor himself must also close. But this argument for making the little shop round the corner close at eight, when its proprietor asked for nothing better than to be left in peace to sit in his shirt-sleeves behind his counter and chat to his customers till midnight, was too indirect for the plain citizen. The proprietor was deprived of the society of his neighbors, and the plain citizen who ran out of cigarettes after hours had to spend his evening without tobacco. Both of them regarded the law as a direct attack upon their liberties; and who shall say that they were wrong? Dora must go, they cried; and because they didn't know how to get rid of Dora, they got rid of the Government. It was a plain warning that the Englishman doesn't like *verboten*s the reason for which he can't see. It will be interesting—and not unamusing to the detached observer—to see what the Labor Government is going to do about it.

VI

The truth of the matter is that the Englishman demands of a law not only that it shall be a good law in itself, but that it shall command general assent. If you tell him that abstention from alcohol, except for medicinal and sacramental purposes, is a good thing, he will probably agree with you; but if you propose to make a law prohibiting the consumption and sale of alcoholic liquor, he will certainly vote against you, because he knows that even if he himself were prepared to obey the law, a very large number of his neighbors would seek to evade it, and he regards a law which is at all generally evaded as being for that reason alone a bad law. The Englishman believes in law, but he believes in it not as so many words printed on paper but as a code of conduct which, when he is called upon to assist the police

or to serve on a jury, he is prepared to enforce upon his fellow-citizens by his own hands, if necessary, or by his own voice. If you go to a law library, you will find that the entire body of English Statutes in force, from the year 1235, when the Statutes of Merton, some of which are still operative, became law, down to the year 1929, occupies no more than seven feet or so of shelf-space; and of that perhaps a tenth has been repealed since 1900 when the last revision took place. Of the rest at least ninety per cent is not only the law, *but is enforced*, to-day. Public opinion in England instinctively recoils from the danger that, if laws are passed which do not truly represent the feeling of the man in the street for what is just and reasonable, and which, therefore, the man in the street will not assist in enforcing, either they will not be enforced, in which case the law as a whole will fall into disrespect, or, if they are enforced, a chasm will begin to open between the State and the people, between the police and the public, such as can be seen to-day in almost every country in Europe.

In two directions, fortunately comparatively unimportant, we can already see signs of the appearance of such a chasm—or perhaps we need only call it a crack—namely in relation to the laws on the subject of street betting and the motor speed limit. The fact that these laws are hopelessly out of touch with modern popular opinion is due not to the fact that they were freak laws when they were introduced—for they were not—but to the fact that circumstances have greatly changed since their introduction, and that they have not been repealed because no one is agreed what to put in their place. They are on the Statute Book and, therefore, they are enforced in so far as it is possible to enforce them. But the public, anxious and ready to assist the police, will not assist them in this. Every motorist, and even the pedestrian, will warn other motorists, if he can, of a speed trap, and every passer-by will tell the street bookie's tout that

"the Cop's coming round the corner." The evils of this state of affairs are two-fold: not only does it set the police and the public, who, in our view, always should, and as a rule do, work together, working against each other, but it lays the police, normally entirely free from corruption of any kind, open to a very strong temptation to take money for neglecting to enforce laws which they know the public will not blame them for failing to enforce.

VII

So far we have concerned ourselves solely with the enforcement of the actual law. There are, however, other rules of conduct—conventional, moral, religious—by which the behavior of the average man is affected, and which, though enforced by sanctions other than those of the law, command, or at least used to command, a respect and obedience not less universal than that which was given to the law. To what extent do the principles which still, it seems, hold good in the Englishman's reactions to the law hold good also in his reactions to these other rules of conduct?

In his conception of law the Englishman demands of it two things, which are really the same thing seen from different sides, that it shall respect as far as possible what he regards as the inalienable rights of the individual, and that it shall restrain the individual, himself included, from encroaching, in pursuit of the fulfilment of his own desires, on the rights of others: in short, that it shall secure to each individual as full a measure of personal freedom as is consistent with the securing of an equally full measure of personal freedom to every other individual. And as circumstances and conditions, the machinery of living and the structure of society, change, he adapts his laws to conform to those changes. But the adaptation of the laws tends to lag behind the changes which they are intended to meet, for the Englishman never likes

to destroy anything unless he can see pretty clearly what he means to put in its place: which is one reason why the Communists and Bolsheviks find him such poor material to work on.

We should expect to find these tendencies visible in the sphere of conventional conduct as they are visible in the sphere of legal conduct; and we should not, I think, be disappointed. In the ordering of so much of his life as does not affect his neighbors, the Englishman demands a fairly complete measure of freedom; he is not, on the whole, in any such matter a slave to convention. If it pleases him to have supper instead of dinner, he has supper. If he keeps a motor car, it is because it amuses him to do so and because he can afford it, and not because his neighbor has one. If he would rather read his paper in the train going to his work every morning than talk to his fellow-passengers, no one for that reason writes him down as stand-offish. In the Universities every variety of outlook, from Dadaism to the most complete snobbery, is tolerated and even respected. Above all, the Englishman claims to be entitled to his own political creed. He suffers singularly little, in this respect, from the tyranny of local public opinion; nevertheless, if you ask him how he voted at the last election he is as likely as not to tell you that the ballot, he believes, is supposed to be secret, and that if you'll mind your business, he'll mind his—a trait which makes the path of the political canvasser a hard one.

But in the matters in which his private life touches at all upon the life of the community, the case is different. English public opinion on the subject of marriage is a case in point. I gather from the American reviews that the revolt against marriage has gone to pretty considerable lengths in the States. In England not one per cent of the population has any idea that the excellence and value of the institution has ever been seriously questioned. It is not, I think, that the proportion of happy and suc-

cessful marriages in the past has been any higher in England than in America, nor that we are any more subject to religious or moral or conventional taboos than you are—on the contrary I should venture to say that we are less subject to them. But the life of the community as at present organized is based on the institution of marriage, and not marriage alone, but a stable and permanent marriage in which divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare. And for that reason, until some other obvious and equally secure foundation for the social structure is found, the sense of the community, that civic instinct which is still very strong in England, repels almost unconsciously any idea of change in the status of marriage. I do not mean to suggest that the individual sufferer from an unhappy marriage who would like to get a divorce, or the undergraduate boy who would like to make an experiment in free love with an undergraduate girl, consciously says to himself that divorce, or free love, as the case may be, if widely practiced, would undermine the present structure of society, and that, therefore, he must abstain. Nothing so conscious as that, indeed nothing conscious at all, actuates him—the idea simply never enters his head. The individual citizen shares unconsciously the civic instinct.

VIII

In his article on "The Dangers of Obedience" in the June issue of *HARPER's* Professor Laski spoke of the tendency in our modern civilization for the judgment of the individual to be swamped by the opinion of the mass. It was a timely warning, but a warning, I venture humbly to think, more needed in the States than in England. I have suggested in the earlier part of this paper the danger to liberty inherent in the rapid growth of the State machine; and in the State machine I should perhaps include the Press, even where, as in England and America, the Press is totally free from governmental influence

or control. The influence exercised by the Press is comparable with that curious phenomenon of mob psychology whereby the passion or emotion of a crowd as a whole greatly exceeds the mere sum of the passions and emotions of the separate individuals who compose the crowd.

But, if it is possible for one who has never been in the States to judge from what he reads, the Englishman is less amenable than the American to this kind of influence. I find it impossible to imagine, for example, an English University swayed by the same kind of emotion as that which, I gather, takes possession of the souls and bodies of the members—students and faculty, undergraduates and alumni—of an American University on the eve of a great game or on certain solemn anniversaries. The Englishman, with very rare exceptions, is not capable of surrendering himself wholly to an idea. It is a negative quality which has its advantages as well as its defects: if we have produced very few great saints, we have produced a large number of admirable practical administrators. And just as the English are not easily swayed by communal passions or emotions, so also they are not particularly susceptible to the influence of the Press. A comparison of the circulation of the morning and evening papers (all of them with strongly expressed political convictions) and of the voting strength of the various parties which they support shows curious results. All the papers with the biggest circulation, one or other of which is read by at least ninety per cent of those who read a newspaper at all, are conservative. The Liberals have three or four papers of respectable circulation and great literary and cultural influence. Labor has one paper with a comparatively infinitesimal circulation. Yet at the recent election, at which over eighty-five per cent of the adult population voted, Labor cast the biggest vote.

The Englishman, in effect, regards his right to judge of everything for himself

as one of the rights which he will in no circumstances surrender; and yet, oddly enough, his judgment, more often than not, is not a conscious but a subconscious process. He does not really judge for himself; his inherited instincts do it for him. We are not an intellectual race; we are not, I think, even a very intelligent race; but we have an unusually strong racial memory. Intellect and intelligence are qualities which can be dealt with: they can be convinced by logic or crushed into submission by tyranny. But logic has no effect on the unconscious cerebration which proceeds from generations of Saxon and Norman and English forbears, and tyranny merely drives it into revolt—the tyranny of kings into the revolts of 1642 and 1688, and the tyranny of a bureaucracy into the revolt of 1929.

It is because the Englishman's insistence on his personal rights is so largely instinctive that I doubt whether he is in any danger of being tricked or bludgeoned into foregoing it.

I have been reading over this article before sending it off, and have been a good deal struck with the note of rather smug self-satisfaction which pervades it. I am afraid that we English are very self-satisfied. I say "I am afraid," but I am not sure that I ought not to substitute "fortunately." For, infuriating as our self-satisfaction must be to others, it is undoubtedly advantageous to ourselves!

I have just had an opportunity of reading a letter from a distinguished Judge of the State of New York to an acquaintance of his, a New Zealander, who had written to him from England, where he was paying a visit. "What you say," says the Judge, "of the English lack of sociability, or rather aloofness, is most amusing. That however is not, if I have them right, what has tended to make them unpopular with the rest of the world outside of England. Shyness we all have in some measure, and we

learn to see through it in others. The unpopularity of some Englishmen, regarded as typical though very likely not so at all, and not extended to Colonials, is due, as I size it up, to the material success of the Victorian era accompanied by a supposed feeling of superiority towards the rest of the world and a supposed hypocrisy involving the same thing. Thus if you analyze it, you will find the same elements, though accompanied by different phenomena, which seem to make Americans unpopular today. We are now, as the English were then, the greatest of creditors; we have, or some of us have no doubt, the bad manners of the rich, with the difference that our riches were more suddenly acquired, so perhaps some of the manifestations are more flagrant and objectionable. We too are accused of giving virtuous reasons for selfish designs. The interesting thing about human nature, as has been better said by many others, is that it is so much the same."

Whether there is any truth in what the Judge says of America I don't know. But it is certainly true that the English have the appearance, to foreigners, of being both unsociable and hypocritical; and as their apparent possession of these undesirable qualities has, I think, a bearing on the questions discussed in this paper, I venture to add this postscript.

The apparent unsociability of the Englishman arises, I believe, not from shyness nor (at any rate so far as his unsociability towards his own fellow-countrymen is concerned) from any sense of superiority. It is simply that he is an individualist, and that he regards himself, his personality, as a possession which he is not prepared to share with anyone except his family and his intimate friends. A conversational opening by a stranger in a railway carriage, and still more the somewhat intimate questions which he is liable to be asked by the New York reporter, embarrass him not because he is shy, but because he regards them as an intrusion

upon his privacy and, therefore, almost, as it were, as an indecency. Consider the high walls and thickset hedges which we build round our gardens, and compare them with the wall-less and hedge-less gardens of the New York suburbs—there you have a good symbol of the difference which has grown up between our two peoples.

This insistence upon the security of his personal privacy is of a piece with the Englishman's insistence upon the security of his personal rights. He draws a sharp distinction between his public and his private life. His private life belongs to himself and to his family and intimate friends; and he deeply resents any intrusion upon it either by the State, in the person of the police or the bureaucrat, or by his fellow-men. In his public life, on the other hand, when he is acting in his capacity as a citizen as opposed to his capacity as an individual, he is prepared to recognize that the claims of the community must, if necessary, override his personal emotions and predilections—and that is why he makes such a good juryman, and turns out eighty-five per cent strong to vote at a general election.

As for the Englishman's alleged hypoc-

risy, this, I think, is an illustration of the large part which, as I have already suggested, the subconscious or instinctive plays in his mental make-up. Hypocrisy, as I understand the word, means *consciously* making yourself out to be a better man than you are. Now the Englishman doesn't do that. He really and truly believes himself to be a much better man than anyone else! That belief is not based on any rational evidence—indeed there is much evidence to the contrary—but then in such matters as this he has no use for evidence; logic is not one of his strong suits. Indeed, his belief in his own superiority is hardly a belief at all, in as much as it is not a conscious but a subconscious element in all his thoughts and actions. It is clearly not due, as the Judge suggests, to the material success of the Victorian era, for it dates from long before that—the Elizabethan English certainly had it. And if it is true, as the Judge says, that the American also has this sense of superiority, he no doubt inherited it from us.

If, then, this paper has a smear of self-satisfaction all over it, I can't help it. Being an Englishman I was born that way.





DRAMA'S NEW DOMAIN—THE HIGH SCHOOL

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

DURING the past year the students in the fourteen high schools of Cleveland produced a little more than four hundred plays as part of their classroom work. In a single high school in California they acted more than a hundred comedies and dramas, long and short. If President Hoover's census takers could be persuaded to study vital statistics of this sort a great many of us might stop worrying about the inroads of the movies and the dismal future of the American theater. For drama is now being taught and exhibited to millions of boys and girls at an impressionable age which their elders used to devote to debating contests, mock trials, and class dances, mitigated by an occasional matinee of "The Little Minister" or "The Prince of Pilsen." More than that, acting is being used consciously and deliberately by the teachers as a means to correct defects in the personalities of the students and to build a better citizenship.

Drama is a new thing in the high schools. Not student attempts at mock trials and senior plays, of course, but the serious business of teaching boys and girls to produce plays. It is a product of the past six or seven years, and it is growing with immense speed. Probably a third of the twenty-two thousand high schools of America are studying and applying production methods to a rather decent grade of play. These seven thousand schools have definite courses with an average of fifty students to a course. Some hundreds of thousands of young actors, designers,

stage hands, and managers are producing plays for an audience that runs into the millions. They have every sort of stage to work on, from mere auditorium platforms to plants so well equipped that the Theatre Guild's Repertory Company often plays in them in preference to local halls or opera houses. In many places the students practice playwriting and scene design as well as acting, and indulge in state-wide tournaments. As yet, most of the work is voluntary, and the courses are elective; but the universities are already giving entrance credit for courses in dramatics, and they are making the greatest effort to send to the high schools more teachers properly trained to teach and direct drama.

The extent and intensity of high-school dramatics are extraordinary. A few large cities, such as New York and Chicago, are doing their best to neglect them; but even a casual glance at what the United States is doing in this field shows activity in widely separated districts—Portland, Maine; Stockton, California; Hancock, Michigan; Spokane, Washington; Colwell, Iowa; Asheville, North Carolina; Cleveland, Ohio. California is easily the most active State in proportion to population. Three years ago, 112 out of her 388 senior high schools had oral English—the basis of dramatics—in their curricula. In 1929, 93 per cent of the schools which answered a questionnaire reported courses in dramatics. Yet even with all the attention which California now gives to the subject, she is unable to take care of all the students who wish to elect

such study. Ohio represents something nearer the average of the Middle West and perhaps of the whole country. Of Ohio's 1,250 high schools, 650 do definite work in dramatics, according to Clarence Stratton, head of the English department in Cleveland. Every high school in the larger cities—Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland—has a production course.

The best evidence of how far high-school dramatics have moved in the past few years comes from the universities. Their work in drama and their work in producing are almost entirely consecrated to turning out teachers. Seventy-five per cent of their dramatic students go to work in the high schools. Candidates for the degree of master of arts have begun to turn their attention to research in this field. Yet the situation is so fresh and is changing so rapidly that only eight systematic studies of high-school dramatics have been made, and the first seven are already out-of-date. The latest—a master's thesis by Dina Rees Evans, of the University of Iowa—has supplied me with a great deal of statistical material to correct or to strengthen personal observation on a fourteen thousand mile survey of the non-commercial theater made for the Carnegie Corporation and the American Association for Adult Education. Miss Evans sent a questionnaire to one-tenth of the high schools in America, and received answers from close to a thousand. A third of the schools reported courses in dramatic production, and a half had dramatic clubs. Less than a fifth had nothing to offer except occasional plays, and only twelve schools reported no dramatics. The city of Washington, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast led in activity. New England was at the bottom. As Miss Evans chose the schools for her questionnaire on a systematic and representative basis, her results seem fairly certain to reflect the situation in all our high schools.

It is possible to believe that all this work is part of a dramatic renaissance

which finds its expression in hundreds of community theaters and university theaters quite as much as on Broadway. From the practical point of view of the educator—who already has too much to teach and not enough facilities to do it properly—this addition of dramatics to the high-school curriculum is the reasoned product of a belief that the study of the active theater is an invaluable factor in the educational process. They believe that it develops personal and social qualities of the utmost importance.

To begin at the beginning is to begin with the ideas of Emma Sheridan Fry, a remarkable woman once in charge of the Children's Educational Theatre, a pioneer effort in New York some years ago. Mrs. Fry's theories and policies dominate school dramatics in California, and play a considerable part in this work all over the country. They should become increasingly important, for they look beyond culture and skill for an objective. They see drama reshaping personality, opening up and freeing character, building a better race.

Mrs. Fry recognizes that the personality which a child assumes in school years is an expression of only a part of the child's possibilities. It obscures many sides of the inner self and shuts off large areas of the life about it. Personality is a kind of uniform. It simplifies the adjustment to everyday existence. It allows only certain movements of the spirit and certain contacts with emotional life. Just as most of us use only a few of our muscles well and some of them hardly at all, Mrs. Fry believes we utilize only a part of our inner spiritual force, and come into understanding contact with only a portion of the life about us.

Through the dramatic instinct which develops from the play instinct the boy or girl can escape the restrictions of the single limited personality. He can escape from his individual environment. He can find new uniforms, broaden his personality. He can discover possibili-

ties in his inner self and appreciate new aspects of the life about him.

In practical terms, this theory implies a good deal more than the value of allowing a boy or girl to act in a play. It implies choosing for him—or leading him to choose—a part which will act as a corrective or an amplification of his own personality. It means giving him a new uniform, perhaps dozens of new uniforms. And here we come up against one of the phrases familiar to everyone who has thought about the greatest æsthetic evil of the Broadway theater system—type-casting.

The clash between the acting ideal of a Continental repertory company and the acting ideal of an American long-run company is simple and clear enough. The actor in the first kind of company impersonates various sorts of characters created by the dramatist. The actor in the second kind impersonates himself, and the producer merely sees to it that he hires the personality which agrees with the part. "Practical buyers among the managers," says John Anderson, the critic, "shop for actors as we shop to match a piece of silk." Oddly enough, the conditions of the community theater—with its ideal of letting as many people as possible act each year for the sake of "self-expression"—result in the defeat of true self-expression and in as much type-casting as on Broadway. The diffident young man plays the diffident young man; the seamstress plays the seamstress. The high-school theater is almost the only theater in which type-casting is taboo on principle.

Teachers who see beyond good speech and good literature are stressing the necessity of casting parts to improve the students instead of casting students to improve the parts. They are not so much interested in giving good performances as in correcting and readjusting personalities. Mere repetition of a certain kind of part would be bad unless, as one educator says, "our boys and girls were repeating themselves in molds heroic, beautiful, strong, and true. . . .

For a girl always to repeat the silly flapper or the shrewish mother, or a boy constantly to succeed himself as butler or young cook, promotes mental stagnation." The theorists and practitioners in this field of dramatic therapeutics go beyond even this. They study the child and try to cast him in parts which will correct defects in his personality. The dull and sullen youngster who is cast for a prince is thus forced into a new field of expression. The self-constrained and bashful girl must be shown what it means to play a vivacious heroine. At a conference of the Drama Teachers Association of California I heard example after example of how such "casting against type" had broadened personality and even saved many a youngster from tendencies that would have ended in mental misery, perhaps neuroticism.

Psychiatrists who have studied the problem join the teachers in indorsing the therapeutic values of high-school dramatics. They see our city life producing unusual emotional and nervous tensions, and they find in the acting of plays ample, healthful, and effective outlets. It is more than an interesting diversion which can improve literary and æsthetic taste. As Dr. V. H. Podstata has put it, acting "offers an expression to emotions in terms of equivalent and well-co-ordinated muscular responses—the ideal outlets. It converts destructive imagination and day-dreaming into open play with definite aims. It favors and tends to stabilize social contacts when under the leadership of a good instructor. It offers to the teacher many an opportunity for the detection in the pupils of abnormal trends, hysteria, shut-in tendency, etc."

The teachers of drama try, of course, to make the students give as finished performances as they are able; but they do not make a god of skill. I have heard one of the best, Doris E. McEntyre of Oakland, California, inveigh fiercely against "training the animals to perform tricks," against turning the high-school boys and girls into a kind of

dog-and-pony show. She prefers teamwork to individual display because she believes it develops "those traits that constitute the foundations of fine citizenship: self-control, and emotional mastery, self-reliance and self-confidence, adaptability, initiative that drives through obstacles to altruistic ends, tolerance and understanding, a sense of personal responsibility, a loyalty rooted in the principle of each for all and all for each, an enthusiastic co-operative spirit, fitness for companionship, a sense of fair-play."

How intense is this work in drama? In many schools it is doubtless very sketchy. In others it is really extraordinary in scope and vitality. You may take as the peak Huntington Park, California. Principal K. L. Stockton reported to the ninth annual conference of the Drama Teachers Association of California—a conference which first awakened me to the extent and importance of high school dramatics—that his school had four elementary and two advanced drama classes, that these classes had produced 85 plays as class work up to the spring of 1929, and that they would produce more than 20 during the remainder of the year. Most of these were short plays, but 2 long plays were also to be given. Twelve of the short plays had been presented at Playgoers' Matinees—performances given free on Wednesday afternoons to audiences of about 700 students—and 10 others were ready for similar presentation. Nine plays had been presented at special assemblies, class meetings, and similar gatherings, and 7 performances had been given before community organizations outside the school. This, mind you, was all curricular work—100 one-act plays and 3 long ones. In addition, the students were preparing on their own hook 3 other long productions, the junior "Vodvil," the student body play, "Nathan Hale," and the senior play, "The Show Shop."

The number of courses and classes and

the length of the instruction are unquestionably greater in California than elsewhere. Stockton, for instance, offers juniors and seniors a half-year course called Drama, and a full-year course in play production, and it provides for the sophomores as well as the juniors and seniors a full course in stagecraft, which includes scene design. The Stockton student can thus take two and a half years of dramatic work. Two high schools in Los Angeles, the Franklin and the Fairfax, each provide two years of this sort of instruction.

The equipment of the high schools is often rudimentary, but sometimes exceptional. The Huntington Park High School is as fully equipped as any road theater, with the exception of a minimum of dressing rooms. It has a forty-foot proscenium opening, the stage is thirty feet deep, and there is plenty of gridiron height. Twelve out of the fourteen high schools of Cleveland have modern stages in connection with their auditoriums, and the boxed-in platforms of the other two have been broken out into acceptable playing space. The John Hay High School is exceptionally well equipped. The high school of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a theater with two balconies and a forty-foot-wide paint frame. The McKinley Technical High School in Washington, D. C., provides an exceptional theater that, like most of the high-school theaters of California, is at the disposal of any community group of actors that cares to use it. The Technical High School of Omaha, according to Miss Evans, has the best stage in the city; it is 42 feet deep by 100 feet wide, with an opening of 50 feet. A goodly number of schools have classroom stages or laboratories in addition to their auditoriums. In Cleveland, three have studio theaters of this sort. The Roosevelt High School in Seattle has a cleverly arranged stage placed between two classrooms so that it can be used by either.

In the high schools with good manual-training departments and in the technical high schools the building of elaborate

models and sets is done in the carpentry shops; and there are special groups of students told off to handle the stage and often—as in the Technical High School of Omaha—to learn the trade of stage carpenter, property man, and electrician. Students from the East Technical High School in Cleveland receive academic credit for work in the stage crew of the Cleveland Play House.

The plays that the boys and girls produce vary greatly, of course, though the plays that they study in their courses maintain a pretty even level of excellence. The weak spot is the dramatic clubs of high schools which have no formal instruction. There the level is the level of the Broadway success. The plays most produced by the dramatic clubs are such comedies as "The Goose Hangs High," "The Patsy," "The Charm School," "Seventeen," "Captain Applejack," "The Youngest," "Clarence," and "Merton of the Movies." "The Blue Bird," "The Admirable Crichton," even "You Never Can Tell" occasionally get themselves produced, but not oftener than "Charley's Aunt" and "Friendly Enemies." The dramatic courses work mainly with the one-act play; and Lady Gregory's farce, "Spreading the News," and Synge's tragedy, "Riders to the Sea," seem as popular as any. The long plays staged as class work run to such pieces as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Rivals," "Sun-Up," and "The Doll's House."

Methods of teaching vary equally. In California they are beginning to use the French device of the "*matinée lyrique*"—which means having a group of students, seated on the stage, read but not act out in movement plays and poems, dividing the lines among themselves, and leaving to a leader a kind of guiding thread of stage direction.

I have found at least one teacher who argues that the formal play may not be the best way to use dramatic art in education. Clarissa Meynell believes this so far as beginners go. She and a considerable school of instructors depend on

the improvisation of episodes—"life situations" they call them—to shake the beginner out of his timidity and self-consciousness and set him acting. The teacher begins perhaps by making her pupils sit about her. Then she starts a piece of pantomime like this, which she carries out herself as she watches the others fall in: "Each of you has a bowl of water on your knees. Lift it carefully. Don't spill a drop. Remember, it's heavy! Be careful. Be sure you feel it in your hands." Then she sets them walking round the room, and finally she suggests that they are meeting at the departure of a steamer and talking to her—she is the deck steward. After that she launches them into the acting and improvisation of such episodes as this:

In a store. Sally, in charge of the lace-collar counter, discovers at the close of the day that a lace collar is missing. Not finding it after a search, she accuses Mary, who works at the counter with her, of stealing it. Mary denies this. There is a short dispute. Then the two take the matter to the manager, who tries to solve the problem. Sally alone knows whether she is sincere in accusing Mary. Mary alone knows if she is innocent. The manager must settle the controversy. You are Sally; you, Mary; you, the manager.

The dramatic courses have required reading, of course, and reports on plays, as well as the learning and acting of parts. Sometimes the student has to try his hand at a one-act play or sketch, or at keeping a dramatic scrapbook clipped from newspapers and magazines. Then there may be a short paper to write on a topic like "The Art of Pantomime" or "The Purpose of the Little Theater." If you go into a class you may find the first few minutes given up to voice or group pantomime. The rest of the hour may be used for individual work or work in small groups—one knot of students working out a pantomime for presentation later, two students conferring with the teacher about some work on properties. Or the whole class may go to the auditorium for re-

hearsal; those who are not in the cast will turn to scene-painting or some other of the many details of production. Throughout the course-work the newer theories of self-direction for students come rather thoroughly into play.

Just as the study of dramatics goes on into college from high school, it is also reaching back into the elementary schools. Not a great deal of progress has been made there as yet, for there are practically no satisfactory textbooks of plays suited to children below adolescence. Missouri uses a dramatic reader for its first and second grades; but, in the main, teachers find it better to try to stimulate their children to create their own dramas as well as to act and set them. Thus in the Walden School, a private institution in New York, I have seen students in a class which mingles history and social science make a play out of the life of the Egyptians and their kings. They initiated the whole thing themselves, chose the subject, divided it up into the life of the merchants and the sports of the court, and then began to create characters, assign parts, and improvise the dialogue. Next came a good deal of reading and museum-going, many weeks of work on costumes, wigs of

wool, and painted hangings, and finally a performance. But work like this—creative and informative—is the exception in primary schools to-day.

What it will be to-morrow is another matter. A study of the high schools and the universities makes me believe that we are traveling very fast. Broadway may be dying, but never was the theater so alive in the rest of the United States. Hundreds of little theaters act Shaw and Shakespeare, Milne and Molnar, Barrie and Barry. A hundred universities are training men and women to direct these theaters and teach high-school dramatics, as well as to act and to write plays. And in the high schools literally hundreds of thousands of boys and girls are getting a critical and a practical acquaintance with drama at an age when we used to see only a few plays a year. It is very new and very experimental—this training for leisure—but it is growing fast and growing surely. What I have written here will be a very inaccurate underestimate in less than a year. The one thoroughly accurate statement which I can make is that an extraordinary new audience is being born in the high schools of the United States. They will come out looking for something besides talkies.

The Lion's Mouth



TIMIDITY: OUR NATIONAL SIN

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOT long ago I found myself in Spain and, like most Americans, I desired to see a bullfight. But there were two fears at my heart: one that I should faint; the other, that I should not.

Leaving the vast arena, a little sick, I encountered a fellow-countryman. "A hideous spectacle," I said, "and yet I never looked at the poor horses—thanks to the forethought of a Spanish friend who sat at my side."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense," answered my American acquaintance. "A bullfight is the greatest sport in the world and the finest spectacle a real he-man can witness. You're like all the rest of them back there"—pointing vaguely to where he thought the United States of America might be—"you're getting soft and flabby. We need something like this to get the iron of manhood back into our blood." And he turned away, rather disgusted with me.

I was amazed and not a little disgusted with him. Yet what he said remained in my mind for many days. Like all such startling statements, I had, at first, taken it too literally. I doubted later if even my thoroughly masculine compatriot would have wished to see matadors in Pennsylvania and Texas, Michigan and Iowa. Nor would he have cared, in our own land, for the spectacle of blindfolded animals tortured and disemboweled. Of course not.

But, returning to my native country, I found much to ponder over. It was true that the Spaniards countenanced a cruel sport; and yet I had found them as a people, paradoxically enough, the gentlest I had ever met. And we, who pride ourselves upon our national sanctity—well, one of the first items I read in one of our newspapers was the brutal burning at the stake of a native American negro. Do such actions put the iron of manhood back into our blood? No nation is "manly" because it is brutal. It is simply brutal.

But in looking around me I found much to justify the remark of that fellow-traveler in Spain. We *have* taken on some of the attributes of the jellyfish.

I went into a high office building. As the elevator ascended swiftly with little for the operator to do, so wonderful was the mechanical arrangement of the car, I noted that the floor after the twelfth was labeled, not the thirteenth, but the fourteenth. As if calling it that made it so. It was still the thirteenth. Genius had created an elevator with doors that opened and closed silently, surely, quickly. The mere touching of a button and we moved with precision, like a band of robots, to our higher destination; and steel and iron did our bidding. Yet we surround ourselves with little superstitions that exasperate the thoughtful and bring solace and peace to the average occupants of our lofty skyscrapers. We cannot bear to call things by their right names. We have a passion for euphemisms. Some words terrify us. "She died of cancer." "Hush!" comes a swift rebuke, "you must not say that." What, in the name of clarity, should one say then?

"Safety first" is our national slogan,

in a land and an era of slogans. No one, unless he be a fool, will deny the desirability of being cautious amid the rush of our perilous times. But what if Lindbergh had hesitated when he stepped into that little machine which was to take him above those wastes of water in the greatest flight of all history! "Hold fast!" the conductor used to cry to us in our exultant youth when aboard a Broadway car we were nearing Dead Man's Curve. Laughter arose. True, we held on—we who were huddled in goodly companionship on the rear platform or snugly together within the rushing car. And none of us feared anything at all. Even when we in our care-free way disregarded the warning, nothing serious happened to us. We might have been tossed about for a second or two, but what of it? Somehow, as I look back, I think it did us a lot of good to be swung from our feet and perhaps whirled ingloriously into a fellow-passenger's lap for a lively instant. Now, self-conscious, alert, with signs everywhere to guide us and direct us, are there not as many accidents as before? Catchwords and phrases, no matter how clever, have not the serene strength of fire-escapes and iron doors that open outward in case of panic. Surely only children need such safeguards as continually surround us.

Alas! we are a nation of children. We delight in the same moment in a paternal government and rebel at the restrictions it places about us. We are censored and censured at every turn; and we glory in our bondage. We call it sweet; and the strong acid of wrath is never awakened in us. We dumbly submit, and are rather proud than otherwise of our abasement. In our smug complacency, we ride in our expensive cars through streets lately torn up and never quite repaired as they should have been. The bumps annoy us—while we are being bumped. In London an irate lord would write to the *Times* about the upheaval of the roads; and something would be done about it. But the spirit

of laissez-faire is abroad in America. "Let George do it" was a slogan which did more to crush our initiative than any other single group of words. We are afraid to speak, to voice our protest. It is so much easier and pleasanter to "sit pretty" and let the other fellow tell the world.

Only, we do not "sit pretty." We shrink and weep at the high cost of going to the theater and then rush to the nearest speculator for our orchestra chairs—in the nineteenth row, at \$6.60 apiece, to be conservative. We fail to protest when an institution as necessary to us as the theater refuses to sell us tickets at its own box-office but demands that we go down the street to view diagrams of its rows of seats and purchase our reservations there. We rail and fume at the dishonesty of such proceedings and whisper among ourselves that if a bookshop forced us to do likewise when we desired certain volumes we should close our account. Yet we know very well we should do nothing of the sort. We should do exactly as we were bidden.

We enter a motion-picture house, having been sold, presumably, a seat. Within a gorgeous corridor we are driven like the sheep we have come to be to a tiny fold, girded by silken cords, while a youth in shining uniform watches over us, and condescendingly allows us, two by two, or one by one, more likely, to enter at last the sacred precinct over which he stands guard. Our patience, for an impatient people, is limitless. Are we now "brother to the ox," and have we lost forever that iron in our souls of which my acquaintance so feelingly spoke?

We have an innate desire to be watched over. The Eighteenth Amendment is a symbol of our subconscious wish for a benevolent autocracy. We forget its dangers the while we bask in its perfumed clouds; and these clouds, we may discover too late, are but the fumes of its lethal chambers, slowly wafting us to an eternal mental sleep.

The stupid optimists have got hold of

us. Cheerio, when all goes wrong; that's the way, boys! Never face unpleasantness. Evade it and avoid it. Don't recognize its existence. Love everybody. (As if it were not as impossible to love everybody as it is impossible to hate everybody.) The little, futile thinkers, if one can flatter them with so august a word, are all around us. "Don't knock—boost." That is their misleading cry. And yet anyone with any philosophy or common sense at all knows perfectly well that it is as immoral to boost when a thing is not worth boosting as it is to knock when a thing is too good to knock.

Soon, if we keep on, we shall be afraid to expose cocktail shakers in our shop windows. That does not mean that cocktail shakers will cease to be manufactured or shaken. It simply means that, in our childish terror, we shall hide our toys from Uncle Sam's prying eyes and continue to make sad whoopee behind his back and behind our timid shutters.



TURN TO THE LEFT

BY LAWTON MACKALL

AS a person of modest ambition, who seeks merely the plums of life without insisting on melons, I have found what I consider to be the ideal career. It is a career more honorable than onerous, and, if not colossally lucrative, at least it enables one to put on a brave shirt-front before the world.

I say that I have found this perfect profession: actually I have only gazed upon it from a respectful distance. Certainly I did not discover it in one of those vocational guidance books which tell How to Succeed in 1001 Ways, explaining the aureate opportunities afforded by Steam-Fitting, Taxidermy, Bee-Keeping in Your Spare Time, and

so forth. No; this *distingué* calling is on a higher plane, aloof from the moiling multitude. Though suffused with lime-light, it remains a mystery, rebuffing description—as the reader will agree when I attempt to describe it.

It first came into my ken last winter at a concert in Calliope Hall, an affair designated as a violoncello recital, but which proved to be much more than that. You remember the great Magyar 'cellist who caused such a furor among the cognoscenti—Paprikisch, or something like that? (I am poor on names, but wonderful on faces, especially when they have whiskers.) At any rate he was one of the three who participated. He waddled forth from the little postern door (upstage right), carrying his instrument firmly by the nape of the neck as though it were a cat in disfavor.

Frankly I was a trifle disappointed; but he seemed vastly pleased, beaming and bowing full-beardedly. Subsequent bows were shared by the pianist, a tall man—loose-hung and lugubrious—from whose sleeves depended sinewy wrists. This assisting artist arrived empty-handed, his piano being already installed downstage left, approximately where the tea-table is placed in British dramaturgy.

But there was also a third individual—function unknown. I looked carefully to see if he had a bassoon or something. But, no; not even a piccolo: all he was carrying was a sheaf of music. Manifestly, though, from his important air and his smooth-shaven assurance, he was a virtuoso of some species.

Perhaps a spare musician in case of emergency? A 'cello-tuner? I wondered, and while I was wondering he and the tall man betook themselves piano-wards and devoted a few earnest minutes to ottoman-testing: the pianist sitting experimentally upon the tufted tetrapod which served as *point d'appui*, and twisting a little bulge-control gadget to adjust matters to concert pitch—while the odd man hovered near-by, all solicitude. I had never seen anyone with so

keen an eye for the height of the meticulous. It struck me that in working out the seating problem this co-musician used his head; whereas with the pianist it was just the opposite.

Meanwhile the 'cellist, left to his own devices, had picked out a good place to spike and had settled there—on just an ordinary chair, although his build would have warranted at least a rocker. He was soothing his fiddle's nerves. As he stroked the high-strung thing, it purred.

Suddenly they were off—in full sonata. The 'cello burbled and twittered like a baritone canary, the pianist volleyed and thundered, and the third man, sitting slightly upstage of the keyboard, looked on serenely: an overseer among toilers.

The inexplicableness of him fascinated me. I had heard of cabinet ministers without portfolios; men who lent their prestige and their amplitude of wisdom to bolster up a government: possibly here was a similar case of luster-conferring, in the realm of music—a man of influence who never touched a key. Indeed, he hardly looked like a musician: his hair was not the free fantasia that tops off virtuosity; neither was his dress suit a musico-sartorial classic like Paprikisch's. Yet here he was in the thick of an *Allegro con brio*.

All at once this onlooker *de luxe* was electrified into action. He rose from his chair, reached forward, and seized a corner of the music from which the pianist was playing. It was a bent-up corner, and he nipped it Napoleonically, as one seizes Time by the forelock.

Watching him as he paused dramatically with the fate of the sonata in his grasp, I wondered what on earth the pianist would do. Heavily involved in chord complexities, he could only nod acquiescence—and the page was flung over and flattened into submission. A bold stroke, executed by a master hand. Having achieved it, the musical overlord resumed his chair as casually as if nothing had happened.

I kept watching him, though; sensing intuitively that other dramatic moments

were in store. I felt certain that he and some new excitement would arise together. And, sure enough, a look of intensity came over him; a crescendo of purpose brought him to the edge of his chair, then lifted him gradually, till . . . (The rest is history, repeating itself.)

In a flash the whole thing dawned upon me. (I am quick like that.) The man was a professional page-turner! What a delightful way of making a living!

Then came a second flash (two in an evening was almost my record): Why could not I, too, be a page-turner? I had taste and feeling and that sort of thing. I loved music enough to have come to this recital. I could love it even more if I were paid for it, like this professional.

So I studied him to learn the secret of his success. I followed his rise from chair to piano-rack, noted how he pinched the corner of the page without blocking the view of a single dot and without jeopardizing his stomach by too close proximity to the bass endeavors of the other artist. It seemed to me that the ideal man for the job should be wasp-waisted and as long-armed as Coincidence.

I was taking in technic with both eyes, when matters were brought to a standstill by fiddle trouble, known as a *cadenza*: the toiler of the deep, in difficulties with his 'cello, made the rest of the party wait interminably while he seesawed and rampaged. At last, however, progress was resumed; but the pianist had only a couple of chords left to play, and the pianist's helper came off with absolutely nothing. And, to add insult to egotism, the next number was a Slow Movement! A *child* could have turned it!

But the Finale which followed atoned for everything. Here my unsuspecting preceptor was completely in his element—on edge continuously; hovering, darting, half-turning a page so that the bottom could still be read, then snapping it flat across. What a sense of the psy-

chological moment! And what frenzied nods he drew!

But the extent of the man's versatility was not fully revealed until the second half of the program, when he handled a number which had *repeats* in it. In the course of this piece he turned pages not only from right to left, but also vice versa; and not only singly, but also in entire bunches. His to-and-fro work was magnificent. It showed me that there was at least twice as much to this art as I had imagined. I left the concert hall doubly determined to shine some day as a man-about-pianos.

True, I had no information with regard to financial rewards: whether one were paid by the hour, by the piece, or by the page. It would make considerable difference; because if payment were by the hour or the piece, then slow movements would be profitable; but if by the page, then there would be no money in anything slower than an *allegro*, and cadenzas ought to be ruled out.

Personally I was against the "per page" idea. It would allow room for chicanery in program-making; and I could foresee friction on the subject of compensation for repeats—the moot point being the interpretation of the expression "pages turned." (Is a page turned twice still the same page, or does the re-turning turn it into a *second* "page turned"?)

In general, however, I felt confident that the remuneration must be substantial; otherwise the artist who first inspired my ambition could not have been so lavish in fine linen. For, certainly, his unpuckered bosom (in con-

trast to the rapidly wilting one of the pianist) was beyond reproach from where I sat in the fourteenth row.

To study his style and that of other eminent Attachés of the Piano, I have gone back to Calliope Hall for recital after recital—ofttimes in vain, I confess; for I find that the field of page-turning is limited, hemmed in by professional jealousy: solo pianists play only what they know by heart, to avoid having to share honors with another artist; string quartet performers use visible music, but turn it with their bows; and song accompanists even use their fingers. Orchestra conductors can turn pages with both arms high in air. Only "assisting pianists" use the services of an expert music manipulator like myself.

For I *am* an expert now, with hopes of being invited to join the Guild, or *Turnverein*. I have been practicing daily for months, using a tilted book-rest as my "piano rack," and a music book called *Selected Songs of Sentiment*. (The words make it more interesting.) I sit slightly to the left of the desk which serves as "concert grand" (with the book-rest atop it), gaze obliquely at the music, register increasing eagerness, rise in graceful slow-motion, grab the dog-ear, and "wait for the nod"—then FLIP! Over she goes as quick as lightning and as smooth as cream.

I only hope I get my first concert engagement before all the good pianists have gone into radio broadcasting—because if my artistry is to be fully appreciated, the audience must see me in action.



Editor's Easy Chair



MUCH ADO, AND MORE MAKING

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AFTER all, these are pretty lively times, and that person, unknown, who observed that "life was just one damn thing after another" could find in current news abundant justification of his assertion. We do not need to talk of Wet and Dry because there is nothing else to talk about, though that subject does still occupy minds quite obstinately. Neither do we have to concentrate our attention on airplanes and zeppelins for lack of things doing on the surface of the earth. We have plenty to discuss, plenty even from day to day to take our breath away. There was all that anguish over Snowden and his animated charge against the acceptance of the Young plan, which worked out finally so much to the advantage of his reputation. The negotiation about armament reduction goes on, especially as related to the navies of the United States and Great Britain. Not much sleep, however, is being lost over that because people in general think that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, with such expert assistance as they need, will be able to work this problem out. Not so about the latest topic—the news from Jerusalem. One cannot quite say that it is alarming; but the problem involved is not one which invites confidence in the ability of the operating minds to solve it promptly. A row between the Jews and the Arabs in Jerusalem involves the very underpinning of the East. In some matters it is enough, or almost enough, to face the facts, but the main thing to

be faced in this one is the feelings; the feelings of Jews, the feelings of Arabs—two races generally prone to agree, and with a long record of living together in peace, but now, in Palestine, in one another's hair.

Perhaps it is not quite fair to the Jews to say that, since in acts of violence they seem not to have been the aggressors; still the clash is because there is not room enough for everybody in Palestine, and the Arab bosses consider that so far as the Jews are concerned the saturation point has been reached.

The most curious complications affect the attitude with which the world observes a row between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem. The anti-Jew people in various countries will have views based on general principles probably not related at all nicely to present facts. Their sentiments, however, are not, in this case, of practical importance. England is running the show and England is neither anti-Jew nor anti-Arab; but back of Parliament, back of the British government, is a nation of Bible readers, and when something is going on in Jerusalem they take notice and are likely to turn back to the Hebrew prophets to get news of what is likely to happen. What are the British-Israel people thinking about as they read their newspapers? Do they see in these disturbances the marks of Destiny, lunging onwards towards fulfillment?

It will be recalled that the British-Israel people believe that the Anglo

Saxons and various others are descendants of the Lost Tribes, and heirs of the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and to the claims of the House of David, and to Jerusalem itself. Accordingly, they have these positive convictions supported by a considerable body of literature, by an active organization, and a periodical press, that the British themselves rank second to none as heirs to Palestine and Jerusalem. So there you are; the Arabs with about a thousand years of possession, the Jews with the whole of their recorded history back of their claims, the British and other Christian people at one with both these others in their interest in Jerusalem as a sacred place, and, for good measure, the British-Israelites with their lively and interesting claims and the Bible to back them.

In Western New York in September they were celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Sullivan Expedition which drove out the British and Indians from the regions of the Genesee Valley, of what are now known as the Finger Lakes, and all the southwest part of the State. General Sullivan's expedition cleaned up that job just as General Morgan Lewis cleaned up a similar mess in the Mohawk Valley. That Tory-Indian marauding in the Revolution was very cruel and ugly. It looks as though the British might have on their hands a cleaning-up not unlike what Sullivan accomplished in Western New York; for the Arabs are dropping on Jewish settlers very much as the Indians dropped on the settlers in the Revolution. But the Indians were limited in number, whereas there are a lot of Arabs, estimates running from seven or eight millions to over fifty, with hundreds of millions of co-religionists in Africa and Asia.

WHAT everybody in this life has got to do in the end is to face the facts. If we dodge them here they may all be waiting for us on the other shore, so it is best not to attempt to postpone,

but to face the facts as far as we can in this life. If we do not, they are sure to make us trouble even here. That is what the Drys have got to do, what the Wets have got to do, what the farm doctors, the tariff doctors, and our brethren of the reparations consultations in Europe and conferences on reduction of armament have all got to do. When we ignore the facts, presently they blow up on us.

Of that nature was the revolt in the prisons. It reminded one of that venerable remark, "Who will be free themselves must strike the blow." Few of the prisoners got free or even tried to, but they made a great remonstrance against the conditions under which they were living and they got sympathy, and will in time get reliefs that are more substantial. Anything that makes the general public think about people in prison is a good thing because they need to have very much more thought spent on them than they get. Not many people know much about what happens in prisons, and of those who do know a considerable proportion are dismayed and even horrified.

Just as it is somewhat better understood than it was that there are limitations to what can be done by force, so there is a better understanding of the uses of punishment and a wider agreement that punishment in itself is not especially useful and finds its main value in the prevention of crime or improvement of character. Punishment takes care of itself. What a man is, is what he has to live with. Whatever reckoning is due him, he will find. So it is getting to be felt that the reason for putting men in prisons is not so much to punish them as to protect the general community from being harmed by them. If you put a man in jail because it is not safe to have him go loose, that is a good reason. If you put him in jail to deter other people from doing something he has done, that also may be a good reason. If you put him in jail to improve or reform him, there is sense in that, but

if you set out to punish him for punishment's sake, you seldom do good to him or anybody else. Theoretical persons, who think about prisoners without seeing them are likely to be misled by lack of contact with the subjects of their thought; but even among prison officers, whose contact with prisoners is constant and who have the responsibility of keeping them in order, there is no lack of support for the opinion that in the care of them intelligence goes farther than severity. To be a changer of men, to make bad ones good, is one of the most notable jobs undertaken by man and as well worth the best thoughts of the best minds as anything else that one may think of. Prisons have had some of that best thought, but not enough, nor a sufficiently steady application of what they have had.

The epidemic of prison revolts advertised the fact that the prisons were scandalously overcrowded, that legislation had been directed to put more people into them and keep them there longer, and no adequate action had been taken to accommodate the increase. That is largely chargeable to Prohibition which has created new crimes, got men into jail who were able to take care of themselves out of jail, and turned a vast stream of money into the underworld for the instigation and encouragement of law-breaking. It is a fact that the Drys have got to face that Prohibition has helped materially to overcrowd the prisons. Of course the Drys will say the jails are filled because men violate the law. That is true, but that is not a fact to be faced, but a mere argument. Arguments do not have to be faced. Facts sometimes dispose of them, indeed, are quite apt to. You may win an argument and profit nothing if the facts do not support you, for this world is not a debating society. It is more nearly a mechanism, and when it won't go the remedy is not to talk about it but to fix it so it will go.

The Drys must face the fact that in various particulars their constitutional

amendment and the laws enacted to operate it are unsatisfactory to a large and growing proportion of the people of this country. Perhaps a majority are opposed to it nowadays, but if not yet a majority, the prospect is that it will be a majority soon.

What the Wets have got to face is that liquor dealers are mighty unpopular; that rum in its various forms does a lot of harm and is more or less of a nuisance; that Prohibition on its economic side has been apparently a success. It is credited with an appreciable increase in production. It has diverted funds formerly spent for alcoholic drink to the purchase of other commodities, including candy and chewing gum, soft drinks, motor cars, stocks and radio sets. It is popular with manufacturers. They testify with considerable unanimity that since Prohibition came in they get more and better work out of their employees; that Monday is a far better working day than it used to be, and that in many cases the market for whatever they make is better than it ever was before. This does not apply to lines of business like textiles which are in the doldrums for reasons not connected with drink and where increased productivity cannot for the moment help the case; but manufacturers of marketable products like steel, gasoline, radio sets, or motor cars are inclined to think very highly of Prohibition.

On the other hand, the Drys should notice that it has not helped the farmers in their business, though in some cases it may have done something valuable for their families. It has cost the farmers one great market, that of the brewers and distillers; and how much that means to them, statisticians will doubtless tell us if we ask them. If beer came back it might help the farmers in their sales, but that is not an argument much used by the Wets.

We may ask though whether the economic argument is justified in use to support the Eighteenth Amendment. The real opposition to that Amendment

is political and moral. The company of those who feel that such a provision should never have been put into the Federal Constitution is large and more than respectable, but to the mass of contestants that objection does not appeal at all. They do not know enough about laws nor about the Constitution, nor even about history or human nature, to realize what there is morally, legally, or constitutionally objectionable in such an amendment as the Eighteenth.

The Drys do not face the fact that a very large proportion of the opponents of Prohibition want a better law and not merely a wetter law. They want an enforceable law. Most of the Dry exhortations imply that the alternative to what we have now is what we had in 1918. But that is not true. There must be a really alarming proportion of Wets who hate the law we have now and think it harmful, but who also hate the saloons, have no bowels of compassion for the liquor dealers, and simply want a new deal and a better game in which there will be more winners and worthier ones.

Henry Ford was quite safe in his threat to quit manufacturing if the saloons came back. They won't come back. They were recognized as a public nuisance and abated. They were hated. But speakeasies are almost popular. To people who have never been in one they stand for a semi-humorous disapproval of Prohibition. No governmental regulation of rum in this life will ever be entirely satisfactory. Rum is all right enough if handled with discretion, but men are very unequally gifted with that discretion and under any law imaginable there will be some messes.

MR. SNOWDEN'S talk at the reparations conference had a value in bringing out facts. They said

he was not polite. Nobody said, as far as noticed, that in essential matters he did not speak the truth. Behind all of these discussions about Europe's debts and revenues, and about disarmament and who shall rule the seas and how much, and all such matters which involve nationalistic sentiments, there are facts that shrink obstinately from excavation and exposure. You cannot make over the world without digging up a lot of things that people do not want to face. The institution called the *status quo* pervades, more or less, business, politics, religion, law, medicine, science. The *status quo* does not care much for facts. Its great reliance and support is precedents. It wants matters to go along in that respectable and time-honored fashion that is favorable to itself. When somebody gives it a good, hard punch in the bread basket or the eye, it yells like fury and says that person has no manners. And that is quite apt to be so. Probably then all these conferences and such things that we sit in at as we read the papers are methods of bringing out the facts and making people willing to see them.

In the matter of navies, it looks as though Great Britain and the United States had come to a condition of sanity where it will be possible for them to discern and face the naval facts and adjust themselves mutually to them. As to the reparations, it may come about that the United States will have to recognize the fact which it has been reluctant to face—that she made money out of the War and, all things considered, has tried to collect from her debtors in Europe more than was wise or profitable, or than she should have been willing to have them pay. It may be part of Mr. Snowden's errand to bring back to discussion the debt-settlement between Great Britain and these States.



Personal and Otherwise



THE readers of this Magazine will be surprised and shocked to learn from *Marcus Duffield's* article the extent of Fascist activity in America and to discover how lightly those responsible for it regard the rights of American citizenship. Mr. Duffield, a young New York newspaper man, has made a close study of the Fascist movement in this country and has accumulated documentary proofs of many a flagrant case cited in his article. It seems to us that the evidence which he sets forth in his article should interest the State Department.

We have published one previous story by *W. R. Burnett*: "Round Trip," in our August issue (the story of a gangster who left Chicago for the safety of Toledo and was forced to return at the point of a gun). Mr. Burnett is the author of *Little Caesar*, which was the Literary Guild's selection for last June; he has spent most of his life in Columbus and Springfield, Ohio, but more recently has been living where do most of his favorite fiction characters, in Chicago.

Elmer Davis has been a New Yorker these many years although, like most New Yorkers, he was born and brought up elsewhere. His present article was written before the municipal campaign opened, when it could hardly be foreseen that the Republicans would resurrect the Rothstein case as a major issue; or that a District Attorney left in the lurch by his own party would proceed to a court action which he had but a few days earlier pronounced inadvisable.

Since her last appearance in *HARPER'S* *Ruth Suckow* (whose name, we might add, is pronounced Sewko) has been living in Santa Fé and working on her new novel, *Cora*. She was married last March in San Diego to Ferner Nuhn, who like herself is a writer. Miss Suckow is an Iowan and

most of her stories (several of which have found their way into anthologies of the best American short fiction) are of the life of her native state; but "Sunset Camp" grew out of her observations on a motor trip which she made last year from Iowa to the Pacific Coast, stopping at tourist camps.

As we go to press, Gastonia is seizing the front-page headlines, and renewed riots and arrests testify to an intensified and appalling bitterness of feeling. Readers of *HARPER'S* who are asking what lies behind this violence and hatred, how it all began and on what it is based, will welcome *Mary Heaton Vorse's* first-hand account of her experiences and observations in Gastonia. Mrs. Vorse, a journalist and *HARPER* contributor of long experience, spent some time at the scene of the strike during its early days last spring and has subsequently revisited it more than once. In her latest letter to us, suggesting some final alterations in her proofs, she declares that the things which have happened in North Carolina since she began writing her article make it seem "the wildest understatement." The strike in its early stages, she says, "was a mere Sunday School picnic" compared with the subsequent mobbings and shootings. She was almost mobbed herself, she reports; the car in which she was riding was apparently taken for one containing union speakers and was set upon by a crowd, "but the police came up in time. They (the crowd) were going to take us for a ride, they said."

John Langdon-Davies, the brilliant young English author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Woman*, recently spent some time living in Spain; and being especially interested in the status of women—witness the second of the books cited above—was struck by the contrast between the romantic Carmen of our chocolate-boxes and fancy-dress parties and the Spanish woman

as he actually saw her. Hence his present article, which comes to us not from Spain but from Totnes in Devon, where Mr. Langdon-Davies has just built himself a new house. He will be remembered by HARPER readers as the author of a defense of foreign lecturers which appeared in our pages last spring.

No man of science in the United States commands more respect in the scientific world than *George Ellery Hale*, honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, chairman of the Observatory Council of the California Institute of Technology, and honorary chairman of the National Research Council, who tells of the great adventure in which he and his associates are now involved—the building of the most powerful telescope in the world.

"The Ten 'Tin Cans'" would seem to have been based to some extent on fact, for we have been sent a photograph of the dope-running lugger and another of *George Bowles* himself standing on a dock with the ten tin cans at his feet. Mr. Bowles is the dean emeritus of New York theatrical press agents; he retired some years ago and is now living abroad, mostly on the Riviera. In the heyday of his New York career he was renowned for his publicity stunts; it is he, we are told, who invented (among other things) the milk-bath story which brought Anna Held such great prominence.

We never cease wondering that a man who makes his living by writing about sports, as does *John R. Tunis*, tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post*, should be able to see them in perspective as something less than the most vital concern of man. But Mr. Tunis has proved in many a HARPER article—"The Great Sports Myth," "The Mother of a Champion," "The Great God Football," "Women and the Sports Business," etc.—that he has a keen eye for the line which separates real amateurism from shamateurism and recreation from business. Some of the material for his present observations on the state of football was collected last spring when he visited several Eastern colleges on behalf of the *Evening Post*.

Having discussed the United States as an example of "A Business Man's Civilization" in our July number, *James Truslow Adams*

brings his knowledge of American history to bear on the easy reply of those who defend the excesses of that civilization: "Ah, but give us time; we are such a young country still." Mr. Adams is the author of several volumes on the early days of our country and of many well-remembered HARPER articles; perhaps his most popular contribution to date has been "The Mucker Pose," which we printed just a year ago this month.

Those who recall the engaging article in our April number on "How the English Middle Class Lives" will be glad to read the same author's reflections on the English attitude toward personal rights. But if they wish to argue with him, let them write him in our care and not try to find him in London, for though he lives there, *Geoffrey Layman* is not his real name.

Kenneth Macgowan's personal interest in the theater is centered on Broadway, for he is a producer with several plays in view for the current season; but recently, at the instance of the Carnegie Corporation, he toured the country to collect material for a book on the dramatic situation in the United States, and was so vastly impressed with the part which the theater plays in the high schools on innumerable Main Streets that he has written an article on this new evidence that the drama is far from dead, no matter how often its supposedly dying condition is lamented. Mr. Macgowan, by the way, is the same man who collaborated with Dr. G. V. Hamilton, a year or so ago, in the preparation of two HARPER articles on Dr. Hamilton's researches into the present condition of marriage.



Of the three poets of the month, two are newcomers to HARPER's: *Mary Brown Onstott*, whose sonnet about the expatriate comes to us from Tucson, Arizona, where there are many who have to drive back thoughts "of maple trees and snow"; and *Gerald Raftery*, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The third, *James Weldon Johnson*, author of *God's Trombones*, is the secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People; we published last November his article on "Race Prejudice and the Negro Artist."

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are *Charles Hanson Towne*, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, whose poems are represented in many an anthology of the best American verses of our time, and *Lawton Mackall*, a New York humorist whose work appears frequently in the magazines.

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James McBey, whose etching, "The Critic," is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born in Scotland in 1883 and lived in a Scotch fishing village till he was fifteen. He took a position in a bank, but began drawing and etching in his spare hours (his first etching was made on a rough piece of copper obtained from the local plumber) and finally, at the age of twenty-six, gave up his job at the bank and devoted himself entirely to an artistic career. Since his first show in London in 1911 he has been recognized as one of the most distinguished British etchers of his time.

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A New Jersey reader boils over after reading in our September issue "It Paid To Be a Bargain Wife," and shows us that there are some people to whom a fifty-fifty marriage seems simply a courting of disaster:

I have read "It Paid To Be a Bargain Wife" with interest and no sympathy. Incidentally bargains are never cherished; "precious stones" would cease to be precious could they be tagged cheap.

Man is a lazy animal unless driven on by a great ambition, a strong interest, and self-effacing love. Many men, oh very many, are not self-motivated towards achievement in terms of careers, homes, or families. I have no doubt my son would be willing to have the hefty end of his responsibilities carried by his father, since in his case the traditions of his milieu would not countenance a wife going fifty-fifty in earning the upkeep of a family. But I am glad to say I am not obliged to father this particular kind of cad.

Boiled down, the fundamental trouble of Bob and his wife was defect of character. Bob was not sensitive but selfish, not sensible but self-indulgent, not self-respecting but self-seeking. (I can't help the alliterations.) Intelligence? Yes, a fair amount, but not enough to make a workmanlike job of their marriage. Heart? Bob was a fish and his wife, in spite of her generosity in giving, had not warmth enough to rebel

for the common good. In heaven's name where did she expect to end, keeping quiet when Bob saw his Alices off for Europe and left her the housework and the children—and on her so-called vacation, too? I can imagine my wife's reception of such a proposition, and my mother's. But we can read with sympathy and understanding Walter Hines Page's last letter to his wife at the end of his life when he tells her that a delay of fifteen minutes in starting his homeward journey to her would be unbearable to him.

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Apropos of Stuart Chase's article, "Laid Off at Forty," we are informed that two readers of the article are thinking of buying a share each of voting stock in some of the corporations whose policy it is to lay men off at forty or forty-five, and then of going to a stockholders' meeting and requesting the resignation of the president and all directors who are over forty-five.

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Hiram Motherwell's "Mussolini: Emperor of the Latins?"—which we published back in June—has been reprinted in part in Italian by an official Fascist publication in Italy. Apparently the Fascists, far from resenting Mr. Motherwell's theory as to Mussolini's imperial ambitions, are delighted with the article as showing how seriously Fascism is regarded by the outside world.

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Here are two comments upon T. Swann Harding's paper on "Diet and Appetite," in which Mr. Harding advanced the theory that appetite is a more reliable guide to diet than we have been led to believe. The first is from a physician whose name we suppress to save him possible embarrassment from those whose cases he cites:

Mr. Harding records the ingestion by an infant without bad results of "seven eggs or four bananas at one meal."

Let me report the case of a child of seven months who ate sixteen hard-boiled eggs at "one meal," and suffered no ill effects whatsoever.

Another infant of eight months, fed regularly on prescribed food under the care of a watchful nurse, died from acute gastritis.

A small boy neglected as to baths, feeding, and every other hygienic measure, grew into sturdy manhood, while a pampered child of a wealthy

family attended by doctor, nurse, and a watchful mother, died in his ninth year.

I am acquainted with a man of ninety-four whose whole life has been one of dissipation—wine, women and song, irregular meals, loss of sleep, heavy eating—who still is active and well, eats, sleeps, walks, rides with gusto. His nephew who diets, takes no liquor, doesn't smoke, is temperate in all things, has gone to a hospital to die.

The small son of a careless family who has run wild in the streets and has been injured several times by automobiles, is still alive, suffering only from scars, while a neighbor's boy carefully restricted in his activities by a maid, was run over the other day and killed!

Cætera desunt.

The second, from Kathleen Eddy of Port Washington, New York, reminds Mr. Harding that Pepys *did* suffer for his indulgence in over-eating:

In "Diet and Appetite," T. Swann Harding writes with envy and admiration of the irregular life and gluttonous appetite of Samuel Pepys. I wish Mr. Harding had completed his description of the good life as lived by the Restoration English with an account of the major operation performed on Pepys for gall-stones. This operation is described in *Post Mortem* by MacLaurin, and may raise a doubt as to the notion that banquets are any more notoriously ill-digested to-day than they were then.



Harriet E. Hawley of Brookfield Center, Connecticut, denies that gentlemen like the "Mr. Smollett" described by Eugene Bagger in his September article on American expatriates abroad would find difficulty in wearing polka-dotted neckties and eating jam in these United States:

Having read with interest "Uprooted Americans" I am led to say that, with all due respect to Mr. Bagger's knowledge of Europeans, I do not think that he really knows the Americans, rooted or unrooted. If he truly did understand us he would not have been impressed with the international moron, "Mr. Smollett," who, as he states, left his country in order that he might wear a red necktie, flaunt a striped suit, dine with a divorcée, and eat jam in the afternoon.

Piffle! A man who's a man of independent thought and has brains, plus courage enough to be original, can eat jam twice in an afternoon if he wishes to and yet be quite the envy of all the so-

called go-getters and prosaic conformists. Our own history proves that if there is one person more than another whom the American people delight to honor it is he who dares to be different. If this had not been the case, we should not have elected to the presidency such men as Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland, and Herbert Hoover (who, I presume, has spent as much time out of this country as in it and is a born tradition-breaker.)

The truth is that a certain type of mind has always preferred Europe with its old traditions and its historic towns. Henry James, the most famous of all our expatriates, made England his home long before prohibition became the law in America. He preferred "The Portrait of a Lady" already completed to one in the process of being made.

Isn't that the crux of the matter—not considering, of course, those who wish to live in the grand style and cannot bluff it through at home? These, it seems to me, are rather counterfeits anyway, whether they be Americans or Asiatics, Europeans or South Sea Islanders. A genuine American finds the place that is best suited to the development of his personality and having found it he remains and "roots." After all we are of the same fiber as our own immigrants from Poland, Ireland, Italy, and the many other nations. When we wish to emigrate we do; why try to explain it by some far-fetched stretch of psychological imagination?



The Washington *Herald*, in an editorial on crime and the Wickersham Commission, makes the following quotation from HARPER'S:

The increase of crime is becoming one of the most startling notices in our daily newspapers. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Three, four, five, and in one case, eight murders are announced in New York for one week. Like the reports of epidemic disease, they may sometimes show a decline, but on the whole, there is a steady advance. We are becoming familiar with what, twenty years ago, would have shocked the universal conscience. The burglaries, forgeries, arsons, are in like proportion.

From what issue of the Magazine should you say that quotation was taken? Did it come out of Justice Proskauer's article, or Jack Black's, or John Gunther's on "The High Cost of Hoodlums"?

Wrong. It was taken from "The Editor's Table" in HARPER'S for May, 1892.

